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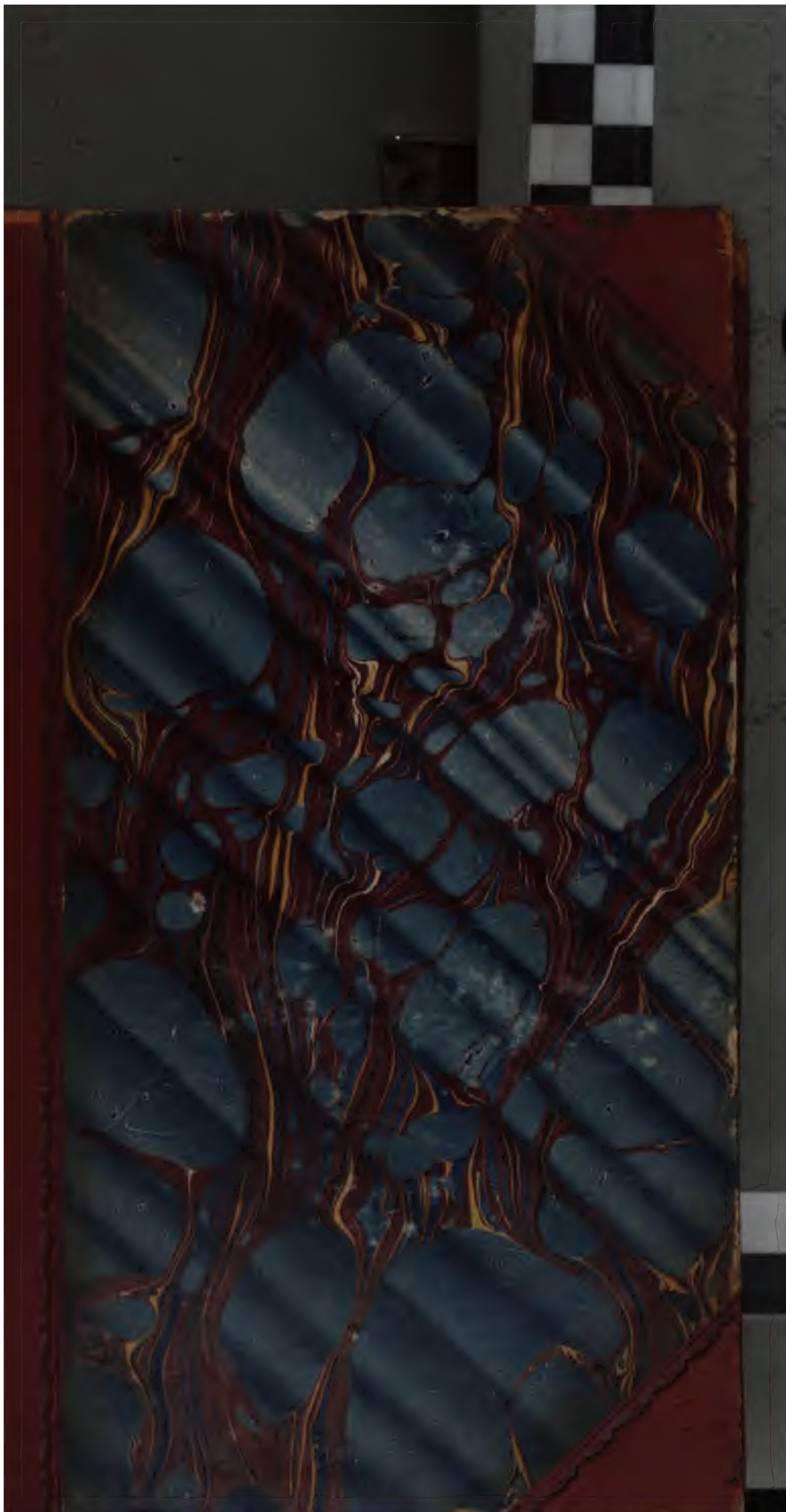
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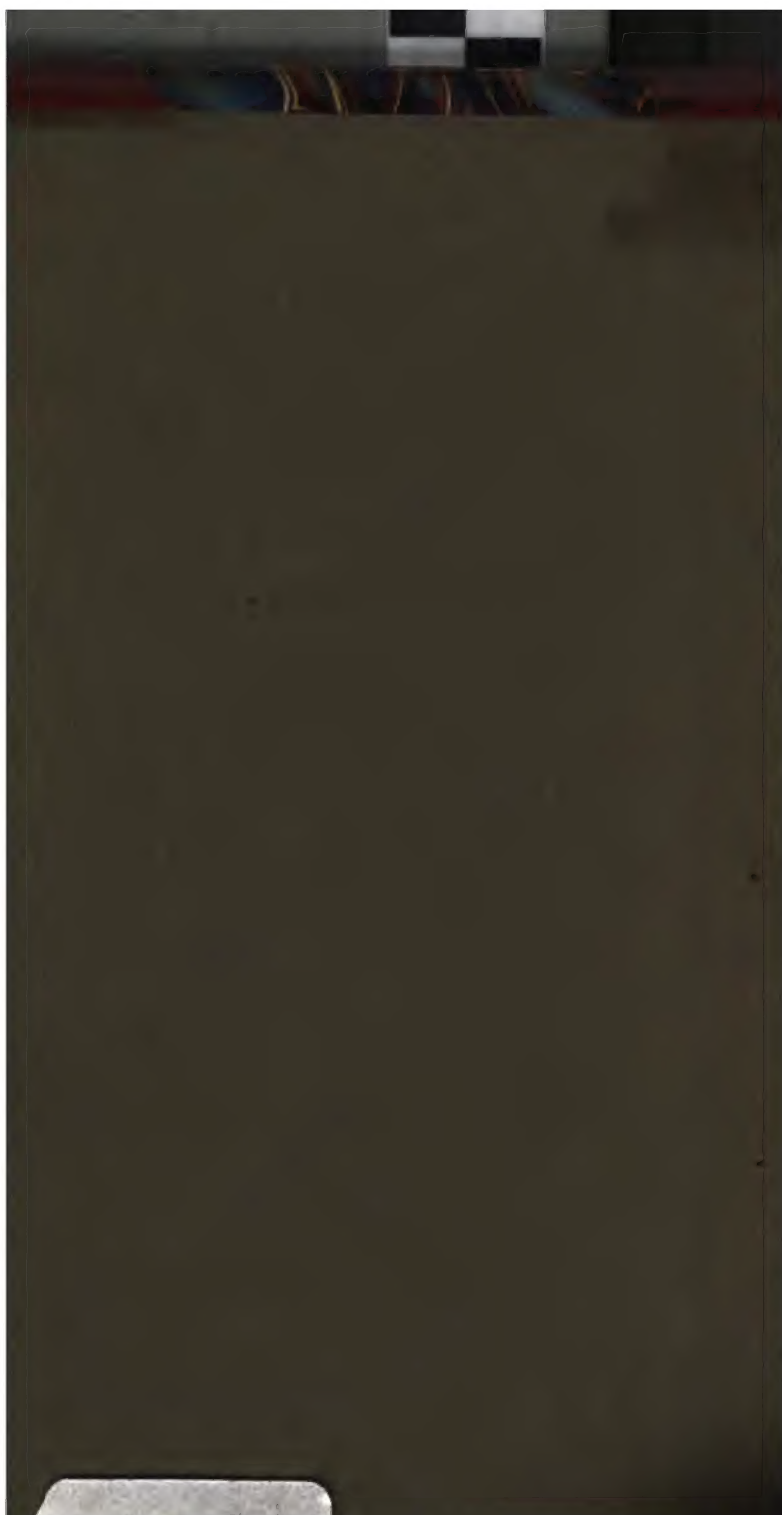
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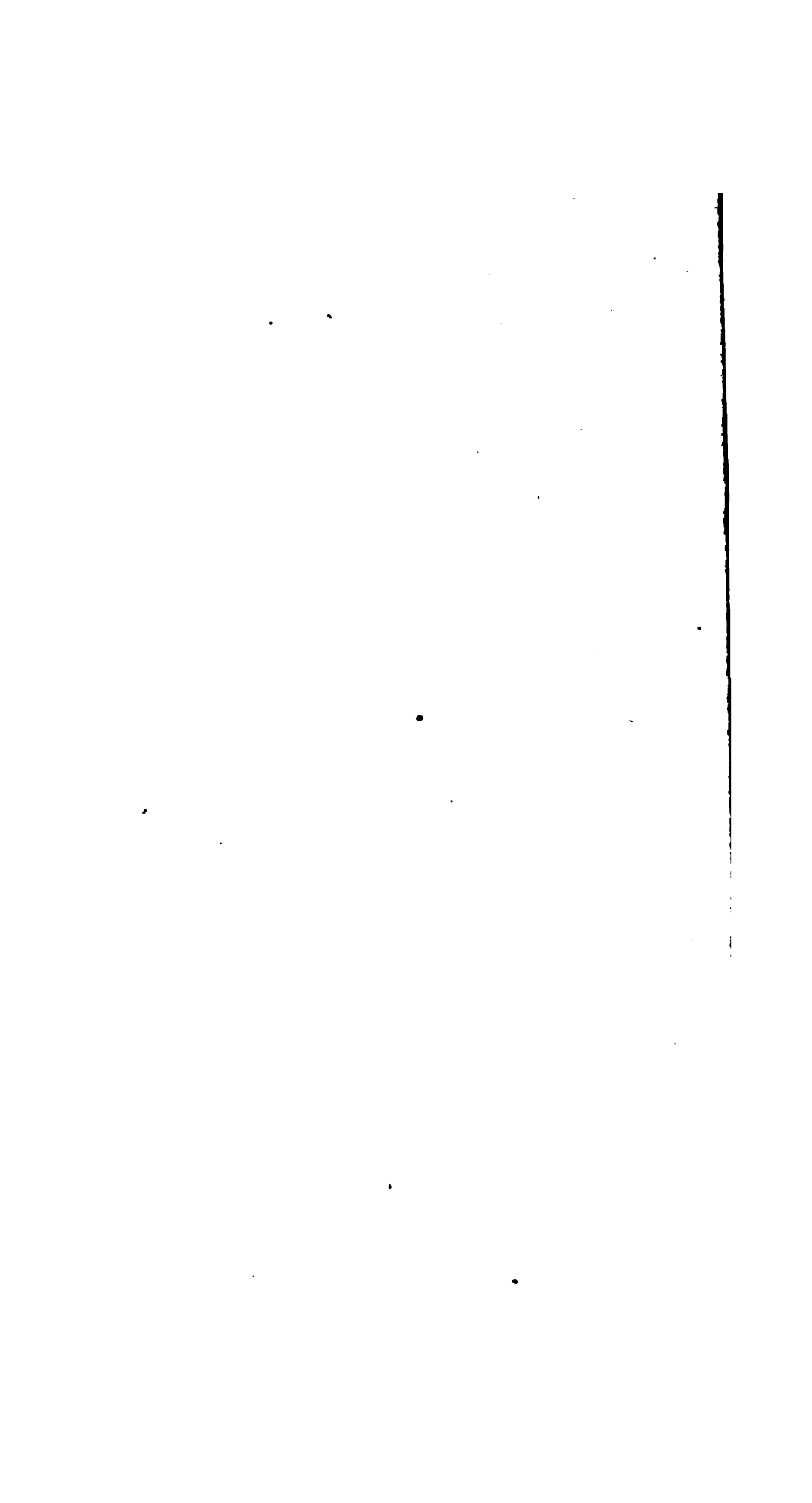
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THE
GOSPEL
OF
MATTHEW



THE

Gentleman's Magazine

VOLUME CCXLIII.

N. S. 21

JULY TO DECEMBER 1878

PROGRESS & DELECTARE



E PLURIBUS UNUM

Edited by SYLVANUS URBAN, *Gentleman*

London

CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY

1878

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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY 1878.

ROY'S WIFE.

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WORN TO A THREAD.

WHO has not sympathised with Madame De Maintenon when, contrasting the solemn splendour of her maturity with the poverty, dependence, and light-heartedness of former days, she deplored her dreary task—"to amuse a king no longer capable of amusement"? There was probably as little resemblance between Louis the Great and Scarron as between the late Mr. de Banier and John Roy, yet could Lady Jane at this period of her widowhood fully appreciate the up-hill work imposed on that discreet personage who succeeded so skilfully in combining the influence of a king's favourite with the authority of a king's wife. Madame Scarron endured the penance a good many years. Lady Jane found it irksome in a very few weeks. Nevertheless, women will make great sacrifices rather than abate one inch of dominion, and her ladyship, though she hated both, was more averse to being baffled than to being bored.

The last conquest, too, when it comes at the end of a long list, seems only more valuable because it *is* the last. There is a great rush for tickets when the lottery is about to close; and with all its uncertainty, all its variety, all its whirl of chance and change, no doubt the finish seems the most exciting part of a race.

It is when youth is slipping away that women cling to it with most tenacious grasp; and oh! ye fickle swains, who pass like the bee from flower to flower, I beseech you have some consideration for those over-blown roses from which the petals already begin to fall.

Tempting are they, and fragrant in their rich maturity; but remember if you gather you are bound to wear them till nothing is left but the stalk!

A damsel's broken heart can be put together again by your successor as good as new—or very nearly—and is sometimes, indeed, all the sounder and healthier for its ordeal. The chances of the table are still open to a player who has but lost her first venture in the game. Far different is it with the matron, burning to retrieve a ruined fortune on this her last bold stake. If luck fails her, there is no recovery; neither *refait* nor *après* can avail; she must walk out beggared and desperate into the night. Can we blame her that she summons all her energy, all her artifice, all her courage, and would fain supplement skill with something like cheating to counteract the adverse chances of the deal? That inexorable *rien ne va plus* must always be a sentence of doom to the sanguine, impulsive, and insatiable sex, who enter life persuaded they have a prescriptive right to its richest prizes, and, if they must leave it without attaining the objects of their ambition, declare loudly they have suffered injustice from gods and men.

Lady Jane, in so far a Juliet that she would have her Romeo stray

No farther than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of its liberty—

did by no means approve of the change that day by day was making a turbulent vassal out of an obedient slave. Mr. Roy seemed adamant to smiles and tears alike. Voluble reproaches and silent sulks were equally unavailing. As a last resource she tried hysterics—once only, and never again, since they nearly drove him away for good and all. "I must leave off," thought her ladyship, "where I ought to have begun. To keep him amused is the only chance of tiding over this dreadful interval, and retaining my hold on his affections. He must be made to feel he cannot do without me. Men are sad cowards in their dread of being bored. If I can find him a fresh distraction every day, and the days do not outlast the distractions, I shall win. After we are married, my friend, it will be *my* turn, and you will find yourself nicely mistaken, if you think you are to go on as you do now!" So she sought out every diversion she could think of—plays, operas, concerts, flower-shows, and bazaars, till, from Alexandra Park to the Crystal Palace, there was hardly a place of amusement,

frequented by the respectable classes, at which she had not yawned out her money's worth in company with Mr. Roy.

She was hard put to it for a pastime, when she made the following proposal over her usual afternoon tea :—

“Will you take me somewhere to-night?”

His face expressed no inordinate gratification. She felt vexed with herself and him to feel that he would rather stay and smoke peacefully at his club.

“How can you go anywhere to-night?” was the uncourteous rejoinder. “I thought you dined with your uncle, the bishop?”

“So I do; and he ought to be burnt for not asking you to meet me. Never mind, I shall get away early. And you?”

“I am engaged to dine with a man-party.”

“You're sure it's a man-party?”

“Quite sure. A house-dinner at a club—to meet rather a distinguished individual: one of the fellows who went to look for the North Pole.”

“How nice! I declare I envy you! Can't you bring him here? Do you know him well?”

“I didn't know him at all two days ago, but we are rather allies already. I like him very much. He seems a straightforward, sensible fellow, without the slightest self-conceit.”

“What's his name?”

“Brail; a lieutenant in the navy.”

“I can tell you all about him. He's perpetually dangling after that pert, forward Miss Bruce—the girl *you* think so good-looking. I wonder how poor old twaddling Sir Hector allows it!”

“Miss Bruce! How you ladies pick up gossip! Now, I should have thought Brail had more sense than to dangle after any woman, if she was as beautiful as an angel.”

“Say as wicked as a fiend! That is what you gentlemen like. I declare it almost puts one out of conceit with being good, to see the sort of people that get on in this modern Babylon.”

“Then why don't you leave off?”

She looked at him reproachfully. Nor, I am bound to admit, was such a remark, addressed to a lady with whom he had contracted a tacit engagement, in the best taste; but Roy, placed in a false position, and goaded by the stings of conscience, had become of late like a baited bull, pushing and goring on all sides, without scruple or remorse.

Lady Jane swallowed down the lump that rose in her throat, and,

being a skilful debater, moved the previous question with assumed calmness—"Shall you get away from your dinner by eleven?"

"How can I tell? What do you want me to do at eleven?"

"What I want you to do every hour of the day: give me the pleasure of your society. Now, *do* be a dear old thing for once. Limit yourself to a cigarette after dinner, and at eleven exactly I will call for you in the brougham—there!"

"*Après?*"

"I'll take you to a *séance*."

"What's a *séance*?"

"I haven't an idea. I never went to one. But I think it must be rather nice. We sit in the dark, you know, and hold each other's hands. I believe you must on no account let go!"

"Why? What would happen?"

"Oh! something very dreadful. *Somebody* would come up, I fancy, and insist on joining the circle—perhaps take the youngest lady in company down with him. No, you must promise not to let go!"

"It sounds great nonsense, but I have no objection to holding on. Is that all we do?"

"That's only a beginning. If we preserve the circle unbroken, and keep on wishing—(it's not like our own world, you know; there's great virtue in wishing)—we shall get—what did Lady Pandora call it?—a manifestation!"

"That ought to be something startling! Did she explain what it means?"

"Not exactly. But she said the spirits would come into the room and answer questions. I should like to ask a good many."

"Lady Jane, have you ever read Swedenborg?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear of him?"

"I think I remember the name. Wasn't he a quack doctor or something?"

"He was a man of deep thought and powerful imagination. A hundred years ago he founded the religion, or belief, or whatever you like to call it, that idle people are taking up to-day."

"Only think!"

"He saw visions, and dreamed dreams; heard the music of the spheres played in good time and tune, ascended to the seventh heaven in a trance, and—and came down again, not much wiser than he went up."

"How clever of you to know! And what became of him? Of course he's dead?"

"Yes; he's dead, like anybody else. One says of him now, that he was 'a very remarkable man.' It commits one to nothing."

"But what do *you* think?"

"The many consider him a madman, the few a prophet. It does not follow that, because the minority is ridiculously small, it must therefore be in the wrong."

"Mr. Roy, I believe you are a Spiritualist! Now you *must* come to-night."

"Lady Jane, I am neither Spiritualist nor Materialist. I cannot judge off-hand, when matters lie so completely beyond the range of ordinary experience and our normal reasoning powers. The man who tells me such and such things are impossible has usually no better argument, when you press him hard, than *because* they are impossible, and, I find, cannot explain much of the ordinary process of physical nature, far less the mysterious operations of the mind. We have still a great deal to learn about mesmerism, magnetism, miracles, scriptural and historical, our misgivings, presentiments, hopes, and fears—above all, our sympathies, aversions, and personal influence on each other."

"I know I couldn't sleep with a cat in the room, and I'm afraid of a blackbeetle," observed Lady Jane, who found some difficulty in keeping her mind fixed on any one subject for five consecutive minutes.

"Exactly; but why?"

"Because I can't bear them! Surely that's reason enough."

"And do you believe in ghosts?"

"Of course I don't! I wouldn't live in a haunted house, though, for any money you could offer."

"That's very plucky! But again, why?"

"Oh! I've heard such stories. Somebody I met at dinner only the other day—I think it was Lord Fitzowen—told me he slept in the Gallery at Shadelands, one Ascot week, and nothing would tempt him to pass a night there again."

"Really! What did he see?"

"Oh! I don't know that he saw anything: you can't *see* ghosts, I fancy; but there were all sorts of strange noises; his pillow was pulled from under his head, the chairs and tables were moved about the room, and his water-jug was upset—but he thinks he did that himself. I assure you, his account of it made my blood run cold."

"Shadelands! Is that the house where the man stamped the baby into the fire with his boots?"

"No, no. The horrors you are thinking of happened the other side of the country. I believe, though, they are quite true. Shade-

lands is the place where an old man in a chintz dressing-gown comes into your room just before daybreak, pokes his face through the curtains at the foot of your bed, and tries to confess something, but nobody has yet made out what."

"You say Fitzowen didn't *see* him."

"No, he didn't *see* him, but he felt sure the old man was in the room!"

"Did he see anybody who *had* seen him?"

"Oh! if you don't believe it, of course it's no use discussing the subject. I can't suppose Lord Fitzowen would assert what wasn't true!"

"I'm not so sure of that. There is such a thing as poking fun even at the lady you take down to dinner. But I am more credulous than you think. I don't see why I should not believe in your old man."

"I am glad you haven't said I tell stories too. Then you think the ghost in the chintz dressing-gown——"

"Stop! I draw the line at dressing-gowns. Ghosts as many as you please—I can swallow them by scores; but where do they get their clothes?"

"That's not at all a nice joke. Of course, even ghosts have a sense of decency. They couldn't meet one without—without something on. Now I see you are turning the whole subject into ridicule, and I think it very unkind."

"But you don't believe in them yourself; you said so at first."

"That has nothing to do with it. One ought not to make light of such serious topics. It's like turning religion into ridicule. Besides, there must be something strange about this spirit-rapping, if all Lady Pandora tells me is true."

"Then in your creed the ghosts and the spirits are separate articles of belief?"

"Of course; they have nothing whatever to do with each other. Ghosts are—well, I don't exactly know *what* ghosts are—at least, I can't explain. But the spirits give a very clear account of themselves; they seem to conceal nothing."

"Still, I hope they are dressed!"

"Beautifully dressed, and in the most expensive things. Of course you can't *see* their dresses in the dark."

"Then how do you know?"

"That's what I asked Lady Pandora, because it does seem most interesting to learn what one wears in the other world, and she said, that in a good manifestation, with a powerful medium—Do you know *what a medium is?*"

"Not the least ; do you ?"

"Never mind ; it would take too long to explain. Well, with a powerful medium and under favourable conditions—for the spirits are very capricious, she tells me, worse than men and women—at least, worse than women—when you have sat and wished hard for an hour or so, there comes a faint gleam of light—very pretty, pale violet colour, and it dances about the room like a will-o'-the-wisp, or the corpse-lights in a churchyard. Then, if you are not too frightened, you must keep your eyes fixed on it till you see something."

"Has Lady Pandora seen something ?"

"No ; but Mrs. Eccleston has. She's almost a medium, and knows the names of nearly half-a-dozen spirits."

"And what did Mrs. Eccleston see ?"

"Well, she told Lady Pandora that the light grew so vivid, it dazzled her eyes ; but after a few minutes, she made out a woman's face, pale and rather pretty, only sad, floating about, as she described it, in the rise and fall of the flame. Its hair was dark, and round its forehead it had bound a transparent gauze veil with spangles of gold. The rest of the figure was invisible, all but a thin white hand that held a flower. The medium knew this spirit quite well, and held a long conversation with it."

"Did Lady Pandora tell you what they talked about ?"

"Oh, yes ! The medium asked her if she was happy, and she answered—through the medium, of course—that she was not, but she hoped to be much happier after a little while, as she was going to be transferred to another sphere. Did she feel uncomfortable where she was placed at present ? No ; but she didn't like it, and would be glad when removed. Mrs. Eccleston says she always gives the same answer, and is a very unsatisfactory spirit to converse with. She wouldn't tell them any more, but faded gradually away, after dropping the flower gently on the table—that is the most extraordinary part of the whole thing !"

"And what became of the flower ? I should like to have had it to keep."

"So would Lady Pandora. But when she asked for it, unfortunately, the medium had taken it away. Now, Mr. Roy, how do you get over such testimony as this ? But I won't ask you yet to take my word. Seeing is believing. Come with me to-night, and judge for yourself."

He looked grave and pondered. "I, too," said he, "should like to ask the spirits a few questions. Yes, Lady Jane, if you are good enough to call for me, I will be ready at eleven to-night."

He took himself off to dress for dinner, and Lady Jane looked at the clock—half-past six. He couldn't be going to dine till eight, and, so far as her experience served her, a man's toilet ought not to take more than five-and-twenty minutes—poor De Banier accomplished his in ten. On these matters of domestic detail, a widow is not to be deceived. Young ladies may be put off with excuses, but the matron knows her rights, and exacts her claim in full. Could he be going to see somebody else? The thought so stung Lady Jane that she started from her chair and laid her hand on the bell. A vague idea crossed her mind of following in a cab to make sure of the worst, but it faded quickly as it rose, and she resolved to bear and forbear patiently, stubbornly if necessary, for the next few weeks, smothering reproaches, and postponing refusals, till a crowning victory should bring him into subjection for life. The cord that secured her captive was sadly worn and frayed; it seemed only to hold by a thread, requiring the lightest finger, the nicest skill, lest it should part and set him free.

There was no question of coercion; she must turn and lead and coax him in the right direction, as a skilful angler guides the gudgeon ashore, in spite of weeds and obstructions, wind and weather, light tackle and a heavy fish.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE STALLED OX.

A HOUSE-DINNER at a good club! The very words carry a flavour of clear turtle and dry champagne, still hock, forced strawberries, and the utmost efforts of a cook who knows that his skill will be appreciated by a judicious committee of his own sex, unalloyed with that mixture of ladies which diverts attention from the serious business of mankind about nine P.M. Mr. Roy, having lately had a surfeit of feminine society, thought he should very much enjoy a little party composed exclusively of men, and discharged his hansom cab at the club steps, with something of a boy's feelings who resolves to make the most of play-time between the hours of school. With the originator of this feast we have nothing to do, save to accord him the tribute of admiration due to one whose primary object in life is to feed his friends plentifully and well. He was, perhaps, the best judge of good-living in London; could tell you where the most perfect dinners were to be had in every capital in Europe, discriminating between the dishes to order at a restaurant and those to partake of at an ambassador's;

was cunning in wines, experienced in sauces, and might be trusted with a bill of fare in any part of the civilised world.

It is only justice to add that this gentleman was also skilled in the art of sending out his invitations, bringing people together who liked to meet, and was seldom guilty of such a solecism as to ask men to the same table who were not on cordial terms.

However familiar he may be with its banks and surface, I am told that it takes a waterman many long years thoroughly to know the eddies and under-currents of the Thames. It is the same in that great city which is washed, without being cleaned, by the fine old river. You may have the latest gossip, jests, and scandal at your fingers' ends, yet find it impossible to keep pace with the shifting ramifications of London life. Births, deaths, or marriages make bitter enemies to-day of those who were fast friends last week; and in a society like ours, of which the female element forms so important a part, it is impossible to foretell what an hour may bring forth. Mr. Roy, arriving as a waiter announced dinner, did not calculate on finding that one of the party assembled in honour of his new friend Mr. Brail, was his old friend Lord Fitzowen!

In those melodramatic times painted by romance, which I firmly believe never existed in reality, such meetings are described as replete with action and event. "Ha! traitor!" exclaims one gallant, baring his blade. "Have I found thee, O mine enemy!" replies the other, throwing away his scabbard. The wicked rapiers glide, and grate, and gleam, and all the rest of it, till, after a fixed number of stamps and passes, down goes Mercutio, with a sufficient hole in his side, and off swaggers Tybalt, calling for a stoup of wine in such reprehensible language as seems appropriate to a costume of doublet and hose.

We who wear coats and pantaloons can have no such expeditious redress. We bite our thumbs in a lawyer's office rather than in the open street, and must needs extort reparation—not so speedy, but perhaps more secure—in those Inns of Court which were really fields when our fathers sought them to salve wounded honour with hot lead or cold steel. But, in the mean time, if our bitterest enemy has the face to accost us politely in public, we feel compelled to return his greeting, value for value, and ask after his health with assumed interest, while in our secret hearts we wish he was dead, and worse!

The last time they met in a club, Lord Fitzowen addressed Mr. Roy with an open frankness that could not but disarm suspicion. *Things had changed since then, in fact, if not in intention; and what ought he to do now?* It was a difficult question. "I have no right to

cut a man because I am in love with his wife," thought his lordship, "and yet one can't be cordial with a fellow who has behaved so badly to the sweetest woman in the universe ! Hang it ! I wish I hadn't come ; but, as I *am* here, I suppose I had better say How d'ye do ? without shaking hands !" So he adopted a middle course, which is seldom a good plan, and the two men exchanged a cold, constrained salute, almost tantamount to a declaration of war.

It relieved Mr. Roy, nevertheless, from a dilemma of his own. He, too, had been wondering whether he ought to destroy the whole hilarity of the party by cutting Lord Fitzowen dead, or whether, under protest as it were, and for one night only, he should meet him like any other friend, and leave the world to be enlightened by such ulterior proceedings as would make it impossible for them ever to speak again. His lordship's curt greeting, therefore, gave him his cue ; and nobody, perhaps, except Brail, whose perceptions were sharpened by self-interest, observed anything peculiar in the manner of these two men, sitting in apparent amity, with three feet of tablecloth between them, which one, if not both, would fain have exchanged for twelve paces of level ground near a frontier town.

But hostility, however rancorous, is seldom quite proof against the effects of good cheer. Before dinner was half through, and when the champagne had been round thrice, Brail felt satisfied there would be no difficulty in keeping the peace ; nay, by the time chartreuse had succeeded a macédoine flavoured with maraschino, Fitz became so placable that he began to think "Roy wasn't half a bad fellow, after all ; and what a pity the whole lot couldn't live amicably together, while he made love to Mrs. Roy just the same !" Such ethics, however, only belong to that period of complete satisfaction which precedes the arrival of cheese. After helping himself to claret, his lordship grew more practical, and returned to the regions of common sense.

The lieutenant was the only person who felt glad when dinner came to an end. The rest had been happy enough, and even the two enemies seemed far less occupied with each other than with the good fare ; but Brail, having an object of his own in view, found himself acting a part rather than speaking out in his proper character,—a process most distasteful to the frank-hearted sailor. Conversation, during the repast, naturally turned on his recent expedition, and the explorer was compelled to accept as courteously as he might much startling information on the arctic regions from landsmen who had never reached a higher latitude than Caithness. The sons of the sea—partly, I imagine, from a good-humoured contempt—are exceedingly tolerant of *shore-going ignorance* ; and Brail, hopeless of teaching them any

better, assented to the most preposterous opinions with a freedom that delighted the company, one and all declaring him "wholly free from professional prejudice, and an exceedingly intelligent man!" There is as much truth as satire in the saying of the French wit who attributed his social popularity to a polite readiness in allowing people who knew nothing about them to instruct him on subjects with which he was perfectly conversant!

Roy, who had crossed the Atlantic in a Cunard steamer, and had sighted a real iceberg on one occasion some three leagues to leeward, came out quite as an authority. The whole table listened to him, and Brail, much amused, backed him stoutly in every position he advanced. By the time repletion had produced its usual craving for tobacco, there must have arisen a strange confusion in the brains of the guests as to ice, floating and hummocky, lime juice, scurvy, walrus-bulls, white bears, the aurora borealis, and, above all, the Perihelion—a word everybody insisted on pronouncing with a vague understanding that it implied the visible presence of four suns at once.

The bare idea of such a phenomenon produced an adjournment to the smoking-room in somewhat loose formation, during which movement John Roy found himself grappling his new friend by the arm as they crossed the hall.

"It will be very hot upstairs," said Brail, taking his overcoat from its peg. "What say you to having our 'baccy outside?"

"Outside it is!" assented the other, who would have agreed to any far more independent proposition. "And I tell you what, my dear fellow: if you'll come with me afterwards, I'll show you something rather curious—very queer indeed, queerer than anything you saw at the North Pole—a regular up-and-down exhibition of spirit-rapping—complete circle—pretty women saying the alphabet—question and answer—mediums, miracles, manifestations—blue lights, and blue blazes! Will you come?"

"No collusion?" asked Brail. "No wires, pulleys, nor magic-lanterns? Nothing of that kind?"

"Nothing whatever," answered Roy, with more confidence, perhaps, than he felt.

"A lady is going to call for me at eleven—Lady Jane de Banier. Very nice woman. Got a very nice brougham. I'll introduce you. In the mean time let us have a smoke till she comes."

It was a cool, star-lit night, the streets seemed at their emptiest, theatres and music-halls had not yet disgorged their contents, and, but or a policeman looking down an area, the two smokers were alone. Brail saw his opportunity, and resolved to make the best of it.

"Mr. Roy," said he, knocking the ash off his cigar, "you and I are almost strangers ; but, if it wasn't taking a liberty, I should like to do you a good turn."

"You're very kind," replied the other, with whom wine brought out all his best qualities ; "do it, and I'll say thank ye. I'm likely to want all the friends I can muster before long."

This was so far encouraging.

"You allude, I suppose, to rather a black job that I hear on all sides you are taking in hand," returned the sailor. "You'll likely say, what business is it of mine ? Mr. Roy, when a good fellow has gone overboard, it's everybody's business to heave him a rope."

"To hang himself with ?"

"The devil a bit. To *save* himself with ! Mr. Roy, what should you say if I was to tell you that your compass does not act, that your charts are false, that you have no instruments to take an observation, and that your dead-reckoning is all wrong ?"

"I should say, Speak plain English, my good fellow, and I shall know what you mean."

"Then, in plain English, you are steering a course which will never bring you up in the port you want to fetch. Mr. Roy, you won't be offended if I tell you what I know, and what you ought to know too. The lady against whom you are taking proceedings is as innocent as the day."

"Who is to answer for it ?"

"I can answer for it. Her aunt can answer for it. All hands can answer for it. We live in the same house ; I see her every day, and half-a-dozen times a day. She works like a black slave, twelve hours at a spell ; she receives no visitors ; she hasn't been a cable's-length from the street-door but once in the last month, and that was for a cruise in the Park with *me*. Mr. Roy, that lady is an injured, ill-used woman, and as good as gold !"

Such intelligence, delivered in such good faith, wholly dissipated the fumes of wine, and John Roy's brain grew as clear as if he had drunk nothing but tea for a week. He was surprised to feel how delighted he would be to believe the good news, but with his restored powers of judgment he could not but remember the accusations of Mrs. Mopus, and the damning evidence of Nelly's own writing, now in his desk under lock and key.

"If you could prove this," he said, with a cordial grasp of the sailor's hand, "you would be the best friend I ever had ! I thank you for your good intentions. The truth must come out, soon or late ; and if I am wrong, nobody knows how happy I shall be to acknow-

ledge it. In the mean time this is a sacred subject between you and me. Not a word more now, I beg of you. Here comes Lady Jane!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A WORD WITH THE DEAD-ALIVE.

AN introduction at her brougham door was soon accomplished, and the sailor, hailing a hansom cab, desired the driver to follow in the wake of her ladyship's carriage, thinking that but for Miss Bruce he would rather have envied his new friend, thus taking a passage in so narrow a craft with so pleasant a shipmate. Whether John Roy equally appreciated the position, it is not for me to say; but I imagine the well-lit streets of London never appear to more advantage than when seen after dinner on a cool, still summer's night from the dark interior of a carriage, in company with a white dress, a soft gloved hand, a wave of fragrant hair, and a pair of kind eyes, that dance in the shifting gleams as we pass from lamp to lamp, now bright and mirthful, now dim and tender, now seeking, now afraid to meet our own.

The butt-end of a strongish cigar, thought Brail, was a poor substitute for such company; nevertheless, it served him well enough till his cab stopped with a jerk at the door of a good-sized house in a quiet street no farther off than a shilling fare from the club where he had dined.

He followed Mr. Roy, who followed Lady Jane, and was speedily introduced to his hostess, a pale, languid woman, small, delicate, and pretty, with rather an affectionate manner and a very sweet voice.

"I have often heard of you, Mr. Brail," said she graciously, "as who has *not*?" to which the sailor, looking exceedingly foolish under the compliment, muttered some confused acknowledgment that he trusted was unintelligible and he felt was absurd.

"You know Lady Pandora, I think," continued this charming personage, "and most of the others. My husband is not here to-night. Mr. Eccleston remains an unbeliever, and these evenings of mine bore him so dreadfully, that I beg him to keep away."

So she turned placidly to another arrival, observing that they might begin now as soon as they liked, for her party was complete.

Though Mr. Eccleston had the bad taste to absent himself from his wife's researches after the *supernatural*, it was apparent, both to

sight and smell, that he allowed her guests to assemble in his own peculiar retreat. The bookcases against the wall, the plain, solid writing-table, the gloomy effect of the furniture, and the generally dispiriting influence of the place, stamped it as "master's room," even without certain odours of stale tobacco that pervaded the whole. Brail, looking shyly round, made out the party to consist of ten or a dozen, including a formidable old maid in spectacles, a girl with laughing eyes and a tight waist, two officers in the Guards, and an elderly, unwashed person, shaggy of beard and hair, accused on insufficient evidence of having written, of writing, or of being about to write, a book. The sailor made up his mind to feel interested, though wondering a little that spirits should think it worth while to take long journeys for a small party like this. Not that he grudged his shilling fare, but as yet it *did* seem that the entertainment would be dear at eighteenpence!

The room was dimly lighted. A ground-plan of the Eccleston mausoleum lay spread out under the lamp; Lady Jane looked frightened, Lady Pandora looked bored, and the others conversed in suppressed voices, as if they were at church.

"It's quite still and starlight," observed Mrs. Eccleston, in her calm, clear tones. "I think they won't mind coming any distance to-night. If you're all ready, why shouldn't we go upstairs and begin?"

So they trooped off rather unwillingly, Lady Jane keeping a sharp eye on Roy, who seemed disposed to take charge of the tight-waist, but "came to heel" readily enough when cautioned, like a well-broke dog reproved for running sheep, and left his shapely companion for the two Guardsmen to take care of—an arrangement that seemed agreeable to all three.

"Keep near me," whispered her ladyship, as she travelled upstairs with her intended towards the drawing-room. "Mind you don't let go my hand; I know I shall be so frightened in the dark."

Her misgivings were premature, as a small lamp, which served to reveal the surrounding obscurity, stood on a mahogany table in the middle of the room, round which the party were at once invited to take their seats. When all were placed, Roy found himself between Lady Jane and the bearded man; Brail, who was opposite, having for his supporters the virgin in spectacles and one of the Guardsmen; while tight-waist, as bold as brass, separated this last from his brother officer. Mrs. Eccleston, having given her directions with great coolness, sat down to complete the circle. Then they all joined hands, and looked foolish.

"Now attend to me," said their hostess, in her low, sweet, languid voice. "The charm will not work unless we are careful to preserve our chain; therefore let nothing induce you to let go of each other's hands." ("Nothing whatever!" exclaimed both Guardsmen, while tight-waist faintly giggled her assent.) "Moreover, if you're not really in earnest, it's no use. The spirits can't bear ridicule, and if they think we're laughing at them, they won't come near us at all. Don't forget, too, that there is immense virtue in wishing"—("I'm very good at *that!*" whispered a Guardsman)—"so you must keep on wishing for them as hard as you can. If they seem a little rude and boisterous, you needn't mind. They never mean any harm, and I am not sure they could do much, even if they would. Besides, they profess benevolence to the human race, and I myself believe implicitly in their good faith. Now don't be frightened, Lady Jane; I am going to put out the light."

Lady Jane *was* frightened, for John Roy felt her grasp tighten on his hand; but she scorned to admit it, and sat in complete darkness, with her heart beating fast, and all her faculties concentrated in her ears, wishing she hadn't come.

The minutes were very long; at the expiration of five, which seemed like fifty, one of the Guardsmen sneezed, causing the whole circle to start simultaneously, as if they had sustained an electric shock.

"Don't!" exclaimed a voice out of the dark, that Brail thought he recognised as belonging to tight-waist.

"Don't what?"

"Don't do that!"

"I can't help it."

"Very likely; but don't do it again!"

Brail concluded he *didn't*, as no more sneezes were heard, and the silence became oppressive as before.

"You may talk a little, if you like," suggested Mrs. Eccleston, in so clear and sweet a tone that, to the strained nerves of her listeners, it seemed as if a spirit were already in the room. "They enjoy mirth and good humour. They adore harmony. Mr. Brail, can't you sing us a song?"

No, he couldn't. It was not one of his accomplishments. He could dance a hornpipe, even in the dark, if she wished; but Mrs. Eccleston ruled it would be quite out of order, and might frighten away their expected visitors beyond recall.

One of the Guardsmen had a good voice, but knew nothing by heart except "The Two Obadiahs," and tight-waist declared she was too frightened to sing; so Mrs. Eccleston was entreated to carry out

her own suggestion, which she did with exceeding sweetness, in the following incantation, given from end to end :—

Will you come to the trusting, the tender, the true,
 The longing, the loving, that come not to you,
 With tidings of comfort our circle to glad,
 With rest for the weary, and hope for the sad ?
 Oh ! steal to our aid, on your fairy-like tread,
 From the land of the Living,
 The land of the Living,
 The land of the Living, that's thronged with the Dead !

What ? silent, still silent ! Oh ! grant, we implore,
 But the faintest of touches on table and floor,
 But the lowest of whispers to lurk in our ears,
 Or the lightest of airs, in a breath from the spheres.
 Nay, grudge not to cheer us, or why be ye fled
 From the land of the Living,
 The land of the Living,
 The land of the Living, that's thronged with the Dead ?

Are ye willing ? Oh ! say, shall we call you by name ?
 Shall we watch for the dawn of your pale-coloured flame ?
 Till the skirts of a shadow are touched in the gleam,
 And the face of a phantom escapes like a dream,
 Ere the mourners can learn how their lost one hath sped
 In the land of the Living,
 The land of the Living, !
 The land of the Living, that's thronged with the Dead !

Hush, hush ! they have heard us—they pass through the gloom ;
 They wave to and fro—they are here in the room !
 By the virtue of will, to our bidding controlled,
 And the clasp of our hands—so we loose not the hold—
 For our link at the best is no more than a thread
 To the land of the Living,
 The land of the Living,
 The land of the Living, that's thronged with the Dead !

And now a silence that could be felt. Even Brail thought well to pull himself together, as it were, like a man on duty ; and John Roy, though his nerves were above the average, began to suspect it possible his imagination might play him a trick.

So they all sat without speaking. Some hands turned hot, others cold, but nobody thought of letting go. The old maid in particular clung, with a drowning clutch, to her supporters on either side. Courage is but a question of custom, after all. None of us feel afraid of the danger we are accustomed to encounter, and many a man who has won his Victoria Cross would be exceedingly loth to interfere with a bull that a little girl in a pinafore turns out of a farmyard un-

moved. If there were no fear, there would be no bravery ; and his is the truest valour who can coolly face an unforeseen peril in the dark ! The unknown, too, seems always terrible. But that curiosity is a stronger instinct than self-preservation, Lord Soulis would have remained staunch to his kirk, Michael Scott would have been content to leave the Eildon Hills as he found them, and Faust would have declined to make so ineligible an acquaintance as Mephistopheles.

Nevertheless, poor humanity, notwithstanding its longings after the supernatural, shrinks back from that which it is most anxious to learn. Man's flesh creeps and his blood freezes at the threatened proximity of something alive, but not material ; and even the most courageous find themselves passing into the shadow of a nameless dread, akin to that which, in the horror of a nightmare, palsies limbs and voice and will.

Presently, on Roy's attentive ear, there came a faint rustling, accompanied by certain weak scratchings and scrapings, as if a rat in muslin petticoats were stealing across the floor. At the same moment he distinctly felt a stream of cold air pass over his hands. Lady Jane, whispering, "Didn't you hear something?" twined her trembling fingers closer in his own, while he strained his eyes to distinguish such darker shapes and shadows as seemed to grow out of the darkness itself.—"I hope they won't come," whispered tight-waist.—"Stand to your guns, and keep on wishing!" answered one of her supporters ; and as she declared subsequently that "she wasn't the least bit frightened," we may infer that she derived confidence from the security of her position, guarded by these men-of-war on both flanks, not in the least suspecting there could arise misgivings even in their military minds. Gloom and silence had already begun to tell on valour, and they both admitted next day, when they talked it over at guard-mounting, that "if it wasn't cats or machinery, there was something deuced queer in the whole thing !"

"Come ! spirits, come !" said Mrs. Eccleston in her calm treble. "Don't be unkind, sullen, silent, disappointing ! Have you nothing to say to us ? Come, gentle spirits, come ! Hush ! There is one in the room now !" John Roy breathed fast, and his hands turned cold ; the maiden in spectacles uttered a stifled shriek, and a gentle snore announced that the literary man had fallen asleep.

A chair was heard to move across the floor, at least fifteen feet from the circle, and on the table itself two or three taps, as of a finger-nail, followed each other in quick succession.

Great suspense ; tension of the nerves so keen as to be painful.

Lady Jane trembled like a leaf, and John Roy began to think there must be "something in it."

"They are not in the best of humour," observed Mrs. Eccleston coolly, as a lady might speak of her children or her ponies. "Still, if we had a good Medium, we might get a Manifestation. Wait a moment. *They* will tap out their answers directly. Spirits, are you there?"

Three faint touches, just audible, meaning "Yes."

"Do I know you? Have I ever spoken to you before?"

A single rap, very distinct, obviously signifying "No."

"Dear me!" murmured the lady. "I wonder who it is. Neither Carrie, nor Helen, nor Augustus. Certainly not Doctor Syntax. Can it be poor Merrylegs?"

Again a decided "No."

"Are you interested in any one here?"

"Yes."

"Will you speak to him or her?"

"Yes."

"Shall I go over the alphabet?"

Three distinct raps, succeeded by a dozen faint little flourishes, as though the spirit were capering with delight at so opportune a suggestion.

Mrs. Eccleston then began her A, B, C, going through it with admirable patience and self-possession till she came to the letter R, when an unmistakable rap, smartly delivered, brought her up, to use Brail's expression, "all standing."

She began again, to get no farther than O, but nearly exhausted the whole twenty-six letters the third time till stopped by the last but one.

"R, O, Y," said Mrs. Eccleston triumphantly. "Mr. Roy, you had better speak for yourself."

Our friend found himself fairly committed to a conversation with the Shades of the Departed; and notwithstanding certain misgivings concerning his catechism, profession of faith, and baptismal vow, felt rather proud of their selection. He was getting accustomed, moreover, to the situation, and his nerves reasserted themselves now that he required their services.

"Are you a friend?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Do you know my past and present?"

"Yes—yes—yes," followed by many confirmatory little scratches.

"*My future?*"

"Yes," doubtfully, and with hesitation.

"What is it?"

Dead silence ; then a few faint taps that seemed outside the window, and the march of another chair across a different part of the room.

"I don't like it," murmured Lady Jane. "I feel so faint and strange. Dear Mrs. Eccleston, won't you stop them if I get worse?"

"Of course I will, dear. But try and keep up a little longer. I am sure they want to tell Mr. Roy something particular, and will answer any questions he likes to ask."

"Don't be frightened, Lady Jane," added tight-waist, though her own shaking accents rather belied the encouragement. "Nothing can happen if you keep fast hold on both sides."

It is to be presumed this young lady suited the action to the word. But who is to vouch for the unseen? Some of the party, too, under the combined influence of fear and obscurity, were beginning to lose their heads.

"Go on, Mr. Roy," urged his hostess, still perfectly cool and calm. "Don't keep them waiting. They're very fussy and impatient to-night."

"I ask you," continued Roy, in slow, impressive accents, like a man reading prayers, "am I destined to succeed in my undertaking?"

"No."

This seemed a damper, and he thought well to put the question in an amended form.

"Shall I obtain the dearest wish of my heart?" Here Lady Jane tightened her clasp. She was so frightened, poor woman, and the spirits seemed to know too much.

An answer came in the affirmative, with endless repetitions and more triumphant kicking up of heels, so to speak, in weird, unholy mirth.

"Explain!" rang out from Brail's deep chest, loud and sonorous, as if he were hailing the maintop.

Dire confusion ensued. Two or three chairs fairly stampeded about the room; a distant sofa began to plunge; there came a rush of wind, a rustling of dresses, a scraping of feet; tight-waist proclaimed that something was pulling at her skirts; and the table, after a few preparatory sways and lurches, reared straight on end.

"Stop it, please!" exclaimed John Roy. "This is getting serious. Lady Jane has fainted."

"Give me the match-box," said Mrs. Eccleston calmly. "Lady

Pandora, you ought to have it in your lap. Spirits! you are rude and noisy," she added in a tone of grave displeasure. "You must behave better another time, or I shall not ask you to come again."

Then she struck a light, with great deliberation; and the bearded man, waking up in a start, observed how—except for pale faces, blinking eyes, and that they sat closer than at first—the circle seemed much in the same relative position as before the lamp was put out and he went to sleep.

Lady Jane, pale, but wholly unconscious, leaned her head on Roy's shoulder; and one of the Guardsmen asked tight-waist whether there was not yet time for her to faint too? Her ladyship's supporter, however, occupied himself less with the fair sufferer than with the disarrangement of Mrs. Eccleston's furniture, much of which seemed to have moved, by its own volition, about the room. While his hostess proffered eau-de-cologne and smelling-salts, he revolved these matters in his mind, and, like most of his companions, came to the conclusion that there was "something in it."

"We've not had much of a *stance*," said Mrs. Eccleston, looking calmly round; "and I am afraid you are all disappointed. The conditions were favourable, too, and the weather exactly what they like. But they *are* capricious, there's no denying, and I don't think they will do anything more for us to-night. Dear me! it's almost one o'clock. I am sure everybody must be hungry, and we really deserve some supper after our exertions!"

So she led the way downstairs to a pretty breakfast-room, where a table was laid with fruit, flowers, coffee, ices, cold chicken, sandwiches, and champagne.

"What do you think of it?" asked Roy of the lieutenant, as they brought up the rear of the procession. "It's more than strange—it's wonderful. I wish Lady Jane hadn't fainted. Did you hear how they were beginning to answer my questions?"

"They know more than we give them credit for," answered Brail mysteriously, and with something approaching a wink. But he kept his weather-eye open—that which was next his friend.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

EBB AND FLOW.

"THE dearest wish of his heart"! John Roy could not get the words out of his ears. And he was to obtain it; the spirits had told him so. What was the dearest wish of his heart?—to be divorced from Nelly, and to spend the rest of his life with Lady Jane? Hardly! Was it not rather to be reconciled with the woman whom he began to think he might have suspected and injured without cause, to be assured of her innocence, to know she loved him still, and to read forgiveness in the true grey eyes that he forced himself to forget by daylight, but that haunted him nightly in his dreams? Could the spirits have fathomed his inmost thoughts, and was this the boon they promised in their mischievous impish glee? Oh! why would they not explain, when so adjured by the frank-hearted sailor? They might have accounted for everything, even the letter in Nelly's handwriting, which offered such conclusive evidence of her guilt.

But for that letter, he would stop proceedings, even now, at the eleventh hour. The detective whom he employed had little to report. Lord Fitzowen, indeed, seemed to have called more than once of late at the Corner Hotel, but penetrated no farther than the threshold; and the gifts of flowers had ceased altogether. Plunged in uncertainty, tossed and torn by conflicting emotions, he longed for a friend on whom to lean, and began, at this period, much to affect the society of Lieutenant Brail. Meanwhile, the Cleopatra of our vacillating Antony could not fail to observe his growing absence of mind, uncertainty of temper, and general despondency. In vain she racked her pretty head to find him fresh amusements, and steered her galley aimlessly to and fro, in search of some enchanted isle wherein to imprison him, if only for an hour. Alas! there was neither "youth at the prow, nor pleasure at the helm." No soft zephyrs, nor laughing mornings; nothing of the poets' glowing imagery, but the coming whirlwind, "that, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey."

Of course, Cleopatra became the more exacting, the more captious, and pulled all the harder at her string, because it looked like breaking. Equally of course, Antony grew impatient and morose, missed his appointments, absented himself without accounting for his time, sulked, swore, and on one occasion even quitted her with brutal indifference when bathed in a flood of tears!

Was this another of the worthless games for which women burn such costly candles? Lady Jane asked herself the question, and

answered it, too, more than once ! But must she therefore submit to defeat ? No, a thousand times, no ! If you want a thing, what matter that the article is only shoddy, tinsel, pinchbeck ? Buy it at any cost. Does the seller refuse shillings ? Offer pounds, hundreds, thousands. Never stop to calculate ; sell your present, mortgage your future, and take possession, that you may crow in triumph—over what ? an egg addled, a bubble burst, a fancy exploded, and a disappointment bitter as gall !

Then will you have gone through a woman's experience, and for the rest of your life, if you have any grace, may thank your mother that you were born a man !

Perseverance, obstinacy, call it what you will, is a great feminine quality, and in nine cases out of ten meets with the success it deserves. Lady Jane, without the least intention of discontinuing the siege should she fail, resolved on a *coup de main*, and the attack, she reflected, could best be made under cover of a water-party or some such junketing, which might lead to a dinner out of town and a drive home by moonlight. People who know what London life is for those whose business consists solely of amusement, will appreciate her ladyship's exertions in trying to collect some twenty friends on the same day in the middle of June. After all, the wit of the company, the man who was to make the whole thing "go off," disappointed her at the last moment, and she was obliged to put a raw youth, studying at Cambridge, and doing *that* badly, in his place.

Lastly, the person for whom so much trouble must be taken, became restive, and declared he didn't want to go ! "The party would bore him," he thought. "Besides, he hated the river. It was nothing but a cesspool now, and it made him sick !" When a woman "stoops to conquer," how low will she not descend ? I have seen curtsies made to her Majesty—God bless her !—so abject in their grace, that the beautiful subject seemed to sink through the palace floor, and one almost wondered whether she wouldn't come up again, like a diving duck, half a gun-shot farther off. A lady's weight can never be calculated till she has got her foot on your neck. But again, nobody knows her extreme docility, unless the position is reversed, and, if you have the heart to do it, you crush the flower under your heel that would fain be blooming next your heart. Lady Jane must have had some twinges ere she brought herself to offer the following bribe.

"We needn't go on the river if you don't like ; and as for the party boring you, I mean to have the prettiest women and the *pleasantest men in London*. What do you say to that flirting girl

with the tight waist—the one we met at Mrs. Eccleston's? I am sure she would come if I asked her."

"She's rather nice," answered Roy, suddenly discovering that a day in the country would be no unpleasant variety for the hot weather.

"Anything but *that*!" returned her ladyship. "I should certainly not describe her as *nice*! Loud in her dress, bold in her manner, and always on the look-out for admiration which doesn't arrive."

"Why, you said yourself she was pretty!"

"Not exactly. Fresh-looking, but bad style. However, she goes down with gentlemen, and unless one invites these sort of damsels-errant, the very young men won't come."

This was as much as to say, "Don't suppose I am going to let you philander about with tight-waist, instead of attending on me. If she is invited, it must be on the express understanding that you confine yourself to looking, and nothing more!"

"Who else?" continued the gentleman in a careless tone, not unmarked by Lady Jane, that sufficiently indicated his indifference to the other guests.

"There's the list. You can look it over for yourself. I told Lady Pandora to bring two or three men."

"You had better have said two or three hundred. Lady Pandora is perfectly ridiculous. She can't move without an escort of cavalry! At her age she ought to know better."

"You don't like Lady Pandora now that she has become a friend of mine, and I only made up to her on your account. She is a good-natured woman, after all, and as for her age——" Here Lady Jane stopped, remembering that on the pages of Burke her new friend and herself were recorded as in the same year.

Perhaps this is the one disadvantage under which ladies labour who are "born in the purple." There is no uncertainty in the Peerage or the Stud-book. When both are thorough-bred, a man cannot blind himself to the fact that his mistress is five-and-thirty, and his mare fifteen.

"She is a very worldly woman," continued Mr. Roy, who professed of late a dislike to fine ladies and their ways. "I don't believe she has an idea beyond her dress and her visiting-list. I'll be bound to say she couldn't add up three figures, or order dinner for half-a-dozen people without a mistake!"

"Or do plain sewing, or make a rice-pudding," sneered her ladyship, wincing from the implied taunt, and feeling, with a woman's jealous instinct, that he must be thinking of his wife. "She was not

brought up to it, Mr. Roy. You don't expect a lady to have the training of a housemaid—or a cook."

"I'm tired of ladies! It's the same story over and over again. Have you seen the So-and-sos? Are you going to such-and-such a ball? Who are these people? Do they *give* things? I suppose we shall be obliged to know them! That is all one gets out of the sort of women one takes down to dinner seven nights in the week. I should like to meet nature sometimes, heart and brains, flesh and blood, truth, sympathy, and a little common sense!"

"*Should* you!" thought my lady, who, to do her justice, had in her composition more flesh and blood, perhaps even more common sense, than he gave her credit for. "You'll know better some day, and certainly you shall not speak like that when I've got you safe in hand, and firmly broken in!" but she only looked kindly in his face, and answered with a spice of covert satire, "I'm surprised *you* should say that. I think a woman is always agreeable with a pleasant man at her elbow. We don't want much encouragement to talk; and if there are long intervals of silence during dinner, it's generally *your* fault, not *ours*. At least, that is *my* experience, and I used to dine out a great deal before you came to London."

He could not but be mollified by the loving glance and the flattering inference. "Any fellow would make himself agreeable who sat by *you*," he answered. "I was thinking of very different people, like Lady Pandora and *her* lot. Never mind. Let us hear the plan of the campaign. Where are you going to take us, and what shall you do to us when we get there?"

"I meant to go down by water, but you say you hate the river, and it *does* look melancholy with the tide out. My plan is to drive to Bushey, where we can all meet and admire the chestnuts. They must look beautiful now."

"They did a week ago. People take care to miss them at their best. *Après?*"

"Then let us go on to Hampton Court, make our bows to bluff King Hal, ask some of our poor relations to give us tea, walk in that quaint old garden, and perhaps lose ourselves in the Maze. Young people delight in the Maze."

Visions of tight-waist flitting to and fro like a hunted hind through alleys of evergreens crossed John Roy's brain, and he signified a cordial assent.

"When we've had enough of it," continued her ladyship, "let us go on to Richmond, dine at The Castle—I've arranged all that—and *drive home by moonlight*. Do you approve?"

"I shall like the driving back," answered Roy, who could not well say less, and who, indeed, was never loth to return home from such festivities. "I think it sounds pleasant enough."

"Then you won't throw me over?" returned Lady Jane affectionately. "You couldn't be so cruel! I have got to depend upon you so for everything, because I feel that you have too good a heart to play me false."

CHAPTER XXXV.

HAMPTON COURT.

"THEN take Auntie. *She* likes it, and it will do her good."

The speaker was Nelly, sitting in her glass case as usual, pen in hand.

"Steady! I mean to take you both. You'll never be yourself again till you get some fresh air. When I knew you first you carried a red ensign; now you have hauled it down and hoisted the white. Look out, Mrs. John, that you don't run up the yellow flag before you've done!"

The honest seaman was right; though her smile seemed cheerful enough, it could not conceal from Brail, nor from anyone else, the ravages deep sorrow and bitter injustice had made on that fair fresh face. Her eyes were sunk, her cheeks fallen; and though her beauty had gained something in refinement, it had lost the delicacy of tint which made it so attractive in the old happy days long ago.

Even her aunt deplored the change, and held many a consultation with their firm friend the lieutenant as to what should be done. The one called her "out-of-sorts," the other "out-of-gear," but neither could devise better remedies than amusement, variety, and fresh air.

"You ought to go, Nelly, you ought indeed," argued Mrs. Phipps, taking part in these deliberations. "I am sure at your age I would have jumped at such an offer, like a cock at a gooseberry! June weather, my dear, a day in the country, a pleasure-trip on board a steambot, and a sailor beau to look after you—what more can a young woman want? And it's strange if such an old-established business as ours can't take care of itself for a summer's afternoon. You seem to expect you will find the hotel vanished when you come back!"

So Nelly was over-persuaded, and, accompanied by her aunt,—who, having an attraction of her own in the shape of a female friend at Hampton Court, required little pressing for so agreeable a jaunt,—put on, with her best bonnet and a new pair of gloves, as cheerful a face

as she could command, to do credit to their gallant escort, the enterprising Brail.

Auntie's get-up was not quite so successful. Black and gold, as much as possible of both, had always been her conception of full dress. But for the one, she was gay and glittering as a jeweller's shop; but for the other, sombre and imposing as a six-plumed hearse. Her face, though, shone with good humour, and that well-pleased smirk which nobody can call up at will, and which is, indeed, the very trade-mark of a Londoner out for a brief, rare holiday.

So these three took shipping in a steamboat at a commodious place of embarkation, no longer called Hungerford Stairs, and, except that the elder lady showed much interest in a mechanical contrivance for lowering the funnel of the steamer under Putney Bridge, while she compared its captain, invidiously, with her own nautical hero Brail, nothing worthy of remark occurred during the entire passage. The lieutenant, who, with a certain bluffness of manner, possessed much of that tact which comes from a kind heart, devoted himself to Auntie's amusement, leaving Nelly to the quiet enjoyment of air, sunshine, green trees, shining water, and the soothing monotony of continuous motion against the stream. If people only knew the kindness they can sometimes confer by leaving us alone! This is no place to enter on the higher consolations of religion, the gracious words spoken expressly for the bruised reed and the broken heart, that raise the fallen far above the level of earthly shame and earthly care: but, such holy considerations apart, do we sufficiently appreciate the mere material repose of mind and body, that we never fail to find within the walls of a church? For an hour and three-quarters no mortal can molest us with greeting, narrative, or repartee. No post invades the sacred precincts, nor note requiring an immediate answer; the most enthusiastic acquaintance neither dare smile, nor nod, nor insist on shaking hands; and however dull, nay, drowsy, may be the sermon, how can we think it tedious, when it prolongs, if but by minutes, this grateful interval of solitude, that comes but one day in the whole busy week!

Nelly, leaning against the side to watch the water as it flowed by, did not so much think as dream. Sorrows, cares, regrets, and injuries seemed to float down with the ebb towards the sea; and hope, the offspring of memory, as skill is the child of experience, beckoned her on to shape her true course against wind and tide, not entirely despairing of a change here, and confident in a better time hereafter.

She had struggled to do right, as women alone do struggle, against *a flood of difficulties under which a man would long ago have yielded*

and gone down. It is not the so-called stronger sex that fights hardest with privation, sorrow, the tempter's lures, and its own overpowering affections, for the bare reward of an approving conscience. In London alone, how many thousands are there of an undefeated Legion who work their fingers to the bone on a dry crust and a sip of tea, rather than lose an atom of self-respect, or suffer a breath of suspicion to dim their spotless shields ! What are the boasts of chivalry to courage such as *this*? And for us gentlemen, who assume to hold honour as the very air we breathe, do we *help* or hinder them in their path? No. We look on such things too lightly, and, in spite of a dishonest proverb, believe me, "All is *not* fair in love and war !"

"Why, you're better every moment, my dear !" exclaimed Mrs. Phipps, as the steamer touched its landing-place. "By the time we get to Hampton Court you'll look like yourself again, and do us credit; won't she, Mr. Brail? As for me, I declare, the river, and the breeze, and the swans, and one thing and another, have set me up so, that if the fiddler would only go on with his scraping, I do believe I should begin to dance. I feel like five-and-twenty, Mr. Brail, and I've *you* to thank for it ; but I *should* relish a glass of ginger-beer !"

That refreshment was easily obtained, and the three soon found themselves at Hampton Court Palace, where Mrs. Phipps went to visit her friend, maid and housekeeper to a peer's daughter living rent-free as the lodger of her sovereign, while Nelly and Brail walked on to wait in the gardens, where they met a crowd of both sexes, chiefly Londoners of the lower class, about to return home by train, happy, hilarious, and, seeing that it was thirsty, hay-making weather, not quite so well-behaved as usual.

"Excuse me for a minute !" exclaimed Brail, whose quick eye caught sight of an old ship-mate in the throng. "Don't go farther than the lawn. I shall be back directly. I can't help myself. It's a case of man overboard. There's nothing else to be done !"

His face expressed stern disgust, and, indeed, not without cause. In the midst of some half-dozen roughs, who looked perhaps worse than they really were, but could only be classed as the least desirable society for an officer and a gentleman, he spied an old friend holding forth with such thickened volubility of speech and grotesque vehemence of gesture, as declared him to be pleasantly drunk at six in the afternoon.

His face shone, his eyes wandered, he swayed and lurched on uncertain feet with idiotic smiles, while his hat was pushed back on his head at the angle that denotes hopeless imbecility or irretrievable defeat.

Alas ! can such things be ? Sober, this man was a smart officer, a consummate seaman, a hearty messmate, and a sterling friend. Drunk, he seemed simply a butt, a laughing-stock, a tom-fool for the rabble to hoot and jeer.

He knew it, too—nobody better—in his lucid intervals ; knew that his professional prospects, the bread he ate, his standing as an officer, his character as a gentleman, his soundness of mind and body, the very welfare of his soul, depended on resistance to that vicious craving which had grown to be his curse ; and yet he gave way, hob-nobbing, as it were, with the demon who pressed the poison to his lips, and priding himself on such good-fellowship as must constitute the conviviality of hell.

Not broke yet, strange to say, but wearing the Queen's uniform still, and drawing the Queen's pay. Never a week in port without many a " squeak for it ; " sometimes, even in blue-water, guilty of that offence which is justly unpardonable by our Articles of War. Who shall say how often his mess-mates screened him by taking his duty on themselves ; how the very top-men anticipated his orders, moved by pity, not without contempt, or the master-at-arms turned away his lantern in mingled sorrow and disgust ? The surgeon's mate tried in vain to make him a teetotaller, as the one indispensable step towards becoming hereafter an admiral.

Catching sight of Brail, he recognised his old shipmate, and staggered to meet him with a cordiality that must have seemed truly gratifying, had it not been the offspring of grog.

" Come aboard at last, my hearty ! " said he, holding on to his friend, and hiccoughing his greetings in strange confusion of time and place. " An old mess-mate, my lads," looking angrily around. " Make him welcome, all hands, and don't stand grinning there like a shipload of monkeys ! He's an explorer, my sons, this is—a North Pole man ! Excuse me, old chap ; we'd have had the yards squared and the side manned, if you'd only warned us. Give us your flipper—there's mine ! Look at it ; I tell ye, as honest a fist as ever broke a biscuit ! Hold on now ! Let's go below and liquor up ! "

With a view of carrying out this hospitable suggestion, he suffered Brail to lead him out of the gardens, closely watched by one of the care-takers of the place, and dismissed with three cheers from the rabble, for whom this agreeable little interlude had provided a laughable entertainment, tragic, comic, and burlesque, with nothing to pay.

Our friend felt in a false position, and winced sorely ; but he was the last man to shirk a job, however unpleasant, that came in the *shape of duty* ; so he steered his drunken companion towards the inn as

best he could, resolving, when safely housed, to put him in charge of the landlord, lock him up in a bed-room, and return for him after Auntie and Mrs. John had concluded their day's amusement, the last thing at night.

It was most inconvenient, and Brail believed nothing could have added to his discomfiture ; but even in the lowest depths there is a lower deep still ; and as no man should presume to declare he has spent a happy day till it is time to go to bed, so there is no social complication so perplexing but that it may be enhanced by the inopportune arrival of fresh actors on the scene.

At the gate that offered egress and escape, the sober sailor, grappling stoutly to his drunken mess-mate, found himself in the very centre of Lady Jane's party, comprising some of the smartest people in London, who had yawned their way through Bushey Park under the chestnuts, to seek new distraction, or, at least, something fresh to weary them, in the Palace Gardens.

Lords and ladies, chaperons and their charges, old men and women, wives without their husbands, husbands without their wives, such a gathering as constitutes a pleasant pic-nic, all in the freshest attire, and all, more or less, wishing for dinner-time—some to exchange secrets, some partners, some because they were hungry, some because they were bored.

So much beauty, rigged so tastefully, was too much for a British sailor in his cups, and nothing but Brail's personal strength prevented his charge from staggering up to Lady Jane herself, and asking her to dance with him then and there.

Covered with confusion, but holding on to his man like one of the old-fashioned press-gang, our lieutenant had nearly extricated himself from the well-dressed, well-bred, wondering throng, when, of all people in the world, he came face to face with Lord Fitzowen and Miss Bruce ! Even at such a crisis he did not lose his head. Roy and man, his training had gifted him with a second nature, that only grew the calmer and more quicksighted for increasing emergency. He marked Hester turn red and pale ; nor were the truth and courage lost on him that prompted the girl to defy criticism and give him a kindly greeting as she went by.

Good-natured Fitz, who seemed in lower spirits than usual, made no comments whatever, but others of the company were neither so courteous nor so discreet.

"Who is your friend, Miss Bruce?" asked one ; "Jack's alive !" laughed another, recognising the Arctic explorer, and pleased to have a fling, like the world in general, at a man who had made his mark

"The grog has been served out early to-day, and these two have taken their allowance ;" while Lady Jane whispered in her ear, "My dear Hester, what a disgusting sight ! How *could* you notice him ? I hope you will never speak to the man again !"

Partly for the pleasure of contradicting her ladyship, more, will hope, from an honest instinct of manhood, John Roy took the cudgels for his ally—

"How like Brail !" he exclaimed ; "always first to help in difficulty. He is hauling a drunken man out of the Gardens. I will go and see him through the job !"

So, without waiting for Hester's bright glance of gratitude, or scowl with which her ladyship—who wanted him to-day, of all days, at her apron-strings—reproved his desertion, he turned his steps towards the inn, leaving the rest to roam through the cool stone passages of the Palace, and—delightful pastime !—shout to each other how completely they were bewildered in the Maze.

(To be continued.)

MIDHAT PASHA ON TURKISH HISTORY AND REFORM.

MIDHAT PASHA'S paper in the *Nineteenth Century* of last month is both valuable and opportune. If the Plenipotentiaries assembled at Berlin wish to convince themselves of the utter hopelessness of regenerating the Turkish Empire, either in Europe or Asia, let them read that paper. Here is a representative Turk, who has held the highest offices in the Turkish Empire, a man who claims to be an enlightened, nay, a constitutional, reformer, conversant with Western civilisation, and burning to place his country in the front rank of civilised States; and what does he tell us? With imperturbable calmness, he gives us a sketch of Turkish history and policy which, in so far as it relates to the condition of the rayahs, has scarcely a single grain of truth in it. Does he believe what he has published? If he does, it makes the case more hopeless than if he had deliberately stated what he knew to be untrue. It is useless to prescribe for a patient who is incurably blind to his own malady. Not believing himself seriously ill, he naturally refuses the only remedy which would save him from death. If Midhat Pasha's paper is to be accepted as a fair representation of the Turkish mind, the Sick Man is evidently past praying for.

The aim of his paper is stated by himself as follows :—

All those who were awaiting with anxiety a solution of the Eastern Question in conformity with the public interest of Europe, must at the present day, in view of the complications of every description which have arisen, seek to know what has been in reality the spring of their miscalculations, the true course of their illusions. To my thinking, the cause is due to the fact that data contradictory or wanting in precision, and information at once vague and incomplete, have been given under different circumstances in respect of the historical facts, the geographical and ethnographical condition of the Ottoman Empire, as well as in respect of the character, manners, and aspirations of the different peoples of which it is composed.

Midhat accordingly undertakes to correct the "illusions" which he deplures; and, for the sake of those who may not have seen his paper, I shall give here an epitome of what he says before I proceed to deal with it.

It is, we are told, an "illusion" propagated by the "enemies" of Turkey that there is any "servitude of the Christians," or that "Christians in Turkey are looked upon as vile slaves." "It is necessary to demonstrate the falsity of these accusations," and to explain "the principles that have always guided the Government in its mode of action towards its non-Mussulman subjects." Midhat thereupon favours us with "a retrospective glance at history." From this "retrospective glance" we learn that "the principle of government in Islamism rests on essentially democratic bases, inasmuch as the sovereignty of the people (*souveraineté nationale*) is recognised." "Consequently every Mussulman looks upon himself as a member of the great national family. He enjoys in virtue of this title all civil rights, personal liberty, equality before the law." Midhat admits that the Mussulman "has not shown himself always disposed to admit the same rights in an equal degree to other races." This, however, he considers a small matter, since the Mussulman "has never ceased to profess the principle of a wide toleration towards" non-Mussulmans. "Under Mussulman dominion all religions have enjoyed security as well as fulness of liberty." "The Mussulman religion," moreover, "ordains justice," and inflicts "the severest punishment" on transgressors. This, more than the sword, has been the cause of the rapid progress of Islam. "Neighbouring countries, before ever they were attacked, were already—such is the radiant power of justice—annexed in spirit to the dominion" of the Mahommedan conquerors. "When Roumelia was conquered," "the noble principles professed by the Mussulman victors forbade them to exercise any pressure, any violence on the consciences of the populations subject to their sway. They allowed the conquered to preserve their religion, their language, their property, and all their goods." "Our sovereigns may boast of having been, and of being up to the present day, the protectors of every form of worship." This tolerance, according to our instructor, is such that it ought rather to be described as "the tenderness of the Sultans with respect to the Christians."

Such was the happy state of Turkey when its Mussulman conquerors had fairly established their authority on the Bosphorus. The just, the tolerant, the tender Turk was a refuge for the oppressed, a beacon to the wayfarer, "from one end of Europe to the other." "The peoples," outside the Eden of Turkish dominion, "were at the mercy of the ills engendered of revolt and war," for the Christian nations of Europe "had not yet emerged from the state of barbarism in which they existed. As a consequence of this state of things,

crowds of immigrants pressed from all directions towards the Ottoman countries, where they sought refuge and protection." "All these fugitives recovered their liberty on the soil of the Empire." And the rayahs of Turkey at the present day "are the children and descendants of these same emigrants," and they "are still enjoying the same prerogatives and a prosperity which is incontestable." There is a small discrepancy here which may be noticed parenthetically. When the Turks took possession of their European dominion they found it thickly populated, and Midhat Pasha assures us that they left the Christians in the undisturbed enjoyment of their religion, their lands, and "all their goods." But in the passage just quoted he tells us that the present Christian subjects of Turkey "are the children and descendants" of the crowds of Christian "emigrants" who fled from barbarous Christendom to the blissful haven of Ottoman rule. But, in that case, where are the descendants of the still more numerous crowds of Christians whom Midhat's ancestors found in the country? The true solution may possibly be found in an Eastern proverb, of which Midhat Pasha may have heard. It says that "a lie has no legs." Set it in motion, and it is pretty sure to come to the ground. This, however, is by the way. Midhat Pasha winds up his sketch of Ottoman history "till the eighteenth century" by the assertion that the Christians of Turkey have always "enjoyed perfect liberty," "for the Mussulmans never have oppressed the Christians."

Such is Midhat Pasha's sketch of Turkish history. Let us compare it with authentic facts. And first as to the question of toleration.

It must be admitted that on this point Midhat Pasha errs in respectable company. Some persons of note in this country have at various times extolled the tolerant spirit and practice of Turkish rule, and contrasted it unfavourably with that of Russia. The last instance of this kind that has come under my notice is an article in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*, entitled, "The Present and the Future of the East." The writer of the article treats his readers to the following contrast between Russia and Turkey. As to the former:—

Her ecclesiastical policy is one of supreme intolerance; she persecutes the Latin Church in Poland, the Lutheran Church in the Baltic Provinces, the Jews everywhere. No minister of another faith can enter the Russian dominions without the express permission of the Emperor.¹ . . . Are those Russian principles

¹ This astounding assertion is made on the strength of one isolated case, which must have been the result of some stupid mistake, or some strange freak of capricious officialism. I have "entered the Russian dominions without the express permission of the Emperor," and so have hundreds of other English clergymen. Ministers of religion entering Russia are under no special restrictions whatsoever.

to be applied to Turkey? . . . Turkey is absolutely tolerant of all Churches and creeds, and leaves each body of believers to manage their own spiritual affairs and to multiply schools and missions as they please.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that every sentence of this extract, both as regards Russia and Turkey, is directly the reverse of the truth. The ecclesiastical policy of Russia, so far from being one of "supreme intolerance," is, on the contrary, one of supreme tolerance. I can imagine some of my readers smiling at the temerity, as they will think it, of this assertion—such is the dense ignorance in respect to everything Russian which prevails even among educated people in England. Let us come to facts, then.

Throughout the Empire of All the Russias the civil and military services are open, from the lowest grade to the highest, to every Russian subject, without regard to religious belief. Count Nesselrode, Prince Gortschakoff's predecessor as Chancellor of the Empire, lived and died in communion with the Church of England. Prince Gortschakoff's successor may be an Anglican, a Roman Catholic, a Jew, even a Mussulman. His religious persuasion will make no difference if he is qualified for the post in other respects. It is the same in the military service. The Commander-in-Chief of the Russian army may profess and practise any religion he likes. He need not be a member of the Russian Church. He may belong to any other form of religion. Mussulman officers mingled on equal terms with their Christian comrades in the Russian army in Bulgaria, and some Mussulmans were in high command on the Russian side in Armenia. In this respect Russia is more tolerant than England. As regards our civil service, there are still two high offices for which none but English Churchmen are eligible—the custody of the Great Seal and the Vice-Royalty of Ireland; and it is not more than a dozen years ago since the law was abolished which reserved the Lord Chancellorship of Roman Catholic Ireland for the exclusive tenure of Protestant lawyers. Our military service has always been less exclusive than the civil, except as regards Mussulmans. These have never been allowed in any part of our dominions to rise above the rank of subalterns. Whether, since the Mutiny, a stray Mussulman now and then may have reached the rank of captain I cannot say for certain; but I believe the Army List may be searched in vain for a Mussulman field-officer holding Her Majesty's commission. Nor is this all. Native gentlemen in our Indian armies have never, as a

Burke thought it hard to "bring an indictment against a whole nation." The writer in the *Edinburgh Review* finds it easy enough. Give him one solitary fact, and it suffices him, though a thousand facts may be produced on the other side.

rule, been treated as equals by English officers. They have been regarded as "niggers," and treated accordingly; and it is not many years since the civil service has been open to them, nor is it open to them even yet in all its branches and grades.

How differently does Russia deal with her Mussulman subjects! The whole empire is open to them in all its civil and military departments; and—what they appreciate still more—they are treated in all respects on a footing of perfect equality with their Christian fellow-subjects. There are Mussulman officers in the Imperial Guard; and they are received not only at Court and in society, but in the barrack and at the mess-table, as equals in every respect of their Christian comrades. One of the delusions common in this country is that we understand so much better than Russia how to deal with Mussulman populations. The facts which I have stated appear to me to prove the contrary; and, with perhaps the exception of recently-conquered territories, I believe that the Mussulmans of Russia are more genuinely loyal to her rule than ours are to our rule.

Midhat Pasha thinks that the predominance of Russian influence in Bulgaria, or any other part of what is now Turkish territory, would be fatal to the religious freedom of the Mussulman population. I am no advocate for the predominance of Russian influence in Bulgaria; but this is not because I think that Russian influence would menace the religious freedom of the Mussulman population. Russian influence is supreme in Turkistan, and how fares it with Mohammedanism there? Let us hear Mr. Schuyler:—

There has not been the slightest hindrance offered by the Russians to the full exercise of Mohammedanism, which is professed by many Russian officials, and is one of the State religions, the most of the Mussulman subjects of the Empire being under the control of the *Mufti*, who resides at Ufa, and who, by-the-by, is a Russian nobleman and an accomplished gentleman. . . . The natives are content in seeing that their religion is not oppressed; and that there are no martyrs is perhaps one reason why there is [among the Mussulmans] less religious enthusiasm.¹

But there is the classical case of "Russian persecution" in Poland. There are, however, two sides to that question; and those who look only at one side are naturally unaware that one of the first interventions of Russia in the affairs of Poland was in the character, together with England and some other Powers, of champion in the cause of religious toleration. One of the most bitter writers against Russia who ever put pen to paper is the German Schlosser. I quote him, therefore, as a witness whose impartiality will not be questioned.

¹ *Turkistan*, vol. i. p. 162.

After stating that Dissenters in Poland "had been most brutally oppressed by the Jesuits and Papists," he proceeds :—

In the sixteenth century all those nobles who professed the Protestant faith, or belonged to the party of the Socinians (*Fratres Poloni*), or were members of the Greek Church, to which several very distinguished families belonged, enjoyed the same rights and privileges as their Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen, and were eligible to all public offices of trust and authority. In the course of the seventeenth century the Jesuits and the influence of the Papal Nuncio had succeeded in effecting their suppression, or at least their partial exclusion. The consequence was that at the peace of Oliva, England, Brandenburg, and Denmark guaranteed the possession and exercise of their civil rights to the dissident Poles in order to protect the minority from further violence and oppression on the part of the majority.

This was in 1660. But the dominant party gradually reasserted its intolerant sway, and in 1764 matters had reached such a pass that

the Dissidents appealed to the Powers which had guaranteed the exercise of their rights, made further representations respecting their condition, and the Russians assembled a new army on the frontiers. The condition of Poland at that time was such as, in some measure, to call for interference; for, having regard to the objects for which Governments are chosen, and men form themselves into societies, it might almost appear as if Russia and Prussia interfered on grounds of pure justice and humanity.

The Pope interfered on the other side, and the sequel I give in the words of Schlosser :—

The circumstance of the Pope's interference compelled the English and Danish ambassadors, although against their inclination, to join with Russia and Prussia, at least on one point. The Nuncio made a speech to the Diet full of all those well-known phrases of ecclesiastical unction which descended from the Middle Ages, and were employed by the Curia in public affairs, in which he formally protested against the concession of those rights and privileges to the heretics which had been guaranteed to them by the Powers at Oliva. Rome, unfortunately, gained her object and sealed the doom of Poland; Soltyk's party [in the Diet] proved victorious.

That is to say, the dissensions of Poland caused by the intolerance of the dominant majority brought about its downfall.

Colonel Mansfield's despatches are the main groundwork of the attacks on Russia for the alleged persecution of the Roman Catholics of Poland. I wonder how many of those who have echoed that charge have taken the trouble to read the Parliamentary Paper which contains Colonel Mansfield's despatches. Nearly all of them, I imagine, have taken their impression from the misleading extracts which found their way into the newspapers. The general opinion is that the Russian Government, having resolved to force the Uniat Greeks within the pale of the Orthodox Church, began to carry out its resolution by a system of persecution, including the flogging of women and

children. And all the conversions which have taken place are believed to have been effected in this way. But Colonel Mansfield not only does not say this; he says precisely the contrary. In one of his latest despatches he says:—

The United Greek conversions to Russian orthodoxy have made considerable progress since I last had the honour to address your Lordship on the subject, and in the Government of Lublin the whole of the United Greeks, numbering something over 250,000, have passed over to the National Church. . . . The movement has been effected with comparatively little pressure, certainly with nothing approaching to personal violence.

The true state of the case is, I believe, somewhat as follows:—

When the Uniat Greeks of Poland acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope in the sixteenth century, they stipulated for certain privileges; among the rest, that they should be allowed the use of their own form of religious rites, and of their own liturgy in the Slavonian tongue; that there should be neither images nor organs in their churches, and that their clergy should be allowed to marry. These and other privileges were ratified by Clement VIII. in the bull *Magnus Dominus*. In the Church of Rome, however, there has always been a centralising party which abominates local liberties and privileges, and aims at the reduction of everything within the Roman Obedience to one monotonous level of uniformity modelled on the use of Rome. Attempts in this direction were made at various times among the Uniats of Poland; but on complaints being made to the authorities at Rome, the Popes generally granted bulls confirming that of Clement VIII. Even as late as 1856 the late Pope confirmed the policy of his predecessors.

The Ultramontanes, however, had never relinquished their efforts, and they succeeded in some districts in Latinising the liturgy of the Uniats, which is almost identical with that of the Russian Church. They were aided in this propaganda by influential landowners, who being themselves Roman Catholics, many of them also ill-affected towards Russia, were naturally anxious to wean the people on their estates from the ritual of the Russian Church. The movement was thus partly ecclesiastical and partly political; ecclesiastical in so far as the Ultramontane party had anything to do with it, political as regards the aspirations and aims of the Polish landlords. In the various insurrections in Poland the majority of the lower orders, and the Uniats in particular, have sided with Russia. It is obvious, therefore, that the Russian Government had the strongest possible ground for damaging the Latin propagandism among the Uniats, while the Ultramontane and Polish parties had equally strong reasons for wishing to detach the Uniats from a ritual which served to attach them to Russia.

Matters were brought to a crisis soon after the Vatican Council. The Pope went clean over to the Ultramontane party, and an active propaganda was commenced among the Uniats. Most of the clergy were strongly opposed to the Latin innovations, and in some cases issued orders for a return to the primitive ritual. In some cases, however, the people had got used to the innovations, and broke out into riot in defence of them. Various expedients were used by the propagandist party to arouse their passions—sometimes even against their own priests when the latter opposed the Ultramontanes. It is Colonel Mansfield who reports as follows :—

In one district a bleeding crucifix has caused some commotion, and in others various apparitions of the Virgin have been announced. In the first case the parish priest was much maltreated by the peasants for trying to make them understand that the supposed phenomenon was due to the exudations of resin, owing to the heat, from the fresh wood of which the cross is made. It is a cause for regret that the authorities are not acting with sufficient vigour in impeding the assembling of the peasants in connection with the alleged miracles; and should the movement increase, some trouble may ensue.

He attributes the mischief to

the more bigoted of the educated classes [Roman Catholics], who circulate the report that the clergy have been intimidated by the Government into discrediting the miracles in the eyes of the laity.

The Russian local authorities met these tactics in some districts by measures of harsh repression; and I have no doubt, though the evidence even on that point is conflicting, that forcible measures were sometimes used for the re-conversion of the Latinised Uniats. Two facts, however, must in fairness be added. First, Colonel Mansfield does not give on his own personal knowledge the cases of cruelty which he relates; he gives them secondhand. Secondly, in sending Colonel Mansfield's accounts to the Foreign Office, our Ambassador at St. Petersburg qualifies them by the following important reservations :—

From the scanty information which I am enabled to obtain here, I am inclined to think that a considerable pressure has been brought to bear on the members of the United Greek Church by the local authorities, to induce them to join the National Church; whilst, at the same time, I do not attach implicit credence to the impassioned reports of party and political enthusiasts. It is very possible that the Polish party, who have always a yearning for their national faith and independence, may have profited of this opportunity to give a highly-coloured and exaggerated statement of the influences which have been used in favour of the Russian Orthodox Church, and that they have intentionally propagated sensational stories with a view to the furtherance of national and patriotic objects. I have inquired from my Austrian colleague as to the nature of the reports which his Government have received on this subject, and he has informed me that no mention has been made by the Austrian Consul-General at Warsaw of the exercise of cruelty, although he stated that doubtless considerable pressure had been resorted to by the local authorities to obtain the desired result.

Austria, be it remembered, is a Catholic Power, and the zeal of her Consul-General in Poland in quest of information would naturally be quickened by his sympathy for his co-religionists. His ignorance, therefore, of "the exercise of cruelty" goes far, in my opinion, to invalidate the sensational stories reported by Colonel Mansfield. Had Colonel Mansfield himself witnessed what he reports, his testimony would of course have been decisive. But none of his charges of cruelty rests on his own personal evidence, and the worst of them is given on the prejudiced authority of a Roman Catholic Polish proprietor. His "veracity" Colonel Mansfield "has no reason to doubt." But it is not a question of "veracity." There is nothing to show that the gentleman in question was himself a personal witness of what he told Colonel Mansfield.

Granting, therefore, the use of what the Austrian Consul-General calls "considerable pressure" in the conversion of some of the Uniats, Colonel Mansfield himself reports that in the larger number of cases—250,000 in one district—"the movement has been effected with comparatively little pressure, certainly with nothing approaching to personal violence." The charges of "barbarity" and "cruelty," on the other hand, must be pronounced not proven. They rest on no evidence which would be accepted in any English court of justice. And even at the worst, it is in fact not a case of religious persecution at all; that is to say, religious considerations were not the primary motive of whatever pressure Russia has brought to bear on the Roman Catholics of Poland. The real motive is political, and religion is but an accident in the case. It would be just as true to say that the murder of a Baptist preacher and the cruel flogging of Baptist women in Jamaica, under Governor Eyre, are a case of religious persecution.

So much as to the question of religious toleration in Russia. The reader will now, I trust, see that on that score at least the Mussulmans of Bulgaria have nothing to fear from a temporary occupation by Russia.

Let us now compare Midhat Pasha's description of religious toleration in Turkey with the real state of the case in law and fact.

By the law of Turkey, as of every Mussulman State that has ever held independent sway, religious toleration, as we understand it, is sternly and absolutely forbidden. By religious toleration I mean the free unfettered right to practise and propagate one's religion. The Christians of Turkey are subject to all sorts of disabilities, cruelties, and degradations, just because they are Christians; and as to propagating their faith, *of course they may—among each other.* The more

they vex and weaken each other, the better the Porte likes it. No Power ever understood better the maxim of *divide et impera*. But let a Christian subject of the Porte dare to convert a Mussulman and by the law and practice of Turkey it is death to both of them. But let us see what the law of Turkey actually says on this question.

Turkey, like all other Mussulman States, is governed by a Sacred Law which can never be modified or repealed. This Law consists of the decrees of the Great Mohammedan doctors, based on the Koran and on the traditions of the Prophet, and even on his silence on some questions. The Turkish code is embodied in a work called the *Multeka*, written originally in Arabic, and translated into Turkish under Sultans Ibrahim I. and Mohammed II. An abstract of the *Multeka*, called the "*Majma*," has been in use for some time in Turkey, and is the standard book of reference among all Turkish lawyers and in courts of justice. The last copy was published in 1856, with the Government stamp upon its cover, immediately after the publication of the *Hatti-humayoun*. This was done probably for the purpose of convincing the Mussulmans of the Empire that the high-sounding promises of the *Hatti-humayoun* were not intended to interfere with the sacred and inalienable right of the Mussulman to oppress the Christian, but only to throw dust into the eyes of Europe. Ubicini, a competent authority, since he wrote an avowed apologist of the Porte and with the knowledge of a Turkish official, describes the *Multeka*¹ as follows:—"All points respecting dogmas, divine worship, morals, civil and political law, &c. are so immutably settled in this work as to dispense with all future glosses and interpretations." It is "regarded as an authority without appeal." Now let us see what this "authority without appeal" is set down in the abstract of it published with the Government stamp in 1856.

"The people of the Book" (*Kitabi*, i.e. Christians, Jews, and Samaritans) are allowed to ransom their lives once a year by the payment of tribute. The form of receipt given to the Christians on payment of this capitation tax imports that the sum of money received is taken as a compensation for being permitted to wear their heads that year. The tribute, moreover, is quite arbitrary, and may be fixed at any figure and in any form the Sultan may please. For a long time, everybody knows, the Christians had to pay the ransom tax not only in money but in the flower of their children, who, after having been compelled to embrace Mohammedanism, were sent to replenish the

¹ The reader who is curious about the *Multeka* will find a very full abstract of it, in *French* and English, in the splendid work of D'Ohsson.

harems of their conquerors, and formed the famous corps of Janisaries. It is a striking commentary on the boasted religious toleration of Turkey that for centuries her armies were recruited from Christian youths who were torn from their homes and compelled to embrace the religion of their captors, and were then, in their turn, forced to propagate their new religion by the persuasive argument of the sword.

But suppose the Christian refuses to pay the ransom tax, be it in money or in children? "In that case," says the *Majma*, "some say that he should be imprisoned and forced to pay; but the majority of law authorities agree that he must be put to the sword or made a slave."

"When the collector takes the tribute from him he should treat him very harshly, as by shaking him, beating him on the breast, or even dragging him on the ground, and should say to him at the same time, 'Give the tribute, O tributary, O enemy of Allah,' and this he should do in order to degrade and disgrace him."

In the same tolerant code it is also prescribed that the Christian must be distinguished from the Mussulman by his dress (which must be of coarser cloth than the Mussulman's and of a different shape). He must not contaminate the air which the Mussulman breathes by dwelling in the same quarter of the city with him. If a Christian (who may be a nobleman) meets a Mussulman (who may be a beggar), the former must go off the pavement so that the Mussulman may pass without touching him.¹ "The Christian must put a sign on his gate so that beggars may not say 'God bless you.'" The Christian must not ride a horse. "He may ride a donkey in case of necessity, and then he must use a coarse cushion instead of a saddle, and he must dismount whenever he meets a Moslem."²

¹ Eton tells a story which illustrates in a striking manner the Mussulman's ingrained feeling, taught from his infancy, of his eternal superiority over the Christian. A Turkish prisoner (a private soldier), on his parole at Cherson, happened to "meet a Russian officer on a narrow pavement where only one person could pass, and the street being exceedingly dirty (over the shoes), the Turk, as if he had been in the streets of Constantinople, made a sign with his hand to the officer to descend from the pavement into the dirt. This appeared to the officer so exceedingly ridiculous that he burst out into a fit of laughter; upon which the Turk abused him in the grossest language, such as is used to infidels in Turkey, and still insisted on the officer's going out of his way." The officer beckoned to a Russian soldier, who came up and pushed the Turk into the gutter. The scene was witnessed by the Governor, who came out and "reprimanded the fellow for his insolence," reminding him at the same time of the treatment Russian soldiers were receiving at the hands of the Turks. The Turk calmly answered, "They are infidels, but I am a Mohammedan."—*Survey of the Turkish Empire*, p. 113.

² Consul Calvert told Mr. Nassau Senior that in the interior of Turkey "Christians were not allowed to ride on horses; they were required to wear a

Here is another prescription of the Sacred Law of Turkey as laid down in the *Multeka* and *Majma* :—

It is not lawful for Christians or Jews to build churches or convents in our land, nor for the *Magii* to build temples for fire-worship They are allowed to repair old churches which are in ruins, but they must do this with the old material, in the same place, and without any additions. It is not lawful for them to sound bells except inside their churches, and so gently that they shall not be heard outside A Christian is not permitted to use arms or to wear them, and his evidence is not to be received against a Moslem.

This may suffice as an illustration of the toleration granted by the *Porte* to its Christian subjects. But I may be told that the practice of the Turkish Government is better than its law. *Midhat Pasha*, indeed, asserts that neither in law nor in practice have the Christians of Turkey anything to complain of. "The Mussulmans never have oppressed the Christians," and all stories to the contrary are merely Russian inventions. "Almost on the morrow of the evacuation of the Ottoman territory by the allied troops, *Prince Gortschakoff* hurled a note of denunciation against the oppression of the Bulgarians by the Turkish Government; an inquiry was held, and disclosed no act of this nature." This assertion is an astounding display of effrontery even for a Turkish Pasha. *Midhat* refers to the circular despatch of *Prince Gortschakoff* in the summer of 1860. A Turkish official apparently cannot be accurate even where perversion of facts serves no obvious purpose. *Prince Gortschakoff's* complaint was not confined to "the oppression of the Bulgarians by the Turkish Government." His words are: "For more than a year the official reports of our agents in Turkey have made us acquainted with the increasingly serious condition of the Christian provinces under the rule of the *Porte*, and especially of *Bosnia*, *Herzegovina*, and *Bulgaria*." The *Prince* accordingly invited the Powers who were co-signatories of the *Treaty of Paris* to verify his accusation by the reports of their own agents. This was done, and the "inquiry," says *Midhat Pasha*, "disclosed no act of this nature." On the contrary, the inquiry proved that the Russian despatch gave a singularly mild account of the most brutal case of organised tyranny on the face of the earth.

peculiar dress. If a Christian met a Turk, even of the lowest class, it was his duty to stand aside with his hands crossed until the great man, perhaps a porter or beggar, had passed." (*Journal kept in Turkey and Greece*, p. 124.) *Miss Irby* writes :—"A Dervish, named *Hadji Loya*, met in the road near the town of *Serajevo* a *Pravoslav* priest (i.e. a priest of the Orthodox communion) on horseback. He ordered him to dismount, telling him, 'Bosnia is still a Mohammedan country; do you not see a Turk is passing? Dismount instantly!' Three different times he met the same priest, and obliged him to get off his horse. The Dervish also forced a whole wedding-party of Roman Catholics to pass him on foot. This happened in 1871." *Serbian Provinces of Turkey in Europe*, vol. i. p. 21.

The reports of the British Consuls alone demonstrated that the Christians of Turkey were exposed from day to day, in their lives, their honour, their religion, and their property, to the unbridled and undressed outrages of their Mussulman oppressors; all the magnificent promises of the Hatti-humayoun remaining a dead-letter. The evidence of this has been given to the world in various forms; and I refer any readers who may be curious enough to read it for themselves, but who have no access to the Parliamentary Papers on Turkey of 1860, to an abstract of them which I published a year ago.¹ Two or three quotations here may suffice as samples of the evidence which Midhat Pasha has the audacity to say "discloses no act" of oppression on the part of the Turks against their Christian subjects. Consul Abbott says:—

As it is considered an established rule not to admit Christian evidence, a Christian has never dared present in a suit one of his co-religionists to give his testimony.

Consul Blunt :—

Christian evidence in lawsuits between a Mussulman and a non-Mussulman is not admitted in the local courts.

Consul Skene :—

It is not admitted, and the attempt is never made to obtain its admission.

Midhat Pasha does not deny that Christians are not allowed to bear or possess arms, and the "inquiry" to which he has had the effrontery to appeal proves that redress before the courts of law is denied them. What further evidence is necessary to prove "oppression?" Yet "the Mussulmans," forsooth! "never have oppressed the Christians." But the "inquiry" of 1860 goes into details of Turkish oppression. Mr. Cyril Graham, sent out by our Government on a commission of inquiry in 1860, says :—

The Ottoman troops have distinguished themselves by their eagerness to slaughter the Christians and ill-treat the women. . . . Nothing can be more infamous than the behaviour of Ahmed Pasha and all the officials.

Consul Calvert :—

Within my experience of twenty-five years in Turkey I have not known a single instance in which a Mussulman has been condemned to death for the murder of a Christian upon purely Christian evidence.

Consul-General Longworth was an ardent philo-Turk. Yet this is what he reported in 1860 from Belgrade, which was then under the domination of a Turkish Pasha :—

There is another abuse which calls urgently for protection: I mean the forcible abduction of Christian girls by Mahometans. "This being a meritorious

¹ *The Eastern Question*, Chapter I., published by Messrs. Longmans. See also *Three Years of the Eastern Question*, Chapters I. and IV., published by Chatto & Windus.

act for his religion," adds Consul Abbott, "it entitles him as a reward to be free from military service."

To this counter-evidence I will add the corroborative testimony of two of the most violent philo-Turks of the day. In his book on "Nineveh," Mr. Layard says :—

The scarlet cap and the well-known garb of a Turkish irregular are the signals for a general panic. The women hide in the innermost recesses to save themselves from insult ; the men slink into their houses and offer a vain protest against the seizure of their property.

In his *Nestorians and their Ritual*, Dr. Badger tells, as a fact within his own personal knowledge, of Christian women "throwing themselves into the Tigris to escape dishonour," while "the Turkish Government was averse to any coercion or strong measures being adopted against" the miscreants who thus embitter the lives of a virtuous population.

We have seen that the Christians of Turkey are forbidden by law to build new churches on new sites. They may rebuild the old ones on the old sites, and of the same material and dimensions. Bells are also forbidden, and the Mussulman is bidden to do what he can "to degrade and disgrace" the Christian. Such is the law. What is the practice? Consul Malling shall tell us :—

The use of church-bells, to which the Christians particularly cling, is never allowed when mixed creeds congregate. The liberty to build churches, sometimes without any shadow of reasonable pretext altogether refused, always encounters immense difficulties when the mixed races dwell in proximity. The never-wanting opposition of the Mussulman section causes the negotiation to be prolonged over years ; and notwithstanding that Government expressly disclaims all fees on the grant, the costs of obtaining it form a preliminary outlay out of all proportion to the undertaking. . . . The practice of those external observances and ceremonies to which Eastern Christians attach such weight is, owing to the fiercely sectarian prejudices and brutality of the Mussulman section of the population, the reverse of free. Ceremonial and even funeral processions are often molested, and but for the forbearing spirit of the Christians, dictated by their sense of helplessness before the law, very grave excesses would ensue. . . . Between the members of the two creeds the amenities of daily intercourse are not softened or altered in the least. The grossest and most galling terms of abuse are habitually addressed to the Christian with absolute impunity, the very authorities being in this respect the worst offenders. In the councils and seats of justice there is no form of abuse of which the Turkish language, so pre-eminently rich therein, is capable, however gross, disgusting, and insulting to his faith, which is not openly and hourly applied to the hated and despised "Ghiaour" by the judges and authorities of the land. Christian subjects of the Porte, except in a case which scarcely establishes a principle, have not been admitted at any time to offices of emolument in the local administration. From the Caimakam or Lieutenant-Governor to policemen, customs watchers, and telegram porters, none but Mussulmans are holders of office. A single exception is the appointment of a Christian as a telegraph clerk. In this instance, it seems, the efficiency of the service is made paramount to sectarian considerations. The public schools and charitable foundations are with-
tion closed to the Christians.

Vice-Consul Sandwith writes from Cyprus:—

The clause engaging that the free exercise of his religion shall be permitted to everyone is also far from being carried out. There exist here, scattered throughout the island, some 1,500 persons who are Mussulmans in name only, some of whom apostatised from Christianity in order to save their lives during the Greek revolution, when a reign of terror prevailed here; while others are the offspring of the illicit amours of Greeks and Mussulmans, who are always forced to adopt the religion of the dominant race. Some of the latter are *bond fide* Mussulmans; but a great many are Christians at heart, but are obliged publicly to acknowledge the Prophet, and can only secretly testify their adherence to Christianity.

There can be no doubt that if there was a perfect toleration in religion these persons would gladly emancipate themselves from the thralldom of their position.

Consul-General Sir Arnold Kemball, writing from Bagdad, says:—

Christians are, of course, exposed to the aversion and contempt which are indicated by the Koran.

In a Blue Book on "Religious Persecutions in Turkey," published in 1875, I find (pp. 27, 40, 49, 54) the following facts, stated on the authority of Her Majesty's Ambassador and Consuls in Turkey: that the Porte "definitely refused" to permit the establishment of Christian schools; that it prohibited the publication of the Bible in the Turkish language; and that, in direct violation of the Hatti-humayoun, the children not only of Mussulmans, but even of heathen parents, can never be recognised as Christians, even if they have been baptized in infancy. The case in question was that of two youths, the sons of heathen parents, who had been baptized in childhood and were following the vocation of teachers in a Christian school, when they were suddenly pounced upon by the Turkish authorities, drafted into the army, and under the stress of torture and menace of death were forced to attend the services of the mosque. Complaint was made to the British Embassy at Constantinople; and when our Chargé d'Affaires called the attention of the Porte to the matter, the Grand Vizier replied that "the law did not recognise such men as Christians at all, but as Mahomedans." The Grand Vizier was quite right. By a fundamental law of Islam, which no Sultan or Government can abrogate, the offspring not merely of Mussulmans but of heathens also can never become Christians. As heathens, they lie under the unrepealable sentence of death. Policy or lack of power may suspend the execution of the sentence, but only on the assumption that the culprits and their offspring shall be technically regarded as Mussulmans; and the Mussulman who apostatises must recant or die. These two Christian teachers, thanks to the diplomacy of Sir Henry Elliot and Lord Derby, disappear at last out of sight, and, if they persisted in refusing to renounce their Christianity, I have no doubt that they were made away with. It was in vain that the British Chargé d'Affaires and the

American Minister reminded the Grand Vizier of the following provision of the Hatti-humayoun guaranteed by the Treaty of Paris:—

As all forms of religion are and shall be freely professed in my dominions, no subject of my Empire shall be hindered in the exercise of the religion that he professes, nor shall be in any way annoyed on this account. In the matter of changing one's religion no force shall be employed.

The Grand Vizier "distinctly and emphatically" answered that "the Hatti-humayoun was never intended to apply to Mahomedans," and consequently "that it would be useless to urge the matter, as it was impossible for the Porte to act contrary to the regulations." Does not this prove the utter folly of putting any faith in Turkish promises, however urgent and solemn the diplomatic instrument which contains them? These promises, as Grand Vizier Raschid Pasha frankly admitted, are "never intended to apply to Mahomedans;" they are only intended to bamboozle foreign Ministers and Ambassadors, who, sooth to say, have too often displayed a marvellous capacity for being gulled by Turkish Pashas—adepts in the art of equivocation, to which the most accomplished Jesuit casuist of fact or fiction could not hold a candle.¹

So much for Midhat Pasha's bold assertions that the Christians of Turkey "enjoy perfect equality," that "the Mussulmans never have oppressed the Christians," and that the Consular reports of 1866 "disclose no act of this nature." I have confronted him with British Consuls² and with English and American Protestant missionaries—men not generally credited with Russian proclivities; and I trust that I shall not be deemed presumptuous if I say that I believe them in preference to a Turkish Pasha whom Consul-General Schuyler has publicly denounced as the chief organiser of the Bulgarian massacres, and who was described to me, two years ago, by one of the ablest and best-informed men in our diplomatic service (Consul-General White), as "one of the most cruel and unscrupulous men in the Turkish Empire."³

¹ It is as well to add that the persecutions recorded in the Blue Book from which I have quoted were inflicted on Protestants, and that every one of the complainants is either an English or American Protestant missionary or a British Consul.

² Consular reports are now lying before me embracing the period between 1867 and last year, and they record no improvement in the condition of the Christians of Turkey. On the contrary, the picture of oppression becomes gradually more sombre and more harrowing.

³ Those who have any curiosity to know some of the antecedents of Midhat Pasha may consult a pamphlet (*La Vérité sur Midhat Pasha*) by M. Benoit-Brunswik, a gentleman who has lived for years in Constantinople, who is master of the Turkish language, and whose knowledge of Turkish affairs and Turkish politicians is exceptional.

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The space at my disposal will not allow nor is it necessary for me to expose *seriatim* Midhat Pasha's perversions of ancient and modern history—much of it due, doubtless, to ignorance. Very few Turks, even among the Pashas, possess more than the merest smattering of general history, and it is therefore quite possible that Midhat Pasha may sincerely believe that on the capture of Constantinople by the Turks there was a rush thither of "emigrants" from the "barbarism" and "oppression" of benighted Christendom, in order to enjoy the "justice" and enlightenment which have been so characteristic of Ottoman rule. It is true, indeed, that we obscurantists of the West have been taught to believe that a remarkable revival of learning was caused in Europe by the influx of scholars who fled from Constantinople to escape the barbarity of the fanatical and ignorant Turks. It is true also that the records of the human species attest not one obligation to the Ottoman Turks in the sphere of science, of literature, of jurisprudence, or of art. Ever since their first apparition on the page of history they have been known as scourges of the human race and destroyers of all that conduces to its elevation and progress. History, as written in Turkey, may of course tell a different story; but the specimen of it which Midhat Pasha has given us is not calculated to inspire implicit confidence in its trustworthiness.

There is, however, one other point in Midhat Pasha's article on which I should like to remark before I conclude. It is the following:—

Of all systems of government which could be established, of all plans of administration which could be devised, the Ottoman Constitution, loyally carried out, is assuredly what is best for the East, since it bears in itself the germ of true regeneration in the days to come by the intellectual and material development of all the nationalities, &c. &c.

Such, and more in the same strain, is Midhat Pasha's description of his own boasted Constitution. I am convinced, on the other hand, that any fair-minded person who examines that Constitution with care will agree with me that among all the impositions ever palmed off upon a credulous public that Constitution deserves a place in the front rank. It would be easy to prove this by a detailed examination of all its clauses; but a few cardinal examples may suffice.

By Article 7 of the Constitution, the Sultan is to "carry out the provisions of the law, human and divine"—that is, the law of the *Multeka* already described. This alone is sufficient to demonstrate the imposture of the Constitution in so far as the non-Muslim subjects of the *Porte* are concerned. For the *Multeka*,

which is an "authority without appeal," sacred and divine, decrees the eternal helpless subjection of the Christian to his Mussulman oppressor.

But it is not the Christian alone, nor even the non-Mussulman alone, who is victimised by the Constitution of Midhat. The non-Turkish Mussulman is disfranchised by it.

By Article 19, "All Ottomans are admitted to public offices according to their bent, merit, and ability." This looks liberal. But Article 18 declares that "eligibility to public offices is conditional on a knowledge of Turkish." Article 19 therefore means, "All Ottomans who have a knowledge of Turkish;" in other words, it is a gross imposture, for it disqualifies not merely the mass of the Christians throughout the Turkish Empire, but also the majority of Mussulmans both in Europe and Asia. Turkish is spoken by very few of the Mussulmans of the Greek islands and provinces, or of Bulgaria, Bosnia, or Albania. It is not spoken by the Arabs or by some others of the Mussulmans of Asiatic Turkey. And not only is a knowledge of Turkish necessary as a condition of office in the public service, but it is also necessary for election to the Chamber of Deputies. It is probable that five-sixths at least of the subjects of the Porte are disfranchised by this provision.

Still there was a bare possibility that here and there a man who might prove inconvenient might qualify for a seat in the Turkish Parliament by learning Turkish, and so be elected under Article 65, which says: "The number of Deputies is fixed at one Deputy for 50,000 males belonging to the Ottoman nationality." And "the election," says Article 66, "is held by secret ballot." All well if the article had stopped there; but it goes on: "*The mode of election will be determined by a special law.*" This promise has not been fulfilled. The Deputies are in fact elected by the Medjlis, or Administrative Council of each district.

The members of these Medjlises are always appointed by the Turkish potentate who happens to rule there for the time being, and they are simply his pliant tools. There have been two so-called general "elections" to the Turkish Parliament since the proclamation of Midhat's Constitution. As a matter of fact, however, there has been no election at all. The Deputies have been nominated by the Turkish authorities in each electoral district, and the 50,000 male electors and vote "by secret ballot" are all a sham. They form an ornamental frame to Midhat's Constitution; but they have just as much to do with the election of the Turkish M.P.s as the frame has to do with the painting of the picture which it encloses.

An examination of the rest of the Constitution yields a like

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result. The liberal promise of one clause is quietly cancelled by the next. The sham Deputies were encouraged for a while to ape independent Assemblies; but the moment they began to assert any claim to real control over the Administration they were summarily dismissed, and refused their official salaries; while those of them who had shown any independence were banished. And it was mainly for the purpose of destroying this precious Constitution, for fear of its contagious Liberalism, that Russia, according to Mr. Layard and a number of educated people in this country, made war upon Turkey! Theology has done one service at least in the cause of charity by supplying us with the phrase "invincible ignorance."

In reality, Midhat's Constitution is a crafty contrivance for concentrating the government of the Turkish Empire in the hands of the Pashas; which means, taking them all in all, of about two hundred of the most unmitigated scoundrels on the face of the earth; men who have no other aim in life than to amass wealth for the gratification of their animal passions. Midhat is an immensely overrated man. A statesman he is not. But he has plenty of that low cunning and aptitude for intrigue in which most Orientals excel. Hitherto the Sultans of Turkey, though irresponsible despots, have been in some degree amenable to public opinion; and public opinion occasionally compelled the disgrace, or even death, of an unpopular Grand Vizier. Grand Viziers naturally did not approve of this; and Midhat's Constitution is an ingenious device for securing the Grand Vizier against the caprice of the Sultan on the one hand, and the anger of the multitude on the other. The Grand Vizier would really govern; but the Constitution would enable him to throw the responsibility of any unpopular measure on the Sultan or the Assembly, or on both. Midhat did not venture to reject the proposals of the Conference till he had secured the sanction of the Assembly; but he took care to place the proposals before the Assembly "in such a form," as Lord Salisbury declared at the time, "that their rejection was a foregone conclusion." The Constitution is thus a step backward in the direction of uncontrolled tyranny and corruption, and no one knows that better than its author. One of the ablest statesmen of Turkey, Aali Pasha, took the measure of Midhat twenty years ago. He saw the inordinate vanity and unscrupulous ambition of the man; and declared, "When his turn comes, he will ruin the Empire." If it is given to departed spirits to know what is passing on earth, Aali Pasha must now be enjoying the satisfaction of watching the fulfilment of his prediction.

THE APPROACHING TOTAL SOLAR ECLIPSE.

A TOTAL solar eclipse will occur on July 29. It will not be visible in this country or anywhere in Europe, even as a partial eclipse. But it will not be the less closely studied by zealous and experienced astronomers. For the track of the moon's shadow lies athwart the North American continent, and there are no astronomers more zealous or more skilful than the American. In fact, European astronomers have not shown of late an equal earnestness in the study of special astronomical phenomena of interest. America went far ahead of all other countries, for example, in her expeditions for the observation of the transit of Venus in 1874. But without leaving the consideration of solar eclipses, we can recognise the zeal and energy of the Americans in matters astronomical. For though in 1869 a solar eclipse occurred which was visible throughout the United States, and was observed as a total eclipse by hundreds of Americans, yet, when the eclipse of 1870, called sometimes the Mediterranean eclipse, was approaching, America sent a party of skilful observers across the Atlantic to observe it, at a time when English astronomers were in doubt whether an expedition could be managed by this country, though so much nearer to the scene of operations. Indeed, it was commonly believed at the time that, but for the arrival of the American expedition, and certain caustic reflections made in newspapers on the comparative zeal for science shown by America and England, the Government could not have been induced to assist English observers in any way. There can be no question that, if the eclipse of this month could have been observed in Europe only, the American Government would again have sent forth an observing party; but on this occasion, as in the case of the American eclipse of 1869, nothing is farther from the thoughts of our Government than to provide in any way for an English expedition to America.

It is noteworthy how closely the eclipse of the present month resembles in general respects that of August 7, 1869. The entire *region where the eclipse can be seen wholly or in part is almost*

exactly the same. The lines along which the eclipse ends at sunrise or begins at sunrise, or ends at sunset or begins at sunset, are nearly the same. At a first view, one would say, in looking at a chart in which these regions and lines are depicted, that they are exactly the same, though, on looking more closely, small differences can of course be detected.

Unfortunately the two eclipses differ somewhat more importantly as to the line of central eclipse than in other respects. In each case the track of the moon's shadow runs along nearly the same part of Siberia, crossing Behring's Straits and traversing what used to be called Russian America to Behring's Bay: but from this point the tracks diverge. In 1869 the moon's shadow passed to the east of British Columbia to Dakota, Iowa, Illinois, Kentucky, and North Carolina. On July 29, it will pass instead through British Columbia, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, and Texas, crossing the Gulf of Mexico to Cuba and St. Domingo. Along this track there is scarcely any part, except the neighbourhood of Denver City, Colorado, where the eclipse can be effectively observed, whereas in 1869 the greater part of the track of total shadow lay athwart conveniently accessible regions.

As regards duration of totality, the two eclipses were closely similar. By the way, it is strange, and rather suggestive of the increased interest taken of late in such observations, that the *Nautical Almanac* for 1869 gave no notice whatever of the duration of the American eclipse of that year, doubtless because it was deemed, and deemed rightly, that no astronomers would go from England to the United States to witness it. I find, however, from a rough computation, that the maximum duration must have been about three minutes fifty seconds. The maximum duration of the total solar eclipse of the 29th instant is given by the *Nautical Almanac* as three minutes twelve seconds. But where the track approaches Denver City, near which most of the observers will probably be, this duration will not exceed two minutes fifty-three seconds. Many observations of extreme interest were made by American observers, however, on August 7, 1869, at places where the totality did not last longer than this; and we may well believe that the approaching eclipse will also be well observed by them, when we remember how largely observational methods have improved since 1869.

Before proceeding to consider the recent history and present position of that part of solar research which is connected with the observation of total eclipses, I may make a few preliminary remarks on the laws regulating the recurrence of total eclipses. The circumstances I have mentioned above are such as to render a few words of

explanation necessary. For it might seem to the reader that, since what happened on the occasion of the eclipse of August 7, 1869, will be almost exactly repeated on July 29, 1878,—that is, nine years later, less nine days,—the circumstances of every solar eclipse ought either to be exactly, or almost exactly, repeated nine years less nine days later. If this idea were entertained without inquiry, the reader would fall into an error. If, on the other hand, the reader inquired whether other solar eclipses were thus repeated, and found—as he would—that they were not, he would be perplexed, and might probably fall into an error more serious than the one he had avoided, inferring that the motions of the sun and moon were not so regular as in reality they are.

Suppose, for instance, he took the celebrated eclipse of August 18, 1868. He might reason thus: On August 7, 1869, the sun, moon, and earth were in a line thus:—

Sun—————moon—————earth.

Nine years less nine days later they will be in the same relative position; moreover, the earth will be in the same rotation-position, turning Asia and North America sunwards; the moon must be nearly at the same distance from the earth, while the earth will be also nearly at the same part of her orbit round the sun. Such relations being thus almost exactly restored in this case, it seems to follow that the remarkable eclipse of August 18, 1868, when the sun, moon, and earth were as observed above, ought to have been nearly reproduced on August 9, 1877. Any solar eclipse ought, it should seem, to be repeated nine years less nine days later; but certainly an eclipse occurring, like that of 1869, in August, might be expected to be repeated with as close, or very nearly as close, a degree of resemblance. But on turning to the *Nautical Almanac* for 1877, the student would find that, though a solar eclipse did take place on August 9 (civil date: the astronomical date is August 8, half-past sixteen o'clock), yet the eclipse was utterly unlike that of August 18, 1868. The latter was one of the greatest total eclipses ever known, totality lasting more than six minutes; whereas the solar eclipse of August 9, 1877, was so insignificant that it was not thought necessary to give a map of it in the *Nautical Almanac*: it was partial for the whole earth, only two-fifths of the sun's diameter being covered where the eclipse was greatest, a place near the Antarctic circle, whereas the eclipse of 1868 was greatest near the equator.

The real fact is that it was merely by a chance, so to speak, and a very unusual chance, that the eclipse of 1869 so closely resembled

that which is to occur on the 29th of the present month of July. Nine years less nine days correspond closely enough with an exact number of lunations (or intervals from new moon to new moon). The interval, allowing two leap years (there may be three, in which case, of course, we must take nine years less ten days), contains 3278 days; and 111 lunations, each of 29.5304 days, contain 3277.90 days,¹ or only about $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours less. But we do not get eclipses of the sun at every new moon, only at new moons occurring when the moon is close to the sun's track. She crosses the sun's track at intervals averaging 13.606 days, this being half what is called the nodical month. Now, it will be found that 241 such half-months contain 3279.07 days, or 1 day $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours more than 3278 days, and about 1 day 4 hours more than 111 lunations. This is a considerable difference, insomuch that, if there was a central solar eclipse at the beginning of a period of 111 lunations, the eclipse which would occur at the end of the period would be only partial, the moon being $1\frac{1}{2}$ days' journey from the point where she crosses the sun's track.

But there is yet another kind of month to be considered. The moon may be exactly on the sun's track when she overtakes him, and so may pass centrally athwart his face; and yet the eclipse may not be total. For the moon to hide the sun, she must be not too far from perigee, that part of her oval course, at the time, which is nearest to the earth, and where therefore she looks largest. And for a solar eclipse to resemble a former one, the moon must at the latter be just as much larger, to look at, than the sun, as she had been at the former. Now the average length of the moon's passage, from perigee to perigee again, is 27.555 days. This is what astronomers call, for the sake of convenience and simplicity, an anomalistic month. And 115 of these months contain 3279.00 days, or $1\frac{7}{10}$ days more than 111 lunations. Here again the difference is quite sufficient to produce an appreciable effect, though not so much as the other, because the moon's apparent size changes slowly both when she is near her largest and when she is near her smallest. The sun's change of size is of course small in 9 days, the difference between the period we are considering (111 lunations, or 3277.9 days) and an exact number of years.

Since, then, it seems that 111 lunations do not bring about an exact, or even a nearly exact, return to the state of things which had existed at their commencement, it appears at a first view that the

¹ The zero here is not a mistake. In statements of this kind '90 is by no means identical, as many imagine, with '9. The former means something between '905 and '895; the latter means something between '95 and '85.

singularly close resemblance between the total eclipse of 1869, and that of the present month, was an abnormal, and one may almost say a portentous, phenomenon. But it is readily explained, though it remains an altogether exceptional event in the history of astronomy. It so chanced that on the occasion of the former eclipse the moon, on her course from the place where she had just crossed the sun's track ascendingly, had got almost exactly as far above (or to the north of) that track, as she will be at the hour of totality on July 29, when on her way to the place where she will cross the sun's track descendingly. In 1869, central eclipse occurred at a few minutes before 10 P.M., Greenwich time; but the moon had crossed the sun's track ascendingly at about 9.5 A.M. that day. On the other hand, the moon will not cross the sun's track descendingly till near 9 A.M. on the morning of July 30 next; whereas, central eclipse will take place at about 9.23 P.M., Greenwich time, on the preceding day. Thus, the interval of time between the two passages of the sun's track, on or about August 7, 1869, and July 30, 1878, is 3079 days, or one day longer than the interval between the two eclipses; but because it so chances that this interval of one day is divided almost equally between the two eclipses, these resemble each other very closely so far as they depend on the moon's distance from the sun's track. As to the moon's apparent size, again, it so chanced that the resemblance is much closer than usual at the beginning and end of a period of exactly 111 lunations. Moreover, while the moon will be smaller (in appearance) on the 29th inst. than she was on August 7, the sun will also be somewhat smaller; so that the moon's extension beyond the sun at the time of mid-totality, though less than in 1869, will not be so much less as it would be if the change in her own diameter only were considered.

The reader who examines the above statements closely, however, will still recognise some difficulties; for the actual epochs mentioned in the last paragraph do not correspond exactly with the durations of the various kinds of lunar months mentioned in the preceding paragraph. The discrepancy is due simply to the fact that the durations given are only the average durations. The moon's path is constantly undergoing changes of shape and position, in consequence of the disturbing action of the sun and (in less degree) of the planets. These perturbations are of the most varied kind, now acting in one way, now in another; now quickly, now slowly. It is only in the long run that they produce their full effects, or rather their average effects. So that in any special case the moon may cross the sun's track, or reach the points marking her least and greatest distance from the

earth, some considerable time before or after the epochs which we should calculate for such passages if we considered only the average periods.

It will thus be readily understood not only that the close resemblance between the eclipse of this month and that of August 7, 1869, accords perfectly with the theory of the motions of the sun and moon, but that the coincidence really is altogether remarkable and exceptional. The annals of solar eclipses might be searched through from beginning to end, without any recorded instance of such close resemblance being found; and the solar eclipses which preceded the historical period, as well as those which are to come during many hundreds, even thousands of years, would not, if carefully calculated, be found to afford more than two or three similar cases.

It is singular, and altogether encouraging, to note how very rapid has been the progress of discovery effected during solar eclipses in the course of the last ten years. Only a quarter of a century ago, even when astronomers talked about eclipses, they had very little to say about the probability that something might be learned respecting the sun. They spoke a good deal about such utterly insignificant phenomena as Baily's Beads; they had also a good deal to say about meteorological phenomena to be observed during solar eclipses. But the idea does not seem to have occurred to them that it might be possible to learn something about the sun himself on these occasions.¹

¹ Admiral Smyth, a fine representative astronomer of the last generation gives what he describes as a sample of a solar eclipse, in the account of which, from the beginning of totality, not one word is said about the sun himself. The description is in such curious contrast with that which we expect to receive from American observers of the approaching eclipse, and is, moreover, in its own non-astronomical way, so interesting, that I venture to quote the greater part of it:—"As the sun obfuscated, the air sensibly cooled, the atmospheric light became mellowed, deepening to a darkness which bore no resemblance either to morning or evening twilight, and at the greatest obscuration assumed the peculiar lurid gloom which commonly heralds in a summer thunderstorm. Mercury was now seen in the finder, and Venus with the naked eye, but the time of her earliest visibility was omitted to be noted. The effect on the temperature was more remarkable than on the light, a difference which may be ascribed to the effect of radiation. The vegetation in a line with the sun assumed a silvery purplish hue, and in the shade an orange tinge; while the crocus, gentian, and anemone partially closed their flowers and re-opened them as the phenomena passed off; and a delicate South African mimosa, which we had reared from a seed, entirely folded its pinnate leaves until the sun was uncovered. More than one person took notice that, while the temperature was at its lowest scale, the earth-worms crept from their holes; and among other remarks made by friends during the eclipse I may mention a very striking though well-known optical property. One was looking at the eclipse from near a tree, the shadow of which was cast on a white dead wall. Turning his back to the sun, he perceived the shade from the leaves, where, under ordinary circumstances, each little interstice is a complete circle,

Now, when phenomena had been observed, which certainly belonged to the sun, many astronomers, and especially those called professional astronomers—that is, persons employed in timing the motions of the heavenly bodies, were unwilling to believe that anything astronomical was in question. They struggled for a time to show even that the coloured prominences do not belong to the sun at all. They ridiculed the idea that observations of these “appendages” could be of any value compared with time observations, measurements of the cusps of the solar crescents, and so forth—such observations, in fine, as might serve to correct the moon’s motions by a few seconds.

At present all this is changed. Some professional astronomers there still are who would rather see the study of solar eclipses restricted to time observations and geometrical measurements, just as they would limit our study of transit observations to noting the moments of internal and external contact. But the great body of astronomers have learned to recognise the far greater interest and (even in the scientific sense) the far greater importance of physical observations. All that has been done in the last century in the accurate measurements of the motions of the moon and planets by eclipses and transit observations, is of incomparably smaller scientific interest than the recognition of the single fact that the sun’s whole frame is enwrapped in glowing gas. Apart, too, from the mere question of scientific interest, the attention given to those matters by those who are not professed students of science is a matter of considerable moment, seeing that it largely influences the progress of human thought, and therefore the well-being of the human race. Now, the general public refuses (and very naturally) to take the least interest in the geometrical relations involved in the theory of eclipses. It is very little interested if it is informed that at such and such an eclipse the moon’s motions were corrected by so many seconds, or that the recognition of such and such a discrepancy may probably lead to the detection of some as yet unnoticed perturbation. But the series of physical discoveries which have been made during recent eclipse observations—the recognition of the coloured prominences at their interpretation, the solution of the problem presented by the

assuming the crescent shape as the eclipse progressed, waxing, waning, and shifting the cusps, thus affording a perfectly reflected image of the whole phenomenon.” There is even extant a series of instructions issued by the present Astronomer Royal for the observation of a solar eclipse, in which all the suggested observations, save one alone, are directed to phenomena which at the present time are regarded as utterly unworthy of attention compared with those bearing on solar research.

solar corona, and the remarkable series of researches which have been directly led up to by those eclipse observations—all these have been followed with eager interest by the general public. I cannot but think that in the preference they have just shown for solar discoveries, and the comparative disregard of merely geometrical relations, the general public has shown excellent judgment.

Passing over the eclipse of 1848, in which the coloured prominences were first fairly recognised, that of 1859, in which they were shown to belong to the sun, and that of 1860, in which De la Rue and Secchi photographed them, we come to the great Indian eclipse of 1868, in which for the first time their true nature was recognised. They were found to be vast masses of glowing vapour surrounding the sun on all sides, but extending in mighty flames at certain points to enormous distances from his surface.

In the interval between that great eclipse and the eclipse of 1869, a method was devised for observing these coloured flames when the sun is not eclipsed, and not only of observing them, but of analysing them, determining what gases are present in them, and even in what condition such gases subsist, and the changes of condition they undergo. I say that this method was devised in the interval; but it would be more correct to say that it was then first successfully applied. For in truth the method had been devised several months before the great eclipse took place. It will be found definitely described in the report of Dr. Huggins's observations which appears in the *Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society* for February, 1868.

From that time forward, then, the study of the coloured prominences ceased to be a chief feature of the observations of total solar eclipses.

Accordingly we find that the American observers of the eclipse of August, 1869, directed their chief attention to the corona. They photographed it, but not very successfully. They analysed it with the spectroscope. The outcome of their observations was that certainly a portion of the corona's light comes from glowing gas, one bright line seen by Professor Young in the spectrum belonging unmistakably to the corona. Two fainter lines, seen by him and by Professor Pickering, were not so confidently attributed to the corona, and have since been found to belong to the light from the coloured prominences.

A contest arose, at this stage of the inquiry, into the solar corona. It had been maintained that the corona does not belong to the sun at all, but is simply due to the passage of the solar rays through our

own atmosphere. Oddly enough (when the simplicity of the mathematical relations involved is considered) this erroneous notion, though only definitely maintained by persons unfamiliar with mathematics, was adopted by a mathematician so skilful as Sir George Airy, and even (which I find a great deal more remarkable) by the greatest astronomer since W. Herschel, the late Sir J. Herschel. At least both Airy and J. Herschel adopted the idea that the light of the corona comes from matter lying nearer to us than the moon. Airy definitely enunciated that idea in a lecture delivered at Manchester, while J. Herschel, in his admirable *Familiar Lectures*, says of the solar corona that "it can only be referred to vapours of excessive tenuity existing at an immense height in our own atmosphere." Yet it is demonstrable (and of course either of the two astronomers I have named would easily have seen this had it occurred to them to study the matter in its geometrical aspect) that a glory of light, in the midst of which the moon appears dark, cannot possibly be due to rays illuminating our own atmosphere, or matter nearer to us than the moon.

I was not myself one of those who waited for the results of the eclipse observations of December, 1870, as likely to determine this particular question. I had enunciated, long before, the reasoning which showed that, whatever the solar corona may be, it is a solar, not a lunar or terrestrial, phenomenon. The observations to be made during the Mediterranean eclipse could no more strengthen this reasoning, than they could strengthen the reasoning by which we perceive that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. At that time I insisted, and somewhat strongly, on the circumstance that this general fact was already certain, and that observations directed to obtain evidence on the point would be a waste of time (unless they at the same time served to determine other facts as yet not ascertained). I do not think that, as a rule, it is desirable to urge very strongly and persistently the evidence in favour of any conclusion, even though such evidence may, in point of fact, be demonstrative. But in this case, as in one other, I followed that course, because it seemed to me likely that favourable opportunities for observation might be wasted if attention were specially directed to a point already sufficiently established.

It is not now necessary to indicate fully the nature of the reasoning by which it was already clear, in 1869, that the corona is a solar phenomenon. But it may be well to consider the matter briefly, because there is still occasion to distinguish between the true solar corona and features which must be regarded as partly belonging to

our own atmosphere. It will indeed be more specially necessary to draw such a distinction during the coming eclipse than on former occasions, because there can be no doubt that one chief object of the observers will be to obtain information respecting the outermost regions of the solar corona ; and it will be very desirable to avoid any doubt or confusion in determining what belongs to the sun, and what is due to the illumination of our own atmosphere.

At the time of mid-totality in any considerable eclipse—by which I mean any eclipse in which totality lasts two minutes and upwards—no direct solar rays fall on any part of the air lying towards the sun and moon. For a distance of at least thirty moon-breadths on all sides of the dark body of the moon there is no sunlit air. Beyond some such distance the sky is partly illuminated by direct solar rays, and at a considerable distance from the sun there is a tolerably bright sunlit sky. So far, however, as direct solar light is concerned, no part of the region occupied by the solar corona, as ordinarily seen, can be attributed to the illumination of our own atmosphere. But the case is different when we consider light from the corona itself, and especially from its bright inner portions. The whole region of the sky occupied by the solar corona is unquestionably illuminated by that corona. Some part of the light received from that region must therefore be due to the illumination of our own air. The question arises, then, where does the true solar corona end, and where does this atmospheric illumination begin? Or rather (for the atmospheric illumination covers the entire heavens, while the solar corona probably has no definite limits), where does the atmospheric illumination begin to overcome the light of the true solar corona?

The question is a difficult one. We cannot deal successfully with it, as with the general question of the corona, by mere reasoning, for we have not yet sufficient observational evidence. Still we can form a tolerably definite opinion on one or two points.

In the first place, the illumination of the coronal region of the sky, by the true solar corona, must be, to all intents and purposes, uniform. If we imagine an observer placed anywhere in the air (say not higher than 100 miles from the earth), so that he would seem, as seen by the observer of mid-totality, to occupy some point on that region of the sky—in other words, if he were placed anywhere in that inclined well-shaped portion of our air occupied at the moment by the moon's shadow—we know that he would see the whole of the corona, but no part of the sun's true body. Such an observer, placed on one side of *that well-shaped shadow region*, would see the moon *just touching the sun's edge on one side* ; an observer on the other

side of the shadow region would see the moon just touching the sun's edge on the other side ; and an observer placed on the axis of the shadow would see the moon centrally concealing the sun. But the quantity of coronal light seen by all three would be appreciably the same. It follows (or rather it is another way of expressing the same thing) that every point in that region of the air—the region lying between the observer of central totality and the coronal region of the sky—is equally illuminated by the solar corona. The variation is, at any rate, very small. Now there is one part of that region of the sky where the solar corona itself is not shining. I mean the part occupied by the moon's disc. This part of the sky, however, is as brightly illuminated as the rest by the solar corona. We learn, then, how much of the light coming from the coronal region of the sky is due to the illumination of our air by the solar corona ninety millions of miles beyond. This illumination of our air would of itself make the coronal region no brighter than the disc of the moon appears as seen during total eclipse. Since the moon appears to ordinary eyesight quite black in such an eclipse, it might seem as though this conclusion were decisive of the whole matter, and that no appreciable illumination of the air is caused by the light of the solar corona. But this conclusion would be incorrect. The moon's body during total solar eclipse is not dark : it only appears so by contrast with the brilliant light of the inner part of the corona. A certain faint light can be detected when the telescopic field of view is so reduced that the corona is excluded.

But here another difficulty presents itself. At the time of mid-totality, not only is the part of the sky occupied by the moon's disc illuminated by the solar corona, but the moon's disc is itself illuminated by the light of our earth. When the moon is new to us, our earth is full to the moon. Now, at a moderate computation full earthlight on the moon is equal to about sixteen times as much as full moonlight on the earth. It is true the disc of the earth only appears about thirteen times as large at the moon, as the moon appears to us ; but the earth's surface (if we can judge from Mars and Venus) is, on the whole, more reflective than the moon's. On the other hand, we must not forget that the moon's surface is thus feebly reflective, or, to speak plainly, that the moon is of such dark tints on the whole ; nor must we forget that though at the time of new moon the earth is full to the lunarians, if there are any, at the time of a total solar eclipse the earth seen from the moon shows the moon's shadow. She loses about a thirteenth part of her "full" brightness when thus *in eclipse*. Still, taking all these considerations into account, the

moon's surface at the time of a total solar eclipse must be shining in reality at least ten times as brightly as the surface of a distant hill illuminated by the full moon. We know how *white* the earth looks when bathed in full moonlight; and we can infer how much more brilliantly white the moon's surface must be when bathed in full earthlight. Distance makes no manner of difference in this brightness; though of course it affects the quantity of light sent us, making the moon, in fact, appear so much the smaller as she is farther away. Thus the black body, as we are apt to call it, of the moon, at the time of total solar eclipse, is in reality ten times as bright as a part of a distant hill directly illuminated at midnight by the full moon.

We learn then, on the one hand, that the quantity of light corresponding to the illuminations of the air by the solar corona is much less even than we should infer from the apparent darkness of the moon's body at the time of total eclipse. For we see that of such light as does seem to illuminate the moon's disc, a considerable portion, perhaps nearly all, must be earthlight reflected from the moon's body. But, on the other hand, we learn that the circumstances under which a total eclipse is observed are very unfavourable for the detection of faint light. We see that a lustre ten or twelve times as bright as that of a terrestrial surface, directly illuminated by full moonlight, appears as actual blackness to ordinary vision, and as the faintest possible light to telescopic vision protected from the effects of other light, at the time of total eclipse. It certainly does not seem likely, this being so, that astronomers would be able either to ascertain precisely where the light of the solar corona begins to be lost in the faint light due to the illumination of the air by that corona, or to trace on the sky at the time of total eclipse the faint lustre of the zodiacal light, barely discernible even at night.

We may, however, so far as the former point is concerned, conclude that the whole of the corona as seen at the time of mid-totality is solar. A lustre so faint that even when added to ten or twelve times the lustre of earth illuminated by a full moon it is barely detectible during totality, can surely not add appreciably to the extension of the visible solar corona.

Yet again, we can safely infer that any visible *features* in the crown of glory surrounding the eclipsed sun must of necessity be solar phenomena. The light resulting from illumination by the solar corona would be uniform, because rising from a widely extended region of luminous space; and though, if such light were brighter than we have found it to be, it *might* occasionally show the forms of *various regions of the upper air* in which different conditions of

moisture, temperature, and so forth, prevailed, yet even with bright light this would be an exceptional phenomenon, and with the exceedingly faint light we have been considering it would be wholly impossible that any such features could be brought into view.

Unfortunately, while we thus learn that the solar corona really has the extension which it appears to have, that even when seen extending farthest from the eclipsed sun it is not at all enlarged by the atmospheric corona, we also perceive that to recognise the fainter extension of the corona beyond such distances as have hitherto been noted, will be a task of extreme difficulty. In fact, when we remember that beyond a certain distance from the eclipsed sun we have a sky partly illuminated by actual sunlight, even at the time of central eclipse, we see that there must be limits beyond which we cannot hope to trace the corona.

Nevertheless, I am inclined for my own part to believe, or rather to hope, that the corona may yet be traced much farther from the sun than in any observations yet made, at least in any regarded as relating to the true corona. It may even be possible to recognise the zodiacal light itself during total solar eclipse.

In the first place I would point out that observations have been made on certain occasions which seem to indicate a much greater extension of the visible corona than the appearances ordinarily seen and described. For instance, consider the account of the corona as seen by General Myer in 1869:—"To the unaided eye," he says, "the eclipse presented, during the total obscuration, a vision magnificent beyond description. As a centre stood the full and intensely black disc of the moon, surrounded by the aureola of a soft bright light, through which shot out, as if from the circumference of the moon, straight, massive, silvery rays, seeming distinct and separate from each other, to a distance of two or three diameters of the lunar disc, the whole spectacle showing as upon a background of diffused rose-coloured light. This light was most intense, and extended farthest at about the centre of the lower limb. The silvery rays were longest and most prominent at four points of the circumference, two upon the upper and two upon the lower portion apparently equidistant from each other (and at about the junctions of the quadrants designated as limbs), giving the spectacle a quadrilateral shape. The angles of the quadrangle were about opposite the north-eastern, north-western, south-eastern, and south-western points of the disc. A banding of the rays, in some respects similar, has been noted as seen at the total eclipse of July 18, 1860. There was no motion *of the rays, which appeared concentric*" (that is, to radiate from *the same point, I suppose*).

Now in this case the rays belonged certainly to the solar corona. This was doubted by many at the time, but the doubts belonged to the exploded theory that the corona as a whole is a terrestrial phenomenon. We now not only know that the corona belongs to the sun, but we know also that it presents such radiations as General Myer describes. They have been photographed, and no question any longer remains respecting their reality as solar phenomena. But Myer saw them extending to a distance equal to two or three times the diameter of the lunar disc, say $2\frac{1}{2}$ diameters, which would correspond to a distance of more than two million miles from the sun's surface. This would greatly exceed anything seen in the photographs, as might indeed be expected. It also considerably exceeds the distance to which other observers have traced the coronal rays. Yet we cannot for this reason reject General Myer's account, for his was not a casual careless observation, but a careful survey of phenomena by a skilful student of science.

Instead of calling his observation in question, therefore, it will be well to inquire under what circumstances it was made; as it may thus be possible to learn a way by which still more successful observations of the corona may be effected. We find, as we might have expected, that the circumstances under which Myer observed the corona were exceptional. He watched the eclipse from the summit of White Top Mountain, near Abingdon, Virginia, 5,530 feet above the sea-level. "The point of observation was sought," he remarked, "with the view of placing ourselves as far as possible above the lower and denser strata of the atmosphere, and the smoke, haze, and obstacles to vision with which they are charged." As I remarked in the first edition of my treatise on the sun, in 1870, the bearing of General Myer's evidence on the question of the effect which our own atmosphere produces on the corona, is specially important on this account. I may add that, so far as the faint extensions of the corona were concerned, it was in his favour that he did not use a telescope except in the study of the prominences. For it is quite a mistake to suppose, as many do, that the apparent highness of a luminous object is increased when a telescope is employed.¹ A

¹ A telescope increases the quantity of light we get from an object, supposing the whole object visible in the telescopic field of view; and thus a telescope increases the visibility of such an object. In the case of a body like a star, which even in the most powerful telescope appears a mere point, the brightness is increased precisely in the same degree that the visibility or total quantity of light is increased. But the case is very different with the brightness of a surface. The moon seen through a telescope is not brighter than the moon seen with the naked eye. *She is not even quite as bright.* She looks much larger, and as she

telescope somewhat diminishes the brightness of any object observed through it ; and when the object to be studied is large and of feeble lustre, the telescopist has not so good a chance of detecting it as one who seeks for it with the naked eye.

It appears to me that the lesson conveyed by General Myer's observation is, that to recognise the faint extension of the corona a station as high as possible above the sea-level should be occupied, and that the naked eye should be used, or if a telescope, a small one only, with a large field and low magnifying power.

Before the eclipse of 1870 I suggested the possible advantages to be derived from the careful study of the corona with special reference to the difficulties which arise from the extreme faintness of the light of its exterior portions. In the *Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society*, March 1870, I wrote as follows:—"The use of a telescope of low magnifying power but first-rate definition would be desirable, a comet eye-piece (that is an eye-piece, giving a large field of view, as when faint comets are sought) being employed. The telescope should be accurately driven by clockwork, and a dark iris-disc—if I may so

thus presents a surface much larger and not much less bright than when she is seen with the naked eye, of course we get much more light from her. In fact, the full moon, seen with a very large telescope on a clear night, sends to the eye an unbearable quantity of light, and can only be looked at for a second or two without pain. But the large image is unmistakably less bright than the small image formed on the retina of the eye when the moon is looked at without a telescope. It is easy to see that this is so by looking with one eye through the telescope, and with the other at the moon directly. It will be found easy to bring the small, naked-eye image of the moon close to the large telescopic image, when the superior intrinsic brightness of the smaller image will be at once recognised. It is sometimes urged that the pain we experience if we look at the moon for any length of time with a powerful telescope proves that the lunar image must be much brighter ; for pain is never caused by long-continued gazing on the moon without a telescope. If, it is argued, the portion of the retina on which the small, naked-eye image of the moon is received, experiences no inconvenience, however long the moon's image is allowed to remain there, no inconvenience would be caused if another neighbouring part of the retina were occupied by a similar image, a third part of the retina by another, and so on, until as large a surface were occupied with images of the moon as is occupied by the single image of the moon seen with a powerful telescope : the pain, then, actually experienced when this large image is seen must be due to the greater intrinsic lustre of the image. But apart from the facts (1) that theoretically the telescopic image must be fainter, and (2) that the experiment before described shows it to be fainter, the reasoning just described is altogether faulty. We might as reasonably argue that because one hair can be plucked from the head without causing pain, a handful may be pulled away in equally painless fashion, or that because a man can endure the pain of having one tooth extracted, he could stand having a whole *jawful taken out at one pull.*

describe an arrangement which would be the converse of an iris-diaphragm—might be employed with advantage to hide the light of the prominences and sierra." An iris-diaphragm, be it noted, is an arrangement by which the field of view may be contracted or enlarged in the same way that the pupil of the eye changes in size; that is, by what may be called circular expansion or contraction. The iris-disc I proposed would contract and expand at will, similarly; but, instead of giving a contracting and expanding field of view, it would give a contracting and expanding circle of darkness in the middle of the field of view. "If the field of view were several degrees in diameter"—the moon's disc being a little more than half a degree—"and the dark disc at the beginning of totality concealed a circular space extending a degree or so beyond the eclipsed sun, the observer might first examine with great advantage the outer parts of the corona, and gradually extend his scrutiny to the very neighbourhood of the prominences. Supposing his eyes had been kept in darkness before totality began, he would be able to gain such an insight into the real structure of the corona as has never yet been obtained by astronomers."

Although I would not now speak quite so confidently of such an experiment as I did in 1870, yet I still believe that, if carefully carried out, it would yield results of great interest and importance. It was tried unsuccessfully during the eclipse of 1870; but the failure of the method on that occasion is not to be wondered at, as the sky was hazy everywhere, and in great part cloud-covered. Moreover, to obtain success by this method, a station at some height above the sea-level should be occupied. As the track of total shadow on the 29th inst. will cross several elevated ridges in North America, and that too in a region where the air is exceptionally clear, the occasion will be very well suited for the application of this method.

We cannot hope that photography will reveal the extension of the corona to so great a distance as the naked eye can trace the faint outlying coronal streamers. Nevertheless, we may well hope that much will be added to our knowledge of the corona on this occasion by means of photography. During the eclipses of 1870 and 1871, the only two occasions on which good photographs of the corona have been obtained, attention was chiefly directed to the question whether the corona is a solar phenomenon or not. The perversity with which two or three persons (ignorant of mathematics, and therefore unable to recognise the validity of the reasoning by which the solar nature of the corona was demonstrated) continued to assert their belief that *the phenomenon was purely atmospheric*, had a very

mischievous effect in this respect. I pointed out at the time that "it would be a misfortune to astronomy if the attention of observers should be directed to the solution of a question already disposed of— unless the most obvious considerations of mathematics and optics are to be entirely neglected" (*Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society* for March, 1870). But at the same time I showed how the question might be disposed of, even to the satisfaction of the doubters, by means of photography. If photographs taken at distant stations showed the same coronal features, then manifestly the features could not belong to our own atmosphere: and again, if photographs taken at the same station at the beginning, middle, and end of totality showed the same features, those manifestly could not be due to the passage of the solar rays athwart irregularities on the moon's edge. But although the experiment was tried, and the result was such as I had indicated beforehand as certain to follow, I consider it a misfortune that time was thus wasted and opportunities lost which may not be presented again for many years to come.

During the eclipse of December, 1870, indeed, little was lost in this way, because the weather was very unfavourable. My friend Mr. Brothers took almost as good a view of the corona, at Syracuse, in the time accorded to the last exposure, as he would have obtained if nearly the whole duration of totality had been devoted to a single picture.

But in the case of the Indian eclipse of December, 1871, matters were different. Fine weather prevailed both at Baicull, where Lord Lindsay's party were stationed, and at Ootacamund, where Colonel Tennant photographed the sun. Mr. Davis, the skilful photographer at the former station, obtained six views of the corona, each showing a goodly amount of detail. Colonel Tennant, at Ootacamund, was almost equally successful. The twelve views thus obtained disposed finally of the atmospheric theory of the corona (though, oddly enough, while they were being developed a telegraphic message was on its way from Mr. Lockyer, at Baicull, to Captain Tupman, who was awaiting the arrival of the totality at Ceylon, announcing that the Baicull observations satisfactorily demonstrated the atmospheric nature of the corona). No one now doubts that the corona is a solar appendage. But the demonstration of this fact was worth absolutely nothing, because the fact had been demonstrated before. The demonstration had not been accepted by all; in fact, it could not be accepted by those who could not understand it; and to some it appeared as utterly ridiculous¹ to assert that the corona belongs to the sun, as it

¹ This is not exaggerated. Not many months before the evidence was ob-

still appears to Mr. Hampden to assert that the earth is a globe. But as we should not recognise the least value in a series of researches which convinced Mr. Hampden that the earth is a globe, so we cannot recognise any value in the demonstration of the already demonstrated fact that the corona is a solar appendage, even though the new demonstration should be so simple as to be easily understood by persons to whom the other had been as "caviare to the general." The true value of the photographs taken by Mr. Davis and by Colonel Tennant resides, not in the circumstance that they place the solar nature of the corona beyond all possibility of doubt or cavil, but in the fact that they throw new light on the structure of the corona. Now, if six photographs, each obtained from an exposure of about one-sixth the duration of totality, are thus instructive (each telling the same thing, be it noticed), how much more instructive would one photograph have been to obtain which advantage had been taken of the entire duration of totality!

In April, 1875, an opportunity occurred for redeeming this error to some degree. It could not be wholly redeemed on that occasion, because in 1870 and 1871 the sun had been in a highly disturbed condition, whereas in 1875 he was passing through the stage of least disturbance. All the more desirable was it, however, that a record of the condition of the solar corona should be obtained in 1875 for comparison with the records obtained in 1870 and 1871, and with more satisfactory records to be obtained at the next time of maximum disturbance in 1882-84. Unfortunately, however, another mistake was made in 1875, in the face of the clearest possible evidence that failure must result. Instead of making it a point that, whatever else might be done, the corona should be photographed well and carefully, above all things, those who planned our English expedition on that occasion devised an ingeniously elaborate arrangement for photographing the spectrum of the corona in a way which had not the remotest chance of success.

We may well hope that the American observers of the eclipse of the 29th inst. will not make any mistakes of this sort. The minimum sun-spot period is still in progress, so that a good photograph of the corona will have great value. This I trust they will in the first instance provide for effectually. Secondly, we may hope that they will make good spectroscopic observations of the corona.

tained which proves in a manner "easily understood of the people" that the corona belongs to the sun, the enunciation of this fact by myself was characterised by Mr. Lockyer as "simply ridiculous," and by no means because the fact was obvious, but because *it could not be a fact.*

It has been shown that the spectrum of the corona is partly indicative of gaseity ; but besides the bright line or lines having this interpretation, there is a rainbow-tinted background implying that the corona shines in part by reflecting sunlight. Janssen in 1871 thought he could recognise the solar dark lines in this spectrum. Of course this should be seen if it is really the spectrum of reflected sunlight. It is to be hoped that the observers of the approaching eclipse will obtain more decisive evidence on this point.

If any American observers care to try the experiment suggested in 1875, for photographing the spectrum of the corona, they may do so : they will be able to prove, perhaps, what is already certain, that the experiment is bound to fail if carried out in the proposed manner.

Lastly, the occasion is one when an attempt to recognise, I will not say the true extension of the corona, but somewhat more of its real extension than has hitherto been perceived, may be usefully made by persons unable to employ large telescopes, or to effect a spectroscopic or photographic researches. For success in such an attempt, it will be necessary (i) to select a station as high as possible above the sea-level; (ii) to protect the eye carefully from sunlight before totality begins, and from the light of the prominences, solar and inner corona during totality; (iii) to use either a very low magnifying power, or to trust altogether to the unaided eye.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR

BOJARDO.

IT was the opinion of Torquato Tasso that the "Orlando Innamorato" of Bojardo and the "Orlando Furioso" of Ariosto should be considered and read as a single poem. The former was left incomplete by the death of its author, the latter is its complement; and whether the love of Ruggiero for Bradamante or the war of Agramant and Charlemagne be held its principal action, cannot be understood without a recollection of Bojardo's romance. The "Innamorato" is without any end, the "Furioso" without any beginning. The self-same threads spun by the one poet are wound off, a little more deftly knotted and more brilliantly coloured, by the other. The whole invention and character of the poem belongs to Bojardo. Ariosto's conclusion is at best an imitation, without the moral grace of any acknowledgment or tribute of praise to him whom he imitated. The only difference of an attractive and easy style has rendered the "Furioso" famous, while its prototype the "Innamorato" is all but forgotten. So true is Boileau's aphorism about the force of fine words. But to Bojardo rather than Ariosto did Milton refer, in those graceful lines so much praised by Hallam, wherein he compares the Parthian army with that wide camp of Agracan with all his northern powers, who

Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,
The city of Gallaphrone, from thence to win
The fairest of her sex, Angelica,
His daughter, sought by many prowest knights,
Both Paynim and the peers of Charlemain:

a wide camp indeed, which contained two million two hundred thousand men.

Few, very few, even in Italy, have read the first half of that interesting poem, of which it is considered among educated persons more or less of a disgrace not to know the last. And yet the invincible love of the marvellous, that indissoluble faith in the supernatural which fetters the greater part of mankind, is catered for quite as amply and continuously by Bojardo as by Ariosto. There is a certain monster, for instance, of no respectable parentage, which assails Rinaldo in the "*Innamorato*." *It has the muzzle of a snake, a mouth six feet long,*

each tooth half a foot ; it has movable horns, its skin is variegated white, black, green, red, and yellow, its hands are human, with talons bigger than those of a bear. Its teeth are in the end locked together by a large loaf made of wax and pitch, and it is strangled. Witchcrafts are there as many as Jezebel's, and enchantments without end; dragons noways inferior to the specimens in the Apocalypse ; and giants equal to Og of Bashan or any of the Anakim, of such courtesy of style, and so many cubits of stature, as make us painfully aware of our present state of moral and physical degradation.

Matteo Maria Bojardo was born about A.D. 1430 at Scandiano, some few miles from Reggio, at the foot of the Apennines. He was educated at the University of Ferrara, and died A.D. 1494. He was a scholar and a poet. He translated the "Golden Ass" of Apuleius, the "Ass" of Lucian, and the Histories of Herodotus, in a style which Aristarchus would not have censured. Of his "Istoria Imperiale" it is sufficient to mention the name. As a poet, he is of course chiefly remarkable for the "Orlando Innamorato" to be considered hereafter. But he also wrote a comedy called "Timon," several Latin eclogues, and some two hundred lyrical poems, sonnets, madrigals, sestine, canzoni, and choruses, in a collection entitled "Amorum Liber." These pieces abound in grace and delicacy, in simplicity and pathos. As they are extremely rare, and, but for the labours of Venturi and Panizzi, almost unknown, a few lines may be consecrated to the illustration of their witty contents.

The argument of his songs is mostly amorous. They celebrate chiefly the handsome faces and hard hearts of the various objects of his affectionate but transitory regard. The name of one of these, Antonia Caprara, is given in an acrostic, which he calls *capitalis*, an appellation unknown or unrecognised by the Italian dictionaries. The same unhappy love of a pun, which induced Petrarch so often to allude to a laurel in his addresses to Laura, incited Bojardo to look upon his mistress in the unlucky light of a goat (*capra*). This lady, who "boils and freezes, spurs and bridles him," held but a short jurisdiction over his heart, however severe. It is another probably with whom the whole world is in love, whose look fills the field with verdure, and whose smile bids buds burst into flower. Another, whose absence deprives the day of sun, and the night has no stars without her.

Al veder nostro il giorno non ha sole,
La notte non ha stelle senza lei.

Another is that rose compared with the colours of which all other colours of earth are but smoke and shadow. Another, again—or perhaps th- for, like the little girl at the peep-show, you have

full license at the present period to appropriate the descriptions of the bard to whomsoever you will—is she of whom he sings, that no man can know what love is if he has not seen her, who is so supremely fair that a spirit with golden wings falls from the third heaven to congratulate mortals on their possession of such a remarkable woman, “an immense restorative of all our ills.” The course of love, true or false, ran no smoother with Bojardo than with the rest of men. One of his ladies gave him for all reward a purse which he says shall have a thousand sighs every day. It seems to have been empty. Another married. What was her husband like? Nature, says indignant Bojardo, was ashamed of having given such a work to the world. His voice was like that of one in a dream; his eyes were those of a she cat; his hair was tow; one of his lips sucked the other; and for his legs, they were the legs of the stork. In fine, Bojardo becomes disgusted with women, discovers that he has wasted much precious time, and asks the “immortal and eternal kings of the stars” to forgive him and cleanse his soul of this muddy mistake of love in which it has so long wallowed.

“Timon,” the earliest perhaps of Italian comedies, was first published in 1500. Bojardo calls it a translation from Lucian, modestly enough. It is rather an imitation or transformation of the dialogue of the satirist of Samosata. The Italian did little more than borrow the subject from the Syrian, and is indebted to him about as much as Trissino to Livy for his “Sofonisbe.” The conclusion is wholly due to the imagination of Bojardo. The verse alone, the difficult *terza rima*, in which he has clothed his subject, proves his claim to originality of expression. The piece is the nearest approach, among early Italian plays, to the comedy of Terence. It is, of course, about as well suited to the modern stage as the “Samson Agonistes” or the “Irene.”

The scene which Bojardo seems to have imagined was a double one—half in earth and half in heaven: below, a field of arable, Mount Hymettus in the distance, with a few shrubs in the foreground to conceal some of the *dramatis personæ*; above, supported probably by no firm foundation of smoke and clouds, a small section of heaven with the throne of Jupiter fashioned after the artist’s fancy, and other celestial apparatus. Bojardo talks about the curtains of the firmament, and probably wished the upper scene to be shut in by these, when there was no dramatic necessity for the god’s intervention or appearance.

The Prologue, in the person of Lucian, informs us how Echeclides, by deceit and usury—the only way, in all times, to become wealthy—amassed much money, and, dying a rich man, went, like the rich man in the Bible, to hell. Timon, his son and heir, pours out his

patrimony like water into the laps of his summer friends, and, soon fallen into poverty, meets with ingratitude and insult, jeers and injustice—the usual gage of effete generosity. Half-dressed in a sheep's skin, he digs for fourpence a day a little plot of land, amidst the contumelies of those whom his loving-kindnesses had covered with purple and fine linen. As the Arabic proverb says, "He who pours water on the palm without salt, makes the boughs green, but dries up its roots." Timon, learning the truth of this aphorism, as it is usually learnt, a little too late, is not contented in his disgust with cursing men, but roundly abuses the gods also for not destroying a world where not half-a-dozen good people are to be discovered. *Rari quippe beni.* And here the Prologue departs, for Timon enters, and he has a rude way of dismissing unwelcome visitors.

Timon enters with his spade, and soliloquises much in the same fashion as in Lucian. "How long," he cries to Jupiter, "how long wilt thou suffer the wicked to flourish? Thy thunderbolts are cold. Men fear them scarcely more than the wick of yesterday's lamp, which burns no longer, but only blackens. Thou hast drunk mandragora. Thy sleep is more lasting than that of Epimenides. In the old time all this was different—how different! Then the earth was shaken like a sieve for men's great wickedness and evil imaginations, and every drop of rain became a river. But now! Me, the benefactor of their city, the Athenians pass by as they would pass a fallen tombstone; like crows and wolves they have picked my bones and sucked out all their marrow." "Surely," says Jove, in the upper compartment of the scenery, to Mercury, "surely this fellow Timon is a philosopher, or he would never talk so impiously." Mercury informs Jove how many sacrifices Timon had offered while he was able; and the son of Saturn, somewhat mollified, sends for Wealth, and bids her go with Mercury and offer treasure to the misanthrope. On their way Wealth explains to Mercury how it is she is lame when Jove sends her to good men, and how, on going from them, she flies faster than a dream; how men seldom see her pale and naked, as she is naturally, but adorned in fine raiment and painted and tricked and frowned by Pride and Ignorance, her handmaidens.

In the third act Timon is discovered at work in his field. Poverty has shown him the only true riches which no tyrant nor flatterer can ever take from him. By her side are her attendants Prudence, Patience, and Toil. Timon is for braining Wealth on her "very first" appearance in her own person, with his spade, but, being persuaded by Mercury, listens to her. She summons Treasure, bidding him set *himself under Timon's spade.* Timon digs up gold, and bursts into

a somewhat inharmonious apostrophe of selfish delight, which concludes the third act.

In the fourth Fame enters—a person unknown to Lucian's dialogue—and proclaims Timon's *trouvaille*, foretelling the anxiety it will occasion him, as it did the "Savetier" of La Fontaine, because every man is "most gluttonous of gold, more so than a fly of well-curdled milk." Timon enters, full already of that care which comes on a man like a stag and passes away from him like a tortoise. He torments himself about his gold like the Euclio of the *Aulularia* or Molière's *l'Avare*, and at last determines to hide it in the tomb of a certain Timocrates. This, again, is an episode introduced by Bojardo. In the tomb he supposes his treasure will be safe; human nature is simple enough to fear the dead, and has, luckily, religious scruples about violating the rest of the grave. In digging under the tombstone he finds two urns full of money. His joy is interrupted by the advent of one Gnathonides, a parasite, whom, however, he soon sends about his business, with more kicks, to borrow an expressive vulgarism, than halfpence. Philiades the flatterer, Demea the rhetorician, Thrasycles the philosopher, Blepsias, and others, succeed in the same order as in Lucian, and meet with a similar fate. And here, with the conclusion of the fourth act, the story, as it is told by Lucian, stops.

The fifth act introduces three new persons, Ausilio or Assistance (or Boethius, as one of Bojardo's recasters has changed it, for what appear to him sufficient reasons), Parmeno, and Syrus. Assistance begins by telling the spectators that every one of them has need of him, like Timon, though he may not think so. The present need of the audience is apparently to understand the remainder of the comedy. Therefore Assistance explains how Timocrates, being blessed with a prodigal son, has ordered all his money to be buried with him by night, and, having left this son Filocoro only a few domestic chattels, has addressed him in this fashion on his death-bed: "Since Fate will have me go thither where every man must arrive at last, I have packed up my portmanteau for my voyage. But if you ever loved me, either much or little, promise me, after ten years are over, to come with this letter to my tomb, and then and there to open it, read it, and set it by my head." His son of course promises, and, curiously enough, keeps his promise. Now, at the end of the ten years he is in prison for debt, and Parmeno, his former servant, is sent with the letter to his father's sepulchre. Syrus, another slave, accompanies him. Timon enters, *stretching himself from an evil dream, in which he has seen two audacious black ants attempting to bite his buried and*

beloved gold. Henceforth he will kill, as an avowed enemy, every ant he encounters in the course of his agriculture. Spying Parmeno and Syrus, he supposes his dream about to be fulfilled. Syrus takes the letter, which is addressed to Pluto, from Parmeno, and, less scrupulous than the latter, opens and reads it. The contents are Timocrates' praise of his own prudence in reserving the two urns of money for his son, who, he has foreseen, will sorely need them. Timon abuses the pair as sacrilegious spoilers of the sepulchre, and is desirous to expedite their delivery of the letter to Pluto with his spade. They discreetly retire, and Timon makes a farewell speech to the audience, in which he assures them that human injustice has not extinguished his natural piety, and, in evidence, offers to give his girdle to anyone who wants to hang himself.

Assistance then enters as Epilogue, explaining how Parmeno and Syrus will ultimately take away the two urns for Filocoro, who will be released from prison and become a reformed character, and how they will afterwards divide the treasure of Timon between themselves.

The conclusion is a little lame, as the audience naturally wish to know whether Timon agreed to this simple settlement of his property, and what becomes of him at last. Shakespeare considerably gratifies public curiosity by killing him, and giving us his epitaph—taken from Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch—into the bargain. The English play has, moreover, pointed the moral of Timon, and adorned his tale by the introduction of the churlish philosopher, Apemantus. Whether this can also be said of the introduction of those gay ladies Timandra and Phrynia, of whom the latter has more destruction in her than the sword of Alcibiades, for all her cherubin look, is perhaps less easy to determine. The play wanted female character, and Pope, who has left it on record that every woman is at heart a rake, was doubtless well content with these two *dramatis personæ*, who study no refinements of expression, and are always ready to "do anything for gold."

The most important work of Bojardo, the most remarkable epopee in the narrative of romance, wherein perhaps the Italians are unrivalled, before Ariosto's age, the "Orlando Innamorato," ends abruptly at the ninth canto of the third book. Like the majority of his other compositions, it was not published till after his death. Not that Bojardo was too fond of the *lima labor*, or desirous to retain his literary toils till the end of the nine years' term recommended by Horace. The reason of the retardation was rather the oral communication of events customary in that early time, evidence *whereof is still afforded by the term "canto."* Such exceptional verses

as those at the end of the twelfth canto of the first book were perhaps added after. Bojardo probably sang his own lay in the Court of Este, at Ferrara, to the signors and cavaliers there assembled and gathered together, and sought for no more extended field of celebrity, no opportunity of more enduring fame.

The "Orlando Innamorato" is a heroic or romantic poem, written in *ottava rima*. Some acuter eyes see in it an image of the "Iliad." The supposed siege of Paris by the Saracens is, in their sight, a reflection of the Greek siege of Troy, the love of Orlando corresponds with the anger of Achilles, and Orlando's absence contributes to the conquest of the Christians, as the absence of Achilles to the conquest of the Greeks. So Rinaldo is a second Diomede; and the fairest of her sex, of whom Bojardo says the grass grew greener beneath her, and the river running by her side warbled only of love, this peerless Angelica, the object of Orlando's passion, is Helen.

The first book contains the different adventures and causes of the love of Orlando; the second, the African attack on Charlemagne, and the discovery of Ruggero, third Paladin, "progenitor of the famous house of Este"—a piece of literary servility, rather the fault of the period than of the poet; the third declares the prowesses of Mandricard, with the liberation of Orlando and other Paladins, or twelve Peers of France, so called by Charlemagne, the genealogy of Ruggero, the siege of Paris, and the vain love of Fiordespina for Brandiamante, or Bradamante as Ariosto prefers it, Rinaldo's sister, a Christian Amazon, probably invented by Bojardo. The whole poem was intended generally to celebrate the achievements of Charlemagne and Orlando, and the well-known betrayal and murder of Ruggero by Gan of Maganza.

The popular traditions concerning Charlemagne, derived from the fabulous chronicle attributed to the worthy Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, form the foundation of Bojardo's tale. Turpin, the Apollodorus of romance in Italy, has indeed told stories himself—there is no bigger liar, hints Cervantes—but he has also had many stories thrust upon him which were none of his. However, we must believe him even when he lies, says an Italian satirist, seeing that he was an archbishop. Here is a sample of what we are to believe. "A certain soldier, in the army of Charlemagne, on his death-bed, asked his cousin to sell a horse belonging to the soldier, and to distribute the proceeds of the sale among the priests and the poor. The cousin, conceiving this to be a folly, feasted himself instead for a fortnight. At the end of that time, the ghost of the dead appearing told him how he had been detained in purgatory on

account of the unjust conversion of the money, which should have been spent in masses for his soul, and bade him look for something unsatisfactory on the morrow. The morrow comes, and suddenly, in the air, is a confused concert, made up of the roaring of lions, the howling of wolves, and the bellowing of bulls. In the midst of it the unhappy cousin is carried off by demons." Lest there should be any mistake about the purpose of this terrible tale, the disinterested priest had added the moral: "Those that detain unjustly the property of the Church may learn hereby that they will be eternally damned."

Bojardo grafted love on fight before any other Italian. The former he took from Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, and the latter only from Turpin's Charlemagne. In his own words, he "planted in his garden battle and love, setting battle, which pleases the fiercest disposition, by love, which lies nearest to the noble and delicate heart." Orlando continually reminds the reader of Lancelot. Add magic or religion to love and war, and we have the trinity in unity of this book of chivalry.

Classical allusions abound. The translator of Herodotus bestowed the ring of Gyges on Angelica—the magic ring which made its owner, at will, invisible. The translator of Apuleius rescued Brandimart from the perils of the River of Laughter by a wreath of roses. Generally, however, Bojardo wears the old garb, with a difference. Unlike Tasso and Fortiguerra, he has modified the old machinery. The monster which answers Orlando's inquiry about the whereabouts of his mistress, and then asks the riddle which the Sphinx asked of Oedipus, differs somewhat from its Theban prototype. It has a serpent's tail and peacock-painted wings, but shows the latter only, with its girl's smiling face set in golden hair, to the adventurous cavalier, who reckes little of answering the riddle, but ungallantly enough rids of life its proposer, by the aid of Durindana, that fated brand equally famed with the Fusberta of his cousin Rinaldo. Again, when Orlando sows, like Cadmus or Jason, the teeth of the conquered dragon, armed men start up, as in Ovid, but here all resemblance ends. They do not engage at once, after the throwing of a stone, in mutual internecine strife, but attack Orlando, who, with a moral maxim about evil ever producing its like, makes mincemeat of them, mounted on Bayard, a courser as capable of reason as Pliny's oxen of speech. The cannibal giant, with the one eye under his nose and the mouth smeared with man's blood, who kicks the miserable ecclesiastic down a precipice as carrion unfit for food, fights with Orlando, in armour of griffins' claws—"than which nothing truly is harder"—but *has no such mean advantage taken of him as Otis in the "Odyssey"*

took of the Cyclops Polypheme. He is conquered fairly, after a severe contest, and Orlando thanks, on his knees, the only true God for the issue.

Canto eight never is read by anyone who possesses the right moral and religious feeling. It is said by such as have ventured on it to contain a version of the story of Tereus and Progne, but varied with circumstances of additional barbarity and repulsive horror—*non ragionam di lor*, let us pass on without regard. The old tale of Narcissus has in it many circumstances of novel delight. It is the Queen of the East who loves him out of all measure, chanting to him who, like the adder, is deaf to the voice of the charmer, words and prayers which might change the sun. After his well-deserved fate has fallen on him, and that death has destroyed him which destroys the world, the fairy Silvanella, a well-known lady to the reader of the romance of "Amadis," passes by, and, in a fit of idle and unavailing love, makes for him, by magic, a marble sepulchre in the midst of flowers, and, there, languishing

Tutta si sface come al sol la neve.

The fountain, that fatal mirror, she fills with women's faces so lovely that no man having looked on them can depart, but must remain, and still look and look on them until he dies.

The enchanted armour of Argalia, the brother of the fair and false heroine of the poem, is evidently the work of the armourer who forged that of Achilles and Æneas. The gilt lance is imitated from the weapon given by Diana to Procris, and by her transferred to her lover Cephalus. But this always wounded—

revolat, nullo referente, cruentum—

while the spear of Argalia is more charitably and poetically contented with the fall only of those against whom it is cast.

The garden of Falerina and the grotto of Morgana are the models of the enchanted isles of Alcina and Armida, nor have Ariosto and Tasso any other superiority over their predecessor save that of a more cultivated style. The garden of Falerina, the total destruction of which is a task imposed by Angelica on Orlando, is guarded by a dragon whom Orlando, accustomed, as Bojardo naïvely informs us, to these battles, soon despatches by leaping on his back and beating his brains out with the green bough of an elm, his only weapon. Passing through a field of flowers, and woods, where birds sing, and hares, rabbits, and deer find pastime, he reaches a palace having a gate studded with emeralds and balas rubies. Here he meets a woman in white wearing a *crown of gold*, with a bright sword in her hand

which she is using as a mirror. This is Falerina. He takes her bright sword, and leaves her bound to a beech tree. Then he arrives at a lake inhabited by a siren whose song he cannot hear, as he has previously filled his ears with roses—those ancient alexipharmics of all enchantment. He pretends, however, to be overcome by her music, and falls down as one in a swoon. The siren, coming out from the lake, he seizes, and while she is still singing, her only defence, cuts off her head, and anoints himself all over with her blood. This fantastical unction affords him protection in his next transe, wherein he fights with a bull with one horn of iron and the other of fire. Orlando, accustomed, as before, to such battles, cuts off his legs and his head, and the beast vanishes beneath the earth. Anon he comes to a gate of jewels guarded by an armed ass. On his way a fair female monster by a somewhat indelicate expedient, endeavours to blind him. He repels her foul attack by fastening his shield above his helmet. The ass is a rare prodigy. He is covered with scales of gold, and has ears of two arms' length, which he can bend at his desire, and with which he is wont to seize and bind his booty. His tail cuts like a trenchard sword, and the sound of his voice causes the earth to tremble. The ass Orlando kills, the carcass disappears like that of the bull, and with it the gate of jewels. Next he is tempted by a table spread in the wilderness; but a Faun is concealed in the neighbouring thicket, who catches with a chain all who partake of the feast. This Faun, who has the face and breasts and arms of a lady, but all the rest of its formation like a loathsome serpent, he slaughters with his usual facility. After this he encounters a giant—

Nè di cotal battaglia dubitava,
Perchè in sua vita n'avea fatte tante
Che poca cura di questa se dava.

But about this particular giant there is something unusual. He has learnt that as soon as he has despatched him two other giants will arise in his stead, and, after these are killed, four more in theirs, then eight, and so on in a geometrical ratio which Orlando, albeit not usually distinguished for intellectual subtilty, is arithmetician enough to know will soon produce a result which will be alarming even to him; he is content therefore with killing the giant and carrying the twin result captive, though he might have given himself less trouble by one captive instead of two. Now, the garden of Falerina can only be utterly destroyed by tearing off a certain bough from a lofty tree which bears golden apples as large as a man's head, on no stem at all to speak of. The hero forms a kind of tangle of twigs, and under this approaches the fatal tree; he seve

the bough, and immediately all is night. With returning day nothing is seen but an open champaign, with the unfortunate Falerina still fastened to the beech, the sole remaining timber of her once largely wooded estate.

This little taste of the wonders of Bojardo's romance may probably suffice the reader, who will not wish to learn how Falerina afterwards conducted the knight to the enchanted grotto of the fay Morgana; how Haridano, the fay's doughty champion, whose strength increased in a sestuplicate proportion to that of his adversary, fought with the Paladin, a mile underneath the water; and how, after a series of equally or more wonderful adventures, Orlando at last succeeded in liberating his brother heroes who had been so long confined in Morgana's dungeons.

Some amusing fantastical conceits, known to the Italians as *ghiribizzi*, are scattered throughout the poem. Orlando, on one occasion, is caught in a iron net, where he has been without food or sleep for two days and nights, when he sees a white-bearded friar whom he beseeches to assist him. The friar consoles him by bidding him die as a good Christian, telling him to be patient like this saint who was crucified, or like that who was skinned; in fine, goes through the whole history of the noble army of martyrs, and concludes by advising him to thank God in heaven. Quoth the miserable Orlando modestly, "Cursed be the ass that carried you hither! I thank him, but not for this." Brunello, king of Tingitana, the famous dwarf who stole Frontilatte Sacripant's horse in the way Sancho's Dapple was stolen by Gines de Pasamonte, is one of the warriors who accompanies Agramant to France. His ensign may interest students of heraldry. It is of his own invention, simple yet sublime—a goose argent sitting on its egg in a field gules. By this Brunello, who, being a *novus homo*, naturally affects antiquity, proves his descent from the very earliest ancestors; for, says he, every faithful servant of the Gospel allows

che l'oca v'era nel principio—

that in the beginning was the goose. This attempt at a pun depends of course on the Vulgate *Hoc erat in principio*.

Translations of Bojardo are rare, and, with one well-known exception, unlucky. Faults of style may be forgiven, which confuse in one insipid confection the austere heroism of Homer with the light badinage of Lucian. These only change the famous helmet of Mambrino which saved Rinaldo from the king of Sericane into a barber's basin; only substitute an ordinary oaken staff for that enchanted lance of Astolfo, which crowned him with so many undeserved laurels; but those are not of this nature which arise from a knowledge

of Italian almost as limited as was that mythical Frenchman's of English, who translated Bidpai's "Kalilah and Dimnah" by *la dernière Kalilah*, and considered "Love's last shift" fairly if not elegantly represented by *la dernière chemise de l'amour*. Such faults it is somewhat disheartening to find after a preface in which the translator flatters himself he has never wandered from the true sense of the author.

It has been said that Bojardo borrowed the high-sounding names of many of his Saracen heroes, such as Gradasso, Sobrino, Agramante, Sacripante, and Mandricardo, from the names of the peasants, farmers, and labourers on his estate at Scandiano. That the poet was very kind to his vassals may be assumed from a proverb said to have been originally used in his time, *Iddio ti manda a casa i Bojardi*; but that he carried his kindness so far as to enrol their names in the temple of fame is not evident. If there be still such family names in Scandiano as those above mentioned, which it has been asserted there are, it is at least as likely that the people took them from the poet as that the poet took them from the people. Probably only such appellations will on examination be found as Gradasso or Marfisa, used generically to express a male or a female bully, and not as patronymics. Many of his names are borrowed directly from Turpin, who debonairly obliges us with their derivation. Orlando or Rotolando was so called because he rolled himself along the ground as soon as he was born; Malagigi, or Maugis, from the fairy finding him *mal-gist*, ill-located under a hawthorn. The term Rodomonte is indeed expressly excluded by common report from those supposed to be taken by Bojardo from his tenants. This name, as the tale runs, occurred to him by a sort of divine inspiration as he was one day riding around his domain. He was so rapturously delighted with it, that on his return all the bells were set a-ringing at his request. Luckily for such sober people of Scandiano as may have looked on bell-ringing as a scandalous nuisance, this was the only nominal birth succeeded by such a vulgar expression of satisfaction. Some of his names, as Ruggero, are well known to the old romances. But allowing all the names of both Pagan and Christian heroes to be taken from the peasants of Scandiano, scores of appellations of other characters remain—of demons such as Libicocco and Draghinaccia, of ladies such as Lucina and Doralice, and of giants such as Fuggiforca and Bariggaccio, which we may well suppose were never borne as hereditary titles by any family of this world.

It is easy with Gravina to allegorise the "Innamorato" into a treatise on ethics—a sentence, we know, is but a cheveril glove to a good wit. But many object to an allegorical interpretation unless

they find it for themselves, and allegorical interpretations are no less plentiful than blackberries. If there be in it any allegoric interest, it is always secondary; the allegories are not like those of Spenser's "Fairy Queen," which, too often disdaining a position in the background, have been well compared to ghosts appearing in the daylight. No more favourable opportunity for an allegorical interpretation exists throughout the whole poem than that of the Medusa in the charming episode of Prasildo and Tisbina, improved by Bojardo from Boccace. Medusa cannot behold herself, and none can gather the golden bough but by refraining from gazing on her face. The interpretation of Medusa by Conscience is here supported by a succeeding stanza, which gives us Fraud for a guide to the loadstone gate of wealth. Origilla, who steals Orlando's horse and sword, is as true a type of the selfish impudence which the courtesan calls love, as Brandimarte, Orlando's friend, is of generous self-sacrifice and honest affection.

On a comparison of this poem with that of Ariosto, it may seem to possess more vigour than vivacity, the "Furioso" more vivacity than vigour. The hall-mark of the former is strength; the latter clothes itself with grace as with a garment. The one is male, the other female poetry. Bojardo, to borrow an illustration from Dr. Johnson, could hew a Colossus out of a rock, but he was unable, like Ariosto, to cut heads out of cherry-stones. If the poetry of Ariosto be preferred by some, the palm of superiority of construction must be awarded to Bojardo by all. The stories in Ariosto are like loose jewels lightly attached to the garment they adorn, but those in Bojardo are like threads of gold woven at random in the woof of the stuff itself. The stories in the "Furioso" are streams cut off from the great sea of the subject; in the "Innamorato" they fall again into the same vast ocean out of which they rose.

Bojardo seems always in harmony with his subject. Not so those who preceded or those who followed him. Luigi Pulci, for example, parodies the old romances in his "Morgante Maggiore," where Orlando's prayer and the death of the giant by the bite of a sea-crab remind the reader, in their extravagance, of some of the conceits in the "Ricciardetto." Ariosto, though not so open as Pulci in his laughter, yet tells his tale with a half-smile, as if mocking the credulity of his audience. The latter appears to have misconceived the character of Bojardo's hero. Bojardo would probably, had his luck allowed him, have filled Orlando with the fine frenzy of poetic inspiration, where Ariosto has converted him into a pure and simple fool. Great credit is also due to Bojardo for the round unvarnished delivery of his narrative.

There are in the commencements of his cantos few of those dry, trite, tedious moral maxims which introduce and interrupt Ariosto's songs, and none of the ridiculous rhapsodies about Raphael, Christ, Gabriel, the Holy Ghost, and the Virgin Mary, which begin and end every division of the work of Pulci. Pious addresses to what Pulci calls the Holy Pelican seem a little out of place in the hurly-burly of battle, or set in the midst of a merry tale. Probably, however, they were as much in fashion in his day as the "beloved brethren" and "dear friends" of our preachers of the present, and for the same reason—when the speaker was gravelled for lack of matter, the repetition of such insignificant formulæ allowed him time to collect his thoughts of what was to follow. Another merit of Bojardo is his introduction of love, to which some allusion has been already made. Charlemagne, he says, was not equal to Arthur, because the former kept his gates shut in the face of love, and he accounts for Turpin's omitting to mention Orlando's subjection to this passion by saying the Archbishop feared to be disrespectful to the Paladin, if he declared that love conquered the brave soldier who conquered everything else under the sun.

That the style and language of Bojardo is rough and uncouth it is difficult to deny. Still, there are passages here and there at least equally graceful with those of Ariosto, and justice reminds us that death forestalled the elder poet from bestowing such careful revision on his work as contributed probably in no small degree to the success of the younger. Like Lucretius, Bojardo was the first to move his foot in the right path, and the road which he found rugged and full of mire he made solid and level for his successor.

It now becomes necessary to mention, in conclusion, a certain Berni, who was born at Lamporecchio, a place which the readers of the "Decameron" will remember in connection with the masculine prowess of the dumb Masetto, about the year of Bojardo's death. This man undertook a recasting or *rifacimento* of Bojardo's work. The result of his labour was favourable, as it saves it to the indolent reader. It consisted chiefly in an alteration of the old orthography and Lombard terms of Bojardo. Such provincial expressions as *brazo* for *braccio*, *paccio* for *pazzo*, *meggio* for *mezzo*, such old words as *ancoi* for *oggi*, *inaverare* for *ferire*, *altoriare* for *aiutare*, and some scores more, were altered by Berni, who also set a moral discourse of three or four octaves before each canto, in imitation of Ariosto, to whom he is indebted for some of his finest ideas, and introduced such improvements as met with the censure of the Church. He exaggerated incident, and too apparently aimed at arousing ridicule. A certain satiric vivacity of expression, rather singular than rare, and more easily to be

felt than explained, is to be found in his burlesque style, familiar to Italians as *bernesco*. If Bojardo's verses, not sufficiently polished by art, may be compared to coarse country folk, strong and well-fed, but destitute of all elegance of deportment, Berni's, in return, from their absence of native vigour may be called consumptive patients bordering on dissolution in spite of all his artistic treatment of their disease.

Domenichi also undertook a *rifacimento*; his alterations, frequent at the beginning, grew gradually fewer towards the end; except in the first canto, he neither added like Berni nor omitted a single stanza. But like Berni he made the poem more popular by pandering, as has been said somewhat severely, to public ignorance and idleness, in substituting the fashionable spelling and less uncommon words for the obsolete orthography and peculiar expression of the original. Neither Berni nor Domenichi added any essential part of the story. The former, indeed, omits some excellent verses on the meeting of Fiordiligi and Brandimarte. Berni's language is his chief attraction. The Cruscan quire, as Byron calls them, thought his works worthy of quotation. They had never read Bojardo, says Panizzi. Both the *rifacimenti* stand in much the same relation to the original as Dryden's "Palamon and Arcite" to Chaucer's "Knightes Tale." All the invention and character, all the plan and architecture of the building, is the work of Bojardo; Berni and Domenichi have but repaired the rafters, occasionally widened a staircase, and here and there polished a stone. Of Berni's tendency to amplification examples abound. Bojardo is content with calling his Eastern coquette the morning star, but Berni tells us she is the sun. Bojardo says Morgana gazes in the face of her love Zilante as in a looking-glass. Berni says that in the act of gazing she melts as snow or ice. Berni's process of polishing smooths away all characteristic angles. When Ferrau, that descendant of Goliath and prototype of Pulci's Morgante, hears of the destruction of his fatherland and his family misfortunes, he hastens away like a storm-wind—one hour seems to him as long as a hundred till he meets his foes. Thus Bojardo. But with Berni the giant deliberates, and acts after a fashion utterly unlike his usual self. In a word, Berni has given us the map of Bojardo minus many of its valleys and most of its mountains, and yet he has obtained all or nearly all the credit of the original work. The ordinary Italian of the present day knows only the adaptation, too often a travestie of the labour of Bojardo, which lies neglected or forgotten. Well may his ghost, amidst the lemures of the dead, lament, as Ovid lamented,

Hæc ego versiculos feci: tulit alter honores.

MALTA.

I WISH to take advantage of the attention which the military policy of the Government has drawn to Malta in order to make English people somewhat better acquainted with the past history, present condition, and the actual wants of the inhabitants of this important dependency. When the Government ordered 7,000 Indian troops to proceed to Malta, it is not unlikely that a vast number of those who will pay for the expedition had formed no idea of the extent of the island; and probably there were few acquainted with the fact that Malta has a native population more dense than is found in any other part of Her Majesty's dominions, three times as dense as the population of England, numbering—exclusive of the Royal and Imperial troops—not less than 150,000, and inhabiting, not one island, but three islands—Malta, Gozo, Comino. From north-west to south-east Malta has a length of twenty miles; its average breadth is not much more than half that distance. Malta is rather a large island than Jersey. Gozo is less than a third the size of Malta, and is separated from it by a channel four miles wide, about the centre of which stands the comparatively insignificant island of Comino.

Coincident with the policy which has at this moment made Malta the chief *dépôt* of British power with reference to the approaching re-settlement of territory in the East, the Colonial Office—department charged with the government of Malta—has obtained an elaborate report from Mr. Rowsell, Director of Navy Contracts, upon the circumstances of this teeming population. But, before considering the social politics of Malta, it will be useful to glance at the history of this interesting possession of the British Crown. We begin with St. Paul. Bedded deep into the minds of Englishmen, one of the facts learnt in earliest school-days, is the identification of Malta with that Melita of which “the barbarous people” showed St. Paul and those who were wrecked with him “no little kindness.” “The barbarians” who said Paul “was a god” when a viper which “fastened on his hand” was shaken off harmless “into the fire.” This, the very foundation of common English knowledge of Malta and the revered title of the island to its patron saint, is, however, a ma-

which has filled pages with controversy. Was it Malta, or was it Meleda in the Adriatic, which was the scene of St. Paul's shipwreck? The arguments against Malta may be marshalled in the following order—(1) Paul speaks of his vessel as being “driven up and down in Adria,” which is held to mean the Adriatic. (2) Meleda, on the coast of Dalmatia, is the first island a vessel would reach when driven by a south-easterly storm from Crete. (3) “Barbarians” the people of Malta could not then have been, because the historian Diodorus, who died about fifty years before Paul was born, wrote of them: “Malta is furnished with very many and good harbours, and the inhabitants are very rich, for it is full of all sorts of artificers, among whom are excellent weavers of fine linen. Their houses are very stately and beautiful.” (4) There are no snakes in Malta—there were none in the time of Pliny; Malta is arid and rocky, unsuitable for vipers, but Meleda in the Adriatic is damp and woody. Now let us see the claims of Malta. The Rev. Henry Seddall, in his valuable “History of Malta,” has set them out with a fulness which we cannot transcribe. He contends, in reply, that the whole of the sea between Greece, Italy, and Africa was frequently called by the ancients Adria or Hadria; that “Eurocydon”—the title of the wind mentioned in Acts xxviii.—is not the south-east but the north-east wind; that the term “barbarian” in Paul's mouth merely meant foreigner and would have been made use of in speaking about the Persians or Egyptians; that the bundle of sticks which Paul “gathered” had been washed ashore from the wreck of his own vessel, and that the viper was concealed in the faggot, or—for Mr. Seddall puts forward a second rejoinder on this point—that vipers afterwards disappeared from Malta when the island became more frequented. But perhaps more decisive than all is the account of the continuation of Paul's voyage to Rome. He tarried three days at Syracuse, before passing the Straits of Messina, and nothing is said of bad weather. Now, a ship coming from the Adriatic might make for Syracuse, but it would be out of her course. It remains only to add, that in Malta a tradition has existed from time immemorial that there St. Paul was wrecked, while no such tradition attaches to the isle in the Adriatic. We must pass to subsequent events.

When the Roman Empire was a second time divided at the death of the Emperor Theodosius, Malta, with all the islands of the Mediterranean, became part of the Eastern or Byzantine Empire, and we know little or nothing of its history until it was conquered by Arabs in about A.D. 870. Arabs established themselves and, we may say, are still established, in the island. For the Maltese people to-day

retain in the important matter of language very substantial traces of that conquest. Arabs fortified the central city of Malta—a city much older than Valetta—and called it Medina, a name by which it is still known to vast numbers of the Maltese people. By the Italian- and English-speaking classes this older capital is distinguished as Notabile or Città Vecchia. The confusion of tongues in Malta is, in fact, the root of all difficulty in dealing for their improvement with the large native population. Nearly 800 years have passed away since Count Roger of Normandy drove the Arab rulers from Malta; but in the curious mixture of Italian and Arabic which is spoken by more than 100,000 of the people of Malta it is the latter that is still the prevailing element. An attempt to render a verse of a popular song phonetically has produced the following result, from which the essentially Arabic character of the Maltese language may be easily discerned:—

L'AGHRAYVES YAGHMLU IL PATTYIET.

Fli inscritta matrimoniali
 Yaghmlu il pattyiet conjugali
 Li yihoda fil festa ta San Gregor ;
 Yonsobba fuk il hait,
 Yishtreelha shriek kobbait
 Li ikun tal cannebusa

Ghash minun tiggosta is-sinyura zharusa.

The meaning is, that it is a part of the true lover's engagement that he shall take his bride to the feast of San Gregorio, and that, having "sat her on a wall," he shall buy for her some of the festival sweetmeat—a compound of sugar, honey, and hemp-seed. But this jargon of the common people of Malta is very rarely written; they have neither newspapers nor books. The talk of their life is this Arabic *patois*; in the miserable schools they are taught Italian and sometimes English; but long before either language is mastered, they leave school for a life of labour or of beggary and idleness. To comprehend intelligently the circumstances of Malta it is necessary to remember that the government is English, that the language of the courts and schools and of the superior class of natives is Italian, while the great mass of the people may be said to know nothing but Arabic, and at the same time to be ignorant of Arabic literature, and to have no ideas beyond their daily bread and those suggested by the offices of the Roman Catholic religion. It would hardly be possible to frame a system better calculated for the protection of ignorance and superstition.

The Arabs stamped their language upon Malta; but Christianity of the darkest mediæval type has been planted as deeply, and the

latter has strangely enough tended to preserve the language of Islam. The Roman Catholic priests, accepting the rude devotion of the Maltese people as sufficient for all things, have been the successful opponents of change. What mattered the Arabic *patois*, through which no education could penetrate, so long as the people observed their fasts and feast days with due penances and merriment? So it has happened that the rule of the Knights of St. John preserved the traces of those whom they cast out; and as for the British Government, its hold upon the island has been military, and perhaps somewhat culpably careless of the native population, with which indifference has certainly, it must be said, been mixed the consciousness of difficulty in dealing with a Roman Catholic people in the south of Europe in any manner contrary to the wishes of a priesthood who, in appealing against any acts of the heretical Government of England, would be sure of unquestioning sympathy from Gibraltar to Trieste.

After the conquest by Count Roger, the Normans held Malta for about 100 years, when it passed into the possession of the Emperors of Germany. By the interference of Pope Urban IV. in a time of great commotion, Malta, as part of the Sicilian State, was given to Charles of Anjou, and thus, for a brief period, the island became French. It passed, in consequence of a royal marriage in 1282, under the Crown of Arragon; and so it happened that in 1530 the Emperor Charles V. was in a position to cede the island to the Knights of St. John, and to sign a declaration that "in consequence of the particular affection which is felt towards the Order, and in consideration of the important services which it has rendered for ages past to the Christian republic, he granted, in his name and in that of his successors, to the most reverend the Grand Master, and to the Order of St. John, as a noble, free and unencumbered fief, the city of Tripoli and the islands of Malta and Gozo, with their entire jurisdiction and authority, civil as well as military, subject to no other condition than that they would annually, on the Day of All Saints (November 1), present a falcon to the Viceroy of Sicily in the name of the Order."¹ The aspect of the island was then, as it is now, white and arid. The population, about 12,000, was harassed and plundered by corsairs from the African coast. L'Isle Adam was the first Grand Master who governed Malta. But it was his near successor, De la Vallette, who won the greatest place in the annals of the island. It was he who first gave substantial form to its defences; it is after him that the new capital is called Valetta. Sultan Solyman had prepared in 1565

¹ Seddall's *History of Malta*.

a great expedition to crush the Knights of Malta. The struggle was prolonged and ferocious. Mustafâ, the Turkish commander, sacrificed 8,000 men in conquering the resistance of the single position of San Elmo. Then, in a fashion which we have seen has not in 300 years become quite obsolete, he ordered the bodies of the knights who had been slain to be selected, their breasts to be gashed with the form of a cross, their hearts to be plucked out, and the bleeding corpses, tied to logs of wood, were then set afloat in the direction of the fortifications which yet shielded their surviving brothers in arms. That which is recorded of La Vallette shows that he, too, was capable of an equal atrocity. It is said that, upon seeing the mutilated remains of his comrades, he at once doomed all his Turkish prisoners to lose their heads, and that by guns and in other ways he shot the bleeding skulls one after another into the lines of his enemy. After four months of such siege, on September 6 a relieving fleet arrived from Sicily, and on the 8th—which ever since has been held a high holiday in Malta—the Turkish fleet carried off the besiegers. Colonel Porter, in his "History of the Fortress of Malta," says of La Vallette and his comrades: "The heroic spirit who conducted the defence of Malta, through all its difficulties and all its dangers, to so glorious a conclusion, have long since returned to the dust from which they sprang: the names even of but too many of them have been lost to the world; still the memory of their great deeds remains as fresh and as green as though it was a thing of yesterday, and the name of Malta is never mentioned, even in this present age, without calling up a picture of the scenes enacted there during the summer of 1565."

The government of Malta has been at all times of a despotic character. Thirty years after the great siege, when Valetta in rising prosperity was attracting people from Notabile, the old capital, the Grand Master, Martino Garzes, regarded this migration with disfavour, and, in order to redress the balance and to make the attractions of Notabile successful against those of Valetta, he proclaimed the former city a sort of sanctuary. He decreed that who resided there should be free from arrest for debt during six years and also that if any one of the inhabitants of Notabile committed offence or gave cause of civil complaint outside its walls, the case must be referred to the decision of the tribunals of that city. One of the least popular Masters was Castelar. I do not know if my friend, the very distinguished Spanish orator of our time claims connection with him; but if he does, he may boast a pedigree as illustrious as that of the Courtenays of Devon, for the Grand Master Lascaris

Castelar claimed to be descended from Byzantine Emperors. A parallel might be drawn illustrating the conduct of Castelar in 1639 and that of Sir Patrick Stuart, his successor, after about 200 years, in the government of Malta. The most important event in the reign of both occurred at the excited time of the Carnival. Castelar, under the influence of Jesuit fathers, issued a proclamation to prevent women from wearing masks during the Carnival, and threatened to whip those who disobeyed his command. On the other hand, the great body of the knights had a less austere regard for the interests of morality, and retaliated by sending one of their number into the streets dressed as a Jesuit father. At the instance of the priests, this knight, one Salvatico, was arrested and imprisoned. But immediately a tumult ensued; knights and people flew to the Jesuit quarters, and, finding the priests had escaped, wrecked the place. Then, hurrying away to the castle in which Salvatico lay, they demanded and obtained his release. Their next move was to Castelar's palace. Forcing their way into the Grand Master's presence, they ordered the expulsion of the Jesuits from the island, and at length prevailed. But this was never forgotten, and Castelar was never forgiven. In 1846, the English Governor whom I have mentioned, a Scotchman, probably a good Presbyterian, certainly father-in-law of the Protestant Bishop of Gibraltar, who had ecclesiastical jurisdiction in the island, felt that he could not accord the permission his predecessors had been wont to give for holiday Carnival from Saturday to Ash-Wednesday. He wished to exclude the Sunday from the privileges of masking and masquerading. He had the 42nd Highland regiment at his back, and in his head very little respect for the people of Malta. He accordingly withheld the customary authority "to mask in the public streets on the Sunday," and on the evening of Saturday Valetta was in uproar. On the Sunday, young men paraded the streets dressed in the Geneva gown and the white tie of Protestant clergy. A mob assembled; a cry was raised—"To the Protestant Church," but nothing worse than yells disturbed the scanty congregation assembled inside the edifice which had been built at the cost of Queen Adelaide. At the Governor's palace, the infuriated people smashed a drum and a fife belonging to the Highlanders, and the Governor ordered the police—fortunately not the Scotchmen—to disperse them. This was successful, but it was as fatal to the authority of Sir Patrick Stuart as his leaning to the Jesuits had proved to Castelar.

The first mention of *England* in connection with the period of the *Grand Masters* occurred in 1688. An English fleet arrived at

Malta, under the nominal command of one of those three dukes whom the vicious life of Charles II. imposed in high place among his subjects. His Majesty's natural son the Duke of Grafton, as Admiral of this fleet, claimed from the Grand Master the title of "Highness." He had fired a salute which had been acknowledged from the forts of Malta, and then, having sent his compliments on shore, was in return addressed by Caraffa as "your Grace." It is said that the account of the English Reformation most in repute among the priests, monks, and public of Malta, even at the present day, is that Henry VIII., wishing to get rid of a wife and to marry a younger and more beautiful woman (Anne Boleyn), sought the consent of the Pope, and, failing to obtain it, threw off the Catholic faith, upon which his subjects, siding with their king, did the same; and in the time of Caraffa, a Neapolitan and a member of a great ecclesiastical family, this facile identification of the English as partisans of adultery would be more fresh in the minds of men. At all events, he sternly refused as Grand Master to salute the Duke of Grafton with any royal title, and the fleet sailed away without any meeting having taken place of the Admiral and Caraffa. At this moment, it is interesting to recall to mind the claim of Russia to the possession of Malta. In 1768, during a war with the Turks, a Russian fleet, under the command of Admiral Spiritoff, took shelter there. The Admiral sent home accounts of the importance of Malta which excited the desires of the Russian Government. Intrigues were set on foot, which lasted until the Emperor Paul I. was appointed Grand Master in 1799, and into the year following (1800), in which the island became a British possession. The chief event in that interval was the capture of Malta by the French. In 1797, Buonaparte wrote to Talleyrand: "Why do we not take possession of Malta? Four hundred knights and five hundred soldiers are all the garrison of Valetta. I have purposely confiscated the possessions of the Order in Italy. With the islands of Sardinia, Malta, and Corfu, we should be masters of the whole Mediterranean." In his "History of the French Revolution," Thiers says: "Buonaparte wished to obtain possession of Malta because, commanding, as it does, the navigation of the Mediterranean, it is important as a stepping-stone to Egypt." Accordingly, in 1798, a French fleet appeared off Malta, and quickly found pretext for a quarrel with Hompesch, an Austrian, who was at that time Grand Master. On June 12 Valetta surrendered, and on the 17th Hompesch quitted Malta for Trieste, where he died in 1805, having in 1799 resigned the office of Grand Master, to which for *belligerent reasons* the Emperor Paul of Russia was appointed. Thus

ended the rule of the Grand Masters, which had lasted for 268 years. For the next two years Malta belonged to the French, and was made to share in the vagaries of that revolutionary time. There were "trees of liberty," and that which is now the Strada Reale was the "Rue des Droits de l'Homme." Then followed the blockade by Nelson, the conspiracy within,—so deadly, that Vaulois, the French commander, ordered that every native in Valetta having a knife should break off the point so that it might not be used as a dagger; and finally, on September 7, 1800, the evacuation of the forts by the French garrison, their embarkation for return to France, and the solemn cession, at a meeting of representatives of the Maltese people, of the island and its dependencies to Great Britain.

What have we done with it? About forty years ago, thinking that all was not right in Malta, the British Government sent the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis and Mr. John Austin as Commissioners to inquire into the alleged grievances of the Maltese people. In a private letter, dated from Malta in 1837, Sir George Lewis wrote: "The people are an Arab race, descended from the Saracens who obtained possession of the island. Their physiognomy bears a striking resemblance to the Jewish. They are a gloomy people; they never seem to laugh, or sing, or dance; their amusements, if such they can be called, are of a religious cast, such as processions on saints' days. They are exceedingly ignorant, and not unnaturally, as there has been no education for the poor, very little for the rich, and no free Press. There is a pernicious race of nobles, who transmit their titles to all their sons, together with fortunes varying from £500 to £40 or £50 a year, and a self-imposed inability to follow any money-making occupation. These people are ignorant, narrow-minded, stupid, and rapacious of public money; and it would be well if their titles could be abolished. There is also a numerous body of priests, more than a thousand, including the regulars, to a population of 120,000. The priests are, for the most part, bigoted and ignorant, and their incomes are most pitiful, varying from £10 to £30 or £40 a-year. The misery which prevails among the mass of the people is caused by the excess of their numbers."

At that time free trade was not the rule in England, and it did not appear monstrous to these Commissioners that a very large part of the revenue of Malta should be derived from a tax of 10s. a quarter upon imported wheat, which adds about $\frac{1}{2}d.$ to the $1\frac{3}{4}$ lb. (the *rotolo*) loaf of the Maltese people. But of late the pressure of this tax upon a very poor population has compelled the attention of the English Government, and in 1877 Mr. Rowsell was commissioned "to examine the

question of the taxation of food in that island,"—a work which he has performed with signal ability. Of the total revenue, amounting to £176,002, Mr. Rowsell found that £106,226 was in 1876 derived from import duties and £7,496 from ships frequenting the port. The duty of 10s. per quarter on wheat is levied equally upon the Bombay grain, the weight of which averages 510 lbs., and upon the Egyptian wheat, weighing no more than 462 lbs. a quarter. Evidence taken from labourers of all sorts in towns and villages of Malta shows that wheaten bread is their chief food; that they eat, when they can buy it, on an average, about 3 lbs. of bread per man per day; that the abolition of the duty would reduce the cost of that quantity of bread by about 1d., and that the average rate of wages for farm and town labourers is about 1s. 3d. a day. Under these circumstances, it is curious and instructive to read the evidence of Maltese landowners including the nobility, who believe themselves interested in maintaining the duty. Fourteen gentlemen of Malta, "nobles, landed proprietors and clergy of the Established Church," had an interview with the Commissioner at Notabile. To the first question: "Is the bread tax complained of?" they replied, with one accord: "*Giammai lamento sulla tassa del pane*" ("There is no complaint about the bread tax"). Question 6 was: "What effect do you suppose the abolition of the tax would have upon the rent of land?" Their answer is pathetic: "*Effetto funestissimo!*" ("The most disastrous effect"), they exclaimed without hesitation, and went on to declare that their land would and could produce nothing but corn—a statement which surely prove fallacious should the duty be abolished and an abundant supply of water be provided for agricultural purposes (in accordance with Mr. Bateman's report in 1867) within the island. The Viscount General and the Bishop's Assessor were very plain-spoken at the interview with the Royal Commissioner. They said: "If more funds are required, it would be better to raise the tax on wheat rather than to impose a tax on property, because the Church would be touched more nearly by this latter than by any other tax." A house-tax was objected to, because "the Church property would feel it." "On the whole, they desired to leave things as they are." For honest self-interest, it would be difficult, even in the long-drawn records of the Church, to beat the statements made by these Roman Catholic ecclesiastics.

It may be assumed that there are in Malta 100,000 people who are more or less pinched for want of cheap bread, and that bread would be $\frac{1}{4}$ d. a pound cheaper if the tax on the import of wheat were reduced from 10s. to 1s.; and we may assume further that so

reduce that duty is and ought to be the object of the British Government. The question then arises, What is the requisite amount of revenue, and how is that revenue otherwise to be obtained? It appears that in the Government establishments of Malta there are no fewer than 1,157 *employés*, whose annual cost is £73,303. As an employer, the Government is extravagant. There are more officers and clerks than are necessary, there are no copying machines, "and all, even the most trivial, things are copied by hand." Nor does the Government shine to greater advantage as a landowner. Let those who clamour in England for "nationalisation of the land" learn a lesson from Malta. The Crown owns about one-third of the island. The Crown has also much house property, the whole producing a rental of about £35,000 a year. "The Collector of Land Revenue estimates the return to Government at about 3 per cent. overhead." But it is the custom in Malta, originating probably with English officers, for the Crown to pay the cost of repairs and embellishment, which, upon the whole property, amounts to about £4,300 a year, "exclusive of repairs to houses appropriated for the public service." So that if the Government were to sell the Crown property in Malta at this low valuation, and were to invest the proceeds in Three per Cents., the whole charge for repairs and administration, exceeding together £5,000 a year, would be saved, and all complaints imputing favouritism in granting leases would be stopped. Considering that Malta pays the Governor a salary as large as that which, up to General Grant's time, was considered adequate for the President of the United States; that the finances of the island also provide salaries for the English Chief Secretary, the Assistant Secretary, and the Auditor-General; considering also that, in addition to these items, the island pays £5,000 as a contribution towards the cost of its military defence, it does seem a little hard that exemption from Maltese taxation is claimed for everything consumed by the garrison. On the other side of the account, the Maltese must remember that the presence of the English in the island brings them great gain. It is interesting to note that in 1837 only one steam-ship—a vessel of 187 tons—entered the port of Malta. Last year, 2,540 steamers, an aggregate of 2,378,386 tons, entered the port, and "deducting 22,000 tons of coal delivered annually in Malta for the use of the British fleet, there remains about 260,000 tons of coal taken by the steamers touching at the island."

Education in Malta is cheap, bad, and neglected. There are schools called lyceums, at which the charge is 1s. per family, several *members of the same family being taken for the single fee.* Yet the

number of pupils at the two lyceums in 1876 was only 494; and at the Government University, at which the fee is 2s. 6d. per family, the number of students was 219. The degree-taking standard at the Malta Government University is not so high as the average requirement in any good English middle-class school. Upon these wretched institutions the Government expends £4,399, and £5,692 upon primary schools of a similarly inefficient character. Mr. Seddall, who lived many years in Malta, says that the people of the villages "are not a whit better educated than the Bedouin Arabs. They know nothing of the Government under which they live. A labouring man once informed me that the Sultan was the supreme ruler of the island." And he proposes a remedy. He says: "Abolish the Italian language as soon as possible as the language of the courts of justice. Substitute the English language. The Maltese are not Italians; they never were Italians. They are Arabs. Very few of them understand Italian. Most of them understand Arabic. But as it would be impossible, for many reasons, to adopt the Arabic language in Malta—as the Maltese language is not pure but corrupted Arabic—why should not the language of the Anglo-Saxon race be adopted? Why not have the English language well taught in every school? Why not insist on every child, rich and poor, being taught the English language, since, from the force of circumstances, he *must* be taught some language besides his own before he can begin to acquire information from books? I cannot see why this should not be done except that the step would be displeasing to the priests." It is probably true that "the priests systematically discourage education. Mr. Seddall says that "the study of the English language, for instance, which is recommended and encouraged in the Government schools of Malta, would necessarily be followed by the study of English books and the acquisition of English ideas. The power of the priests would then decay and die. In self-defence, therefore they oppose education." Mr. Rowsell thinks the fees might be increased with advantage both to education and to the revenue, and that one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools should be sent out to make suggestions "for improving the means of education in Malta."

I cannot commend the resolution of the Colonial Office to reduce the duty on wheat by one-half. A bolder policy of abolition would have been better for the character of our Government in Malta. The other fiscal changes now adopted by Sir M. Hicks-Beach are of less important character, and are probably adequate to meet the expenditure. *They are those which have been advised by Mr Rowsell*

omitting all the bolder features of his report, such as his proposal to deal with the Crown lands by sale or by the grant of perpetual leases. It is, however, something that the attention of Great Britain should have been called to its duty in regard to these 150,000 Maltese subjects of the Crown. But the reforms which are promised are very insufficient. I hope that another forty years will not pass before more is done for the Maltese. I am much disposed to agree with Mr. Seddall as to the English language. To ninety-nine Maltese out of every hundred, and to every British soldier and sailor, sentenced by the Italian-speaking Courts of Malta, the proceedings of those Courts are utterly unintelligible; and it is not denied that even after the reduction of the wheat duty by one-half is carried out, the very poor working-class will still pay more taxation per head than the upper and middle classes of the Maltese. At the same time it must be admitted that there is no dependency of the British Crown more difficult to deal with, and none in which matters of administration and finance require a more firm and skilful handling.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

MOLLY TREFUSIS.

*“NOW the Graces are four and the Venuses two,
And ten is the Number of Muses;
For a Muse and a Grace and a Venus are you,—
My dear little Molly Trefusis!”*

So he wrote, the old bard of an “old magazine;”
As a study it not without use is,
If we wonder a moment who she may have been,
This same “little Molly Trefusis!”

She was Cornish. We know that at once by the “Tre;”
Then of guessing it scarce an abuse is
If we say that where Bude bellows back to the sea
Was the birthplace of Molly Trefusis.

And she lived in the era of patches and bows,
Not knowing what rouge or ceruse is;
For they needed (I hope) but her natural rose,
The lilies of Molly Trefusis.

And I somehow connect her (I frankly admit
That the evidence hard to produce is)
With BATH in its hey-day of Fashion and Wit,—
This dangerous Molly Trefusis.

I fancy her, radiant in ribbon and knot
(How charming that old-fashioned puce is!),
All blooming in laces, fal lals and what not,
At the PUMP ROOM,—Miss Molly Trefusis.

I fancy her reigning,—a Beauty,—a Toast,
Where BLADUD's medicinal cruse is;
And we know that at least of one Bard it could boast,—
The Court of Queen Molly Trefusis.

He says she was "VENUS." I doubt it. Beside
(Your rhymers so hopelessly loose is!),
His "little" could scarce be to Venus applied,
If fitly to Molly Trefusis.

No, no. It was HEBE he had in his mind;
And fresh as the handmaid of Zeus is,
And rosy, and rounded, and dimpled,—you'll find,—
Was certainly Molly Trefusis!

Then he calls her "a MUSE." To the charge I reply
That we all of us know what a Muse is;
It is something too awful,—too acid,—too dry,—
For sunny-eyed Molly Trefusis.

But "a GRACE." There I grant he was probably right
(The rest but a verse-making ruse is);
It was all that was graceful,—intangible,—light,
The beauty of Molly Trefusis!

Was she wooed? Who can hesitate much about that,
Assuredly somewhat obtuse is;
For how could the poet have written so pat
"My dear little Molly Trefusis!"

And was wed? That I think we must plainly infer,
Since of suitors the common excuse is
To take to them Wives. So it happened to her,
Of course,—"little Molly Trefusis!"

To the Bard? 'Tis unlikely. Apollo, you see,
In practical matters a goose is;—
'Twas a knight of the shire, and a hunting J.P.,
Who carried off Molly Trefusis!

And you'll find, I conclude, in the "*Gentleman's Mag.*,"
At the end, where the pick of the news is,
"On the (blank), at 'the Bath,' to Sir Hilary Brag,
With a fortune, MISS MOLLY TREFUSIS."

Thereupon . . . But no farther the student may pry:
Love's temple is dark as Eleusis;
So here, at the threshold, we part, you and I,
From "dear little Molly Trefusis."

SAVAGE MODES OF PRAYER.

IN the same way as a child is insensibly educated by the efforts of an adult to place himself on its level, so any tribe of savages is to some extent modified by the time that a stranger has fitted himself, by long residence among them and the acquisition of their language, to tell us anything about them. This primary difficulty, amounting theoretically to insuperability, might alone suffice to invalidate most of the received evidence which asserts or denies concerning savages anything whatsoever in broad general terms. But when the evidence concerns religious ideas, another difficulty is superadded, and one which appertains to the subject of religion alone—the reserve, that is (attested by too many travellers to need specific references), with which savages guard their stock of fundamental beliefs. The delicacy manifested by the most skilled of the Iowa Indian tribe to communicate fully or freely on religious subjects, lest they should bring on themselves or their nation some great calamity,¹ indicates the feeling that probably underlies such religious reticence. If a savage dare not pronounce his own name, much less the names of his dead, it is a fair matter of wonder how he has become so free with the names and attributes of his divinities as to have rendered it possible for such systematic representations of his theology as are current to appear before the world.

The evidence afforded by ethnology as to the nature of prayer among savages is slighter than on most subjects relating to them, partly from the natural disregard paid to such matters by most Christian missionaries, partly from the secret and hidden character of prayer, which alone would make its study impossible ; but there is abundant evidence to show that religious supplication of a certain kind enters more deeply than might be supposed into the daily lives of the lower races of mankind. Says Ellis of the Society Islanders : “ Religious rites were connected with almost every act of their lives. An *ubu* or prayer was offered before they ate their food, planted their gardens, built their houses, launched their canoes, cast

¹ Schoolcraft, *Indian Tribes*, iii. 268.

their nets, and commenced or concluded a journey."¹ In the Fijian Islands business transactions were commonly terminated by a short wish or prayer; and in the Sandwich Islands the priest would pray before a battle that the gods he addressed would prove themselves stronger than the gods of his foes, promising them hecatombs of victims in the event of victory. But the mere fact of such prayers is of less interest than the actual formulas used: these, however, have more rarely been thought worth recording.

According to a recent African traveller, it is a daily prayer in some parts of Guinea: "Oh, God, I know thee not, but thou knowest me: thy aid is necessary to me;" or again: "Oh, God, help us: we do not know whether we shall live to-morrow: we are in thy hand."² A Bushman, being asked how he prayed to Cagn (recognised by his tribe as the first being and creator of all things), answered, in a low imploring tone: "Oh, Cagn; oh, Cagn, are we not your children? do you not see our hunger? give us food;" and, he added, "he gives us both hands full."³ It further appears that the Bushmen address petitions to the sun, to the moon, and to the stars;⁴ and the Kamschadals, who might dispute with them the lowest rank of humanity, had a rude form of a prayer to the Storm-God, which was uttered by a small child, sent naked round the ostrog with a shell in its uplifted hand: "Gsanlga, sit down and cease to storm; the mussel is accustomed to salt, not to sweet water; you make me too wet, and from the wet I must freeze. I have no clothes; see how I freeze."⁵ In a certain African tribe it is said to be usual for the men to go every morning to a river, and there, after splashing water in their faces, or throwing sand over their heads, after clasping and loosing their hands and whispering softly the word Eksuvais, to pray: "God, give me to-day rice and yams, gold and aggry-beads, slaves, riches, and health; make me active and strong."⁶

The Zulus of Africa and the Khonds of India supply good illustration of savage prayer. The head man of a Zulu village, at the sacrifice of a bullock to the spirits of the dead, thus addresses them in prayer: "I pray for cattle that they may fill this pen. I pray for corn that many people may come to this village of yours and make a noise and glorify you. I also ask for children, that this village

¹ Ellis, *Polynesian Researches*, i. 350.

² Reade, *Savage Africa*, 536.

³ *Cape Monthly Magazine*, July, 1874.

⁴ Bleek, *Bushman Folklore*, 15, 18.

⁵ Steller, *Kamschatka*, 280.

⁶ Waitz, *Anthropologie der Naturvölker*, ii. 170.

may have a large population and that your name may never come to an end."¹ The Khonds, also, at the sacrifice of a bullock would express their wishes with rather more emphasis: "Let our herds be so numerous that they cannot be housed; let children be so abundant that care of them shall overcome their parents, as shall be seen by their burnt hands." Or again they would ask, that the swine might so abound that their fields should require no other ploughs than their "rooting snouts;" that their poultry might be so numerous as to hide the thatch of their houses; that neither the frog, nor worm should be able to live in their drinking ponds; and that the trampling feet of their multitude of cattle.²

These may be taken as fair samples of primitive prayer; but they are only just, as against the inference that a savage's prayers have reference solely to the good and evil things of this world, to no indications of higher sentiments. The Yebus of Africa, with face bowed to the earth, are said commonly to pray, not only for preservation from sickness and death, but for the gifts of happiness and wisdom.³ The Tahitian priest praying to the god by whom it was supposed that a dead man's spirit had been required, that the spirit of the latter, especially that one for which he had lost his life, might be buried in the hole he dug in the ground, and not attach to the survivors, points to the occasional presence of a moral motive in prayer, though even here the deprecation of further anger on the part of the gods appears the principal object of concern.⁴ So far, indeed, the whole, does it seem true that neither do thoughts of morality nor of a future state enter as factors into savage prayer; and so little does any ethical distinction appear in the savage conception of supernatural powers, that not unfrequently supplication is directed to the attainment of ends morally the reverse of desirable. Like the Roman tradesman praying to Mercury to aid him in cheating, the Nootka warrior would entreat his god that he might find his foes asleep, and so kill a great many of them.⁵ But perhaps the best illustration of the perverted use of prayer, is a prayer employed by a clan of the Hervey Islanders when engaged on a thieving and murdering expedition, and uttered as near as possible to the dwelling of the person about to be robbed. It is apparently addressed to Rong

¹ Callaway, *Religious System of the Amazulu*, Pt. ii. 182.

² Latham, *Descriptive Ethnology*, ii. 437-444.

³ Waitz, *Anthropologie der Naturvölker*, ii. 169.

⁴ Ellis, i. 402.

⁵ Brinton, *Myths of the New World*, 297.

Oro, the great Polynesian god of war, and is thus translated in Gill's "Myths and Songs of the South Pacific:"¹—

We are on a thieving expedition ;
Be close to our left side to give aid.
Let all be wrapped in sleep ;
Be as a lofty cocoa-nut tree to support us.

The god is then entreated to cause all things to sleep : the owner of the house is entreated to sleep on, likewise the threshold of the house, the insects, beetles, earwigs, and ants that inhabit it, the central post, the several rafters and beams that support it ; and after the thatch of the house has been asked to sleep on, the prayer thus concludes :—

The first of its inmates unluckily awaking
Put soundly to sleep again.
If the divinity so please, man's spirit must yield.
O Rongo, grant thou complete success.

If, however, we may hope to find anywhere indications of a higher purpose in prayer than the attainment of merely temporary or personal needs, we must seek it (nor is the search entirely vain) in those rites of religion which, from the highest to the lowest levels of culture, are customary upon the entrance of a fresh life on the stage of this world's trials and sorrows. The popular saying that the cries of a child at its christening are the cries of the devil going out of it, expresses identically the same belief which still prompts our savage contemporaries to drive evil spirits from a new-born child by rites of mysterious spiritual efficacy ; and it is probably to the indigenous prevalence of baptism among many savage tribes that some Catholic missionaries, complacently identifying conversion with immersion, have owed the success of their efforts. It would at least be interesting to know whether baptism was a native African rite at the time that the Capuchin Merolla baptised with his own hands 13,000 negroes, and Padre Jerom da Montefarchio his 100,000 in the space of twenty years.² Mungo Park gives an account of a purely heathen festival held about a week after the birth of a child, at which a priest taking the latter in his arms would pray, soliciting repeatedly the blessing of God on the child and all the company. And Bosman tells of a priest binding ropes, corals, and other things round the limbs of a new-born child, and exorcising the spirits of sickness and evil.³

It cannot, however, be proved with certainty that such rites are of

¹ P. 150.

² Pinkerton, xvi. 304.

³ *Ibid.* 388, 874.

native growth wherever they have been found, though similar of natural impurity, of natural anxiety, may well have contr make them common all the world over. With this reservat suffice to recall some illustrations drawn from the most div of the world, beginning with the most touching form of th as it is told of a tribe in the Fiji Islands. The priest, present relations with food with which to notify the event to the go the birth-festival, would thus petition the latter: "This is of the little child: take knowledge of it, ye gods. Be kin Do not pelt him or spit upon him or seize him, but let hi plant sugar canes."¹ In New Zealand, the tohunga or pries a green branch into a calabash of water, sprinkled the child and made incantations according to its sex;² whilst in th Islands, where the child was immersed in a taro leaf i water, the ceremony was intimately connected with their tribes and dedication for future sacrifice.³ Crossing over to we find among the Indian tribes of Guiana the nati dancing about an infant and dashing water over it, fini ceremony by passing his hands over its limbs, muttering all incantations and charms.⁴ In some North American tri having been boiled with a certain sweet-scented root, and having been first thrown into the fire and the rest distribu company by the oldest woman present, the latter would th short prayer to the Master of Life, on behalf of the child, t might be spared and that it might grow; and if, at the fes to commemorate the child's first slain animal, one of persons present would entreat the Great Spirit to be kind and let him grow to be a great hunter, in war to take ma and not behave like an old woman, it cannot be said t prayer was purely selfish in its aim or confined solely t necessities.⁵

The rite of baptism, says Mr. Brinton, was of immem quity among the Cherokees, Aztecs, Mayas, and Peruvians of water as symbolical of spiritual cleansing clearly appo instance, in the prayer of the Peruvian Indian, who after his guilt would bathe in the river and say: "Oh, river, r sins I have this day confessed unto the sun, carry them the sea, and let them never more appear."⁶ It has often on the original authority of Sahagun, how the Mexican n

¹ Williams, *Fiji*, 176.

² Dieffenbach, 28.

³ C

⁴ Brett, *Indian Tribes of Guiana*, 370.

⁵ Harmon. *--- of Voyages, &c.* 345.

⁶ Brinton

bathing the new-born child, would bid it approach its mother, the goddess of water; praying at the same time to her that she would receive it and wash it, would take away its inherited impurity, make it good and clean, and instil it with good habits and manners.¹

The mere enunciation of a wish often amounts among savages to a complete prayer, it being conceived that the expression of desire is of more moment than the manner of such expression: such a conception still surviving among ourselves at certain wishing towers, wishing gates, or on the occurrence of certain natural phenomena. In Fiji it was common to shout aloud, after drinking a toast, the name of some object of desire, and this was equivalent to a prayer for whatever it might be—for food, wealth, a fair wind, or even for the gratification of cannibal gluttony. Franklin tells how some Indians disappointed in the chase set themselves to beat a large tambourine and sing an address to the Great Spirit, praying for relief, their prayer consisting solely of three words constantly repeated,² the tambourine probably being employed for the same purpose that the Sioux Indians kept a whistle in the mouth of one of their gods, namely, to make their invocation audible. The Ahts, praying to the moon, sometimes say no more than *teech, teech*, that is, Health or Life; and it is curious that the rude savages of Brazil exclaim *teh, teh*, to the same luminary.³ The Sioux would sometimes say: "Spirits of the dead, have mercy," adding thereto a notification of their wishes, whether for good health, good luck in hunting, or anything else.⁴ The Zulus, however, carry the principle of brevity to its extreme, for sometimes in their prayers to the spirits of the dead they "think it even enough to call upon them without saying what they want, taking it for granted that the spirits know, so that the mere utterance, 'People of our house,' is a prayer."⁵ When we consider how large a place the spirits of the dead fill in the savage's spirit-world, it appears possible that many of the prayers and sacrifices, said to be offered to the Great Spirit or unknown divinities, are really addressed to the all-controlling, ever-present spirits of the departed.

If we may believe the testimony of a great many travellers in all parts of the world, the case of the Yezidis, who to the recognition of a Supreme Being are said to join actual worship of the chief power of

¹ Baneroff, iii. 370-3. For baptismal rites in Northern Europe before Christianity, see Mallet, *Northern Antiquities*, 205.

² Franklin, *Journey to the Polar Sea*, 255.

³ Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, ii. 299.

⁴ Schoolcraft, *Indian Tribes*, iii. 237.

⁵ Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, ii. 367.

evil, represents no exceptional phase of human thought. Yet even the Yezidis, according to Dr. Latham, are said to be improperly called Devil-worshippers, since they only try to conciliate Satan, speak of him with respect or not at all, avoid his name in all their oaths, and are pained if they hear people make a light use of it.¹ In Equatorial Africa it is said that whilst Mburri, the spirit of evil, is worshipped piously as a tyrant to be appeased, it is not considered necessary to pray to Njambi, the good spirit.² Harmon says distinctly of all the different Indian tribes east of the Rocky Mountains, that they pray and make frequent and costly sacrifices to the bad spirit for delivery from evils they feel or fear, but that they seldom pray to the supreme good spirit, to whom they ascribe every perfection, and whom they consider too benevolent ever to inflict evil on his creatures.³ There is, indeed, little doubt that, if a certain amount of evidence suffices the requirements of proof, we must yield consent to the fact, in itself neither incredible nor unintelligible, that many savage tribes, recognising and believing in a good and powerful spirit, make that very goodness a reason for their neglect of him, addressing their petitions instead to the mercy of that other spirit to whose power for evil they conceive the world to lie subject.⁴ There is, however, much to be said in favour of the view, that the mind in its primitive state is unconscious of this moral dualism in the spirit world, attributing rather (in perfect accordance with the analogy of human relationships) good and bad things alike to the agency of the same beings, according as they are influenced by transitory impulses.

Thus, according to Castren, an antagonism between absolute good and absolute evil finds no place among the Samoyeds. They have no extreme divinities corresponding in their attributes to Ahriman and Ormuzd. "The human temper is the divine temper also, good and bad mixed."⁵ Mburri, which, according to one writer, is the evil spirit in Equatorial Africa, is, according to another, the good spirit, or at least the less wicked of the two, both the good and bad receiving worship, and being endowed with much the same powers. The Beetjuans, venerating Murino as the source of all good and evil that happened to them, were not agreed as to whether he was entirely a beneficent or a malevolent being; and if they thanked him for benefits, they never hesitated to curse him for ills or for wishes unfulfilled.⁶ "To

¹ Latham, *Descriptive Ethnology*, ii. 187.

² Reade, *Savage Africa*, 250.

³ Harmon, *Journal of Voyages*, 363.

⁴ Lord Kames, *History of Man*, vol. iv., asserts this of many tribes, the *Tahitians*, *Hottentots*, and others. See also pp. 234, 238, 297.

⁵ Latham, *Descriptive Ethnology*, i. 480.

⁶ Lichte

the very same image," says Bosman of the negroes, "they at one time make offerings to God and at another to the devil, so that one image serves them in the capacity of god and devil." It was untrue, he declares, that the negroes prayed and made offerings to the devil, though some of them would try to appease a devil by leaving thousands of pots of victuals standing ever ready for his gratification; on the contrary, the devil was annually banished from their towns with great ceremony, being hunted away with dismal cries, and his spirit pelted with wood and stones.¹

The evidence, again, in this respect concerning the aborigines of America is important. The Winnebagoes are said to have had a tradition that soon after the creation a bad spirit appeared on the scene, whose attempts to vie with the products of the Good Spirit resulted in making a negro in failure of an Indian, a grizzly bear in failure of a black one, and snakes endowed with venom; he also it was who made all the worthless trees, thistles, and weeds, who tempted Indians to lie, murder, and steal, and who receives bad Indians when they die. Christian influence is, however, suspected among this tribe, so that the tradition is of no value to the argument. Turning to other evidence, amid the reiterated statements of Schoolcraft of the original dualism of Indian theology, whereby the Indian was careful "to guard his good and merciful God from all evil acts and intentions, by attributing the whole catalogue of evil deeds among the sons of men to the Great Bad Spirit of his theology," we yet find this admission, that "it is impossible to witness closely the rites and ceremonies which the tribes practise in their sacred and ceremonial societies without perceiving that there is no very accurate or uniform discrimination between the powers of the two antagonistical deities."² Mr. Pond, who resided with the Sioux Indians for eighteen years, and had, he says, every opportunity to become acquainted with such matters, declares that it was "next to impossible to penetrate" into the subject of their divinities; but he was never able to discover "the least degree of evidence that they divide the gods into classes of good and evil," nor did he believe that they ever distinguished the Great Spirit from other divinities "till they learnt to do so from intercourse with the whites," for they had no chants, feasts, dances, nor sacrificial rites, which had any reference to such a being, or which, if they had, were not of recent origin.³ Of the same people

¹ Pinkerton, xvi. 402, 530.

² Schoolcraft, *Indian Tribes*, iv. 635-7. The admission quoted seems to cancel the statements repeated clearly and positively in i. 16, 17, 32, 35, 38, and iii. 60, of a dualism as decided as that between Ahriman and Ormuzd. In i. 32 it is said that the first notice of such a doctrine occurs in Charlevoix, *Voyage to North America in 1721*.

³ *Ibid.*, iv. 642-3.

says Mr. Prescott, a man related to and resident among them many years: "As to their belief in evil spirits, they do not understand the difference between a great good spirit and a great evil spirit, as we do. The idea the Indians have is that a spirit can be good if necessary, and do evil if it thinks fit." They "know very little about whether the Great Spirit has anything to do with their affairs present or future." Their idea of the Great Spirit is of the vaguest possible kind, since they lack entirely any conception of his power, or of the mode of, or of a reason for, man's creation. The Great Spirit they believe made everything but the wild rice and the thunder; and they have been known to accuse their deity of badness in sending storms to cause them misery.¹ In the same way the Comanches of Texas neither worship the evil spirit nor are aware of his existence, "attributing everything to arise from the Great Spirit, whether of good or evil."² Had the ancient Jews been described by Greek travellers instead of by themselves, we may fairly suspect that they would have been introduced to posterity as a people, consciously theistic indeed, but at the same time as addicted in most of their rites to demonolatry and the propitiation of imaginary evil beings. The true view would seem to be that the theology of the lower stages of culture does not admit of that preciseness of terminology, of that clear distinction of qualities, of that systematic marshalling of powers, which has been so often predicated of it, but that it resembles rather that state of constant flux and change which marks the evolution of the lowest forms of physical life into determinate types of being.

The Sioux Indians abusing their Great Spirit for sending them storms, or the Kamschadals cursing Kutka for having created the mountains so high and the streams so rapid, expose a state of thought relating to the gods which is most difficult to reconcile with the savage's habitual dread of them, but which is too well authenticated to admit of doubt. Franklin saw a Cree hunter tie offerings (a cotton handkerchief, looking-glass, tin pin, some ribbon and tobacco) to the value of twenty skins round an image of the god Kepoochikan, at the same time praying to him in a rapid monotonous tone to be propitious, explaining to him the value of his presents, and strongly cautioning him against ingratitude.³ If all the prayers and presents made to their god by the Tahitians to save their chiefs from dying proved in vain, his image was inexorably banished from the temple and destroyed.⁴ The Ostiaks of Siberia, if things went badly with

¹ Schoolcraft, ii. 195, 197; iii. 231.

² Franklin, i. 114-15.

³ *Ibid.* ii. 131.

⁴ Ellis, i. 355.

them, would pull down from their place of honour in the hut and in every way maltreat the idols they generally honoured so much; the idols, whose mouths were always so diligently smeared with fish fat, and within whose reach a constant supply of snuff lay always ready.¹ The Chinese are said to do the same by their household gods, if for a long time they are deaf to their prayers, and so do the Cinghalese,² so that the practice is more than an impulsive manifestation of merely local feeling. That such feelings occasionally crop out in civilised Catholic countries is matter of more surprise; but it is an authentic historical fact that the good people of Castelbranco in Portugal were once so angry with St. Anthony for letting the Spaniards plunder their town, contrary to his agreement, that they broke many of his statues in pieces, and, taking the head off one they specially revered, substituted for it the head of St. Francis.³ Neapolitan fishermen are said to this day to throw their saints overboard if they do not help them in a storm; and, if occasion calls for it, the images of the Virgin or of St. Januarius, worn in Neapolitan caps, are in danger of being trodden under foot and destroyed. And once during a famine the latter saint received very clear intimation that unless corn came by a certain time, he would forfeit his saintship.⁴

It is perhaps a refinement of thought when a present becomes an advisable accompaniment to a simple petition; but the principle of exchange once entered into, the relations between man and the supernatural lead logically from the offering of fruits and flowers to the sacrifice of animals and of men. Some Algonkin Indians, mistaking once a missionary for a god, and petitioning his mercy, begged him to let the earth yield them corn, the rivers fish, and to prevent sickness from slaying or hunger from tormenting them. Their request they backed with the offer of a pipe.⁵ The whole of the savage's philosophy of sacrifice is contained in this ridiculous incident. Prescott coming with some Indians to a lake they were to cross, saw his companions light their pipes and smoke by way of invoking the winds to be calm.⁶ And the Hurons offered a similar prayer with tobacco to a local god, saying: "Oki, thou who livest on this spot, we offer thee tobacco. Help us, save us from shipwreck. Defend us from our enemies. Give us good trade, and bring us safe back to our villages."⁷ In the island of Tanna, the village priest, addressing the spirits of departed chiefs (thought to preside over the growth of yams and fruits), after the first-fruits of vegetation had been deposited on a stone, on the branch of a tree, or on a rude altar

¹ Klemm, iii. 120. ² Kames, *History of Man*, iv. 327. ³ *Ibid.* iv. 328.
⁴ Klemm, vi. 423. ⁵ Brinton, 298. ⁶ Schoolcraft, iii. 226. ⁷ Brinton, 297.

of sticks, would pray : " Compassionate father, here is some food ; eat it, be kind to us on account of it ; " and in Samoa, too, a libation of kava at the evening meal was the offering, in return for which the father of a family would beg of the gods health and prosperity and productiveness for his plantations, and for his tribe generally a strong and large population for war.¹ In Fiji, again, when the chief priests and leading men assembled to discuss public affairs in the yaquona or kava circle, the chief herald, as the water was poured into the kava, after naming the gods for whom the libation was prepared, would say : " Be gracious, ye lords, the gods, that the rain may cease, and the sun shine forth ; " and again when the potion was ready : " Let the gods be of a gracious mind, and send a wind from the east. " ²

It is a somewhat obvious inference, if presents like these fail to obtain corresponding results, that the spirit addressed is not satisfied, and that he requires a greater value in exchange for the blessings at his disposal. The crowning petition, therefore, of disappointed and despairing humanity is, by an irrefragable chain of reasoning, the sacrifice of a human life, or, if this fails, of many lives. Long and frequent were the prayers of the Tahitians to the gods when their chiefs were ill, for, supposing that " the gods were always influenced by the same motives as themselves, they imagined that the efficacy of their prayers would be in exact proportion to the value of the offerings with which they were accompanied. " Hence, if the disease grew violent, the fruits of whole plantain fields or more than a hundred pigs would be hurried to the marae ; nay, not unfrequently a number of men with ropes round their necks would be led to the altar and presented to the idol, with prayers that the mere sight of them might satisfy his wrath.³ It does not appear that on such occasions they were actually slain, but we seem here rather to see the first step towards human sacrifice than merely a survival of it. For the process is naturally from the sacrifice of the least possible to the sacrifice of the greatest possible, though after that point has been reached there may well be a tendency, varying with the character of a tribe, to fall back upon make-believe, curtailed losses. The Mandan Indians, Catlin repeats, always sacrificed the best of its kind to the Great Spirit, the favourite horse, the best arrow, or the best piece of buffalo ;⁴ so that the sacrifice of their fingers was more probably a form of incipient human sacrifice than, as it sometimes is, a relic of the more complete self-surrender. Among both the Aztecs and the

¹ Turner, *Nineteen Years in Polynésia*, 88, 200, 239.

² Williams, 144.

³ Ellis, i. 349.

⁴ Catlin, i. 133, ii. 247.

Maya people of the New World traditions survived of a time when the gods were content with the milder offerings of fruits and flowers; and in Yucatan when hundreds of young girls were sacrificed in the dark but sacred pit of Chichen, there were recollections of a time when one victim sufficed the demands of the spirit-world. And in this instance may be seen how human sacrifice, besides being the highest gift man could offer to his god or gods, was in itself a mode of prayer; for whilst the victims stood round the pit, whilst the incense burnt on the altar and in the braziers, the officiating priest explained to the messengers from earth "the things for which they were to implore the gods into whose presence they were about to be introduced."¹ And so the priests of Mexico used to exhort the deputation of eighteen souls they sent to the sun to remember the mission for which they were sent, the people's wants they were to make known, the favours they were to ask for their countrymen.²

Less obviously connected with prayer than sacrifice is dancing, a custom which the civilised world has long since ceased to regard as in any sense connected with religion, but which among savages, besides being a natural expression of joy in life, of thankfulness for sun or shower, is not unfrequently a mode of prayer, a means employed for the attainment of desire. This at least seems the case with those imitative dances or pantomimes in which with marvellous exactitude the savage all the world over acts the part of the animals he pursues in the chase. The national dance of the Kamschadals consists in the imitation of the manners and motions of seals and bears, varying from the gentlest movement of their bodies to the most violent agitation of their thighs and knees, accompanied with singing and stamping in time;³ and it is remarkable that in Vancouver's Island also there is a seal dance, for which the natives, stripping themselves naked, enter the water, regardless of the cold of the night, and emerge "dragging their bodies along the sand like seals," then enter the houses and crawl about the fires, and finally jump up and dance about.⁴

Now, it is intelligible that such facility and perfection of beast-acting as, for instance, enabled the Dog-rib Indians to approach and kill the reindeer, acquired originally by the necessities of the chase, should be perpetuated as a religious ceremony to keep up a habit of actual importance to existence. But there are cases to

¹ Bancroft, *Native Races, &c.* ii. 705.

² *Ibid.* iii. 428.

³ Klemm, ii. 216, from Langsdorf, ii. 261.

⁴ Sproat, 66. The Juangs of Bengal practise a bear dance, a pigeon dance, a pig dance, a tortoise dance, a quail dance, a vulture dance. Dalton, *Desc. Eth. of Bengal*, 156; and see *New Encyc. Brit.* for similar cases; article, Dance.

which this explanation would hardly apply, as, for example, to the African gorilla dance which has been so vividly described by a recent eye-witness, and which, he says, "was a religious festival held on the eve of an enterprise," the eve, namely, of a gorilla hunt. An African dancing to a drum and harp imitated closely all the attitudes and movements of the gorilla, being joined in the chorus by all the rest present. "Now he would be seated on the ground, his legs apart, his hands resting on his knees, his head drooping, and in his face the vacant expression of the brute. Sometimes he folded his arms on his forehead. Suddenly he would raise his head with prone ears and flaming eyes," till in the last act he represented the gorilla attacked and killed.¹ But, unless gorillas are ever killed by so clever an imitation of themselves that they really mistake their African neighbours for their own brothers, the gorilla dance must, by a phenomenon of thought not without analogy, be a mode of prayer for obtaining a desired result, the same fetishistic law of thought prevailing that is traceable in the idea that by pouring water on a stone you can bring rain on the earth, or that you can injure your enemy by an injury to his effigy.

It may be, however, that pantomimic dances were employed originally as a clearer expression than mere words of the suppliant's wishes, the acting of a hunt or battle being equivalent to a petition for favour and success in the same, the unseen deities addressed being not unnaturally conceived as more likely to see the bodily movements than to hear the feeble voice of the petitioner. The analogy of the various tongues, prevalent among birds, beasts, and men, might well suggest to a savage the possibility of the spiritual world being unavoidably deaf to his utterances from mere inability to comprehend them; whilst dealings with the nearest tribe might make it natural for him to resort to the use of signs and symbols as the least mistakable vehicle for his meaning. The Ahts, retiring to the solitude of the woods and there standing naked with outstretched arms before the moon, employ set words and gestures according to the nature of the object they desire. Thus in praying for salmon the suppliant rubs the back of his hands, and looking upwards says, "Many salmon, many salmon;" in asking for deer he carefully rubs both his eyes, for geese the back of his shoulders, for bears his sides and legs, uttering in a sing-song way the usual formula. The meaning of all these rubbings is obscure; but it has been suggested that the rubbing of the hands indicates a wish that the hand may have the requisite steadiness for throwing the salmon spear; the rubbing of the eyes,

¹ Reade, *Savage Africa*, 200.

again, a hope that the eyes may be opened to discern deer in the forest.¹ Among a Californian tribe it was usual, preparatory to the chase, to resort to a certain stake-inclosure and there to pray to the god's image for success by mimicry of the actions of the hunt, as by leaping and twanging of the bow.² In the Society Islands, if the land had been in any way defiled by an enemy, a mode of religious purification consisted in offering pieces of coral, collected expressly, on the altar to the gods, to induce them "to cleanse the land from pollution, that it might be pure as the coral fresh from the sea."³

The interpretation of some dances as symbolised prayers would explain several American customs which are strikingly analogous to the African gorilla dance already described. Every Mandan Indian was compelled by social law to keep his buffalo's mask, consisting of the skin and horns of a buffalo's head, in his lodge, ready to put on and wear in the buffalo dance, whenever the protracted absence of that animal from the prairie rendered it expedient to resort to this means for the purpose of inducing the herds to change the direction of their wanderings and bend their course towards the Mandan village. And a principal part in the annual celebration of the subsidence of the great waters consisted in the buffalo dance, wherein eight men dressed in entire buffalo skins, so as to imitate closely the appearance and motions of buffaloes, were the chief actors, and four old men chanted prayers to the Great Spirit for the continuation of his favours in sending them good supplies of buffaloes for the coming year.⁴ In this instance the close relation between dance and prayer, the dance being either supplementary or explicative, clearly appears; as it also does in a very similar buffalo dance performed by a neighbouring tribe of the Mandans, the Minnatarees. In this ceremony six elderly men acted the animals, imitating with great perfection even the peculiar sound of their voice.⁵ Behind them came a man, who represented the driving of the beasts forward, and who at a certain point, placing his hands before his face, sang, and made a long speech in the nature of a prayer, containing good wishes for the buffalo hunt and for war, as also an appeal to the heavenly powers to be propitious to the huntsmen and their arms. So again the Sioux Indians for several days before starting on a bear hunt would hold a bear dance, which was regarded as "a most important and indispensable form," and in which the whole tribe joined in a song to the

¹ Sproat, 208.

² Bancroft, *Native Races*, iii. 167.

³ Ellis, i. 348.

⁴ Catlin, i. 127, 164, 182.

⁵ Klemm, ii. 120. {"Ahmten" die knarrende röchelnde Stimme des Bisonthiers in grosser Vollkommenheit nach."

Bear Spirit, to conciliate as well as to consult him. "All w motions of their hands closely imitated the movements of that a some representing its motion in running, and others the p attitude and hanging of the paws when it is sitting up on its hi and looking out for the approach of an enemy."¹ And the tribe, whenever they had bad luck in hunting, would institute a to invoke the aid of one of their gods.²

To the African gorilla dance, the Mandan buffalo dan Sioux bear dance, may be added the custom of the Koossa who, before they start on a hunt, perform a wonderful game, w considered absolutely necessary to the success of the unde (ein wunderbares Spiel, das zum glücklichen Erfolg des Unterne *durchaus nothwendig* gehalten wird). One of them, repre: some kind of game, takes a handful of grass in his mouth an about on all fours. The rest make believe they would trans with their spears, till at last he throws himself on the groun he were killed.³ The Ahts, again, Sproat observed, spent t of a deer hunt "in dancing and singing and in various cere: intended to secure good luck on the morrow."⁴ And in Australia it is remarkable that, when boys of a certain age und the ceremony of losing their front teeth, power was conferr them of killing the kangaroo by a kind of kangaroo dance. I all, a kangaroo of grass was deposited at their feet; and th actors, the adults of the tribe, having fitted themselves with lor of grass, set off "as a herd of kangaroos, now jumping along lying down and scratching themselves, as those animals do basking in the sun," two armed men following them meanwhil were to steal on them unmolested and spear them.⁵

The same thought occurs in prayers for rain. The n Servian peasants, pouring water over a girl covered with gra flowers, employ a mode of petition very similar to that in vogue Lake Nyanza. There, after a wild dance, a jar of water is before the village chief: the woman who acts as priestess ceremonies washes her hands, arms, and face with the water, a large quantity of it is poured over her, and finally all the v present rush to dip their calabashes in the jar and to toss the in the air with loud cries and wild gestures.⁶

Again, the common savage war dance may be taken to h religious significance in addition to the secular motive of sust

¹ Catlin, i. 244, 5.

² Sproat, 146.

³ Collins, *New South Wales*, 368.

⁴ Schoolcraft, iii. 487.

⁵ Lichtenstein, i. 444.

⁶ Callaway, i. 125.

martial feelings and habits. In the war dance of the Navajoes of New Mexico the most important part of the war dance was the arrow dance, when a young virgin, beautifully dressed, represented in gesture "the war path." An eye-witness has described it as a really beautiful performance. Slowly and steadily she would pursue her imaginary foe; suddenly her step would quicken as she came in sight of the enemy; she would dance faster and faster, and, seizing an arrow, demonstrate by the rapidity of her movements that the fight had begun; she would point with the arrow, show how it wings its course, and finally how the scalp is taken and victory won.¹ Among the Winnebagoe Indians also it was part of the war dance for a warrior to go through the pantomime of the discovery of the enemy, of the ambuscade, the attack, the slaughter, and the scalping.² And in this reference may be noted the curious proceeding of the women of Accra on the Guinea coast, who, whilst the male population were engaged in war with a neighbouring people, endeavoured every day to bring it to a happy issue by dancing fetish; that is, by fighting sham battles with wooden swords, flying to the boats on the beach and pretending to row, throwing some one into the sea, taking a trowel and making believe to build a wall—all actions literally symbolical of corresponding ones to be performed by the men in the course of defeating their enemy.³ In Madagascar, too, when the men are absent in war, the custom of the women to dance, in order to inspire their husbands with courage, is thought not to be destitute of a religious meaning.

That a dance may be in reality a form of prayer, a petition acted instead of spoken, as more likely so to be understood, makes it possible that prayers may be hidden under customs which are generally only cited to illustrate the absurdity of primitive metaphysics. May it not be that the Indian, when he thinks to ensure a successful chase by drawing a figure of his game with a line leading to its heart from its mouth, and by so subjecting its movements to himself, or when he thinks to cure a man of sickness by shooting the bark-effigy of the animal supposed to possess him—may it not be that he thereby hopes to influence unknown natural forces in his favour by a clear representation of his wants? The control of natural phenomena by witchcraft may thus have been in its origin a direction to natural phenomena, or rather to the spirits ruling

¹ Schoolcraft, iv. 80.

² *Ibid.* iii. 285.

³ Isert, *Guinea*, in French translation, 204: "L'action de ramer voulait dire que leurs maris allaient passer la rivière Volta pour se battre avec les Angéens et le noyer; la truelle et le travail de maçon indiquait l'érection de fort Königstein."

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them; or perhaps an address to those spirits of the dead which, to a savage, are his earliest and for long his only gods; and thus the absurdities of fetishism might become intelligible as lifeless traditions, with more or less of their primal meaning, descended from such a philosophy of Nature. The Kamschadal child sent out naked to make the rain stop, clear as the meaning of the custom is with the prayer joined to it, would without it appear in the light of ordinary fetishism. And the Khond, carrying a branch cut from hostile soil to his god of war, and there, after he has dressed it like one of the enemy, throwing it down with certain incantations on the shrine of the divinity, urges his petition in a way which scarcely the god of war himself can fail to understand.

It remains to show how, in primitive theology, prayer attaches itself as well to the material as the spiritual world, for it is here especially that it finds its counterpart in the folk-lore of our own day. As, however, there is scarcely an object in Nature which in a state of ignorance may not with reason be worshipped, a few illustrations must be taken for thousands on a subject it were less easy to exhaust than the patience of the reader.

"As for animals having reasoning powers," says an exceptionally credible witness, "I have heard Indians talk and reason with horse the same as with a person."¹ Our fairy tales of talking animals would be commonplace facts to a savage. Hence it can be no matter of surprise to find that it is a common Indian custom to converse with rattlesnakes, and to endeavour to propitiate them with presents of tobacco. On one occasion, the Iowas having begun to build a village, the presence of a rattlesnake on a neighbouring hill was suddenly announced, when forthwith started the great snake-doctor with tobacco and other presents; when he had offered them and had had a long talk with the snake, he returned to his village with the satisfactory news that his tribesmen might now travel in safety, as peace had been made between them and the snakes.²

But perhaps of all natural objects that have attracted human worship, and been regarded as a supreme source of human welfare, none can compare with the moon. For the moon's changes of aspect are far more remarkable than any of the sun, and still more calculated to inspire dread by the nocturnal darkness they contend with, so that in popular fancy nearly everywhere they are held to cause, portend, or accord with changes in the lot of mortals and things terrestrial. In the Hervey Islands cocoa-nuts were invariably planted at the full of the moon, the size of the latter being held

¹ Schoolcraft (*Prescott*), iii. 230.

² Schoolcraft, iii. 273 and 231.

symbolical of the future fulness of the fruit;¹ and in South Africa it is unlucky to begin a journey or any work of importance in the last quarter of the moon.² The moon's wane makes things on earth wane too; when it is new or full, it is everywhere the proper season for new crops to be sown, new households to be formed, new weather to begin.

The feeling of the Congo Africans, who at the sight of the new moon fall on their knees or stand and clap their hands, praying that their lives may be renewed like that of the moon, corresponds exactly with the idea of English folk-lore that crops are more likely to be plentiful if sown when the moon is young, or with the idea of German folk-lore that the new moon is the season for counting money which it is desired may increase. "On the first appearance of the new moon, which," says Mungo Park, "the Kafirs look upon as newly created, the pagan natives, as well as Mahomedans, say a short prayer," seemingly the only adoration they offer to the Supreme Being;³ so that the sentiment of the Congo prayer may be guessed to underlie, consciously or not, the salutations by which the new moon is greeted generally throughout Africa from the courtesy-ings of the Hottentots to the prayers of the Makololos for the success of their journeys or the destruction of their enemies.⁴

More difficult to understand than the worship of either animals or the heavenly bodies is that of such inanimate things as stones, trees, or rivers. Yet the state of thought is not so far remote from our own but that we can still listen with pleasure, in stories like "Undine," to the voices of the forest or the river. To a savage, however, it is not only the motion or the sound of natural objects which suggests their divinity, but the danger that is ever latent in them; and it is rather to prevent the river from drowning him or the tree from falling on him than from any perception of their beauty, that he makes offerings to them. Such feelings as that of the Cree Indians, who believed that a deer, found dead within a few yards of a willow bush they worshipped, had fallen a victim to the sin of its sacrilege, are not confined to savage lands or times.⁵ As savages have been known to apologise to a slain elephant or bear, assuring it that its death was accidental, so it is said that in parts of Germany a woodcutter will still (or would recently) beg the pardon of a fine healthy tree before cutting it down.⁶ In our own midland counties there is a feeling to this day against binding up elder wood with

¹ Gill, 318.² Pinkerton, xvi.³ *Ibid.* xvi. 875.⁴ Livingstone, *South Africa*, 235.⁵ Franklin, *First Journey*, i. 160.⁶ Wuttke, *Deutsche Volksaberglaube*, 14.

other faggots, and in Suffolk it is believed misfortune will ensue if is burnt. In Germany formerly an elder tree might not be cut down entirely; and Grimm was himself an eye-witness of a peasant praying with bare head and folded hands before venturing to cut the branches. That indeed trees are still popularly endowed with a conscious personality is further proved by the custom, not yet extinct, of trying to secure the future favours of fruit trees by presents and prayers. The placing of money in a hole dug at the foot of them, and presenting them with money on New Year's Day, the shaking and emptying them of the remainder of the Christmas dinner, the beating of them with rods on Holy Innocents' Day,—all German methods to incite fruit trees to further fertility,—answer closely to the English custom of apple-howling or wassailing, when at Christmas or Epiphany the inhabitants of a parish, walking in procession to the principal orchards, and there singling out the principal tree, sprinkle it with cider, or place cider-soaked cakes of toast and sugar in its branches saluting it at the same time with set words, in the form of a prayer to the trees to be fruitful for the ensuing year, as the doggerel verses following show plainly enough:—

Here's to thee, old apple tree,
Whence thou mayst bud and whence thou mayst blow,
And whence thou mayst bear apples enow,
Hats full, caps full,
Bushel, bushel, sacks full,
And my pocket full too.¹

But let anyone, who would find further the transition of the philosophy of one age into the nonsense of a later one, take up or again, with more reverence than of yore for their antiquity and their paganism, those prayers, as lifeless now as the fossil shells on the shore of some ancient coral sea, which lie scattered abundantly in many an old English rhyme and ballad.

J. A. FARRER.

¹ Polwhele, *History of Cornwall*, 48.

GENEALOGY.

THERE can be no doubt that, as each person now living has had a father and mother, grandfathers and grandmothers, and so on, everyone really comes of as old a family as everyone else. Moreover, every living eldest son is the heir male of either the senior or a junior branch, not only of the family of the man who first bore his name, but of progenitors hidden still deeper in the mists of antiquity. We so often hear of families either dying out altogether or ending in females, that we come to think such a fate is the eventual end of all families ; but this is far from being the case. Every man living could, if he only knew where to find the data, count up from son to father, from father to grandfather, from generation to generation, until he came to Adam himself. And this is the great difference between good families and families of all other kinds : the members of a good family can tell who their forefathers were, where they lived, and whom they married ; while those who belong to no families in particular are classed in a body as those who don't know their own grandfathers, or who perhaps never had any to know. The goodness of a family depends much more on the number of its known generations than on any other condition. Given two families in which the numbers of recorded generations are equal, doubtless the family whose members have been the more illustrious would be reckoned the better of the two ; but a family of only two or three generations, however illustrious their members might have been, would certainly not constitute what is known as a good family. As in the case of many popular ideas, there is some little substratum of reason in this belief. If to be educated and cultivated is an object of ambition, and if there is anything in the doctrine of heredity, it may be supposed that the members of a family who have been of importance enough to leave their names scattered on the bank of the river of time, have had a better chance of being polished, and of handing down their good qualities to their posterity, than those who were swept away by the tide without leaving any mark.

It is not much to be wondered at that there is such a general *mistiness as to the ancestors of any particular person.* I wonder

how many readers of this page can tell straight off the Christian names of their two grandmothers—very few, I suspect—and yet these are facts very close at home in anyone's genealogy. I am sure no one who has not especially looked up the point could tell the Christian names of his great-grandmothers, though they also stand at the threshold of a pedigree. Unless recorded in the family Bible or otherwise committed to writing, such names soon fade from the memory. People are anxious enough that they themselves shall not be forgotten. Such a feeling is the root of all ambition; and there is a difference in degree only, not in kind, between writing one name on the page of the history of one's country and carving one initials on a wooden bench, or scribbling them with pencil on the walls of some famous and frequented house. But people are not desirous to perpetuate their father's memory, or to hand down to future ages their grandfather's name, and they take no steps for the end; and the consequence is that of the mass of the people belong to the class immortalised in such books as "Burke's Landed Gentry," but few know from whence they come, or anything at all about the antecedents. And yet amongst all ranks of people, from the highest to the lowest, there is some curiosity upon the subject, which, though usually languid, is always ready, should circumstances so direct, burst into a flame.

It is a pity, however, that this flame should be fed with improper fuel to the extent that it is. When a new man rises up above the mean to such a degree that he thinks it necessary to inquire into his ancestry, his first conclusion is that he must necessarily be related to the best known family of the name he happens to bear. Should that name be Howard, he considers himself related to the house of Norfolk; should his patronymic be Percy, he deems himself sprung from the same ancestry as the Duke of Northumberland; and if his name be Herbert, he claims affinity with the ennobled family of that name. While his ardour is fresh upon him, in his ignorance he probably applies to some professed pedigree-monger, who at once furnishes him with the missing links between himself and the great family he considers himself to belong to, and affixes to the sophisticated article the trade mark, the coat of arms and crest, which belong to the real thing; thereby confirming the *parvenu* in his ideas, and satisfying him that his views are correct. Of course it may be that the Howard in question is really sprung from the same ancestry as the Duke of Norfolk; and, indeed, the longer back a family can be traced to have existed, the more likely it is that some of its collateral branches will have descended down to a lower level of society and have lost all knowledge of their origin. In fact, in the neighbour-

of the seat of an old family are usually to be found persons bearing the same name, in all ranks of life, from the yeoman to the labourer. Perhaps they are not all related, for before surnames became fixed in the lower ranks of life the name of a leading family might have been assumed by persons whose connection with it was not that of blood, but of servitude or tenancy, or of some similar nature. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries a practice existed of alienating coats of arms from one person to another by deed, and grants by barons to their tenants of their own bearings more or less modified were not uncommon. If this occurred with matters so important as coats of arms were in those times, we may be sure that the same thing went on with regard to surnames; and in the rush to secure a name which must have taken place in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and which worked from above downwards, the name of a neighbouring family which was already provided with that desirable appendage must frequently, either with or without permission, have been assumed or obtained; sometimes perhaps without any connection at all with the original owners, but merely because such a name was already in existence.

The earliest documents in which names occur in any plenty, and from which we can judge of their distribution, are Parish Registers. In these we find that in each parish there is usually a marked preponderance of one name, which is probably peculiar to the parish, or to a group of parishes, of which the one in question forms a component part. We find names localised in groups, each group having a centre of density, thinning off, so to speak, towards the edges, and overlapping the groups of other names. In those times locomotion was difficult, and country people were content to remain where they were born, and intermarry with their near neighbours; but nowadays people are more gad-about, and we should expect to find that such centres of names were broken up. Let us look at a book which deals with names on a large scale—I mean the new “Doomsday Book.” This is not a very good source for information on the subject, for the area, the county, is too large, and the standard of admission for a name, the ownership of land, too high for our purpose; but it is easily consulted, and can give us some idea of the localisation of names. It will be seen that many names are nearly confined to, or greatly preponderate in, certain counties. For instance, Goddard is a south-country name, numerous in Hampshire and Wiltshire, occurring but seldom in the midland counties, and not met with in the north, not one person of that name appearing in the list of landowners for *Yorkshire*. *Charlton* occurs plentifully in Northumberland, and *seldom* in the southern half of England. Booth, Ibbotson. “

several other names have their head-quarters in the West Riding of Yorkshire, while even such common names as Taylor, Robinson, and such like, occur much more frequently in some counties than in others. Five Shakespears hold land in Warwickshire, and one in the adjoining county of Worcester, but in no other county does the name appear. If names occur thus in groups in modern times, we can easily understand that they were still more localised three or four hundred years ago; and if they are thus localised in a return of landowners, we should find the localisation still more apparent if we were to take into account the whole population of the various neighbourhoods.

Of the importance of keeping a record of the genealogy of a family it is needless to speak. It is to appeal to a very low standard of usefulness to point to the numbers of advertisements for next of kin, and notices of unclaimed money. Since the establishment of a national system of registration of births, marriages, and deaths, there is not so much chance of the relationships of families being lost as there was in the days of the more careless registration which preceded its institution. But this only dates from 1837; and, moreover, the all-embracing nature of the system causes so many names to be brought together, that an extended search among them is a long and tiring process. It is a useful auxiliary to private registration, but cannot wholly supersede it. The date and place of either of the three occurrences in the life of a person with which genealogy especially concerns itself being known, it is easy to get an official record of the fact from the Registrar-General; but to start with only a name, and to have to look through index after index to find the date of the birth or death of the particular person in question is a very different matter.

And no one should say that he is too humble in station to make care about such things necessary. Fortune's wheel has many surprising turns, and sometimes carries those round with it who least expect to be raised from their station underneath it. To those higher in rank also the due recording of such things is equally important, for many facts concerning their families can be jotted down which must be interesting, and may be useful to those who come after them, and which their posterity can learn in no other manner. In fact, it seems to me that the higher the state of culture of society becomes, the more care will be demanded in matters which so closely concern the family and the race; the more society will ask what it is and from whence it springs, and in an increased degree will it be true that "*the glory of children are their fathers.*"

JOHN AMPHLETT.

TABLE TALK.

THE indiscretion or favouritism to which is attributable that first appearance in the *Globe* of the Agreement between England and Russia, which caused so much surprise in official circles and so much indignation among Ministerial journals, is currently and conveniently attributed to the Russian authorities. This I believe to be either a piece of self-deception on the part of the public, or a clever attempt on that of the real offenders to throw dust into people's eyes. I am assured that the paper came from the English Cabinet, not the Russian; and that indirectly, at least, its despatch was due to a Minister whose views it expresses. As yet the fact has not crept into the political press, that the sudden conversion of one of the most important members of the Cabinet to the Russian side in politics, and his threatened resignation, was the cause, not only of a change of front on the part of the Ministry, but of Lord Beaconsfield's determination to himself attend the Congress. When the secret history of the Congress is written, the importance of the conquest effected by the Russian Ambassador in London will be understood. But for the previous resignation of Lords Derby and Carnarvon, Lord Beaconsfield might have persisted in his policy *quand même*. It would scarcely, however, have been possible for the Ministry to have survived the loss of a third member of the Cabinet, while the provisions of the Budget were still under debate.

AS old forms of disease die out, new ones take their place in Poor Humanity. A leper has become a rarity, and might no doubt realise a considerable income by exhibition. On the other hand, half the civilised world is obliged to provide itself with an eye-glass. In the really "good old times"—that is, in Biblical times—no one was short-sighted. When people were a few centuries old, and dying, we read indeed of their sight beginning to fail, but there is no association of youth with spectacles. Similarly, up to the present century, that feverish passion for "making ascents," called by the vulgar the "Climbing Fever," was utterly unknown. The shepherd *lived under the shadow of the mountain* all his days without the least

desire to explore its peak. It was a long way off ; there was nothing to be got by it ; and when you were there, he rightly argued to himself, you would only see what you had left behind down below—only more of it. But of late years this malady has fearfully increased, and especially among Englishmen. Foreigners thought it odd when a society was founded amongst us—"the Travellers"—composed of persons who had gone so many thousands of miles from home, in a horizontal direction ; but they were greatly more astonished when the Alpine Club was instituted—for those who had surmounted thousands of feet perpendicular. Offensive remarks were dropped all over the Continent connecting the proceedings of its members with those of the climbing ape, with indirect reference to the theories of Dr. Darwin ; but the Club did not mind, being, perhaps, from its habits, above criticism. On the contrary, the disorder spread. So far from wishing to remain in that station of life in which Providence has, geographically, placed us, everybody who was anybody (and not too old or too fat) rushed off to Switzerland in his summer holidays and did his best to break his neck. Those who failed, protested that life was really not worth living at less than 10,000 feet above the level of the sea.

The people who were nobodies, and who could not get to Switzerland, were obliged, however, to content themselves with lower elevations. The Climbing Fever, instead of confining itself, as some maladies do, to persons of means and leisure, communicated itself to the whole community. Attempts are said to have been made by City clerks to "shin" up the Monument and the Duke of York's Column. Trades-people took to the Cumberland and Welsh mountains, which greatly excited the derision of the original climbers, but nevertheless the Fever grew. It was no use to boast you had seen Snowdon ; you were compelled to say you had been to the top of it—which perhaps you had not—or your experience was treated with contempt. The disease now spares neither sex nor age. Women climb, "nor fear to fall ;" and old men, instead of being "afraid of that which is high," as they were in Ecclesiastes' time, like a hill all the better for it—as though it were game. The catastrophe of the poor clergyman, aged 82 (1), who fell off the Pillar Rock in Ennerdale last month, is, in this connection, very remarkable. The mountain in question is perhaps the stiffest climb, though a short one, in all Cumberland, and he had accomplished it twice since his eightieth year. A bottle was found upon his body in which were the following verses, which he had evidently intended to place in the *cairn upon the summit* :—

Two elephantine properties are mine,
 For I can bend to pick up pin or plack;
 And when this year the Pillar Rock I climb,
 Four score and two 's the howdah on my back.

It was the same spot where the unfortunate Mr. Barnard perished two years ago. What influence short of the Climbing Fever could have lured these men to such a fate? Ennerdale, though it has a sterile grandeur of its own, is by no means one of the finest portions of the Lake District: yet this same Pillar Rock seems always to have had a sort of loadstone attraction. Wordsworth makes this—the

One particular rock
 That rises like a column from the vale,
 Whence by our shepherds it is called "The Pillar"—

the place where James (in the poem of "The Brothers") comes by his luckless end.

IN most cases, when we speak of the biter bit, we are supposed to espouse the part of those by whom the *lex talionis* is applied. Occasionally, the victim of the penalty is or should be an object of sympathy. In the case of a breaking of the dams in the Netherlands, when, according to Andrew Marvel,

The fish ofttimes the burgher dispossessed,
 And sat, not as meat, but as a guest;
 And oft the Tritons and the sea-nymphs saw
 Whole shoals of Dutch served up for Cabillau,

it would have been difficult to avoid a feeling of compassion for those upon whom the tables were thus suddenly turned. In a similar spirit, I cannot resist an impulse of compassion for the poor whale at the Aquarium, which, after being ignominiously drawn from its home, was "with difficulty and labour huge" bundled to the Aquarium, "emptied" into a tank, and served with a dinner of eels, which, instead of being eaten, commenced to eat. By placing themselves at the bottom of the tank the eels kept out of the way of their huge enemy, and some of them when hungry took to dining off the animal for whose dinner they were intended. In presence of this unkind attack, and when left once more a-dry to deliver him from his enemies, the whale must have felt, like Caliban on the warning of Trinculo, that he was "but a lost monster." Readers of *Punch* remember, as one of the best puns that ever appeared in its pages, the comment upon a paragraph from a newspaper published at the time when the French Republican soldiers crushed the rising hopes of the Republicans of Rome. "The French entered Rome amid

universal acclamations" ran this paragraph, and the brief comment of *Punch* was "Very like a wail." That pun will be of frequent application if we are to cage like singing-birds these huge animals of whose ways we know so little.

IN "Friendship," the latest novel of Ouida, a story is told of a man whose fortune came to him as a reward for an incidental act of courtesy. When in his early life the late Emperor of France was a resident in England, and was regarded by most of his associates as a personage with whom it was dangerous to be too intimate, since he was likely to develop into a borrower, a man in the hunting field gave him a drink out of a sherry flask after a fall from his horse had left him faint and bruised. Recollection of this act procured in subsequent days from the Emperor a concession by aid of which the good Samaritan obtained a large fortune in a few years. It is not always bad policy to be polite to those who are out of office. One of our old dramatists—Ford, if I remember rightly—says,

Never yet
Was any nation read of so besotted
In reason as to adore the setting sun.

A greater man than Ford, Voltaire, whose centenary has been observed with "maimed rites," was of a different opinion. When in Rome he made a low obeisance to the statue of Jupiter, adding a cynical request to the heathen deity, if ever again he came into his kingdom, to remember the man who was polite to him in his adversity. That the world generally shares the opinion of the English dramatist rather than that of the French philosopher is shown by the manner in which men rush to the side that holds temporary possession of the loaves and fishes. In this respect journals have shown themselves of late like men. I am disposed to think, however, that, so far as political affairs are concerned, those who have kept up some show of worship to the discrowned deities will prove to have been wise in their generation.

TALKING of concessions, it is worth while noticing that a concession has been made by the United States of Columbia to an International Company to construct a canal for ships across the Isthmus of Panama. Particulars concerning the route, the dimensions of the canal, and all other matters are yet wanting, and it is too early to speculate upon the chances of success. It is none the less remarkable in these days of engineering accomplishments that the feat of *which civilisation has dreamed for three centuries and a half* has yet to

be attempted. Cortes believed so strongly in the existence of a natural communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific, that the special aim of his later life was to wrest from Nature what he called "the great secret." According to Spanish belief in the sixteenth century, the country on the coast of Darien was so rich that the fishermen used gold to weight their nets. Gold enough we may depend upon it will be sunk in Darien before its silent peaks look down upon the passage of the ships. Still the problem has to be solved; now that the Nile has yielded up its secret, there is no geographical mystery, except the poles, to distract attention from the task of connecting together the Atlantic and Pacific seas.

THE wits of those who live upon their wits in these days are certainly kept in a very commendable state of sharpness. Opportunities are "improved" with a promptitude which, if they were but of a moral instead of a pecuniary kind, would be worthy of the highest eulogy; and which, short and fleeting as they may be, suffers nothing to escape it. A strike among work-people is not supposed to be advantageous, save to one or two official agents. It is difficult, one would think, to get much out of a "picket," or to derive an income from the very lack of means of one's fellow-creatures. An astute gentleman at Bolton, however, of no profession whatever, (unless that of playing a tin pipe outside public-houses can be called one), has found the present "depression of trade" a considerable source of emolument. Having procured a joiner's bag and a few old tools, he went from town to town to all appearance in search of employment. At every station he was met (like Royalty) by obsequious strangers—the pickets—wishing to know his business, and to see he did not interfere with the rights of labour. "We are all on strike here," they said, "and you must not array your skill and talents against the rights of labour; if necessity compels you——"

"It does, my dear friends," he put in.

"Then here is half a sovereign, and your return fare." He was also "treated" very handsomely. The next day he visited some other towns, with the like results. Altogether, he confessed to his private friends that playing at carpentering and joining was a much better business than playing his tin pipe outside the public-houses. At last they caught him indulging in "a little music in the evening," of this description: and his fate was almost that of Marsyas—they very nearly skinned him alive. But before that *dénouement* took place, he had skinned the joiners handsomely and made a pretty penny.

THE death of Mr. Spender, well known for journalistic enterprise and literary ability, with that of his two sons, is likely to exercise a dispiriting influence upon those who are accustomed at this period of the year to resort to the seaside for the purpose of bathing, and who do not take into account how small is the number of bathers drowned without some contributory negligence on their own part. That three men, all swimmers, and all well within their depth, should, by the suction of an exceptionally powerful wave, be carried out to sea is apt to strike the strongest swimmer with apprehension. In the present case, the loss which I in common with all of my craft deplore seems attributable to want of caution, in the shape of absence of previous inquiry as to the nature of the sand. Few things are more treacherous than the sand on many portions of the seashore, especially on our Eastern coast near the mouth of rivers like the Solway or the Lune. It is always well to be cautious when the tide is on the ebb or the wind is from land. I have seen a bathing machine with a man inside it, and a horse in the shafts, carried out to sea by the force of the wind at a rate that rendered difficult the task of four stalwart sailors who ultimately overtook it in a rowing boat. Human thoughtlessness is responsible for some strange accidents. At Boulogne last autumn a bather lost his leg, which had to be amputated in consequence of the injuries he received from a broken bottle some one had thrown into the sea.

AMONG the errors into which the governors and rulers of States are most likely to fall, none is more dangerous than the supposition that socialistic views are an outcome of what are known as Liberal ideas. They are, in fact, a bequest of tyranny. In those countries in which freedom has been long enjoyed, such as England, Switzerland, and the United States, extreme socialists are either non-existent or without influence. It is in Germany, in which a tediously oligarchical Government is complemented by a bureaucracy more tedious still—in France, which has never during the present century had a satisfying draught of freedom—and in Russia, in which whatever liberty is possessed dates but from yesterday—that extreme opinion is a danger and a menace. There is some cause for alarm lest the Governments of Eastern Europe, in their fright at the phantom of Socialism, should inaugurate measures the effect of which will be wholly and alarmingly reactionary. If it can be proved that Nobiling, whose recent attack on the Emperor of Germany is the cause of this flutter among Ministers, was indeed the *delegate of a party of socialists*, the steps that have since been taken

may be defended. There is at least as much cause, however, for attributing the act to Ultramontane influences as to socialistic. Religious mania has always been more stimulating than political, and there is proof that Nobiling was accessible to Ultramontane influences. Nothing is more probable than that an assassin moved by religious mania should attempt to render a double service to the cause he espoused, and, while shooting a King whose measures had been antagonistic to the clerical party, should strive by a preliminary attendance at a few meetings, and by subsequent insinuations, to cast the odium of his deed on the party which has always been the inveterate enemy of clerical institutions. I would commend to the German police inquiries into this subject, did I not see that such are already in progress. It is not the police, but the Government seeking to arouse public sentiment against a class it regards as dangerous, which assumes the act to be attributable to a socialistic conspiracy.

A CERTAIN light of British Science, who shall be nameless, was called upon the other day by an influential admirer from Kentucky. "Sir," he said, "we admire your writings, and have shown it. We had no Academic distinction to confer upon you, having no University; but we have done our best. We are a racing people, and we have named our best stallion after you!"

I RARELY read novels: time is so short; and I have not yet got through the seventh volume of Jeremy Bentham's complete works; I am woefully behindhand with my Hobbes (Sir William Molesworth's edition); and I have been compelled to suspend my annotations of Milton's "Animadversions on the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymnuus" (one of the rarest "screeds" of invective in English prose), in order to animadvert upon the pictures in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. But I did take up and read with absorbing interest the other day a novel by Mr. James Payn, entitled "By Proxy," the pivot of the plot in which lies in the substitution of a voluntary victim for an offender who is about to be executed. The offender is an eccentric Englishman travelling in China, who has been mad enough to attempt the abstraction of a priceless relic from a Buddhist temple, and has incurred thereby the penalty of a horrible death. The voluntary victim is another wandering Englishman, who submits to take the place of the relic stealer for a "consideration" of £20,000, which he disposes of, prior to his execution, by will.

Stories founded on executions "by proxy" have been written before now. There is Watts Phillips's fine drama of "The Dead Heart;" there is Dickens's pathetic "Tale of Two Cities," both founded on the self-same intensely dramatic incident. The plot woven by Mr. James Payn may nevertheless be held as virtually an original one, for in all probability not another novelist out of five hundred would have hit upon the ingenious contrivance of discovering an Englishman in China who was willing, for the sake of a substantial *solatium*, to sacrifice his life to save that of a fellow-countryman who had got into trouble in the Flowery Land.

AFTER a long and honourable life, close upon sixty years of which have been spent in the service of his country, Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy has died, so to speak, in harness. This is not the place in which to speak of the services to literature of the man to whom we owe the completion of the Descriptive Catalogue of MSS., the Calendaring of the State Papers, and the appointment of the Historical Manuscripts Commission. It may, however, be said that few except workers in antiquarian fields are aware how much attention, courtesy, and information were ever at their command, while none but those who, like myself, were honoured with his friendship could know what years were devoted by him to completing work assigned to others, and inadequately performed. These are not matters on which to dwell. I may mention, however, in connection with a loss that makes my own life the poorer, a circumstance that occurred when I was once with Sir Thomas in an obscure corner of Normandy. Seeking in a village library a book about the district, I found the proprietor a man of more information than was to be expected. In answer to my inquiries about objects of interest he said to me, "Our local antiquaries have little information concerning them. The only man who knows all about Norman antiquities is a countryman of yours; Mr. Hardy of the Record Office. All we know is taken from him." Sir Thomas, then Mr. Hardy, was standing by me at the time, and was a stranger to the man. With characteristic modesty, he refused to allow me to tell the bookseller that the antiquary in question was before him. The story shows how far had travelled a reputation all but ignored in London outside certain circles. If I determined to tell stories of Sir Thomas's goodness, I should find matter for an essay rather than a paragraph of Table Talk.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1878.

ROY'S WIFE.

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FAR ABOVE RUBIES.

DISAPPOINTMENT, thy name is pleasure-hunting ! Amongst all Lady Jane's company, how few were fortunate enough to find the gratification they came so far to seek. Hester, who left home in the highest spirits, with a vague hope that Brail might be invited, felt a greater depression than she chose to acknowledge when she discovered her mistake, but it vexed her still more to reflect that under such unfavourable conditions it would have been far better not to have met at all. Lady Jane, in spite of endless trouble, countless notes, complicated arrangements of all kinds, and a new dress from Paris composed for the occasion, saw her own especial admirer, the captive of her bow and spear, fly off at a tangent on the first opportunity. Lady Pandora, who had taken advantage of her friend's permission to bring, with half-a-dozen other followers, Lord Fitzowen for her particular benefit, chafed to find that volatile nobleman out-of-sorts, out-of-spirits, and, to use her own words, "just as dull as anybody else !"

Fitz himself, having come on the off-chance of being amused, tried tight-waist only to find her wanting, flitted like a butterfly from flower to flower without settling on any one specimen, and, finally, when the others began to explore the maze in pairs, sauntered off to smoke by himself, revolving in his own mind whether or not the whole system of modern society was a mistake, and women rather a bore after all !

It may be doubted if Nelly, sitting, unconscious, with her back to

a grand old tree, scarce a bow-shot off, did not really enjoy the hush and quiet of a summer's evening in these beautiful gardens more than any of them. The trim lawns, the luxuriant roses, drooping but not overblown, the scented pinks, never so sweet as at sun-down, the red-brick wall, the dark clear-cut cypresses, and, beyond all, the wealth of grass, foliage, and forest trees, shutting her, as it were, into a June paradise, seemed so delightful a contrast to Corner Street and the Strand! As her eyes wandered from the pure blue sky above, laced with its streaks of white, to the daisies, drowsily closing their cups at her feet, she felt such thoughts rising from her heart to brain as lips can never clothe in language—indefinite longings, vague aspirations, a thousand gentle wandering fancies, too high for words, "too deep for tears," and realised, perhaps, with wistful consciousness, the paradox of the French sentimentalist, that solitude, to be enjoyed, must be shared with another to whom one can say, "How sweet is solitude!"

Such a companion was nearer than she supposed, and, dreamily as she sat there, a crisis was impending on which her whole future life should turn.

There came a whiff of tobacco, a light step on the turf, an exclamation of surprise, and the next moment Lord Fitzowen stood before her, his cheek flushed, his eyes sparkling, his face radiant with delight.

Nelly, on the contrary, turned paler than ever, rose, as if to walk away, and sank helplessly back to her seat, because limbs and courage failed her in a breath.

He dashed the cigar from his lips—a contraband article, forbidden to be consumed in these royal precincts—while, with a homage the more flattering that it seemed wholly involuntary, he took his hat off as if in the presence of his queen.

Neither spoke, and one hated herself for the blush that she felt would *not* be kept down.

"Mrs. Roy!" he stammered, too much in earnest to be conscious of the ludicrous. "You here, of all people in the world? I thought I was never to set eyes on you again!"

"I came with my aunt," answered Nelly, trying to regain composure. "I expect her back every minute. I am only waiting here till she returns."

To his ear her voice sounded cold, formal, constrained; to his own it seemed as if somebody else was speaking, mechanically, and long way off.

His lordship, glancing from right to left, and observing no tokens of "my aunt," took courage to proceed.

"I have never called for weeks, Mrs. Roy. I have kept away, though—though I was anxious about you, and most unhappy. I would not even send any more flowers, because you seemed not to like it."

"You were right ; I did *not* like it."

"But why? Surely people may be friends. When you were at the Grange I might ride over three times a week, and you always looked glad to see me then."

"That was different."

"Of course it was—very different. I suppose you tolerated me in compliance with the laws of hospitality. Now that you can do as you please, you shut the door in my face."

"Oh ! no—no !"

"It looks like it. I am sure you are unhappy. That is what makes me miserable. I hear you spoken of unkindly, and I have not even the right to stand up for you. I feel that I could be a help, a comfort—to a certain extent a defence—and you refuse to let me see your face, as if I were your bitterest enemy—I, who would give my life willingly to spare you an hour of pain ! It seems so hard, so cruel, so unjust !"

The tears were in her eyes. "Don't say that, Lord Fitzowen ; don't say that—you make *me* wretched too !"

"Then I won't ! No word or deed of mine shall add an ounce to your burden. I only wish to share it. We could carry it so much easier between us. Mrs. Roy (how much longer must I call you by that hateful name ?) we have met here by the merest accident. It's a thousand to one against such a chance occurring again—will you not listen for five minutes ? I am like a man pleading for his life !"

She could not but pity him. He seemed so tender, so considerate, so respectful, and withal so very sad. "It will break his heart, poor fellow !" thought Nelly, "but I suppose I shall have to tell him the truth. How I wish auntie would come, or Mr. Brail !"

The latter was nearer than she thought, and somebody else too, who had arrived at this opportune moment to hear a declaration of love made to his own wife.

John Roy's assistance had been of the utmost service in helping our friend the lieutenant to pacify his drunken messmate. Able-bodied men and sober, partly by moral persuasion, partly by exercise of *physical strength*, these two got their charge housed in the inn, where they dosed him with soda-water, and induced him to lie down

black horsehair sofa, the more readily that above it hung a picture of an old-fashioned three-decker under press of sail. When fairly asleep Brail locked the door and put the key in his pocket, observing calmly that the window was too high for their prisoner to jump out, while he should attempt it, and break his neck, there would be no great loss! Returning from their joint exploit, a happy thought struck the lieutenant that this was the moment to bring about an interview between his friend and the wife he had so misjudged; that by his intervention a reconciliation might take place here, this very afternoon, for the clearing up of all misunderstanding and to the complete satisfaction of both. It speaks well for the sailor's unselfishness, and his manly sense of right, that he should have postponed to such an immediate duty his intention of seeking Miss Bruce, to hold her in his hand, if only for half a minute, and entreat her not to judge him too harshly by what she had seen.

"Let us take a turn up and down, to cool ourselves," suggested this diplomatist, wiping his brown face; "that fellow is as strong as a bull! A round or two more would have given me a wet shirt."

"With all my heart," assented Roy, who rather enjoyed the taste of it. "I suppose they wouldn't stand one's smoking a cigar here?"

"I suppose not," answered the other. "You see, to a certain extent, it's her Majesty's quarter-deck. You don't want to go cruising after your party for ten minutes or so?"

"Not I! They're all over the place by now, and I don't much care if I never see them again. I should have kept away if I had known of one or two that are here."

"One or two" meant really "one," viz. Lord Fitzowen, brought by Lady Pandora at the last moment, much against his will.

"There seems to be a whole fleet of muslin," continued the sailor, "and some very pretty girls amongst them. I think I shall see Miss Bruce."

"Of course you did! The pick of the basket, too, in my opinion, except one, perhaps—a girl with a tight waist."

"A tight waist!" repeated the other musingly, for he was thinking of his *coup de théâtre*, and wondering how far Mrs. John could be wandered by herself. "Ah! wants taking out of stays, very lively enough too, I dare say, and as trim as a Sunday in port. What are they all up to now?"

"What are women always up to? Fool-catching—fool-mate—and fool-hatching—that seems about the sum-total of a lady's business. They're at the catching by this time, romping and laughing in



SECRET



"Nobody ever cared for you as I have."

Brail winced. In his mind's eye he beheld some audacious buccaneer steering his adored craft through those intricate channels, guiding her steps, pressing her hand, whispering in her ear, looking under her bonnet, perhaps. No, hang him! he wouldn't think of it any more!

"Have you ever explored the maze?" asked the sailor, peering about on all sides in search of the lady he required. "They tell me it's a safe berth enough, but once in, you can't get out again!"

"Like marriage," replied the other cynically. "We do lose our way while we're looking for it, and make fools of ourselves in order to be satisfied there is nothing to find out!"

"Marriages might be happy enough," answered Brail, "if people only put more confidence in each other. A frank word or two would clear up most misunderstandings. We've a saying in the Service that it is well to let the ship steer herself, and a man ought to trust his wife when she is out of sight just the same as if——"

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed Roy, choking in ungovernable anger, and discharging an oath he ought to have been ashamed of. "I'll have it out with him now once for all! How lucky I brought a stick with me instead of an umbrella!"

But the sailor's grasp was on his arm like a vice, pinning him to the spot. "Hold on!" he whispered. "Keep steady, only for two minutes, and when you want me I'll stand by you through thick and thin!"

They were not six yards from the tree under which Nelly had taken her seat. Behind its mighty girth they heard the well-known voice of Lord Fitzowen pleading with fervour and devotion worthy of a better cause.

"Don't hate me, Mrs. Roy," urged the impassioned speaker. "Don't say that I am wicked, unprincipled, and taking advantage of your unhappy position. I have anticipated all that. I have thought it over till it has nearly driven me mad! Try and look at the matter from my point of view. Put yourself in my place, and say whether one can risk too much, when the whole happiness of life is at stake. Nobody ever cared for you as I have, from the day I first took you in to dinner at the Grange, when you seemed as much out of my reach as an angel of heaven. Do you remember?"

John Roy held his breath to catch her answer. It never came; but his wife must have betrayed some token of pity or assent, that encouraged her admirer to proceed swimmingly with his suit.

"It is different now. I cannot bear to speak of such things; but

you ought to know that even the laws of *man* are about to set you free. Mr. Roy is every day occupied in procuring his divorce."

"How can he?" murmured Nelly. "How can he? If he only knew!"

Lord Fitzowen, looking in her face, believed that her eyes were dry; but the listeners were not so deceived, for they heard the tears in her voice.

"When freedom comes," answered Fitz, with an idea that he was winning, "why are you not to avail yourself of it? I would have waited patiently for that happy time, and never spoken a word, had we not met here to-day. Can you wonder that I, too, lose my head now? Think what it is to be near you again, to see the dear face, paler, sadder, but more beautiful, more lovable than ever. Oh! Mrs. Roy, have pity on me. I'll wait a hundred years, only give me a hope that at some future time you will be mine."

"Your wife?"

"My wife!"

"Lord Fitzowen, are you in earnest?"

One of the listeners bounced forward. But for that grasp on his arm, he would have spoilt it all.

"As I hope for heaven," answered his lordship, who did not seem to take in that he was wandering far out of the straight path.

"And you would marry a divorced woman? would give your name to one whose own had been dragged through the dirt, and take to your home a wretch your family would be ashamed to own?"

"Readily! gladly! thankfully! I love you, and that is enough!"

"I think you do," she returned, gently and sadly. "Therefore you deserve that I should tell you the truth. Now, listen to me, Lord Fitzowen. Even if I had never known *him*, if I had seen you first, you must not be too sure that I should have cared for you. Many women—most women—might, and hereafter you will find somebody who will make you far happier than you would ever have been with *me*. That is not the question. There are such things to consider as right and wrong. I hope to get to that heaven of which you speak so lightly, and I hope you will get there too. How could I kneel down and say my prayers at night after committing so grievous a sin as to promise you the affection I swore to cherish until death for another? I know nothing of the laws of men, Lord Fitzowen, but I try to obey the laws of God. You and I must meet no more. I mean what I say—not because the good would shun, and the bad laugh at us, not even because I cannot feel for you as you seem to

wish, nor because our friendship is an imprudence and an impossibility, but simply because it is a sin."

"Thanks," answered the guest, sitting down.

Then she rose and walked round the tree, to find herself face to face with her husband, who had heard every word!

One moment she seemed rooted to the spot, her sweet face quivering as if she must burst into a passion of tears,—the next, with a quiet dignity that could not have been outdone by the noblest lady in the land, she placed her arm in the sailor's, and walked him off towards the Palace, observing gently, "I am so glad to have found you, Mr. Brail. Take me back to auntie, and take me home."

The situation was almost grotesque. Husband and lover stood confronting each other, speechless and aghast. The latter spoke first—

"I am foully in the wrong," said he, "and I don't know what reparation I can make. But this I *do* know, Mr. Roy. By God! your wife is the best woman than ever walked on earth!"

Then raising his hat, with a courtesy that had in it something of defiance, he stalked gravely away in one direction, while John Roy, not knowing exactly what to do, took himself off in another.

Let us hope that tight-waist, her captives and rivals, enjoyed their Richmond dinner. Some of the older guests assuredly did *not*. Lord Fitzowen was absent in body—Lady Pandora in mind. Mr. Roy grave and preoccupied, never spoke a word during the whole entertainment; and Lady Jane, with a fixed red spot on either cheek, unusually stately, and laboriously polite, was obviously as cross as two sticks.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

POST-DATED.

BRAIL slept longer than usual after the day's work recorded in our last chapter. Handing these two ladies into another compartment, he returned to London by the same train, in charge of his drunken messmate, whom he saw safe home to his lodgings, where he helped to put him to bed. He had not yet "turned out," as he called it, when a laconic note arrived from John Roy to the following effect:—

"DEAR BRAIL,—You are the best of friends! Come and see me here as soon as possible. You will understand why I do not go to you.

"Gratefully yours,

"J. R."

In a very short space of time the ready sailor was at his correspondent's door, fresh, clean-shaved, and well-dressed, as if he devoted hours instead of minutes to his careful toilet.

Roy, who was drinking tea, jumped up and grasped him by the hand. Then the two looked sheepish and awkward, as only Englishmen can, each waiting for the other to begin.

"Have some breakfast?" said the host.

"Thanks," answered the guest, sitting down.

Not a word for nearly five minutes, only a great clatter of plates and munching of dry toast.

Presently Roy looked up. "That was touch-and-go, yesterday said he. "I should have put my foot in it, if it hadn't been *you*."

"I think you just *would*."

More munching, and another application to the tea-pot, a light cigarette pushed across the table, a light struck, and at last they found their tongues, conversation proceeding smoothly under the influence of tobacco, like machinery that has been oiled.

"I wanted very much to speak to you, this morning."

"I knew you would. That's why I came."

"After what we heard yesterday, I begin to think I am wrong."

"You have been in the wrong all through."

"Thanks! I hate a fellow not to say what he means. I must have your leg off, it's no use the sawbones pretending it hurts. Now I want to show you something that will prove I am such a brute as you think."

"I should like to be satisfied of that. Fire away!"

Roy walked to his writing-table, unlocked a drawer, and from it the letter to Lord Fitzowen which had caused him so much bitterness. "Read," said he, placing it in the sailor's hands. "I would give ten years of my life to find any excuse, any pall any crevice of escape from the conclusion I am forced to draw."

Brail read it attentively more than once, and his face felt every line. At the end of his last perusal, it expressed more astonishment than concern.

"How did this fall into your hands?" he asked, after a pause of consideration.

"My housekeeper brought it me the last time I went to Royston Grange. She found it hidden away, and no doubt forgot it in Mrs. Roy's jewel-case."

"*Your* housekeeper? Has she been with you long?"

"Years. Before I married she was almost mistress of the place—ordered everything, paid for everything, and kept the whole establishment going. I could trust her like myself."

Again the sailor pondered. "It must have been rather a comedown," said he, "when Mrs. Roy took the command over her head, or did she still continue to serve out the stores, and all that?"

"No. Mrs. Roy was an excellent manager, and looked to everything herself."

"Did she turn discontented under fresh regulations? I don't mean mutinous, but slack with the duty, and disrespectful to her new mistress?"

"Not exactly. But she certainly seemed to dislike her."

Again Brail went over the letter, apparently more puzzled than before.

"Are you satisfied this is your wife's handwriting?"

"I can swear to it! Besides, there's the very monogram we devised together not a week before she went away. How *can* women be so false! She seemed fond enough of me then."

"Only a week before? They must have been very quick with the die. Who engraved it?"

"Pattern and Press, in Oxford Street. I've employed them ever since I was a boy."

"Did you write to them with the order?"

"No. But she did. I posted the letter myself."

"Do you remember when?"

"On the nineteenth of March. I am certain of the date, because we were stopped hunting by frost."

"And when did your wife leave Royston Grange for good?"

"On the twenty-seventh."

"Mr. Roy, I think I see daylight. Will you put on your shore-going togs, and come in a cab with me?"

The "shore-going togs" were speedily assumed, and our energetic lieutenant, hurrying his friend into a hansom, desired its driver to make all sail for Oxford Street, and bring up at the well-known firm of Pattern and Press.

Pulling John Roy after him, he strode hastily into the back-shop, and requested to see Mr. Press.

A smiling person, who made as if he were washing his hands, "regretted Mr. Press had that moment stepped out."

"Mr. Pattern, then?"

The smiling person, not without bowing an apology for his own

existence, intimated that *he* was Mr. Pattern. "What could he do for the gentlemen in the absence of his partner?"

"Do you know who *this* is?" asked Brail.

"Mr. Roy, I believe," was the deferential answer. "Excuse me if I am mistaken. My sight is not so good as it used to be."

"Has he paid his account?"

"I believe not. I hope not. Most unusual to send it in before Christmas. Sorry to trouble Mr. Roy with *any* account, however long standing. One of our oldest customers."

"Never mind that! Can you let us have it now?"

"Certainly—certainly. Our book-keeper shall make it out in five minutes. Will the gentlemen take chairs and wait?"

"What are you driving at?" whispered Roy. "In the first place I have only a few shillings in my pocket. How can I pay the bill when they bring it me?"

"Easy!" answered the other—while Mr. Pattern, regarding the speaker in mute astonishment, proffered the wished-for document which Brail possessed himself of at once, and slapped down with exceeding energy on the counter, exclaiming:—"I was sure of it. Lower away now, my hearty! We're winning hand-over-hand. It's as plain as a pikestaff! No man alive can dispute such a fact as this, regularly entered on the ship's log! See here: March the 28th To six quires of letter-paper, cream-laid, with new monogram and envelopes to match, 12s. 6d. March the 28th.—Do you observe the date? Mr. Pattern, can you verify this entry of yours? When was the packet of letter-paper posted?"

"On the 28th, sir. Here it is in the day-book. Addressed—Mrs. Roy, Royston Grange."

"That's enough. There's something below the water-line here that must and shall see light. It's lucky we thought of overhauling that big book. Mr. Roy, the sooner you and I clear out of this the better!"

In the street Brail could express himself with greater freedom. "Don't you see," he continued, "that letter carries *forgery* on the face of it. Mrs. Roy left the Grange on the 27th. This paper with the new monogram was never delivered there till the 28th. Somebody has been trying to ruin her by imitating her handwriting, and have my own suspicions who that somebody is. Let us hail another cab, and drive to your lawyers'."

Roy suffered himself to be led like a child by his energetic friend. "I am in your hands," said he; "do with me what you like."

Mr. Sharpe, who seemed much less of a "land-shark" than Br

expected, and was indeed an honourable, right-thinking gentleman, coincided with the sailor in his opinion that Mr. Roy should proceed home at once, there to leave no stone unturned till he had discovered the author of this foul conspiracy.

"I'll go there, too, and see him through it," added the sailor with characteristic decision. "Will you lend us a purser's mate, or a clerk, or an idler of some kind, to overhaul the accounts? It might be a great help; for if we have to hold a Court of Inquiry, there will be some hard swearing, I fancy, all round!"

"I don't know what a purser's mate is," answered the lawyer, laughing, "and we have no idlers in *our* service, but you shall take one of my clerks, and welcome. He can go down by the next train."

So at six o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Mopus, sitting comfortably over her tea, was startled by a ring at the hall-door, and the appearance of her master, with two strange gentlemen, standing on the steps.

"It's lucky I had my little card party yesterday!" she thought, reflecting how awkward it would have been to conceal, or get rid of, certain guests who occasionally refreshed themselves by her invitation at Mr. Roy's expense. "What *can* they want, coming unbeknownst like this? Three of them, and nothing in the house but a cold cherry-tart and a spare-rib of pork!"

She was soon to be undeceived as to their motives. In vain she dressed her countenance in smiles, affecting extreme cordiality of welcome for her master, and concern for the comfortable lodging of his friends. John Roy's face was dark and inscrutable; his words were brief, his bearing was stern. She had never seen him like this but once, when he discharged a butler at an hour's notice who had been robbing him with impunity for six or seven years.

"We do not intend to sleep here, Mrs. Mopus," said he; "I have only come down to settle your accounts. Be good enough to bring the books into my library at once."

Her face changed from drab to grey.

"They're not made up, sir," she answered, dropping a curtsey on trembling knees. "It's too much trouble to ask you to wait—I have plenty of money to go on with. I could send them up to town, Mr. Roy, in the course of to-morrow."

He only answered, "I want to see them now," and there was nothing for it but to bring them in as they were, and stand the shot.

The lawyer's clerk, more at home with figures than either of the others, and acknowledged by Brail to be "a very smart fellow," saw it all at a glance. Overcharges, false entries, a general cooking of

balances at the foot of each page, and Elinor Roy's name signed in full to verify certain columns that would have thrilled her house-wifely soul with indignation and dismay.

"This old catamaran must be disrated at once," said Brail, "and she ought to be put in irons before sundown. But if we can get her to confess the truth, it's worth all the money. I should pay her off, and cut her adrift without another word."

Mrs. Mopus, subsequently explaining matters in her own circle, asked, "What was a poor woman to do with three great strong fellows brow-beating and bully-ragging of her, and taking down of all she said in pen and ink, as if they was judge and jury, and what-not? She was that upset and put about she couldn't have told you whether she stood on her head or her heels, and confessed to everythink in course. But as to the questions these wicked men asked, and how she answered them, she couldn't call to mind now no more than the dead!"

Brail's account, for the satisfaction of a young lady who afterwards cross-examined him pretty sharply on that and other matters, told a very different story.

"She fell on her knees, Miss Bruce," said he, "and implored mercy from us all—particularly the lawyer's clerk, whom I think she took for Jack Ketch, under a foreign flag. Then she acknowledged to having purloined the stores, falsified the accounts, and generally robbed her employer through thick and thin. Lastly, she would not deny that she had practised copying Mrs. Roy's handwriting till she became so smart at it as to forge that letter to Lord Fitzowen which so nearly blew all hands into the air. She did it because she hated her, and she hated her because she thought her mistress would never make a good wife to Mr. Roy. It was all done for her master's sake, even the false entries in the chandler's book! She was firmly attached to him, had been so from the first—a devoted servant and a faithful friend. Though he drove her out of doors at the end of ten years, without a roof to cover her, she would always pray for his welfare; and if he would only spare her now this once, he might some day find out she had neither been so ungrateful nor so unprincipled as he supposed!"

"Was Mr. Roy satisfied?" asked the young lady, receiving the report with much condescension.

"Mr. Roy *was* satisfied; and, I fancy, is more attached to his wife than ever. He told me so, coming back to the train. He confessed, too, that he had behaved like a brute, and I agreed with him. *But he is not in smooth water yet.* From what he let out, I believ-

He is under a solemn promise to another lady, and is fighting with a rope round his neck. It's a very awkward business, but it serves him right! A man should stick to his colours *like* a man, and go down with them flying, when he can't float any longer!"

"You would!"

"If somebody only made signals, wouldn't I! I would run up my ensign sooner than she thinks. I——"

"But you haven't finished about Mr. Roy."

"There's not much more to tell. He knows he is in a mess, and he asked me how he was to get out of it."

"What did you advise?"

"He had better slip his cables, I told him. 'You're in bad anchorage,' I said, 'and under the enemy's guns. The only chance for you, is to cut and run.'"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WILLOW! WILLOW!

A WOMAN cannot be a dove, and all dove. There is necessarily something of a serpent's wisdom in the very sweetest of the sex, and just enough ferocity to turn and sting his heel who grinds her to the dust. Only the accident of a wind off-shore, I imagine, preserved Æneas from a most unpleasant quarter of an hour with his deserted Dido; and I have no doubt the flame of anger burned itself out, unslaked, in that ill-used lady's heart before she gave way to utter depression and despair. Wrath is an excellent styptic; it saves many a victim from bleeding to death, at the first intention. Hereafter, when immediate danger is past, her wounds must have their course—the dull, dead pain, the intermittent throb, the accustomed ache, the smart that tingles while it heals. Then the salve, the cure, renewed health, strength, vitality, and a strong inclination to go down into the battle once more.

Lady Jane slept but little on the night after her Richmond dinner-party; and such broken slumbers as she did achieve were unblest by oblivion or repose. About her was the foreboding that never deceives—the shadow of coming evil, that is as surely followed by its substance as evening by night. I have known trouble—who has not?—have seen the faithless waters smiling smooth and void, fathom-high above my precious cargo that was floating even now so fair and so secure; but with all its bitterness, all its despair, the

apathy of bereavement was not half so painful as that sickening moment when, owner and master still, I became conscious that the ship was going down under my very feet. If life, as certain dreamers tell us, must be measured by sensations rather than by results, can we wonder that the hearts of so many are withered before their heads turn grey!

At five o'clock A.M. Lady Jane, tossing and tumbling, with a red cheek laid on a white arm, with a breadth of soft brown hair scattered over a laced pillow, gave herself up to despair; at seven there came a reaction; at eight a relapse; and by ten minutes past she was out of bed, writing a note to be taken round at once to Mr. Roy's lodgings by a footman who was still fast asleep. As it never reached him for whom it was intended, no confidence, perhaps, is outraged by quoting this document in full, observing, *en passant*, that, notwithstanding the lady's agitation, it was written in a beautifully clear, sloping hand, nor betrayed the least sign of emotion, save in the scoring of certain adjectives and other forcible expressions underneath.

"I have never closed an eye. What is the meaning of it all? What has happened? Why is one to be *outraged*, *humiliated*, made wretched and *ridiculous* for nothing? What an afternoon! What a dinner-party! and oh! what a night! I had rather *die* than endure such *tortures* again. Even Lady Pandora noticed it, and wanted to know if I suffered from the heat, I looked so ill? I *did* suffer, but not from *heat*. Anything but that. Ask yourself if you were not more than *cold*, distant, cruel, pointedly rude and unkind. Before all those people, too! Even that odious, over-dressed, *tight-laced* girl observed it. I caught her *simpering* and *ogling*. No doubt she understood *everything*, and wanted you for *herself*. If you go on like this, she is *welcome* to you for all I care. No. I don't *mean* it. But I am writing with an aching head, and oh! such a sore, *sore* heart. I wonder whether you *care*. I could understand it if I had done anything to vex you, but I hadn't. I *never do*. Why are you not *equally considerate*? After all, I made the party to please you. I asked every one of the people, even that horrid *detestable* girl, that I thought you would like to meet, and what was my reward? You never said a kind word from first to last, you wouldn't walk with me, you wouldn't talk to me, you wouldn't even look at me, and you wished me good-night as if I had been a *perfect stranger*! Do you think I will bear it? No. Even a worm turns when trodden on, but I am *not* a worm, and it breaks my heart to be trodden on by *you*. Nobody *else ever* dared to try. Oh! I *wonder* if that is why—Never *mind*.—Come round the *very* instant you get this. Don't fuss about

hours, or appearances, or what the *servants* will think. I don't mind, and I am sure *you* need not. If you are very good, and I see you in *an hour*, perhaps I won't quarrel with you after all, but remain as ever,

“*too* truly yours,

“JANE DE BANIER.”

They write themselves into good-humour, over and over again. There is no such safety-valve for a woman as her blotting-book, and the compositions that do them most good are those which expect but do not require answers. While her footman dressed himself, went to Mr. Roy's lodgings, not a quarter of a mile off, and returned therefrom, which took him the best part of an hour, Lady Jane cooled down to a reasonable state of mind, and began to contemplate the future from a more hopeful point of view. It was not her nature to despond, and since her girlhood she was accustomed to place great reliance on the only person she could thoroughly trust to further her own interests, to wit, Lady Jane. The footman, feeling in so far a free agent that he was not yet powdered for the day, returned leisurely enough, and her ladyship's maid, likewise with great deliberation, took up her ladyship's note to her ladyship's room.

“What is this?” exclaimed the mistress, turning pale.

“If you please, my lady,” answered the maid, “Mr. Roy was gone.”

“Gone !”

“Yes, my lady. The people of the house said he left no address, so Charles thought he had better bring the note back.”

“Charles was right. That will do, Flounce. I'll ring when I want you.”

She tried to steady her voice, and thought she had succeeded ; but Flounce, a romantic person, not much fettered by an uncertain engagement to a distant butler, glanced in her face, and knew as well as we do that her lady had received a grievous hurt in those regions her maid considered most susceptible to what she was pleased to call “a disappointment of the affections.”

“I never thought much of Mr. Roy,” she confided to her house-keeper, over their strong black 'tea. “He's not at all the sort of gentleman as I should have chose, not for *my* lady. No hardour, no devotion. Why, I've known him keep of her waiting to walk out with him a quarter of an hour and more. That's not a true-'arted attachment, Mrs. Rolle, never think it ! I've had men, and so have *you*, I dare say, that distracted if you went and said a wry word, they'd be off to strap their razors or to pay their penny at Waterloo Bridge, a'most before you'd time to turn round and make it up !”

"It's best to kiss and be friends, when you come to that," returned Mrs. Rolle, an elderly woman, of ample proportions. "If my lady seems down-hearted-like, Miss Flounce, hadn't you better take her up another cup of tea?"

"Down-hearted" is no word to express her ladyship's discomfiture. Before luncheon she had gone through more vexation than falls to the lot of many people in a twelvemonth. With a certain wilfulness that formed part of her character, she put on her bonnet, the prettiest she had, and went unattended to make inquiries at Mr. Roy's domicile for herself. These were most unsatisfactory. He was gone, of that there seemed no question. But where? Could she have found out, she might have been tempted to follow; but even then, to what good result? He had deceived and compromised her—nobody ever behaved worse; he was a villain and a traitor, yet she could get no redress! The world, *her* world, would protest it served her right. She should have waited for his divorce, and kept him off till he was really free. The woman ought never to be in the greatest hurry of the two. With her experience, she might have known better, and, in her childish delight at finding something to care for, should have curbed her feelings before they were allowed to carry her too far.

"I should like to lie down and die," thought Lady Jane, "or at least to go to bed and not get up till the day after to-morrow; but I am engaged to dinner this very evening, and what will people think, what will people say, when they learn that he is gone out of town, if I don't show myself everywhere? No; for the children's sake, I must make an effort. That is only half a defeat which is concealed from the world, and rather than see myself pitied by Lady Pandora, I would be broken on the wheel with a smiling face!"

So her ladyship went to dinner-parties as usual, in a selection of square-cut dresses that did justice to her attractions, parrying inquiries as to Mr. Roy's absence with an affected knowledge of his movements, and cool audacity, that did not the least impose on her friends. She looked handsomer than ever, people said; an improvement which Lady Pandora kindly attributed to paint, but which we are inclined to believe resulted from a subdued restlessness, that brought a deeper flush to her cheek and a brighter sparkle to her eye. She laughed louder, too, it was observed, and she spoke in a higher voice than she used, while, to quote Lady Pandora once more, "she flirted worse than ever, getting men about her of all sorts and ages. Dreadful, my dear, really! So noisy, so *manière*, and such bad style!"

But a square dinner-dress, however low it may be cut, and however liberal a view it may offer of that snowy surface, affords no clue whatever to the secrets burning within a lady's breast.

There is a story, verified, I have been told, by medical records, of a man who wore a glass pane, substituted for the skin and outer coatings of his stomach, through which the inquisitive might observe—not, I should think, without apprehension for their own interiors—the curious process of digestion. Such a window I can believe most startling in the stomach—but imagine one in the breast! What wonders would the bystanders behold! what contradictions, giving the lie direct to the smooth brow and the smiling cheek! what envy, hatred, malice, and contempt, where the well-drilled face expressed sympathy, good-humour, cordiality, and subservience. No! Under such conditions, society would fall to pieces in a day. We had better remain as we are, digest our food as best we can, without revealing how sadly it disagrees with us, and hate an enemy—or, for that matter, a friend—without flourishing our feelings for the edification and amusement of the town.

Nobody kept her own counsel more resolutely than Lady Jane. Soldiers have been decorated with medals and clasps for less courage than she displayed night after night, under a galling fire from the adversary, and a random shot every now and then from some treacherous ally. There are martyrs in the worst of causes; and for those who admire endurance and self-command, her ladyship was a goodly sight as she moved in or out of a drawing-room, cool, stately, unabashed—like a frigate sailing majestically through the fire of a battery that has not quite succeeded in getting her range.

The men flocked round her by scores, more importunate, more attentive than ever. Only a woman—and a woman who had been slighted—could have detected in their manner a shade more of interest, a shade less of respect, than she had heretofore considered her due. After a while she got used to it, perhaps even liked it; but at first it was galling in the extreme. She carried her head high, though, even under this new degradation, and allowed nobody to see by her manner that she was not marching proudly to victory but rather retiring steadily under defeat.

Yes; she could not disguise it from herself. Like every woman smarting for an imprudence shared between them, she had to bear all the man's punishment in addition to her own.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

YARD-ARM TO YARD-ARM.

MOVED by the advice of his nautical friend, nautically expressed, Mr. Roy's first impulse was to "cut and run" beyond the bounds of Britain, putting some ten leagues of salt-water between himself and one of the ladies he had so cruelly wronged. But such expatriation would in no way have furthered his reconciliation with the other; and the dearest wish of his heart, as the spirits at Mrs. Eccleston's seemed to have guessed, was again to pay his addresses, in hope of a favourable hearing, to his own wife. Under these circumstances he bethought himself that no hiding-place could be so secure as the heart of London, and removed accordingly, with his valet and effects, to a monster hotel, whence he took a fresh departure for lodgings on a second-floor, situated considerably to the east of Temple Bar. Here he was no sooner established than he proceeded to write an exceedingly penitent letter, imploring Nelly's forgiveness for past injustice, and promising, as Othello always does when he is ashamed of himself, never to suspect her again. This done, he felt assured that by return of post he would receive a full and free pardon, with a cordial invitation to the Corner Hotel, Strand.

But his letter, perhaps because it came straight from the heart, was so stiffly and even clumsily worded, that Nelly's pride took fire at some of the very phrases intended to convey extreme contrition and remorse, prompting her to write back such an answer as filled him with dismay. He had never calculated on her taking the higher ground, and demurring to a reconciliation with *him*. It was like the "I banish you!" of Coriolanus, and he felt it even more richly deserved.

She wrote temperately, nay, kindly; abjured all feelings of malice and irritation, laying great stress on her disinclination to enter into the subject of her own sufferings, or her own wrongs. But how was she ever to trust him again? How could she run the chance of seeing her life's happiness once more shattered at a blow, without a hope of defending herself?—nay, her reputation blasted by the very man who ought to protect it from the lightest breath of shame? There were certain illusions that, once dispelled, could never be restored. A woman's love must not be put off like an old dress, or changed for a newer at the fancy of the wearer. No *man*, probably, could be made to understand how precious it was, how unchanging, and how eternal. She felt no shame in confessing that she would

Always care for him to whom she had plighted her faith at the altar, ~~but~~ (underlined with vigorous emphasis) nothing could undo the past, and it would be better for them never to meet again. Though she had been insufficient for his happiness, she would pray for it night and day. Though she would never more look in his dear face, she would *ask his permission* (underlined again) to sign herself, now and always, his true and loving wife, Elinor Roy.

That our friend was no great judge of the other sex I need hardly observe at this stage of my narrative. Few men could be less capable of reading between the lines, in such a letter as has been quoted above; and when he sent for his adviser Brail, post-haste, to come and counsel him under this crushing defeat, the sailor fairly laughed in his face.

"I can't make out their signals," said he, "in a general way, for I've not served my time with the women yet, and I hope I never may; but if this doesn't mean 'clear for action!' I'm a Dutchman. Why, man, you should never have written at all. What's the use of a letter when you can go and speak for yourself? No, no. I'm a green hand enough, but I think I have learned this much, that, wife or no wife, manœuvring is only so much time wasted. Yard-arm to yard-arm: that's the way to do it; and let the best man win!"

"Then I'll call this very afternoon; but how if the waiter won't let me in?"

"Knock him into next week. It shows energy, and she'll see you're in earnest!"

"I suppose I had better," answered Roy; reflecting, however, that it would be rather hard on the waiter.

"And now," continued he, with the stiff, reserved manner it was his nature to assume when deeply moved, "I have never had an opportunity of thanking you for all your kindness. Is there anything I can do in return?"

"Yes, there is!" answered the other. "I'll be frank with you. I'm in shoal water myself. And yet I don't know. She's far too good for me. I suppose I ought to give it up!"

"Don't do that," said Roy kindly. "At least, not if it's Miss Bruce."

"Miss Bruce it is!" replied the sailor, with a blush on his brown face that, had it overtaken him in the ward-room, he would never have heard the last of from his messmates. "If you could put in a good word for me with Sir Hector, do you think I should have a chance?"

John Roy, for all answer, scanned this comely suitor from top to toe with a meaning smile.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the latter.

"I was thinking of your own advice. Nobody can put it in practice better than yourself. I will do all I can for you, of course, but go to the young lady's house, try to see her alone, and then yard-arm to yard-arm! I have no doubt the best man will win!"

In pursuance of this sage counsel, Mr. Brail, who had got himself up splendidly for the occasion, proceeded with a beating heart toward the town residence of Sir Hector Bruce, devoutly hoping that Roy had been as good as his word, and that he would have no stronger resistance to encounter than might be offered by the young lady herself.

Even Hester's scruples, however, he grew less and less sanguine of conquering the nearer he approached her domicile, for, with the customary perversity of true love, he overrated the value of his idea in proportion as he depreciated his own.

Can we wonder that he "stood off-and-on," as he called it, walking up and down, and traversing the street several times, before he found courage to knock at the well-known door; or that, when it was opened, he felt for one cowardly moment it would be a relief to learn Miss Bruce was not at home!

Following the servant up-stairs, like a man in a dream, he was conscious of a vague, stupid wonder how he should come down again, whether as the happiest man that ever stepped, or as a poor, unlucky devil, without a hope or a fear left in the world!

Notwithstanding its romance, the sensation reminded him a little of his first visit to a dentist.

But no sooner was he through the drawing-room door, and fairly in her presence, than the sight of the girl he loved dispelled, as it always did, the forebodings and misgivings that had haunted him so cruelly. Even diffidence became absorbed in admiration, and all other feelings were lost in a sense of irrational delight only to be renewed when she rose—once more. When she rose—a radiant vision with blue ribbon in her dress—and gave him her slim, white hand, he felt perfectly composed and happy, even while admitting it was impossible such an angel could ever be his own!

He hardly dared look her in the face, she seemed so beautiful. Perhaps that was why he failed to notice the shifting colour, the deepened eyes, the trembling of the delicate mouth and chin, that told their own tale.

Neither of them could subsequently have given an account of

their conversation. I imagine they talked about the weather, and the opera, and somebody's ball, unconsciously and without attaching the slightest meaning to any one word they said. Presently, the shuttle-cock fell dead between two such pre-occupied players, and an awkward silence ensued that neither found courage to break. The ship was becalmed, as it were, and lay such a log on the water, she had not even steerage-way !

Brail's pulses were beating hard, his lip twitched, and his strong nerves thrilled like a girl's ! If Miss Bruce betrayed less discomposure, it was because she kept her head bent over some embroidery, stitching with an industry beyond praise,—but I believe she unpicked most of the work next day.

In such cases, though undoubtedly he ought, the gentleman does not always speak first.

"Have you—have you chanced to see anything of Mr. Roy lately?" asked Hester, turning to sort the silks in her work-basket, with a transparent affectation of unconcern. The question brought him two feet nearer at once, and it is but justice to state that when fairly yard-arm to yard-arm he opened fire without delay.

"Seen Mr. Roy?" he repeated; "I have seen nothing else. I never left him, Miss Bruce, till he returned to his duty. I did everything you told me. I ask nothing better than to do everything you tell me for the rest of my life!"

"Are you so obedient? I had no idea you were so much afraid of me."

"You must have seen it. I've been the biggest coward in that way ever since the first time I met you at the Horticultural Gardens. I dare say you have forgotten all about it?"

No answer.

"I haven't. I never shall! You were rigged out in a white dress, and had hoisted your favourite colours. You told me they were. Sailor's blue—deep and true!"

"I think I remember. You said you liked blue."

"I said no more than the truth, and not half so much as I thought. Somehow, I never *can* say as much as I want to *you*."

"That dress was rather a favourite of mine. Do you know, I've got it still? Directly we were introduced, I felt sure you would admire it, being a sailor."

"How did you know I was a sailor?"

"By the way you carried your hands dangling outwards—so—as if they were ready to do *anything*. *Able and willing*, you know. I *always liked sailors!*"

They were willing enough now, those brown, able hands. They caught one of hers in their manly grasp, with infinite tenderness and delicacy, but yet so firmly as to claim it for their own, and when they had captured their prisoner, lifted it, resisting faintly, to a pair of eager lips.

Need I go on? Surely a lady thus fettered considers herself no longer a free agent, and must make the best terms she can. How Miss Bruce expressed submission—whether she hauled her flag down or sheered off to leeward, or practised any such manœuvres of the vanquished—I decline to say, but for the next half-hour or so there is no doubt she carried a red ensign at the fore! Had the weather necessitated coals, and had the footman brought them in, with stealthy footsteps he would have seen his young mistress sitting contentedly on the sofa, with her head against a broad, honest shoulder, and a strong, honest arm encircling her waist. The work-basket, clumsily enough had contrived to get itself upset, and the embroidery, with a needle sticking upright, lay tumbled on the floor.

What do people talk about when they have just become engaged? Happily, nobody knows. They cannot remember themselves, and are seldom overheard, as such conversations are invariably carried on in whispers. I fancy that even in these moments of rapture, and in most earthly enjoyment, much of the pleasure consists in retrospection. "When did *you* first begin to think you liked *me*?" "When did you first begin to think I liked *you*?" "Do you remember when I danced with the captain?" "Have you forgotten how vexed I was about the flower?"—and so on—and so on. There is not much sense in it. The faculty man calls Reason has totally absented itself; the power man calls Folly reigns supreme; and yet, ask each and all of you, who have waged the common venture, who have "*gelebt und geliebt*," whether these are not the moments when weak mortality is most convinced it possesses an immortal soul.

To "see papa in the library" seems rather a come-down, after flights like these; yet, for suitors of such girls as Miss Bruce, it is an inevitable sequel. Brail, agitated and anxious, while supreme in happiness, wondered how Sir Hector could be so composed. The captain's hand was cool, his brow serene, and he bowed his visitor in a chair without the slightest symptoms of emotion. But the young man, though very fond of Hester, he was not in love with her, and seemed, moreover, that he had not been taken wholly unawares.

Roy having fulfilled his promise, the father had found time to consider the pretensions and general character of the man who was *going to ask his daughter* of him as a wife. In the library they were

debated for more than an hour, and at the end of that time Brail scarcely knew whether he was accepted or not. The *pros* and *cons* seemed so many, and must be so exhaustively treated. The want of fortune, the hazardous profession, were such grave objections. But, on the other hand, Hester's happiness should be the first consideration, though young people did not always know their own minds, and Mr. Brail's personal character was so wholly unimpeachable, that—in short, there was a great deal to be said on both sides, and nothing must be done in a hurry. Sir Hector was getting infirm and felt fatigued, he would not detain his visitor any longer, but perhaps, if Mr. Brail had no better engagement, he would dine with them to-day at eight sharp. A little family party of three. Nobody but themselves! How could Mr. Brail have a better engagement? He had no fears now. The very footman who let him out seemed to look on him as one of themselves.

CHAPTER XL.

WELCOME HOME.

"WHAT a rum fellow Fitzowen is! He promised to come to Norway with us, and now that the yacht is ready, sails bent, and stores on board—hang him! he throws me over at the last moment!"

The speaker, a ruddy, square-built personage, wearing his hat very much aslant, who stood in his club-window, looking thoroughly aggrieved, threw out the above remark as a bait for general sympathy.

"Fitz was always slippery," observed one of the circle. "But it isn't his fault this time, poor devil! He's gone a mucker. I always said he would, and now he is forced to bolt!"

"Money?"

"Money. Or rather bills. No fellow can stand sixty per cent. It would break the Rothschilds."

"You're all wrong," interrupted a third gossip, who prided himself on the accuracy of his information. "It has nothing to do with money. It's the other thing. Fitz has been refused, and is so astonished, he has fled the country."

"Refused! Then women are not all such fools as I thought. Who is *the wise virgin*?"

"Miss Bruce. Rather a good-looking virgin, and an heiress. No wonder Fitz feels it. He was getting deuced hard up."

"I thought no English girl with money ever refused an Irishman without!"

"Fitz isn't an Irishman. Only an Irish peer."

"Then that accounts for it. I suppose he'll sell his horses. I shouldn't mind having the bay mare. Where is he off to?"

"Sicily—Kamschatka—Madagascar—the Levant—wherever fellows *do* go when they can't pay up."

He couldn't have started for *all* these places, and was, indeed, no farther off than County Galway, where he owned a property, that as yet he had never seen, but now determined to visit with certain vague ideas of becoming a judicious landlord, a respectable country gentleman, and doing some little good in his generation.

Morally, our friend had sustained what may be called "a shake." All his preconceived notions as to the ends and aims of life seemed to have changed. It was beginning to dawn on him that a human being, even a good-looking young nobleman, with an Irish peerage, might have been put into this world for more useful purposes than to eat a certain number of dinners, wear out a certain number of boots, and lay siege to a certain number of hearts, not very well worth winning after all!

Like Byron's sample peer, he had

Loved his love and gamed his gaming :

so it occurred to him he would stop at that point without fulfilling the remainder of the programme. He had been more than startled, he had been put to utter shame and confusion, when he found that one of the weak and frivolous sex he had been accustomed to count as alternately tyrants and victims, was capable of shaping her conduct, not by expediency and caprice, but on high moral principles of abstract right and wrong. The man had a fund of chivalry and generosity in his nature, if one could only get at it, and when Mrs. Roy appealed to his sense of honour and duty she touched the right chord. For the first time he experienced a purer and nobler sentiment than the longing he had hitherto mistaken for Love, and was proud to feel capable of self-denial and self-sacrifice on behalf of a woman he resolved never to see again. "She is in a false position," he said to himself, "and so am I. While we live in the same town, large as it is, there must always be an off-chance of our meeting, and I cannot answer for myself if I am to see those deep grey eyes again! *No, I will not thwart her on the path of right. She is so good ;*

she deserves to be happy, and happy I pray that she may be, even if she must needs go back to the husband who never was half worthy of her, who could suspect her without cause, desert her without scruple, and console himself with such a bundle of affectation as Lady Jane !”

So he sought distraction from Nelly's haunting image in the volubility of his Irish tenants or the prolixity of his Scotch agent, and while perched on a seven-foot bank, watching his plausible labourers working as if the tools burned their fingers, he little dreamed how happy she really was in her old home.

The yard-arm-to-yard-arm tactics had succeeded with Mrs. Roy as with Miss Bruce. After a sharp encounter on the stairs, during which Mrs. Phipps told him some home-truths, and was disarmed by his humble acknowledgment that he had been wrong from first to last, the penitent husband obtained access to his wife, and was allowed to plead his cause, with a success that can never be doubtful when judge and jury are predisposed in favour of the defendant. His arguments, even if not logical, must have been convincing, for scarce twenty-four hours elapsed before Mr. and Mrs. Roy were established, as for a second honeymoon, in the happy shelter of Royston Grange.

And here I think Nelly showed that tact which constitutes so important an element of government, and in which women are so seldom deficient. “If you please, dear,” she murmured, while her husband gave her a kiss of welcome, the instant she re-entered her own drawing-room, “I have a great favour to ask.”

“Favour !” he repeated. “How can I refuse you anything ? I shall never be able to make amends for being such a brute !”

“Hush ! You are never to say that again. And you promise ?”

“Of course I promise ! I'll swear to do it now, before I know what it is !”

“You're a darling ! Well, then, I'm going to ask you : never, *never*, under any provocation, allude to the misery and misunderstandings of the last few months ! It kills me to think of them. I was in the wrong, and I cannot bear to be reminded of it !”

“*You !* In the wrong !”

“Yes, I was ! I ought not to have been so hard, so hasty. I ought never to have quarrelled without giving you an opportunity of making up.”

“Nelly ! you are simply an angel. There is no more to be said.”

But he turned and walked to the window, whence he looked out

on the flower-beds, running their colours into each other with strange confusion, as seen through his rising tears.

Mrs. Roy occupied herself with her furniture, passing from this article to that with almost childish delight, while she inspected one thing to be sure that it had been dusted, and another that it had not been broken. As his young trees to a landed proprietor, so are the ornaments of her drawing-room to a lady who loves home. She can detect at a glance the least speck of dust, the most trifling change of position, the slightest tampering with these her domestic treasures, and is no less intolerant of a careless housemaid than her husband would be of an inexperienced forester too ready with the axe.

"They've taken pretty good care of my things," said Nelly, in the calm, pleasant tones he remembered so well. "That is Susan's doing, I'm sure. You were quite right to keep her on, for the girl understands her business. Now I must go and look round up-stairs. I shall not feel thoroughly at home till I've put my bonnet straight before my own glass!"

But here a surprise awaited her, and of a very pleasant nature. John Roy, following to the door of her bedroom, felt his heart throbb to hear the exclamation she was unable to suppress. Everything even to the pins in the pin-cushion, was exactly as she had left it on that ill-omened day in March, when she took her last look of the dressing-chamber she never hoped to see again. It seemed like a dream; she could not believe she had been absent more than an hour, and she turned her sweet face on her husband, with a ludicrous expression of astonishment and delight.

Then she flung herself into his arms, half-laughing, half-crying, and sobbed out—

"This can't be Susan's doing, too. My darling, my darling, you have been kinder to me than I deserve."

"That would be impossible, Nelly," he answered gravely; "but I am glad you are pleased with this little fancy of mine. Before I left home I gave strict orders that nothing should be changed here on any pretence. I wanted it to look like home for you if you came back."

"And suppose I had never come back?"

"I left orders in that case, too. The room was to be locked up, and nobody should have used it again, till another proprietor came to live at Royston Grange."

Nelly was perfectly happy now, for she knew that wayward, unjuvenile as he had been, he must have loved her in spite of all.

She pressed her forehead hard against his breast; and then looked fondly up in his face.

"But you didn't marry a lady, you know," she murmured. "Will you never be sorry for that again?"

"A lady!" he repeated,—and she could not doubt the answer came straight from his heart,—"why, Nelly, you are the best and highest of ladies: a true, loving woman, far above rubies, and more precious than the finest gold!"

The End.

HELLAS AND CIVILISATION.

AMONG all the weighty problems which a scientific Philosophy of History must some day set itself to solve, not one possesses a deeper interest than that of the Hellenic culture in its origin and development. I do not mean merely the simple antiquarian question, to what external source—Egypt, Assyria, Phœnicia—Hellas was mainly indebted for her first lessons in the arts of life, though that in itself forms no uninviting subject; but I speak rather here of those more intimate and native causes which made Hellas, in and by her own inherent features, the first cradle of free, individual, subjective civilisation. The problem thus proposed for our solution encloses in its terms the whole secret of all subsequent progress; and the geographical peculiarities of the physical Hellas become accordingly a matter of lasting interest to the entire human race.

For the course which Hellenic influence impressed upon history is something absolutely unique in its nature. The culture of Hellas differed from the preceding cultures of Egypt and Assyria, or from the independent cultures of India, China, Peru, and Mexico, not in degree but in kind. Conversely, the later cultures which derive their origin from Hellas, those of Rome and of modern Europe and America, differ from hers not in kind but in degree. Before and without Hellas, civilisation was objective, limited, unfruitful, and but little progressive. After and under the influence of Hellas civilisation became subjective, free, fruitful, and rapidly progressive. The causes at work beneath this great change in the evolution of humanity surely call for careful consideration.

Yet I fear that already the reader will have misinterpreted my words, and will have jumped at the conclusion that this paper endeavours to establish certain transcendental propositions exact opposite to those sober and matter-of-fact principles which it really proposes to lay down. Instead of regarding the rise of Hellenic culture and its after-effects upon other nations in the light of an extraordinary intervention, a special miracle which occurred once only in the history of the world through some supernatural visitation, *we must regard it simply as the necessary and inevitable result*

certain natural causes, acting then and there through the combination of certain physical conditions, not elsewhere so occurring. Instead of explaining the peculiarities of Hellenic life by some mysterious, inscrutable, and ultimate properties of the Hellenic mind, accepted as data beyond which analysis cannot penetrate, we must look rather upon that Hellenic mind itself as a product of the physical conformation and geographical position of the Hellas in which it lived. The question which we have to examine may thus be resolved into the more concrete shape,—Why did the shores of the *Ægean* become the first dwelling-place of a race possessing that special form of culture which we know emphatically as the higher civilisation ?

Three points must briefly be premised before we go on to answer, so far as possible, the question here presented.

In the first place, it will be observed, that I accept without hesitation the distinction between Hellene and Barbarian. Some few nations, Macedonian and Illyrian in the ancient world, Russ and Spanish American in the modern, may hover on the debateable border-land between the two ; but most of us feel that a broad line can safely be drawn between Egypt, Assyria, China, on the one hand, and Hellas, Italy, France on the other. If any critic does not feel the difference thus implied, then the question can have for him no particular interest or meaning ; but to the vast majority of thinking people, I believe it has a real and tangible significance.

In the second place, I take for granted the general mental features of the Aryan family, as distinguished from the Turanian or the Semitic. Of course, the fact that Hellas was colonised by a race possessing that amount of culture which we know to have been a common heirloom of the whole Aryan brotherhood, had an immense influence upon its entire history. The general knowledge of agriculture, of the plough, of domesticated grains, of boat-building, of settled habitations, which the immigrants brought with them from the central table-land of Asia, lies beyond the scope of our present inquiry, and belongs rather to an investigation of the Aryan culture itself. Naturally, the actual life of the settlers on the shores and islands of the Archipelago was something very different from what it would have been had they set out with no more arts or knowledge than the Veddahs or the Andamanese now possess. But the point which we have here to settle narrows down to a simpler question,—Why did the inhabitants of Hellas, rather than any other branch of the Aryan family, first develop a great, free, and subjective civilisation ?

In the third place, I shall follow Dr. Curtius in specially under-

standing by the term *Hellas*, the coasts and islands of the *Ægæan*. It is better entirely to avoid the misleading and restricted name *Greece*, which has come to mean, in modern geographical nomenclature, the continental peninsula alone. The whole western coast of that peninsula, as the great historian lucidly points out, has no connexion with Hellenic history. On the other hand, the coast of Asia Minor, and the islands of the Archipelago were still remain essentially Hellenic. Mycenæ, Corinth, Athens, Thessaly, the Thrace-ward colonies, Mitylene, Ephesus, Miletus, Rhodes, the Cyclades, these form the real historical Hellas, a mass of peninsula and islands, stretching in unbroken succession from the Balkan lands to the Cretan Sea. It is the physical peculiarities of this tangled labyrinth thus enclosed that formed the great Hellenic civilization and reacted at a later period upon the whole western world.

Having premised the three necessary preliminaries here briefly sketched out, let us proceed to inquire what elements in the natural features of Hellas were the differentiating causes of the Hellenic character.

Suppose a tribe of human beings to inhabit a tract of plain country, which stretches with little variety of surface or produce for many miles in any direction. Such a tribe might perhaps progress to a certain degree of rude culture, as we see in the Indians of the Mississippi valley. It might even, under favourable circumstances, develop the lower forms of civilised life, as we find in the plains of the Euphrates and the Nile, or in the wide alluvial lowlands watered by the Ganges and the Jamna, and by the great rivers of Panjâb. But it could hardly rise to that higher form of civilization which we discover in Hellas and in the post-Hellenic civilization. For nothing exists in the surrounding circumstances of a tribe so placed which could sharpen the intelligence, widen the mental horizon, or give origin to those slight functional variations which natural selection might exert its power of gradual elevation on the scale of being. In Egypt and in Assyria we may well believe that every village formed the exact counterpart of its neighbour, and we know that every village does to the present day in the level agricultural reaches of Upper India.¹ The crops that grow in the one,

¹ Those who know India from personal experience may perhaps object to this statement—the existence of castes inhabiting separate villages. But it may be remembered that the distinction of caste was originally one of race, and has been perpetuated by minor differences of function or position. Thus the *Klishts*, *Baniyas*, and *Aroras* are trading tribes, distributed among villages of other castes; *the Jâts*, on the contrary, are cultivators who live together on arable soil; *the Gûjars* are semi-nomadic pastoral people, inhabiting the wilder uncultivated

equally well in the other. The organisation, the habits of life, the external appearance, differ but little from place to place. There may be some slight internal differentiation between the members of each community : the village weaver may provide coarse homespun cloth, the village potter may mould rude earthen vessels, the village priest may appease the angry gods ; but little intercourse need exist between the larger units, whose productions so exactly repeat each other ; and even if such intercourse should happen to be set up, it could result in no enlargement of ideas, no growth of new mental connexions, no fruitful struggle to effect fresh co-ordinations of means to end, of abstract knowledge to practical action. If the race inhabiting such a district be one whose previous conditions have forced it to acquire the arts of cultivation and of building, as we know to have been the case with the Aryan colonists of India, then it will go on to develop a considerable material civilisation of the objective type, with just such internal differentiations between its members as we find in the Egyptian, Assyrian, Babylonian, Indian, and Chinese systems ; but it cannot reach that higher stage of free mental activity which arises only from the constant subjection of many separate individuals to new and ever-changing external combinations, requiring to be met from time to time by equally new and appropriate internal co-ordinations.

Even supposing the descendants of a race which possesses the higher form of civilisation, here designated as Hellenic, to be placed in similar conditions to those above described, it must follow that their superior culture will tend to become degraded, or at least will not tend to attain any further development. The European colonist, transplanted to the vast prairies of the Western American States, finds himself in a boundless plain, whose productions are everywhere the same, and whose physical capabilities present throughout a singularly even range. The whole level tract around him lies parcelled out into farms, each farm-house built of wood, painted with the self-same colours, and surrounded by its fields, which stretch away unhedged and often unfenced to the limits of contiguous, and exactly similar homesteads. Every inhabitant alike is a producer of raw material. When the farmer and his family meet their neighbours in social intercourse, the conversation can only turn on grain and pork. The collecting and distributing towns, where spots. Yet these differences do not seriously interfere with the general similarity of village life throughout the Panjáb and the North-West ; from which I have selected the above examples, because there alone, in India, have great plain-country kingdoms ever been evolved.

country produce is despatched toward the sea-board, while European or New England manufactures are purveyed to the raw-producing public, have a singular likeness one to the other. The internal differentiations of lawyer, surgeon, clergyman, merchant, and banker exist here indeed, as the corresponding though more simple differentiations exist in the villages of India ; but every town is as like its neighbour as an egg to an egg, and for the same sufficient reason, because there is no differentiating cause to originate a distinction between them. Now, in such circumstances, it is clear that the general tendency of intelligence will move in the direction of a narrowing down, a planing away, a gradual monotonising of the diversified European mind. Thought will constantly circle more and more in the prescribed groove of simple raw production. Generation after generation will find itself involved in the same habits, the old routine, the changeless monotony of seed-time and harvest ; and unless the enlarged means of communication which modern times afford us succeed in breaking in upon their unceasing round, the Western States must inevitably become at last an Aryan China, uniting the material civilisation of Europe with the immovable mental fixity of the Asiatic Turanian.

In order to develop a state of society diametrically opposite to that which we see in these level inland expanses, we must have a country which differs diametrically from them in physical features and geographical position. The country in question must be one that presents great variety of surface, much interlocking of land and water, considerable diversity of climate or productions, and a varied environment of surrounding tribes. Hill and valley, lake and mountain, bay and island, must combine to give a first tinge of plasticity to the national intelligence. The conditions of every village, instead of being absolute and uniform, must be as diverse as possible. Their inhabitants must not all subsist by growing and manufacturing the self-same articles, or else commercial intercourse can never spring up between them. But as no nation ever gains the wider horizon of intelligent thought except by liberal communication with other nations of varying types, it follows above all things that a considerable number of quasi-civilised peoples must live in their neighbourhood, within the reach of existing means of transit. Hellas alone, of all countries in the world, combined these various necessities, in an early state of trade and navigation ; and hence it became inevitable that in Hellas the first great civilised culture should take its rise.

Clearly to put the problem before the reader, let us ask, Why

could not such a great civilised culture have equally arisen at first over the whole basin of the Mediterranean? The reason is plain enough. Because the Mediterranean cannot be traversed from end to end except at a comparatively developed stage of the art of navigation. So soon as seaman-craft had progressed to the point where the whole of that inland sea, with its two distinct and widely different basins, could be combined in one organic commercial whole—so soon as Carthage, Cyrene, Alexandria, Cyprus, Crete, Corinth, Syracuse, Rome, and Massilia, together with Gades itself beyond the pillars of Hercules, and Sinope or Trapezus in the Euxine, could be united in one vast cycle of trading operations—so soon did the seat of culture shift from the narrow limits of the *Ægean* to the Mediterranean system at large; and so soon did its centre remove from Hellas to Italy, from Athens or Alexandria to the natural pivot at Rome. No doubt special political and almost accidental circumstances—circumstances, I mean, affecting a particular battle or a particular campaign—had much to do with modifying the details of this westward migration of culture; but it seems to me an inevitable and foregone conclusion that whenever navigation made possible the easy interchange of goods between East and West—between Italy as a central point, and Spain on the one hand or Egypt on the other, an enlargement of the area of culture from the Archipelago to the whole Mediterranean basin must necessarily ensue. Whether Rome or Carthage should be the capital of this wider system might depend upon the particular genius of a Hannibal or a Scipio; but the main fact of a westward migration of civilisation becomes, in my eyes at least, a demonstrable certainty.

Similarly, in modern times, no one will dispute that the general improvement in means of transit first brought the Atlantic sea-board into communication with the civilised cities of Italy and the South, and afterwards transferred the main centres of culture from the shores of the Mediterranean to England, France, the Low Countries, and Germany. It is of course a school-boy commonplace that the discovery of America, and the exploration of the route to India by the Cape of Good Hope, flung all the wealth of the world, with its concomitant culture, for a while into the lap of Lisbon and Madrid, while it fixed it more permanently on Bordeaux, Havre, Paris, Amsterdam, Hamburg, London, Liverpool, and Glasgow. So, too, in our own day, the arena of culture is widening with the spread of our communications, and the West-European civilisation, which already occupied the whole Atlantic system, from St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, London, Paris, and Cape Town, to Montreal, New

York, Havana, and Rio Janeiro, has lately extended its arms the Pacific, taking in San Francisco, Lima, and Valparaiso on one side, with Yokohama, Nagasaki, Hong-Kong, and Manila on the other. In fact, if we were asked roughly to divide the course of advanced culture-history into four epochs, we might characterise them as the epoch of island navigation in the Mediterranean; the epoch of coasting in the Mediterranean; the epoch of sailing in the Atlantic; and the epoch of steam on all oceans.

But do the islands of the Ægean really present such special peculiar advantages for early navigation? Might not a similar situation to the Hellenic have arisen in some other insular group, for example, in the West Indies or the Malay Archipelago? These questions are sure to be asked, yet they betray a simple geographical blunder, almost inevitable from the conditions under which was the configuration of our globe in Atlases with very varying sections on their different maps. As a matter of fact, the distances between several islands in these two great groups are immensely greater than those between the Cyclades or Sporades and the surrounding continent. As a matter of fact, too, we find that navigation spontaneously developed in Hellas to the commercial stage; while in the West Indies and the Malay Archipelago it remained at the stage of the warrior until external influences introduced the higher industrial form. Hence we may fairly take it for granted (adopting Mr. Herbert Spencer's luminous classification) that a considerable civilisation can arise under those circumstances which produce the industrial *régime*, although a civilisation once produced under that *régime* retrograde to the militant or predatory type without necessarily destroying the whole, or even any important part, of its culture. He would be surprised to find that no great civilisation could spring up spontaneously amongst the scattered lands of the Caribbean or the Malaya while among the little islands of Hellas, lying within sight of one another, almost land-locked on every side, and governed (as Cuvier has pointed out¹) by singularly even and predictable meteorological conditions, the first free and subjective culture of the world for its birthplace, and all after-cultures their shrine.

But why, the objector will once more urge, should not the Caribbean and the Malay Archipelagos have developed in like manner an industrial and commercial type of society? Because the

¹ Let me here acknowledge once for all the great assistance I have derived from this suggestive writer, whose views have led me on to those expressed in this text, which are yet diametrically opposite to the final conclusions of the historian himself.

sary elements for such a type were then and there wanting. The various West Indian Islands, to take a special example, all produce exactly the same food-stuffs and mercantile raw material; interchange of commodities between them was, and still is, impracticable. Even at the present day, the intercourse between Barbadoes and Jamaica is practically *nil*, while the intercourse between either of the two and England or America is relatively enormous. The sugar, the rum, the coffee, the pimento, the anatto of the one do not need to be exchanged against the sugar, the rum, the coffee, the pimento, the anatto of the other; but they do require to be exchanged against the piece-goods of Manchester, the hardware of Birmingham, the salt-fish and timber of Canada, the flour and the bacon of the Western States. Similarly, before the arrival of European invaders, with their extended seamanship, the West Indian Islands had nothing to gain by intercourse with one another. Their relations were almost entirely confined to cannibal expeditions of the more warlike against the more peaceful tribes. The plantains, yams, and other food-stuffs of the one were equally grown upon the others. Metals were rare, and their use (I believe) unknown. Gold was found in some of the islands; and it was with this, perhaps, that the polished hatchets of green stone commonly scattered over the archipelago were purchased from their original manufacturers on the mainland; but no other trace of an extended traffic can be discovered among the strikingly scanty remains of the aboriginal inhabitants. In short, trade did not exist in the West Indies before their colonisation from Europe and Africa, because they produced nothing in which the natives could trade.

Widely different was the case of Hellas. Here, once more, we owe to Curtius the development of the pregnant truth that Hellas stands alone in the variety and wealth of her natural productions. Within, at the most, six degrees of latitude, she stretches from all but sub-tropical Rhodes and Crete and Cythera, to all but sub-Arctic Thrace. Corn, wine, wool, cattle, hides, horns, timber, dye-stuffs, oil, iron, and copper—these formed good raw material for a nascent trade. The silver of Laurium and the gold of Pactolus gave scope for the arts of coining and ornament; while the marble of Paros or Pentelicus supplied a magnificent quarry for the sculptors who were to be. Cut off by mountains and straits into a thousand parts, whose connecting path lay over the most navigable of seas, Hellas was literally and not figuratively predestined to become an important trading country at the earliest age of advanced navigation.

This, however, is not by itself enough to account for the intellectual and æsthetic supremacy of the Hellenic mind. Such internal

trade with men of one's own race and speech, but little differentiated comparatively by position and circumstances, would not probably suffice to produce that higher, freer, more Catholic intelligence which forms the central characteristic of Hellenism. Let us look once more at a parallel case, that of China. The Celestial Empire is also noticeable for the great variety of its natural resources and its internal trade. Shut off until lately by mountains and table-lands from all other civilised peoples, the Chinese have yet succeeded in developing for themselves a very considerable culture, which, nevertheless, falls hopelessly short of Hellenism in every one of the strong Hellenic peculiarities. The civilisation of China is notably mechanical, objective, unintelligent, wooden. She has silk, and fine fabrics, and exquisite porcelain, and delicate ivory-work, and architecture which, if not beautiful in our Western eyes, is yet highly evolved. She feeds, and clothes, and houses herself, from her own unaided resources. She has wrought out her native school of painting, of sculpture, and of decoration—a school which, though it does not reach the same level with the highest products of the Assyrian, Egyptian, Hellenic, and Italian line of schools, yet rises far above any other known to us, except the Japanese. Even in modern times, when obtrusive European commerce has thrust itself upon her at the cannon's mouth, China has but grudgingly accepted a little opium, and a few cheap, but inferior Western manufactures. Accordingly, the Celestial mind, shut in upon itself, unwidened by a broader experience, and confined from generation to generation in its own varied, but monotonous grooves, has only risen to the highest place among the second order of civilisations, with Egypt, Assyria, Mexico, Peru, and old Japan. And while the group of islands to its east, easily permeable by European ideas along its extensive sea-board, has suddenly sprung into fresh life under the quickening influence of Western thought, producing in half a century that new Japan, which astounds us by its growth like Jonah's gourd, China still remains only touched by our commerce upon its Eastern edge, with the great central mass of population and of thought wholly uninfluenced by the new culture of the outer Barbarians.

In this case, again, Hellas presents us with the exactly opposite picture. Had she merely possessed the internal advantages above described, without any special facilities for extra-Hellenic commerce, for intercourse with men of other types and minds, doubtless the Hellenes would always have remained at much the same stage at which the Japanese remained before the touch of Western commerce roused them into their present marvellous development of an adopted

culture. But Hellas, on the contrary, stood exceptionally well situated for communication with extraneous nations. Inland from her Ionic coast lay the semi-Hellenic peoples of Asia Minor. South-eastward, the sea-going Phœnicians could bring to her shores the purple of Tyre and the ivory of the East in exchange for her timber, her dye-stuffs, her metals, and her slaves. Further on toward the Asiatic side stretched the valley civilisations of Assyria and Babylon. More directly southward, the great basin of the Nile opened up its mouths to her later commerce. Just opposite her south-western extremity, Cyrene was fore-ordained to be the granary of her silphium trade; while due westward again, Corcyra, Magna Græcia, Sicily, and the remoter Keltic coasts formed the inevitable goals of her colonising energy. Nor must we forget the Etruscan culture, original or derivative, to the north-west; nor the great commercial mart of Carthage, on the confines of the two main Mediterranean basins, both of which ministered to her greatness. The navigation and trade of Hellas, originally confined to her own immediate shores and islands, inevitably spread at last in all these directions, with the gradual growth of seamanship, till finally the whole Mediterranean, with its outlier the Euxine, became in the well-known phrase "a Greek Lake."

Now before the rise of her wider commercial relations with foreign countries, Hellas does not present any of the peculiar Hellenic traits which we find in her later times. The Homeric Achæians are fine secondary Aryan warriors, differing from the primitive Aryan, whose mode of life has been preserved for us in language and recovered by philology, only in a few minor particulars; and they are nothing more than this. I know it is fashionable to find in the cycle of Homeric ballads all the traits of the developed Hellenic intelligence in a rudimentary form; but this fashion marks itself out at once as a remnant of the exploded classical spirit, which regarded "Greece and Rome" as special and exceptional social phenomena, differing fundamentally from every other known historical state. Doubtless the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* contain a number of splendid poems; but to the eye of an impartial spectator, who knows the contents of the *Mahābhārata* and the *Rāmāyana*, or our own old English epic of *Beowulf*, they do not materially differ from the nascent poems belonging to other half-differentiated members of the great Aryan family. It is true the Hellenic mythology, the rhythmic spirit, the profound though limited sense of the sublime, may be clearly seen already in the Homeric chants. But all that we regard as the great heirlooms bequeathed by Hellas to humanity, her sculpture, her

painting, her philosophy, her history, her natural science, her mathematics, her political economy, all these are as absolutely wanting in the story of Achilles and Agamemnon, as in the story of Ráma or of Grendel's mother. Indeed, it is only fair to add that many of them are much more wanting in the former than in the latter cases. The causes which produced the historical Hellas, apparently came into full action for the most part at a period posterior to the main conception and composition of the famous Achaian epics. The natural development of trade and navigation formed, I believe, the principal reason for this new birth of a hitherto unexampled culture.

Yet already in the Achaian period the foundations of Hellenic commerce had been laid. Amber from the Baltic, and ivory from the East, had even then found their way into the palaces of Argolis and the citadels of Troas. Dr. Schliemann's excavations at Mycenae have brought to light many articles of lapis lazuli or other imported materials. More important still are the evidences of Assyrian influence on the nascent art of Hellas, acting apparently through the medium of semi-Hellenic peoples in inland Asia Minor. Phœnician traders, too, added their stores of knowledge and of wares to the growing hoard of Hellas. From one side or another, the inevitable action of the environing nations brought itself slowly to bear on the receptive and plastic raw material of the Aryan Hellenes. From the union of all these influences, together with those of the varying country itself which they inhabited, the Hellenes gradually evolved and perfected their own distinctive and beautiful culture.

Here, again, it is difficult to avoid a misconception in an entirely opposite direction from that intended by my words. I do not mean that Hellenic civilisation was the direct product of scraps and ends selected from the older civilisations of the surrounding lands—mere patchwork of Egyptian and Assyrian and Phœnician arts. On the contrary, no culture was ever more thoroughly home-bred and national than that of the Hellenes. But what I do mean is this that the situation of Hellas, girt round by all these stimulating influences, brought her sons naturally and necessarily into contact with so many diverse countries and modes of thought, placed them in such admirable positions for calling forth all the potentialities of the human brain, exercised their minds in such varied combinations of commercial, political, and social life, compelled them to adjust their actions perpetually to such a changeful round of new and kaleidoscopic conditions, that it finally resulted in the production of that ready, versatile, wide-viewed and all-embracing intelligence which we regard as the culminating type of Hellenic civilisation.

In short, the view which I would here put forth is briefly this : that the Hellenic culture was absolutely and unreservedly the product of the geographical Hellas, acting upon the given factor of the undifferentiated Aryan brain. I cannot believe with Curtius that the Hellenic mind itself existed independently and originally as an element helping to fashion the history of Hellas. Nor can I believe with Buckle that so-called moral laws have presided over the development of the human race—far less can I believe that those laws have proved more potent in Europe, while the physical have proved more potent in Asia. To me it seems a self-evident proposition that nothing whatsoever can differentiate one body of men from another except the physical conditions in which they are set, including, of course, under the term *physical conditions*, the relations of place and time in which they stand with regard to other bodies of men. To suppose otherwise is to deny the primordial law of causation. To imagine that the mind can differentiate itself is to imagine that it can be differentiated without a cause.

But it will appear to many that too great importance has been here assigned to the commercial element in Hellas. Most people think of the Hellene as a politician, as an orator, as a poet, as a philosopher, as a sculptor, as a painter, as a musician, but not as a merchant. It may, indeed, seem startling to a certain class of minds that the Hellenes should be treated as a nation of shopkeepers. Yet I think that to dwell exclusively upon the political, the literary, and the artistic side of Hellas, to the neglect of its commercial and industrial side, is to fasten upon a remote result, while turning away one's eyes from its mainspring and moving element. All these higher graces, though infinitely important from the point of view taken by culture-history, form mere effervescing surface-bubbles upon the life of the people at large. They are the final outgrowth and perfect fruit of a far more embracing culture, which underlies and nourishes them. Poets and philosophers and orators represent rare and exceptional deviations from an average intelligence whose oscillations are capable from time to time of reaching these greater limits. Before they can exist we must have a dead level of general mental excellence, which can only be produced in the ordinary avocations of daily life. Where the circumstances of a race or a nation do not favour the formation of new and varied connections of ideas during the course of common pursuits, there the dead level of mentality will be low, and the excursions in the direction of exceptional excellence will be few and small. *Where the circumstances do favour the formation of such connections, there the dead level of mentality will*

be high, and the occasional excursions will be comparatively numerous and striking. In either case, an ordinary observer will judge of the nation or race, not by the dead level, which is wide-spread and difficult to gauge, but by the exceptional eminent persons, who are relatively conspicuous and readily compared. We judge of Hellas, and judge fairly, by Æschylus, by Aristotle, by Phidias, by Thucydides, not by the unknown and irrecoverable Athenian or Spartan who would accurately represent the average of his race.

Indeed, it would not be too much to say that every country which has ever been great in literature or æsthetic pursuits has also been great at the same time in commerce and industrial arts. The grand epoch of Athens was the epoch of her naval supremacy. The rise of trade in Alexandria was accompanied by the rise of her philosophic schools, her poets, and her scientific thinkers. When the centre of the commercial world was transferred to Italy, Rome shared with the still active mercantile cities of the eastern Mediterranean the literary and artistic greatness of the Hellenic cycle.¹ During the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, the Italian trading towns, which still retained the chief commerce of Europe, produced their greatest poets, painters, and thinkers. As soon as the stream of traffic was diverted to the Atlantic sea-board, our own Elizabethan outburst began to dazzle us with its rapid and unexpected flashes. Wherever we look, we see that intellect can only be produced by practical gains of brain-connection, made slowly generation after generation in the ordinary course of life, and finally culminating in a general average of high intelligence, varied by those exceptional deviations which we know as genius.

So it must have been in the case of Hellas too. The rude Achaian warrior could only beget a Plato or a Euclid by slow increments of intelligence acquired in practical life. For Hellas was really a busy mercantile country. If we look at the historical states, we shall see clearly that the great Hellenes were citizens of the trading seaport towns—of Athens, Corinth, the Ionian coast, Syracuse, Alexandria, Magna Græcia; not of militant and inland Sparta, of mountain-girt and isolated Thessaly, of wild Ætolia and Epirus, beyond the range of Hellenic trade-lines, and cut off from participation in the great Hellenic island-studded sea. And if any man really doubts that literature, science, and art do in fact follow the course of commerce, let him consider wherein does the Greece

¹ I am glad to note that, since the above passage was written, Professor Goldwin Smith has vindicated, in a brilliant paper, the commercial character of early regal Rome.

of to-day differ from the Hellas of Pericles, and wherein does the Spain of Alfonso differ from the Spain of Lope and Calderon and Cervantes. Is it not at least a fact that whenever commercial and political greatness have deserted a country, through altered conditions, every other species of greatness has languished and died, so soon as the lingering effects of the prime impetus have had time slowly to fade away?

Of course many other minor points contributed to the formation of the Hellenic character. But these we may safely pass over in a rapid sketch like the present, for two sufficient reasons. In the first place they appear of comparatively slight importance, when contrasted with the opportunity for commercial intercourse and varied national life given to Hellas by its geographical position and its natural features. In the second place, they have for the most part already received more than their due share of attention from historians in general. Thus there can be no doubt that the love of autonomy, the strong feeling of civic independence which made the Hellenic cities so diverse in their modes of government, depended ultimately upon the peculiar configuration of the country, cut off into innumerable unconnected valleys, or divided into hundreds of petty islands. Hence, as many authors have pointed out, no one central authority could arise over the whole; no one conquering king could impose his yoke, even over the six separate basins of Peloponnesus, as he could over the narrow flats of the Nile, or the wide alluvial plains of the Euphrates and the Ganges. The army and the fleet of Xerxes shatter themselves in vain against the countless barriers of Hellenic mountains and Hellenic straits; and it is only when the Macedonian and Roman stage is reached, that a common conqueror or a common government becomes possible at all. But these facts are paralleled more or less closely in a hundred other cases. The Swiss communities successfully maintained their joint independence and their several autonomies in their narrow valleys for hundreds of years. The Scotch clans only gave way before the centralising influence of General Wade's road-making. Agra, Delhi, the Duáb, the Panjáb, the whole vast plain country of the Ganges and Indus basins, submitted tamely enough to Pathán or Mughal; but the Dakhin with its mountain valleys and naturally isolated districts was the last portion of the Musalman Empire to be acquired even in name, and the first to break up into minor kingdoms, when that unwieldy and half-digested organisation crumbled into decay. Yet when we look more closely into the question, we see that the *autonomy and separateness of the Hellenic States have little to do*

with our interest in their history. We do not specially care for the fact that Keltic clans or Bornean Dyaks have or have not a strong sense of individual liberty ; nor should we care for the individual liberty of Athens and Ionia, if it had not been accompanied by all those other traits which have made Hellas classic ground for our thinkers, our poets, and our artists. In short, we feel an interest in the Hellenes, not because their little communities were politically separate, but because they produced a culture never before known on the face of our earth. The question for our solution is not what made their cities independent, but what made them great and noble in every better sense of the word.

This question I have endeavoured humbly to treat in the present paper. I cannot for a moment suppose that it is fully answered here : my only object is to throw some little light upon what seems to me the proper method of seeking for an answer. Even so, a rough sketch for the general reader must necessarily be drawn in the plainest black and white, suppressing all that toning and softening which might be attempted in an elaborate historical painting. But it is worth while perhaps, even vaguely and indefinitely, to attack some single sociological problem in the manner here essayed, in order to shadow forth what appears like a possible solution. The deductive interpretation of history must be the goal of all historical inquiry ; and it seems to me, rightly or wrongly, that we can only finally attain to this goal by asking ourselves in every concrete case—What were the physical differences in the environment which produced this or that particular type of national development?

GRANT ALLEN.

ALBERT DÜRER AT HIS EASEL:

IT is the custom to call Albert Dürer the Homer of Art, and in one sense he is entitled to that distinction. Perhaps of right the title belongs to Van Eyck; for it was Van Eyck who, when art in the North was grovelling in the dust, raised it from the earth, breathed into it a purer and fresher life, taught it to look to Nature as its supreme model and its highest source of inspiration, and set it in the right path—in the path where all its brightest laurels have since been won; but Van Eyck, like Giotto, had the misfortune to live and die without a Boswell, and we know the consequence. History ignores him. Art ignores him. He is a shadowless ghost moving about here and there in the mist of mediæval times, distinguishable only by the magic of a touch which had no rival in the period of its power—a shadow where Albert Dürer is a man towering head and shoulders above all the artists of his time—the friend of Luther, the companion of Melancthon, the guest of Erasmus; which makes all the difference in fame. We know Dürer. We can sit down with him in his atelier, can turn over the sketches in his portfolio, criticise his portrait of the Kaiser, his last Head of Christ, his last Madonna or Saint, try our hand with his crayon, and chat with him over the fire about his salad days in Venice, about his tour through Flanders, and about the investment of those thousand florins which represented to him the labour of half a life. And to know Albert Dürer in this way is to reverence and to love him; for his art, as Melancthon said, was the least of his merits, and the charm which won the heart of Melancthon is a charm that still year by year takes dozens of visitors to the

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,

where, when the world was young, when

Art was still religion, with a simple reverent heart,
Lived and laboured Albrecht Dürer, the evangelist of art.

It is not easy, at this distance of time, to say with precision what

was the distinguishing trait in the character of the grave and circumspect engraver that won the admiration and affection of Melancthon, of the grave and thrifty burghers of Nuremburg, and of the bluff old Kaiser whose eagle glance and kingly seat in the saddle have been the admiration of three centuries of German soldiers. But this trait, whatever it was, is conspicuous enough in its results. It may be traced in every line of his diary, and it led the citizens of Nuremburg, a few years ago, to purchase his house as a public property, to rechristen the street in his honour, to erect a statue to his memory, and to form a museum where the most trifling relic of his art is treasured with the pride with which monks treasure the relics of a saint. Albert Dürer is to Germans all that Shakespeare is to Englishmen, and everything that brings him closer to them is in their eyes holy.

Albert Dürer is in this way a striking example of the fascination that character exercises over the imagination. It is a matter of no consequence what some men do or leave undone; their personal character is all that men think of when they think of them at all. Even their works are interesting only as mementoes of the men. They may have written novels that no one thinks of reading. They may have painted pictures that no one thought of purchasing. They may have violated all the laws of God and man and metre. But the men themselves are superior to their works and to their vices. It is not what they did or said or wrote that we think of when we think of them. It is what they were; that, to us, is all in all. Byron is one instance of this. Burns is another. Bacon is a third. Everything, with these men, is forgotten and forgiven. The men live; their vices, their follies, their faithlessness, are all brushed aside as part of a fable, and the world sets up a moral statute of limitations in their favour. Young lives only in his 'Night Thoughts'; Pope lives only in his 'Dunciad'; Dryden lives only in his 'Satires.' But in the case of Dr. Johnson, as in the case of Byron, all, or almost all, the interest lies in the man and in that unrivalled table-talk of his. Who now reads anything that Dr. Johnson wrote, except perhaps the best of his satires? Yet, everything about Dr. Johnson—every personal peculiarity—every trick of expression—all his habits of life—his late hours—his love of tea and his love of talk, are as fresh in the hearts of Englishmen to-day, after a hundred and twenty years, as they were in the hearts of Reynolds and Burke, of Beauclerc and Boswell.

Sir Thomas More is another of these men. His reputation stands as high to-day as it stood in 1535, when with the headsman and priest he walked out of the White Tower to lay his head on the block in *defence of the supremacy of the Pope*. Nor is there in this respect

any difference between Protestants and Roman Catholics. Sir Thomas More's memory is as dear to one as to the other. He is an Englishman to both alike, and an Englishman before all else. Yet Sir Thomas More was a Papist of the Papists, and he died in defence of a principle which, in the opinion of many Englishmen, involved an insult to their sovereign and to themselves. He lived with men who were, many of them, in advance of their age, and he was distinctly and notoriously behind the age. He lived at a time when the nation was preparing for its great revolt against the sovereignty of Rome, and he died in defence of that sovereignty. He was the contemporary of the first translators of the Bible; and as Lord Chief Justice he ordered Tyndale's work to be burnt, and sentenced Tyndale's brother, a merchant of the City of London, to ride to Tyburn covered with the sheets of the first English Bible, and to pay a fine which should ruin him: and all for the crime of reading the Scriptures in his mother tongue. Yet all this is forgotten and forgiven, and every Englishman to-day is proud to recognise Sir Thomas More as one of the stateliest and noblest of Englishmen.

Or take Dürer and Holbein. Dürer's portraits are daubs in comparison with Holbein's. Yet, while Holbein is known only by his portraits, Dürer stands out in the history of art as grandly and distinctly as he stood out among his contemporaries and rivals at Antwerp and Venice. Holbein's monogram is a splendid advertisement to put on the back of a portrait. It doubles or trebles its value. But of Holbein personally we know very little, and care less. There is no charm in his character. It was a character that was to be met with in every atelier of Augsburg, in every printer's and engraver's back shop in Basle, in every studio at Antwerp. He had a keen eye and a firm hand, could read a face at a glance, and reproduce all its lines, all its lights and shades, with a touch that had magic in it. But in the case of Albert Dürer the character of the man is everything. His pictures and engravings are held in the highest admiration, and will continue to be so as long as they exist. But they owe almost all their value to the fact that they are Dürer's work. The man in his case is superior to the artist. In Holbein's case the artist is superior to the man. "If we were to meet Shakespeare to-morrow," said Charles Lamb, "we should take off our hats to him." And that, I take it, is what we should do if we were to meet Albert Dürer. Possibly, if we met Holbein, we might take it into our heads to invite him to supper, might sit down with him over a bowl of punch, offer him a cigar, and ask him to sing one of the old drinking songs of the Rhine. But if we were to ask Albert Dürer to supper,

we should ask him in state, we should place him in the post of honour, we should stand up to receive him as the painters of Antwerp did when they invited him to their guildhall, and we might finish up the evening, as they did, by seeing him home by torchlight.

All that remains of Albert Dürer to-day might be hung upon the walls of a single room in Bond Street or Piccadilly ; and if a Dürer Gallery were opened in the season, at a shilling a head, I doubt whether the admissions would pay the rent of the gallery. His finest altar-piece, that in the Church of the Dominicans at Frankfort, perished long ago in the fire that destroyed the Residenz at Munich. It is now represented by one of Paul Juvenel's copies. His portrait of his father, one of the most striking of Dürer's works, was stolen from the Castle of Nuremburg by a painter employed to copy it, and the copy left in its place. The original is said to be in the gallery at Munich ; but there is a schism among the critics even upon that point, and it is not known whether this is not a copy of the copy. Dürer's portrait of himself, the portrait painted in the year 1478, was presented to Charles I. by the city of Nuremburg, the burghers thinking a copy good enough for themselves ; and the picture now in the Florentine Collection is said to be the original, but it requires an act of faith to believe even in the authenticity of this pedigree. The portrait in the Royal gallery at Madrid is admitted to be a replica. Even in Nuremburg itself there is nothing, or next to nothing, of Dürer's left except his final bequest to the city—the panels representing SS. Peter and John, SS. Mark and Paul ; for the triumphal car of the Kaiser on the wall in the Rathaus is hardly distinguishable with a microscope, and the Adam and Eve which Dürer presented to the council of Nuremburg, " a picture upon which [as he said] I have bestowed extraordinary pains," is now at Prague, Nuremburg contenting itself with a cheap copy. The exceptions, I admit, are splendid, because these panels were the triumphant effort of Dürer's genius, an effort which reveals that genius in all its richness, in all its strength, and in all its grace.

Yet Dürer's reputation has survived the loss of well-nigh all the works upon which that reputation was originally built, and if all that is now left were to perish to-morrow the name and fame of Albert Dürer would still live. It was not Albert Dürer who was honoured when a few years ago the city of Nuremburg set up a statue to the memory of the greatest of her painters, opposite the most picturesque of her old town gates, the Thiergartner Thor, and purchased the old gabled house where, with Frau Agnes, his pupils and his workmen, Dürer lived and wrought those marvels of art which made the name of Albert Dürer one of the three greatest names in art, the equal of

Michael Angelo, of Raphael, and of Titian, and added fresh lustre to the renown of the quaint old town, whose

Grave and thrifty burghers boasted in their uncouth rhyme
That their great imperial city stretched its hand to every clime.

It was Nuremburg that did honour to itself; for although Albert Dürer lived in Nuremburg as if a stranger, "a stranger in his own home," and those engravings of his were then believed to be the least of its claims to distinction, the sole claim of Nuremburg to distinction to-day lies in the fact that it is Albert Dürer's home,

That he once has trod its pavement—that he once has breathed its air,

that it was here in the goldsmith's shop he carved the Seven Falls of Our Saviour, the masterpiece of his youth; that it was here he studied in the atelier of Michael Wohlgemuth; that it was here he sketched from a looking-glass the portrait of himself which now hangs in an Italian gallery with the proudest artists of Florence, of Venice, and of Rome; that it was here he planned his visions of the Apocalypse, sketched the Kaiser Max at the head of his guard, and sat brooding day after day, graver in hand, over his copper plates and wooden blocks, designing those fair faces of the Virgin and those rugged conceptions of saints and warriors which were the marvel of his own time and are the admiration of ours.

Such are the revenges which the whirligig of time brings about. It is the old old story—the story of Homer, of Virgil, of Dante, and of Tasso. "In our city, in matters of my own art," Dürer tells the town council of Nuremburg, "I have worked more frequently for nothing than for money. During the thirty years I have lived in the place I can say with truth the works with which I have been charged have not amounted to 500 guldens, an inconsiderable sum, and of this I have not received above a fifth." This was how a rich and flourishing city of Germany, one of the richest and one of the most flourishing, encouraged art in Dürer's time; and when the Kaiser, "of his own thought," exempted the artist from the city dues, "in gratitude for loyal service," he had to relinquish his privilege in order to preserve the goodwill of his fellow citizens, although this apparently was the only public recognition he received of his genius in his own city. "I have gained my fortune, or I may say my poverty, with great application, God knows, among princes, lords, and other personages out of Nuremburg. I live in Nuremburg, indeed, as if a stranger." He had but one friend in the place, Pirkheimer, and Pirkheimer seems to have been in the habit of putting on the airs of a

patron instead of taking Dürer's arm as a friend. "I shudder at the thought of returning home," Dürer says in one of his letters from Venice. "Here all is sunshine, here I am a gentleman; at home I shall be only a hanger-on of gentlemen, and you will not care to be seen in the streets with a poor poltroon of a painter." The Kaiser used to drive down to Dürer's workshop now and then to see the designs for his prayer-book, or to sit for his portrait. But the Kaiser and Pirckheimer were apparently Dürer's only visitors; and if any of the merchant princes of Nuremberg condescended to bestow a second thought upon him, it was only to recognise in him a handicraftsman of remarkable skill, for art in Germany at that time ranked only with the trade of the goldsmith, and was generally set down as a pursuit fit only for men who had nothing better to do.

Art in Italy formed part of the religious life of the people, and artists ranked with nobles and princes. Leonardo da Vinci and Andrea del Sarto—to take only Dürer's equals in art—were always welcome guests at the Court of Francis I. Michael Angelo was the pride of Florence, Raphael was hand and glove with the Pope and with all the cardinals of Rome, and Titian was a Count of the Holy Roman Empire. Artists north of the Alps held no such position as this. One, and only one, wore the gold chain of an alderman. This was Lucas Cranach. But another, an artist of great industry and of some genius, Lucas Kornelisz, was so poor that he had to eke out the labour of his pencil by playing the part of a turn-spit. Yet Lucas Krug, as he was usually called, was an engraver second only to Albert Dürer, and in one of his prints, the "Adoration of the Shepherds," anticipated even Dürer with one of the most interesting discoveries in German art—the discovery of a method for expressing the light issuing from the babe in the manger. Dürer thought himself a rich man when, after the labour of a lifetime, he had saved a thousand florins, the price of a single picture in Italy; and if it had not been for his engravings, even Albert Dürer must have spent the best years of his life in glass-staining, or have taken up his quarters in Venice, Brussels, or Antwerp. In those cities art was far more generously patronised than it was in the old Franconian capital, so generously that the Doge of Venice in 1506 offered Dürer a pension of two hundred ducats a year to take up his quarters in a city distinguished by the genius of Titian, Bellini, and Giorgione; and the town council of Antwerp, a few years afterwards, put his loyalty to the proof with an offer of three hundred florins a year and a fair mansion to live in if he would transfer his atelier to the banks of the Scheldt. Yet the *merchants of Nuremberg* called their city the Athens of Germany

and all that Antwerp could aspire to be was the Liverpool of the age. But the Athens of Germany was too much taken up with itself, with its manufactures, with its trade and commerce, and with the preservation of its franchises, to think overmuch of a poor painter; and if Albert Dürer had not loved Nuremburg better than Nuremburg loved him or his art, the engravings which constitute the solitary glory of the city to-day would have made their appearance in Antwerp or in the city of the Doges.

Albert Dürer, however, had one satisfaction. All his contemporaries in art held him in profound esteem, loved the man, and revered his art; and when he turned his back upon his studio at home, to spend a few weeks on the bright shores of the Adriatic, at Cologne, at Antwerp, or at Brussels, all the painters' guilds vied with each other to do honour to the greatest and most distinguished representative of their craft.

His life at Venice was like a dream—it was all sunshine; and that visit lingered in his memory to the last, as one of the pleasant recollections of his life. His object in visiting Venice was to execute an altar-piece for the German merchants in that city, the price of the picture being fixed beforehand at a hundred and ten Rhenish guldens, "and," says Dürer triumphantly, recollecting his debts at home, "there will be only five guldens cost, all the rest is profit, and I hope to have it finished by Easter." "I wish you were in Venice," says Dürer, in a second letter. "There are many fine fellows among the painters, who get more and more friendly with me. It holds one's heart up. Well-brought-up folks, good lute players, skilled pipers, and many noble and excellent people, are in the company, all wishing me very well, and being very friendly." There is no distinct allusion in Dürer's correspondence to Titian or Giorgione, the richest and most brilliant colourists of their time, although Dürer, strolling through the streets to pay his visits to Walsh, Bellini, or Carpaccio, all three then at the height of their fame, might have seen Giorgione painting in rich and glowing colours the façade of the German Exchange, or Titian at work upon a series of historical scenes over the Merceria; and it is possible that these were the men who led the laugh at his colouring, haled him before the lords, and compelled him to give four good florins from a limp purse for permission to exercise his craft in the city which a few years before had welcomed with open arms one of Dürer's countrymen, Jacob Walsh, and had formed under him one of the best schools of art in Italy. The proofs of this jealousy come out again and again in Dürer's letters, and these proofs are the more striking because jealousy was not characteristic of the queen of the

Adriatic, except in matters of trade and commerce. It seems, however, to have been confined to the painters themselves; for Dürer expressly says, in one of his letters, that all the world wished him well except the painters, and when the altar-piece was complete even the painters were silenced: "Everyone praises the colour," he said, and Dürer was for a few days the lion of Venice. "I have sometimes such a crowd of strangers visiting me that I have to hide myself to get a little painting done. All the gentlemen wish me well, but few painters; and I might easily have made a hundred florins but for this picture. I have sold all my pictures except one," and if it had not been for his German commission he might have painted and sold many more. Even as it was, he was drawn on to be "quite a great man in Venice." "Alas!" he says with a sigh, in a note announcing the completion of his work and his preparations to return home, "how shall I live in Nuremburg after the bright sun of Venice?"

His visit to the Low Countries did not take place till twelve years after his return from Venice; that is to say, not till the year 1518, and those twelve years had been to Dürer years of hard and solitary toil. They witnessed the publication of his marvellous miniatures on copper of "The Little Passion," of "The Great Passion" on wood, "The Life of the Virgin," "The Veronicas," "St. Jerome in his Cell," "The Allegory of Melancholy," and "The Knight and Death." These prints carried the name of Albert Dürer all over Europe; and the guilds of the North, recognising the genius of their countryman, received him everywhere with expressions of profound homage. The painters of Antwerp invited him to their guildhall to dinner, brought out for him their service of silver, and, when he entered the hall, rose as one man to receive him, formed a lane for him to pass to his seat, and entertained him "like a great lord." "There were at the banquet," Dürer tells us, "people of consideration in Antwerp who bowed to me, and made me many compliments, saying they all wished to do what might be agreeable to me. After I was seated, the messenger of the council approached me, with two liverymen, and made me accept four measures of wine, saying that he did so on the part of the gentlemen to show me honour, and as a sign of esteem." The next day the Consul of Portugal regaled him with the wines of France and of his own country. Erasmus, then the greatest scholar in Europe, called upon him, and presented him with a Spanish cloak, and probably with one of his Greek translations; and Quentin Matsys, the blacksmith painter, invited him to visit his studio, at that time the most famous studio north of the Alps. At Brussels, "the gentlemen of

urg" insisted on being his hosts, and would not allow him to pay his hotel bills. It was just the same at Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne. At Bruges, the greatest emporium in all Europe, and a city that Charles V. said he could in comparison put Paris to shame, Jan Plos, "a good painter," offered him "a royal banquet, with a crowd of people," and the next day "Goldfarc does the same thing." The painters invite him to a banquet in the Guild Chamber, and he meets the best men—painters, goldsmiths, and merchants. "They do me no end of honour; I sup with them also; and the two brothers, Jacob and August, the town council, present me with twelve cans of wine, and the end the whole society, sixty persons, conduct me home in a chariot." At Ghent he is met by the dean of the painters, and the most men of the city, "who do me much honour, and offer me all sorts of services; they take me with them, and in the evening we dine together."

Perhaps part of this popularity may have been due to the fact that Dürer was the first to make the skill of the engraver rank with that of the painter. As a painter he had many rivals—successful rivals—whose works were superior to his in colour, in drawing, in composition; and in this rivalry we have an explanation of the jealousy which his visit to Venice inspired. But as an engraver Albert Dürer was alone, and in that capacity all the painters of the North could not but pay their homage without the slightest afterthought about themselves. His altar-pieces were, in their way, superb, and that in the church at Frankfort is said to have brought the monks the revenues of a duchy in the form of fees from visitors. But the fame of his altar-pieces, and of the wall-pictures which Dürer executed in the Netherlands, is chiefly due to his work as an engraver, was like the music of a sea-ward far inland—a remote and faint suggestion of the ocean. His pictures themselves were not known ten miles from Frankfort am Main, and almost all the reputation Dürer enjoyed beyond the confines of his native city was derived from the circulation of his engravings.

Marc Antonio reproduced the prints south of the Alps with precision and finish, marked them with Dürer's initials, and sold them in Venice, in Florence, and in Rome. In Germany, France, and Belgium the originals were to be seen everywhere—the best works of art in themselves—manifesting the highest gifts of nature, mingled with touches of character worthy of Teniers, and imbued in every line with the religious spirit of the time. These engravings of Dürer stood, *as they stand still*, quite alone. They were a *fresh revelation to the world*; and, as a fresh revelation,

they brought Albert Dürer all the honour that oil painting brought to Hubert van Eyck, all the honour that the cartoons in the Vatican brought to Raphael, and all the honour that the glories of the Sistine Chapel brought to Michael Angelo.

The lines of Albert Dürer as an artist were thus cast in pleasant places. He was, like Luther, the man of his time. Had he lived a generation earlier, he might have lived and died as Martin Schön lived and died; his portrait, sketched by a pupil, might have been hung in one of the galleries of Venice or of Munich, and visitors looking at it to-day, might have paused for a moment to admire the skill of the artist in reproducing a fine brow, an aquiline nose, deep thoughtful eyes, and a profusion of long dark hair; or to ask, catalogue in hand, by whose magic the ideal head of the Founder of Christianity had been placed on the shoulders of an artist without a name: but that would have been all. And had he lived a generation later, he might have been lost in the crowd of artists who, by imitating Dürer, tried to share the fame of the greatest of engravers. The year in which Albert Dürer saw the light was the year in which Caxton set up his printing-press in Westminster Abbey, and the Pope sent Savonarola to the stake. The public mind of Europe was quickening for a great revolution, and the life of Dürer was coincident with one of the stormiest periods in its history. It was coincident with the great struggle between light and darkness, between knowledge and ignorance, and in that struggle Dürer as an artist took a conspicuous and honourable part. He was the Luther of art. He was not the first of the race of engravers; that distinction belongs partly to Martin Schön, partly to Hans Grün, and partly to Jacob Walsh. These men had shown by their use of the graver what could be done upon wood, and Albert Dürer inherited, with a genius all his own, the result of their life-long labours. The tools were ready to the hands of the workman when the workman appeared, and Dürer possessed the instinct and skill to use them. What a generation of engravers had done indifferently well, that Albert Dürer did superlatively well, and appearing at a time when Europe was stirring itself from the sloth and superstition of ages, Dürer's engravings travelled far and near, were eagerly bought, and treasured with intense appreciation where the sheets of Grün, of Schön, and of Walsh were glanced at with ignorant admiration and awe.

But Dürer's work has the characteristic of all work of the highest kind. It is work that will stand the test of time. Even in the *crudest of his designs*, a rich and tender fancy is distinguishable.

through the quaint symbolism of his subject, and the worst of his faults are set off by the firm and delicate touches which marked every piece that came from his brain. The technical skill of Dürer is a skill that has seldom been surpassed, and it has been well said that, if we merely consider his command of the graver as well as the neatness and clearness of his stroke, he will appear an artist of extraordinary merit, not only for the time in which he lived, but at any period of the art that has succeeded him. Even after the experience of three centuries it would be difficult to find a more perfect specimen of executive excellence than the "Jerome" engraved in 1514; and Mr. Chatto, in his work on engraving, says that in his opinion no artist of the present day has produced from his own designs three such engravings as "Adam and Eve," "Jerome," and the allegory of "Melancholy." His woodcuts are equal to the best of those of Hugo da Carpi, and the wood engravers who flourished in Italy and Germany in the sixteenth century owed all their excellence to the example and inspiration of Albert Dürer. Several of Dürer's best works are still to be found in Spain, and we have the acknowledgment of Antonio de las Puentes that Dürer influenced the art of Spain as much as we know from Vasari that he influenced the art of Italy. The Italians paid him the sincerest homage a nation of artists could pay to an artist, by imitating him to the minutest details of his plates. His designs were counterfeited in Venice, in Florence, and in Rome; and Marc Antonio, by his study of Dürer, acquired the precision and delicacy of touch which enabled him to engrave with exquisite skill the finest designs of Raphael.

In the print-room of the British Museum there is a volume of Dürer's sketches, and to the artist or the connoisseur in art, who wishes to trace the hand of a master in his works, to see him at his easel, to see the first suggestion of a great work, to see its rough outline, and to trace it step by step to its ultimate perfection, this volume is one of the most interesting collections there. It seems originally to have formed part of the collection of Pirkheimer, to have fallen afterwards into the hands of Lord Arundel, the famous collector of Dürer and Holbein's works, and to have passed thence through the hands of Mr. Soane into the British Museum. The pedigree is not complete; but the authenticity of the collection does not admit of a doubt, and this collection is second only, in variety of interest and in value, if it is second, to that in the Albertina Palace at Vienna or to the Posonyi-Hullot collection now at Berlin. In this volume we may trace the hand of Dürer in every movement of his pencil—from the conception of a thought till its final accomplishment in the

finished work. The volume is full of rough drafts—sketches of friends' portraits, memoranda, suggestions, freaks of fancy, and all the odds and ends of ideas which a man jots down when, with a sheet of paper on his table, he plays with his pencil, "in maiden meditation fancy free," to take his chance of what may turn up. The designs are in pen and ink, in chalk, in silver point, in charcoal, in water colours, in pencil; and the designs themselves are infinite—"The Madonna with her Infant," "The Head of an Apostle," "Christ on the Mount of Olives," "The Vision of a Saint," "A History of Samson," "The Virgin and Child," the original of the "Virgin with the Pear," "Lucretia Killing Herself," a setting for a jewel, a design for a wine flask or a drinking cup, for an epergne or a suit of armour, suggestions for armorial bearings, and plans for fortifications. You turn over one sheet, and you find the portraits of the founders of Swiss independence. You turn over another, and you find Philip le Beau or a head of the Kaiser Max. Here is a saint kneeling with an executioner behind him. There is the Prodigal Son, with the features apparently taken from those of Dürer's own portrait. The face of Frau Agnes is to be traced in many of his studies of Eve, and Eve is sketched in all sorts of positions and attitudes; for the studies of Eve are very numerous. There are studies in chalk, studies in colour, studies of posture, studies of anatomy, studies of birds, of birds' wings, of cherubs' heads, of girls, of old men, of angels, of saints, of apostles, heads of the Virgin, and heads of Christ. The sketches are as various as the studies, for Dürer made note apparently of everything he came across worth sketching—the head of an old man, the head of a girl, a cavalier with a lady behind him on horseback, a bishop standing on the steps of an altar, a knight on horseback galloping through the street, a soldier on guard with his arms, a troop of Irish adventurers marching through Antwerp with their chief at their head, the Emperor in his state robes, with his crown, sceptre, and sword, a Nuremburg matron going to church, a Nuremburg maiden dressed for the dance. On one scrap of paper there is a sketch of the Fraülein Fronica, the first female engraver on wood, perhaps with the proof of her first piece of work in her hand,—for the face, with all its modesty and candour, is self-possessed, full of confidence, and apparently flushed with pride. On another sheet Dürer presents us to his wife in her Netherlands costume, and her maid is close at hand. Dürer was particularly fond of sketching birds—kingfishers, jays, storks, eagles, or anything else that came in his way with a strikingly rich or delicate plumage—and all these sketches are full of life and truth. The colouring of the wings is always particularly beautiful, and Dürer

seems to have taken the greatest pleasure in this sort of work. He was always at it. The drawings for the "Knight with Death and the Devil" were prepared with the greatest care. We can trace the conception and development of this masterpiece of Dürer's genius bit by bit, and if all the drawings were brought together in a single volume we should have in a singularly complete form the artistic history of one of the greatest creations of German art. In one drawing the knight and his dog only are to be seen. Death appears in another; and then the knight first in outline, afterwards in complete form; then we have the horse with his head, neck, legs, and flank carefully measured from Nature—an instance, as Mr. Scott has well said, of the thoroughness of Dürer's study.

This thoroughness is one of the characteristics of Dürer's work. He scamps nothing. He leaves nothing half-finished. All his work is thorough, and this thoroughness comes out in his most trifling sketch. It comes out in all his engravings; it comes out in all his paintings. His picture of the "Assumption of the Virgin," painted after his return from Venice, is finished with marvellous skill, even to the smallest detail. The splendour of the angels' hair was the talk of all the priests of Germany, and the Dominicans themselves were in rapture with the perfect rendering of the sole of the foot of a kneeling apostle. But the whole picture was wrought with equal care. It was painted over and over again, Dürer paying twelve ducats an ounce for the ultramarine which he used, and then varnishing the picture with his own hand. He tells his friend Heller how, after having gone over the picture five or six times with good ultramarine, he had, "after it was quite finished," had it "painted over yet again twice that it might keep long"—500 years was his idea. And this is a fair sample of Dürer's habits of work. He had an infinite capacity for taking trouble, and that explains all he did. It was the secret of his success. His "Passion," on copper, is said to stand unrivalled even as a feat of engraving; and Mr. Scott is so enthusiastic in his admiration of these plates, that he believes it to be impossible to reproduce, to emulate, or to supplant the curiousness of execution, the power of hand, or the dramatic reality and truthfulness of Dürer's nature. Possibly; but it is enough for me to say that the skill of the engraver of these plates has never yet been rivalled, and that it is in its way perfect.

Dürer's studies of still life are equally full of character and equally rich in detail. Every leaf is brought out, his heads are studied with the greatest severity, every line is distinguishable. *There is not the slightest attempt at concealment.* He was as true

as the sun. The eyelids, the brows, the moustache and beard, are all traced with photographic distinctness. Indeed, the whole temper of the man is often seen in Dürer's beard. It is not *a* beard with him; it is not an ideal beard; it is not a beard thrown in with a careless hand to complete the portrait. It is *the* beard; and that observation applies to all Dürer's work. It is distinguishable all the world over by its perfection of detail; everything is true, everything is characteristic.

The Emperor Maximilian was in the habit of visiting Dürer in his studio, and of spending a good deal of his time there now and then, and it is said that the Kaiser, wishing to sketch something for Dürer, one day took up the charcoal and began to scrawl upon a sheet of green paper lying on the table. The charcoal, in the unaccustomed hands of the Kaiser, broke so often, however, that the Emperor threw it impatiently away. Dürer picked it up, and completed the sketch. The Kaiser asked why the charcoal broke so often in his hands and not in those of Dürer. "Gracious sire," said the artist, "this is my kingdom; here I rule, and the charcoal is my sceptre. You have harder duties, and another calling." The anecdote rests on the authority of Melancthon; but it might pass upon less authority than his, for it is thoroughly characteristic of the calm, proud, and kingly spirit of the man whose genius has preserved in imperishable records the life of the old Imperial Court. Dürer, poor as he was, had the soul of a king, and the trait which this anecdote illustrates comes out in the story that is told of Bellini and Dürer. Bellini was one of Dürer's best friends at Venice, and the Venetian artist asked Dürer, when parting, for one of his pencils as a keepsake—one of the pencils with which Dürer drew the fine lines that especially won the admiration of the painters of Venice. Dürer offered him a handful of pencils. "Take which you like best, for I can do the lines with all of them." The skill was not in the tools—it was in the workman—and it was that fact which Dürer wished to emphasize, although, perhaps, he might have emphasized it with a little less brusqueness.

This tendency to brusqueness, pride, and reserve are, however, the only faults that can be traced in Dürer's character, at least after the lapse of three centuries, and his associates and contemporaries do not seem to have noticed even these. He did not know what jealousy was. There is not the slightest trace of this vice in all his correspondence or even in his diary; and this is the more remarkable because the Venetian painters were not all as complaisant with him as they might have been with a stranger and an artist like themselves, and because Dürer, living alone as he did in a city where art

tists were less appreciated than in any city of Europe, must have been conscious that many men of less genius and of less ability were treated with more courtesy and consideration than the vainglorious pride of the merchants and traders of Nuremberg would have led them to treat "a poltroon of a painter." But Dürer, with all his faults, seems to have been free from one of the worst foibles of artists—he knew nothing of its irritability. The proud, placid, and unobtrusive temper of the man shines out in all his portraits. But he knew better than most men what he could do and what he could not do. He knew his strength, and he knew his weakness; he mingled confidence and diffidence which this knowledge of his character may be traced in the expression of his eye and countenance. He told Melancthon that "when a youth he liked bright and varied compositions, and that he could not choose but rejoice in them in his own works when he saw them again." But after he had attained mature years, Dürer added, and could better understand the language of the face of Nature, he knew that simplicity was the highest glory of art. However, as he could not altogether attain to simplicity, he said he no longer admired his own works as he had formerly done, but rather groaned and lamented over his early pictures, in proof of his own weakness. That was Dürer's own verdict upon his art; and it was apparently an honest and a candid verdict, for he had not a spark of affectation or conceit in his nature. His nature was thoroughly transparent, and in this we have the key to all his thoughts about his own work. The altar-piece at Frankfort was the ideal of his first style—of his florid style. The panels of SS. Peter and Paul, of SS. Peter and John, form the ideal of his second style—the perfect style, as he thought it—a style majestic in its simplicity; and it was probably because he felt his own lack of power to realise his conception of Christ as he thought it ought to be realised, that, after years of incessant toil, he laid down his brush and palette, and retired to his chamber to die, leaving an unfinished picture of Our Saviour standing upon his easel in the gloomy studio, in silence and solitude, he had wrought so much that the picture still lingers over to-day.

The man's character comes out in all his works—his imagination, his truthfulness, his grave cast of thought, and his grotesque earnestness of manner; and these, with his keen eye for effect, for form, colour, and the multiform variations of light and shade, are distinguishable in all his works. In the slightest thing that passed from his graver, as well as in the most finished production from his easel, he put his heart and soul into whatever he did, and all through his life he acted

rigidly up to his own maxim that Art and Nature ought to be interchangeable terms, that Art is but the pupil of Nature, and that perfect Art is the highest expression of Nature. His favourite maxim is one that ought to be written in letters of gold in every studio—"Depart not from Nature in order to follow thy own opinion, because thou thinkest to find it better from thyself; for, truly, Art is hidden in Nature, and he who can draw it out he possesses it." Dürer's own adherence to Nature was so strict that the effect is sometimes grotesque. His pictures of the Virgin, for instance, are generally portraits of his wife, or, as he calls her, his reckoning mistress, and the portrait is usually so complete in its details that you find the purse and keys of a German housewife at her side. The Holy Child is swathed in the manner still in use in Franconia. The Prodigal Son, kneeling with bare knees, with the swine at the trough, is taken from one of his own portraits. His "Image of Christ" is, in two or three of its features, the face of Albert Dürer, and his sketch of St. John in the panels, representing the Evangelist, is supposed to be a portrait of Melancthon. His Knight, in the picture of the "Knight with Death and the Devil," is said to be a sketch from life of the Baron von Sickingen. The background of "The Rape of Amygone" contains a beautifully-designed Rhine castle. In the "Holy Family" with the citherne, St. Elizabeth is reading one of Erasmus's latest translations of a Greek MS., and in another picture of the same kind the Virgin sits with a book on her knees that looks like Luther's Testament, the Holy Child turning over the leaves to look at Holbein's illustrations. The Kaiser Max, with his second wife Blanka Maria, appears in one of Dürer's altar-pieces, and the artist and Pirkheimer are, in the distance, standing under a tree. These portraits of Dürer and Pirkheimer reappear in "The Martyrdom of the Ten Thousand;" and in the picture of the "Death of the Virgin," the Kaiser appears with his first wife, Mary of Burgundy. Even "Melancholy" has a bunch of keys and a couple of purses at her side, and, although she has wings, is dressed in the fashion of a good German Hausfrau, with a wreath of spleenwort on her head. These anachronisms were due in part, perhaps, to the tradition of German art—to that realistic spirit which led one artist to paint Christ in the dress of the day, with hunting cap and feathers, and led another to place a fly on a lady's veil in her portrait; but they were due also in part to that love of Nature, of truth, and of homeliness which are the distinguishing marks of Dürer's genius. That genius, in its lofty imaginations and love of petty detail, bore a striking resemblance to the genius of Dante. It measured itself with the mightiest dreams of the poet and with the Apocalypse of St. John. It revelled in illu-

trations of the life and sufferings of Christ, and its conception of the Man of Sorrows is one of the grandest traditions of Christian art.

It is said that Dürer never painted anything he had engraved; but we have his own distinct statement in his diary that when in the Netherlands he painted, "with much study," a "St. Jerome" in oil for Rodrigo, the Portuguese Consul; and the picture of "St. Jerome in his Study" is identical with the copper engraving. The picture of the "Knight with Death and the Devil," again, is a duplicate of the engraving. The "Satyr" is a reproduction of the engraved design, and the picture of "Adam and Eve," which was cut to pieces in the tumults at Leipsic in 1503, must have been taken from the engraving.

It is possible, of course, that some of these paintings may have been the work of Dürer's pupils, and Dürer's own paintings were, with a few exceptions, held in such slight esteem in his own time, in comparison with his engravings, that he had no motive, except that of friendship, to paint, for he could make ten times more money at any time by his graver than he could by his brush. The highest price he received for any of his pictures was that paid by the Dominican monks at Frankfort for the "Assumption of the Virgin." The price of that was 200 florins; but the value of money was then ten times what it is at present. The price of the "Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew" was 110 florins, and that was the price of his first altar-piece at Venice. He sold a couple of his ordinary pictures at Venice for 24 ducats, and the price of another, a Mariabildt, which he sold to the Bishop of Breslau, was 72 florins; but the money remained unpaid a long time, almost as long as many of Erasmus's dedication fees—perhaps never was paid, for Dürer all through his life had a great deal of difficulty in selling his pictures, and more difficulty still in getting the money when the pictures were sold. Even the Kaiser preferred the prints to the pictures, and the prints were the source of most of Dürer's popularity. They were an article of trade from Utrecht to Rome, and such was the desire to possess them that the greatest compliment Dürer could pay to his hosts in the Netherlands was to present them with a proof-set of his "Passion" on copper. He reckoned the value of this set at eight florins of gold, and it is curious to note in his diary the nice gradations by which he distinguishes his friendship for people by the way in which he selects an "Adam and Eve" for one, a "St. Jerome" for another, the "Passion," on wood, for a third, and the "Passion," on copper, for a fourth. These presents of Dürer's usually took the form of acts of homage. It was an act of personal friendship, the acknowledgment of a service or of special rites of hospitality, to take a portrait. He

cannot find the money to pay his hotel bill, and he takes a portrait of his host's wife. Now and then we find him taking a portrait in charcoal in return for a pair of gloves. He takes a child in half-tint, and accepts a florin for his expenses. He exchanges presents, and his present is a portrait. One of his friends gives him a rosary of cedar, and he draws his portrait. He takes Felix, and Felix sends him a hundred oysters. Another sends him sugar-loaves, an ivory flute, or a piece of porcelain. Many accept their portraits and give him nothing, neither money nor presents. But even when Dürer sketched a portrait in the ordinary way of his profession he never made a charge. The remuneration was left to the sitter, and that remuneration did not often take the form of a payment—it was a gift to the artist. All these gifts are noted in Dürer's diary, and they come out sometimes in peculiar forms. "John, the goldsmith of Brussels, has given me three florins of Philippi for two portraits in chalk, and a dozen for a seal." An Englishman gave him a florin for a coat of arms in colours. "Jacob Erlanger pays me a ducat for his portrait in chalk; Gerhard sends me two small barrels of capers and olives, and I have exchanged with Jacob, son-in-law of Tommasso, my portrait of the Kaiser for English white-cloth." Fugger, the merchant, pays him an angelot for the design of a mask—an angelot being a coin bearing the figure of the archangel Michael, worth a trifle over two florins. The King of Denmark, hearing that Dürer is in his neighbourhood, sends for him in haste to sketch his portrait. "This I do in charcoal, and also that of his chamberlain, Antonio. Master Antonio pays me 12 florins; I give two to the painter who prepares the panel and colours for the portrait." The King's portrait is finished in oil, and for that the artist receives 30 florins. This was the highest price Albert Dürer ever received for a portrait, although the usual fee of Italian painters at that time was 100 rix dollars, and the King of Denmark had paid that to Titian, a year or two before, for a portrait which he thought inferior to Dürer's. The position of Italian and German artists at that time, however, very closely resembled the position of Italian and English singers at the present day. Englishmen and Englishwomen, if they possess a good voice, take an Italian name, and double their income at once. Most of the German painters and engravers of Dürer's time did the same, and Dürer was thought to be handsomely paid when the Kaiser selected him for his Court painter, made him a grant of arms, and put his name on the civil list for 100 florins a year. It was but a trifle, that 100 florins a year—a trifle that the Italian painters would have flung back to their patrons with scorn; but to Dürer it represented all the difference



Albert Dürer at his Easel.

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between poverty and competence ; and with this salary, with the profits upon the sale of his engravings, with a present now and then for a portrait, with his wife's dowry, and his own frugal habits, Albert Dürer lived and died in honourable independence—the first, and perhaps the most illustrious, proof that a man of genius may be a quiet, honest citizen ; that a man of domestic habits may be a man of lofty imagination, and that a craftsman may possess the soul of a king.

CHARLES FEBODY.

GILES'S TRAVELS ACROSS THE AUSTRALIAN DESERT.

ALTHOUGH over two centuries and a half have elapsed since the discovery of Australia, if indeed—as evidence brought forward by Mr. R. H. Major tends to show—it were not already known, as long ago as the earlier part of the sixteenth century, comparatively little is yet known of the interior of that continent. This is not so surprising when we consider its vast size. Its area is not very much less than that of Europe, it being estimated to contain about 3,000,000 square miles. It should also be borne in mind that much of the interior is sterile and unproductive country, and that the physical features are not of so important a character as by their report to form a great incentive to geographical exploration. It is only during the last 30 or 40 years that travellers have penetrated to the unknown central regions, but recently expeditions have been following one another in quick succession, and our maps of the continent are being further amplified every year. These additions to our knowledge have been made by the travels of Eyre (1840), Sturt (1845), Gregory (1846, 1858), Stuart (1858-1862), Burke, Wills, and King (1861), Hunt (1864), Forrest (1869, 1874), Warburton and Gosse (1873), and Giles (1872-1876). A prominent position amongst these pioneers of discovery must be awarded to Mr. Ernest Giles, who has made four journeys into the interior of the continent. This traveller, indeed, was one of the first to attempt to penetrate the great unknown region lying between the Overland Telegraph Line from Port Augusta to Port Darwen and the western shore of the continent. His first attempts in this direction preceded in point of time those made by Warburton and Forrest. In 1872 he made a journey to the westward of the Overland Telegraph Line, leaving the Charlotte Waters Station in August, and after reaching a point 300 miles to the West and traversing and laying down 1000 miles of previously unknown country, reached Chambers's Pillar, his original starting point, on Nov. 18th. In this expedition he discovered Lake Amadeus, a large dry salt lake in almost the centre of Australia. In the

autumn of the following year he made another journey to the westward of the Telegraph Line in company with Messrs. W. H. Tietkens, Alfred Gibson, and James Andrews. On this occasion he succeeded in penetrating double the distance he had previously explored, but was then obliged to return in consequence of the death of one of his companions and the overwhelming difficulties of the country. It is, however, with his overland journey from the head of the Spencer Gulf to the city of Perth, on the western coast of Australia, in the year 1875, and his return journey in the following year, that I propose to deal in this paper. In his third attempt to pierce the great Australian desert he took a route much to the south of his previous journeys, and this time successfully accomplished the task he undertook.

Before proceeding on his long march through the unknown country, Mr. Giles made a preliminary journey from Fowler's Bay to Beltana to organise the expedition. Starting from Yallata in March 1875, he journeyed north to Youldé or Ooldeá, and then struck off to the eastward. As on his two previous expeditions, he was provided with some horses, for on his map about half-way between Mount Ross and the north extremity of Lake Torrens we find a spot marked with the words against it, "Last horse died here." On arriving at Finniss Springs, at the south end of Lake Eyre, (a station of the Hon. Thomas Elder,¹ by whose liberality the whole of the expenses of the expedition were met,) he was therefore without beasts of burden. At Beltana, however, another of the Hon. T. Elder's stations, he was provided by that gentleman with some camels, and with these he left for Port Augusta, May 6th. He was accompanied by Messrs. W. H. Tietkens and Jess Young as subordinate officers of the expedition. In addition to the three Europeans, the expedition consisted of four natives, and a train of nineteen camels and their drivers. On the 23rd the party commenced the overland march from Port Augusta, and on the 5th of July it arrived at Youldé Water. Here Giles's published narrative² commences, but he therein refers to a letter, despatched from this point, which does not seem to have been issued by the South Australian Government. He places Youldé in S. lat. $30^{\circ} 24' 10''$ and E. long. $131^{\circ} 46'$. Whilst the main body of the expedition remained here in *dépôt*, Giles visited Fowler's Bay, 125 miles to the south-east, at the same time despatching Tietkens and Young, with Tommy Oldham, a black boy, to endeavour to dis-

¹ To this constant friend of Australian exploration, Col. Warburton also was indebted for the fitting out of his expedition.

² 'Parliamentary papers of the Legislature of South Australia,' 'Journal of the Royal Geographical Society.'

cover a new dépôt to the north, at or near the 29th degree latitude. The latter detachment discovered two native wells, a small native dam, and some clay pans, each having water in. On leaving Youldeh they went first to a small rock waterhole called Paring, 15 miles away, which Giles had visited when previously in the neighbourhood; but they found it dry. They next travelled north to latitude $28^{\circ} 52' 10''$, passing a little well 82 miles from Youldeh, and then turned to the south-west, for 18 miles, finding a small native dam containing water. They went west to $130^{\circ} 29'$, and turned south-east direct towards the native well they had passed. This brought them to a small, open, flat space, well grassed and very pretty, and upon it they found another native well, and saw some natives, from whom the black boy managed to ascertain that the place was called Ooldabinna. They were well pleased with this discovery, as the first well found was by no means a good one. From here they returned straight to Youldeh, arriving there the day before Giles got back from Fowler's Bay.

On the 27th of July Giles left Youldeh for Ooldabinna, with 19 camels well equipped for water carriage, and with provisions for 8 months. He reached the latter place on Aug. 1st, having travelled thus far 1,010 miles from Beltana. The country from Youldeh consisted of mallee scrubs and spinifex sandhills, diversified with occasional grassy flats. Finding the water supply insufficient for their journey, he sent Tietkens and Young to the north to endeavour to discover more. They took only their two riding camels and one other to carry water, and 30 gallons of water and provisions for nine or ten days. At the same time Giles set out in a westerly direction with six good camels, three for riding and three for loads, two carrying 30 gallons of water each and the other provisions, mugs, &c. He was accompanied by Saleh, his Affghan camel driver, and young Alec Ross; Peter Nicholls, the cook, and Tommy being left to look after the remaining camels and the camp. After 18 miles of sandhills and scrub, Giles came to a large salt lake, with numerous islands, and further on several small salt lake beds. Water was plentiful, but of so saline a character as to be totally unfit for use. At 78 miles from Ooldabinna, having found no fresh water, he sent Saleh back with two camels, and himself pushed further on. The country around was covered with dense scrubs and sandhills; the former consisted chiefly of mallee, with patches of thick mulga casuarinas, sandalwood and quandong tree. No trace of inhabitant was seen. Giles says, "The silence and the solitude of this mighty waste were appalling to the mind, and I almost regretted that I had

sworn to conquer it. The only sound the ear could catch, as hour after hour we slowly glided on, was the passage of our noiseless-treading and spongy-footed 'ships,' as they forced their way through the live and dead timber of the hideous scrubs that environed us." On the sixth night he encamped 140 miles from Ooldabinna, having seen no water fit to drink. On the seventh day he came to a plot of burnt spinifex and recent tracks of one or two natives; this inspired him with the hope of soon finding water. The day was an exceedingly hot one for the time of year, the thermometer showing 95° in the shade. In the afternoon water was found, though in small quantity, and excellent pasturage. One or two bronze-wing pigeons that came to water at night were shot. To this spot (156 miles from Ooldabinna) Giles gave the name Boundary Dam, it being a little to the west of the boundary between Western and South Australia (lat. 29° 19' 4"; long. 128° 38' 16"). The next morning it was found that the camels had decamped, but they were recovered by Ross by midday. Proceeding 39 miles further west, the travellers found a similar salt lake system to that previously passed. At 195 miles from the dépôt, on the shore of another salt lake, they turned back. "There was no water of any kind to be got; the only horizon that could be seen was about 15 miles distant, and was simply an undulation in the dreary scrub, and was covered with the usual timber in which this region is enveloped, that is to say, a mixture of *Eucalyptus dumosa*, casuarinas, a few *Grevillea*, pakea bushes, and leguminous trees and shrubs, such as mulga and a kind of silver-wattle bush, from the latter order of which trees and plants the camels find their sustenance; two stunted specimens of the native orange tree (*Capparis*) were seen where" Giles "left the two casks, at 90 miles from the dépôt. A profusion of the beautiful *Sturti* or desert pea (*Clianthus dampieri*) was, for the first time upon this expedition, found growing in the neighbourhood of the little dam." He returned to Ooldabinna by a more southerly route, but without finding any more water. Just before reaching the dépôt (Aug. 22nd) it began to rain; this was very fortunate, as there were but few buckets of water—barely enough to give his four camels a drink—in the camp.

Tietkens and Young were not more successful. After journeying about 35 miles northward they came across some fresh native tracks, and discovered a small and poor native well; 25 miles further they found a hollow with native tracks in it, and some diamond birds, but no water; 15 miles further they observed smoke to the north-east, and, at a distance of 6 or 7 miles, surprised a large family of natives

in a deep hollow or valley, who had apparently but recently arrived. On their approaching in the hope of gaining some information, the natives decamped, uttering loud and prolonged cries. As the travellers proceeded further north the natives that had appeared so shy came running after them in great numbers, in the most threatening manner. Arrayed in their war paint, and fully armed, it was evident that these savages meant mischief; but the travellers managed to part from them without a personal encounter. They endeavoured to parley, but could obtain no information as to the waters in their territory. They travelled four miles further north, over burnt country, and discovering no water, turned back, reaching Ooldabinna by a slightly different route. They had reached to lat. $27^{\circ} 48' 5''$, within 100 miles of the Musgrave Ranges, discovered by Giles on a previous journey.

The rain having provided sufficient water for the journey, the whole party left this dépôt for the little dam, 156 miles to the west, on August 24th, uncertain then whether on their arrival they might be so fortunate as to find more water. On the sixth and seventh days they were greeted with further showers, and some was caught by extending the canvas. On September 3rd, the Boundary Dam was reached; it had been replenished and was now full to overflowing. After a week's rest at this little oasis, Giles decided to push on direct for Perth, carrying a good supply of water in casks, water beds, and bags, with the hope of finding an occasional supply in the intermediate distance. On the 16th they set out, but the prospect before them was not one of the brightest. "We had no conception," says Giles in his Journal, "how far we might have to go, nor how many days it would be before we might next come to water; but we left our friendly little dam in high hopes and excellent spirits, as we also hoped, as well as water, to discover some more agreeable geographical features than had yet fallen to our lot. I had set my own and all my party's lives upon the cast, and would run the hazard of the die; and I may say that each person at starting into the unknown displayed the greatest desire and eagerness for the attempt." They found the journey a monotonous one—scrubby country diversified by salt lakes, which afterwards gave way to a grassy plain, where a wild turkey was shot. After travelling 325 miles without seeing a drop of fresh water, they on the sixteenth day (Sunday, September 26th) were gladdened by the sight of some of the welcome liquid. It was but by accident that this was revealed. Young was acting as steersman. Giles, thinking he was not steering right, went forward and told him *to take a more southerly course*. Somewhat indignant, Young replied,

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"Perhaps you will steer then," and handed Giles the compass. He took it and steered more southerly. But for this circumstance they would have passed under the northern side of a long white sandhill, more than two miles from the water, and as it was they would have passed within half a mile of it had not Tietkens suspected the vicinity of water and sent Tommy from the encampment to look out for it. This to them invaluable spring Giles named "Queen Victoria Spring," and the great desert which surrounds it the "Great Victoria Desert." Here they were enabled to indulge in a bath—a great luxury to them, as they had not for seventeen days had a wash or change of apparel. Young here planted the seeds of numerous vegetables, plants, and trees, and, amongst others, some of the giant bamboo (*Dendroclanus striatus*), also Tasmanian blue gum, and wattles. Some bronze-wing pigeons were shot here, and a large scorpion was secured and bottled. The little lake is situated in lat. $30^{\circ} 25' 30''$ and long. $123^{\circ} 21' 13''$. While they remained here a few natives prowled about the camp, but they never showed themselves on the top of the bank. "Above the water was a well-beaten corroberie path where these denizens of the forest have often held their feasts and dances. Tommy found close by a quantity of long, flat, sword-like weapons, and brought four or five of them up to the camp. They were ornamented after the usual aboriginal fashion—some with slanting cuts or grooves along the blades, others with square, elliptical, and rounded figures; some of these two-handed swords were seven feet long." Hawks, crows, corillas, black magpies, and pigeons were met with here, and many specimens of plants were collected.

On Wednesday, October 6th, Giles left Queen Victoria Spring, through a country of scrub and sand-hills, steering direct for Mount Churchman (lat. $29^{\circ} 58'$, long. 118°), discovered by Gregory in 1846. To make the camels imbibe a sufficient quantity of water for the long journey before them, Giles here adopted an expedient. As on leaving the dépôt early in the morning the camels might not be inclined to fill themselves with water, which they might do in the middle of the day, and might thus leave a dépôt on a long dry march not half filled, he sent Tietkens and Ross, two days previously, with three camel loads of water to deposit about 25 miles on the way, so that the camels could "top-up" in passing. They reached the place where the water was left in two troughs the first night, and found there was just sufficient to fill up the camels. Travelling at the rate of twenty-five or thirty miles a day, they passed some salt-lake depressions, alternating with dense scrub. Attempting, on the 11th, to

cross one of these lakes, instead of leaving their track to go round; they got some of the leading camels into a fearful bog, and had the greatest difficulty in getting safely out. "It was only by the strenuous exertions of all hands, and by pulling up their legs with ropes, and poking tarpaulins into the vacated holes," that they finally got them all out without loss; and then they had to carry out all the loads themselves and the pack-saddles. On the 13th Tommy discovered "a very excellent large native well, with a good body of water, and evidently permanently supplied by the drainage from the mass of dry rocks in its vicinity." Here Giles saw natives for the first time on the expedition. Two women approached the well with vessels for water, but on seeing him they dropped their water-vessels and quickly walked off, in spite of his making signs to them to come and drink. The vessels which they dropped were of a very simple construction, being merely a small sheet of the yellow-tree bark, tied up at the ends with a kind of bark string, and forming a small trough. Soon after the rest of the party arrived, a number of native men and one young boy made their appearance; they seemed to be quiet and inoffensive and had probably seen white people before. "One or two spoke a few English words, as 'whitefellow,' 'what name,' 'boy,' &c. They seemed quite pleased to see the camels drink so much, as they completely emptied the well, which they had probably never seen empty before. They were also delighted with a red handkerchief which Young cut into strips and tied round their brows. This was altogether "a most romantic and pretty little place;" there was plenty of good herbage and bushes for the camels; the little grassy channels were green and fresh-looking; and for a mile around the ground was open and dotted with shady acacia trees and bushes, under some of which the camp was pitched. Towards evening and the next morning more natives appeared, including "two old and faded frail if not fair ones." They eyed with some anxiety some lowan's eggs which Tommy had collected, no doubt considering them as their own lawful property. Alec Ross and Peter Nicholls walked over to their encampment and saw most of the men sitting there with nothing to eat—the women probably being out on a hunting excursion, whilst they, as lords of creation, lounged about at home till dinner was ready. The name given to this place by the natives is "Ularring," accented on the second syllable. Its position is S. lat. $29^{\circ} 35'$; E. long. $120^{\circ} 31' 4''$.

The travellers spent a pleasant time here till October 16th. In his *Journal* Giles says: "While we have been here we have enjoyed the most delightful weather; gentle breezes and shady trees(es); quiet

and inoffensive aborigines, with pretty children, in the midst of a peaceful and happy camp, situated in delightful scenery, amidst fantastic rocks, with the beautiful herbage and pure water for our almighty beasts, forming a true and delightful oasis to the weary traveller in the desert." At the close of this day, however, on rising from supper, which happened to be spread a little earlier than usual, they were surprised to see approaching them an army of native warriors, painted, feathered, and armed to the teeth with spears, clubs, and other weapons. It was closely packed in serried ranks, and was evidently a drilled and perfectly organised force. The natives no doubt expected to have taken the travellers by surprise whilst at their meal, but fortunately the latter, having finished, had just time to seize their fire-arms and have the first discharge before the enemy was upon them. The firing soon caused the natives to waver and then disappear behind the bushes and trees from which, not a quarter of an hour before, they had so gallantly emerged. Earlier in the day a little girl had come into the camp and soon made herself at home. She was very pretty—though somewhat thin and emaciated, as were all the natives—and was very merry. Sitting down by Giles whilst he was writing, she commenced a most serious discourse in her own language; and as she warmed with her subject, she gesticulated and imitated the action of natives throwing spears, and pointed towards the natives' camp, and stamped on the ground; but it was not till after the engagement that Giles suspected that she was then endeavouring to forewarn him of the intended onslaught, not understanding a word she said. During the conflict "this little creature became almost frantic with excitement, and ran off to whoever was about to fire his weapon, patting them on the back, clapping her small hands, squeaking out her delight, and jumping about like a crow with a shirt on." During the night the travellers kept watch, a precaution which they had not previously considered necessary, but no sound save the tinkling of the camels' bells disturbed the stillness of the night. At earliest dawn on the following morning, hearing the screams and howls of a number of the aborigines, they expected and prepared for a fresh attack. Fortunately, however, the former did not come any nearer, and on the 18th the exploring party left this treacherous place and immediately re-entered the dense scrubs, here more than usually thick, passing occasionally more salt lakes. The scrub was at one time so dense that it was only with the greatest difficulty that they succeeded in getting the caravan through it. This interminable scrub, which covers so large a portion of this dreary region, is composed of trees

growing a little higher than a camel, the undergrowth consisting of that worst enemy of the Australian traveller, the spiny grass, *Triodia irritans*, which excoriates the legs of the baggage animals, and strips the hair from their sides. The atmosphere in the scrub is stifling, like the breath of a furnace, and the flies, in dense swarms, annoy both man and beast. Night would be the most comfortable time for travelling; but the scrub is impracticable during darkness, and the search for water—so great a necessity to the wanderer in this dreary waste—can only be carried on during the daytime. Thus the march by day, with all its heat and suffering, is unavoidable.

On the second day they approached a pointed hill, which Giles and Young ascended, and from it obtained a view of Mount Jackson (marked on Gregory's map) to the south, and other hills surrounding the one they were on in nearly all directions. This hill has an altitude of between 500 and 600 feet above the surrounding country. It is composed of ironstone, and is too magnetic for working angles with a compass; there were also some fused rocks, like volcanic slag, upon it. "The view from this hill," says Giles, "was enough to horrify the spectator." In every direction the eye could rest on nothing but the scrubs, which grew even to the summits of the hills, dotted about here and there with the white beds of small salt-lakes. A large number of lowan's eggs were collected in this neighbourhood, though the birds were never to be seen. On camping the third evening 77 miles west from Ularring, by a well, natives manifested their presence in the vicinity by their yells. To show that they were on their guard and had ammunition in stock, Giles fired off his rifle in the air, which caused them to decamp. They were detained here a few days, as one cow-camel was very lame and another gave birth to a calf. As it would only prove an encumbrance, the little camel was killed, and to prevent her from returning, or endeavouring to return to it after leaving, the mother was allowed to remain with her dead offspring to comprehend her loss. The rocks near which they were here encamped Giles named the "Pigeon Rocks," several bronze-wing pigeons being obtained there. On October 24th they continued their journey, still steering nearly west. On the evening of the second day after, they first caught sight of Mount Churchman, the object they had traversed so many hundreds of miles to reach; and early in the morning of the 27th they stood upon its summit. Here they met with more natives, somewhat civilised and friendly. Leaving the next day, they crossed a dry portion of the bed of Lake Moore, which is seven miles wide, and on November 4th came to a sheep station, the first settlement seen by them in Western Australia.

The shepherd was so frightened at the sight of them as almost to run away, but on being assured that they "were not denizens of another sphere," welcomed them "in the name of the whole colony," and soon provided them with an excellent meal of capital mutton. Here exploring was at an end—roads led to and from the other settled districts, and they were again in the neighbourhood of civilisation. Travelling by easy stages, and receiving on the way good entertainment from the settlers, the party on November 18th entered the city of Perth. A great number of people, riding and driving, came out to meet them and escort them into the city, at the bounds of which they were met also by the mayor and council. Companies of Volunteers lined the streets on each side, and the various bodies of Freemasons, Oddfellows, and Good Templars took a part in the procession. Proceeding to the town hall, Giles was presented with an illuminated and engrossed address on vellum on behalf of the Corporation and citizens; and for days receptions, banquets, and balls followed in quick succession.

Thus ended a long and weary journey of 2,500 miles, which, although no discoveries of the first importance were made, is of great value, if only as one to be added to the many instances of pluck and perseverance in overcoming almost insuperable difficulties. Giles himself says: "The explorer does not make the country, he must take it as he finds it; and though to the discoverer of the finest regions the greatest applause is awarded, yet it should be borne in mind that the difficulties of traversing such a country cannot be nearly so great as those which confront the less fortunate traveller, who finds himself surrounded by heartless deserts. Still, the successful penetration of such a region has its value, both in a commercial and scientific sense, as it points out to the future emigrant or settler those portions of our continent which he should most religiously shun." His route through nearly the whole of the previously unknown region lay along the 30th parallel of south latitude, and was therefore about 240 miles south of Forrest's route, and about 480 miles south of that of Warburton. The proximity to the southern coast of the continent, and the more temperate latitude of the region traversed, did not render it any more salubrious and habitable than the country traversed by the other two travellers. The temperature generally varied from 32° to 96° Fahr. in the 24 hours. The prevailing geological formation of the region traversed was red granite. Had Giles been unprovided with camels, the great distances intervening between the fresh water reservoirs would doubtless have rendered impossible the accomplishment of such a journey, if indeed the travellers had not perished in

the attempt. During the whole 2,500 miles he had traversed, Giles says that no areas of country available for settlement were found.

He does not give us any idea of the character of the water in the many lakes passed, further than that it is salt. It seems to be generally avoided by native animals, and to cause the death of a human being partaking of it; if so, its saltness can scarcely be the only noxious property it possesses.

After spending two months in Perth, during which his two officers, Tietkens, who had been second in command, and Young, left for South Australia by mail steamer, Giles started on his return overland journey to South Australia, January 13th, 1876. His projected route lay nearly 400 miles to the north of that by which he had reached Perth, and on leaving that city he travelled up the country through the settled districts to Champion Bay, 250 miles N.N.W. from Perth, and thence to Mount Gould, close to the river Murchison. His party now consisted of four besides himself, namely, young Alec Ross, now promoted to the post of second in command, Peter Nicholls, Saleh, the Affghan, and Tommy Oldham, the black boy. They reached Mount Gould April 22nd, and on May 1st Mount Labouchere (in lat. $24^{\circ} 44'$ and long. $118^{\circ} 2'$), previously seen from Mount Gould by Gregory in 1858 and named by him. The country about here was very difficult for travelling, the ground being stony and uneven, which rendered the camels' feet very tender. From the hill near which they encamped a few days after, the scene was most extraordinary: "Bold and abrupt hills, mountains, and ranges being thrown up in all directions, they seemed to resemble the billows of a tempestuous ocean that had been suddenly solidified into stone." "The hills forming these ranges are almost uniformly composed of granite, and lie generally in almost parallel lines, nearly east and west; they are mostly flat topped, and present at various points straight, rounded, precipitous, and corrugated fronts to the astonished eyes that first behold them; a few small water-channels are found to rise amongst them, which, joining others of a similar kind, gather strength and volume sufficient to form the channels of the larger rivers, which are known to discharge into the sea. Between the lines of hills are hollows, or narrow valleys, which are generally as rough and stony as the tops of the hills themselves, and being mostly filled up with scrubs and thickets, it is as dreadful a region for the traveller to gaze upon as can well be imagined. There seems to be little or no permanent water in this region; a slight shower occasionally falling here and there, and making a small flood in one or other of the numerous little channels, seems to be about all that the natives of

this part of the country have to depend upon." There seemed to be but few inhabitants; none were seen, an occasional smoke in the distance being the only indication of their existence.

Some 60 miles to the N.N.E. of Mount Labouchere, Giles came to a broad and sandy-bedded river, which he identified as the upper portion of the Ashburton, considered to be the largest river in Western Australia. No traveller had previously reached so high a point in its course. Giles struck it in lat. $24^{\circ} 5' 9''$ and long. $118^{\circ} 30'$. Only a small stream of water was running down its bed, the result most probably of recent rains. Proceeding up the river to the east, they travelled mainly in its bed, that being the only ground that was not stony. On May 15th Giles and Ross struck off to the north, forming a *dépôt* at the point where they left the river, in hopes of finding some new hills or ranges extending to the east. Just before leaving the river, and whilst on the northward journey, Giles was troubled with an attack of ophthalmia; some days previously nearly all the party had suffered from the same complaint. His eyes became so inflamed and painful that he could not open them, and Ross had to lead his camel. Coming to a range of mountains to the north, Giles called it Ophthalmia Range, in consequence of his sufferings from that malady. He was much disappointed to learn that the mountains did not extend towards the east, as he had hoped to discover some creeks or rivers that might carry him some distance further eastward, but it was evident that they had now reached the edge of the desert. Two remarkable peaks to the N.W. he named respectively Mount Robinson and the Governor, as memorials of interest shown by Governor Robinson in the exploration of the province. On account of the pain he was in, and his inability to make observations, Giles hurried back to the *dépôt*, reaching it on the 23rd. On the 26th they continued their ascent of the river Ashburton, and on the 29th reached its head, in lat. $24^{\circ} 25' 17''$ and long. $119^{\circ} 58'$.

Having filled all the water-vessels previously to embarking on the waterless desert which, for aught he knew, might extend to the Rawlinson Range of his former expedition, 450 miles away, they started eastward over rough ranges and stony spinifex hills. The weather, which had been excessively hot, the thermometer registering as high as 104° in the shade, now became very cold (the thermometer falling to 27°), and there was a sharp frost. Soon after launching into the desert, Giles was in danger of losing some of his camels in consequence of their eating some poisonous herbage (*Gyrostemon ramulosus*). One of his camels had, some time before, near

Geraldton, on his westward journey, been killed by this plant. After a delay of a few days and careful tending of the infected animals, however, they were again able to be upon the move. Nearly all the camels had been poisoned, and looked gaunt and hollow-eyed from the dangerous attack, and were exceedingly weak and wretched. On through the trackless desert they pushed their way, sometimes for many days together without seeing water. Occasionally they would pass desolate places where for scores of miles the vegetation had been burned by the natives. On June 25th they arrived at the Alfred and Marie Ranges, which Giles had nearly reached in his former expedition in 1873. Had he then succeeded in doing so (having now proved what kind of country lay beyond), Giles says neither he nor any other of his party would ever have returned. Five days' march from here the Rawlinson Range rose upon their view. Having reached this point, Giles considered that the exploring part of his expedition was at an end; for although many hundreds of miles had yet to be traversed to reach the abode of civilisation, he had already explored in previous expeditions the intervening country. Camping for seven days at a spring to the north of these mountains (which he had formerly named Tyndall's Spring), they proceeded on July 11th, and at the eastern end of the familiar Petermann Ranges came across the encampments of some tribes of natives, who immediately armed themselves and endeavoured to stop the progress of the party. In his former visit to this range Giles and Tietkens had had a long encounter with these savages; now, however, being in full marching order, they passed away from them without a collision. At the Musgrave Range a number of natives visited the caravan during Giles's absence and carried off some coats and blankets. Giles had formerly discovered, towards the eastern end of the Musgrave Range, a watercourse with a good stream in its bed running to the south, which he called the Ferdinand. He determined to follow the channel of this stream, and go to the Overland Telegraph Line by a new route. On the left of the river they came to the Everard Range, bare red granite mounds, composed of acres of bare rocks piled up into mountainous shapes. Here they met with more natives, who showed them some water, and in return relieved them of some of their small things, such as bags, towels, &c. They informed Giles that the Ferdinand Creek some distance to the south turned towards the east, forming in its course a lake, and that it flowed into a big salt lake (probably Lake Eyre). Leaving here, the explorers struck the river again further south, and then made for the Alberga River, at a point where Gosse, an earlier traveller, had found a water hole.

This, however, proved to be now quite dry. Forty miles' travelling towards the south-east brought them to the Neales River, which Giles supposes to be the lower course of the Ferdinand. Twenty miles to the east they arrived at Mount O'Halloran, round the base of which the transcontinental telegraph line sweeps, 60 miles from the Peak telegraph station, which latter place they reached on August 23rd.

Here, having again joined the "great family of civilised mankind," his Journal ends, and we bid adieu to the intrepid traveller, who has made four separate expeditions into the interior of Australia, in addition to the one from Fowler's Bay to Beltana to organise the expedition to Perth, and has twice succeeded in crossing that continent. During his wanderings he collected many thousands of plants and entomological and geological specimens. Confirming as it does the reports of Forrest and Warburton as to the sterility of the country, the result of this exploration fully establishes the unsuitability of the interior of Western Australia for settlement. It is estimated that more than half a million square miles (nearly one-fifth of the whole area of the continent) are totally unfit for occupation by civilised man. The northern portion of this waste is an arid desert, with little in the way of vegetation save the tiresome spinifex and scrub. The vegetation of the southern part is much more varied, though it includes little that promises to be applicable to any practical use. Whether, as has been suggested, the planting and growth of forests may, by procuring an increased rainfall, render possible the gradual reclamation of the hitherto barren tracts of land is a question which it must be left to the future to resolve. Much has been accomplished by this means in other places, and there may be no reason why similar efforts in this at present waterless region may not be attended with equally beneficial results.

FREDERICK A. EDWARDS.

SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE.

THE gardens of Gray's Inn, as Charles Lamb knew them at the close of the last century, were of far more importance and extent than they now appear, were to be preferred even to the ample squares and classic green recesses of the Temple—"the most elegant spot in the metropolis;" for as yet the rows of houses known as Verulam and Raymond Buildings had not encroached upon their eastern and western sides, cutting out "delicate green crinkles" and shouldering away the "stately alcoves" of the terraces; their aspect was altogether "reverend and law-breathing: Bacon had left the impress of his foot upon their gravel walks." They had, of course, long ceased to be the resort of fashion, as in the times when Mr. Pepys walked there with his wife or when Sir Roger de Coverley took a turn upon the terrace, "hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigour, for he loved to clear his pipes in good air, to make use of his own phrase." Fashion is always flying, flying westward; holding lands, as it were, upon short leases and not as freeholds in perpetuity. Moorfields, in process of time, so far as "the quality" were concerned, gave way to Gray's Inn Walks, Gray's Inn Walks to the Mall in St. James's Park, the Mall to the Ring in Hyde Park, and the Ring to the Long Walk in Kensington Gardens.

In Lamb's time there were but few houses between Gray's Inn and the northern heights of Hampstead and Highgate. The gardens were a calm and pleasant refuge from the noise and stir of Holborn. It was, as he records, while taking his "afternoon solace upon a summer day upon the aforesaid terrace," he encountered a comely sad personage with the grave air and deportment of one of the old benchers of the Inn. "He had a serious thoughtful forehead, and seemed to be in meditations of mortality. As I have an instinctive awe of old benchers I was passing him with that sort of sub-indicative token of respect which one is apt to demonstrate towards a venerable stranger, . . . when the face turning upon me strangely identified itself with that of Dodd"—an actor of comedy famous as the representative of numberless empty fops, fantastical coxcombs, *the fools, dullards, and wittols* of the old plays. "Few now remember

Dodd," wrote Elia, some five-and-twenty years after this meeting with the comedian in Gray's Inn gardens. "What an Aguecheek the stage lost in him! . . . Dodd was it as it came out of Nature's hands. . . . In expressing slowness of apprehension this actor surpassed all others. You could see the first dawn of an idea stealing slowly over his countenance, climbing up by little and little with a painful process till it cleared up at last to the fulness of a twilight conception—its highest meridian. He seemed to keep back his intellect as some have had the power to retard their pulsation. The balloon takes less time in filling than it took to cover the expansion of his broad moony face over all its quarters with expression. A glimmer of understanding would appear in a corner of his eye, and for lack of fuel go out again. A part of his forehead would catch a little intelligence, and be a long time in communicating it to the remainder."

Dodd died in September 1796. He had not taken formal leave of his profession, but it seemed to be understood that he had completed his career as an actor. He appeared for the last time at Drury Lane Theatre on the 13th June 1796, when he played Kecksey in the farce of the "Irish Widow." Some few weeks before he had taken his last benefit, appearing as Acres in "The Rivals," Mrs. Jordan being the Lydia Languish of the night. For the benefit of that actress "Romeo and Juliet" had been presented, when she essayed the part of the heroine for the first and only time, and Dodd undertook the character of Mercutio. In his last season he had also ventured to appear as Polonius, and had been so unfortunate as to incur the displeasure of his audience by reason of his impersonation of Adam Winterton in "The Iron Chest" of Colman the younger. The play had failed, for Kemble had been seriously indisposed, suffering from asthma and from the opiates he had taken to quell its distresses, and a "soporific monotony" had characterised his performance; he had deferred until the last moment appealing to the forbearance of the house and apologising for the infirmity of his health. Meantime Dodd had been a kind of scapegoat; the audience had found his prattle to be tedious, "the scene in which he was engaged being much too long," as Colman confessed in his preface to the play; disapprobation was loudly expressed, "the audience grew completely soured, and once completely soured everything naturally went wrong; . . . the public were testifying their disgust at the piece through the medium of poor Dodd." It was hard to hiss the old actor in his last season, and for errors that were not of his committing. *His voice was weak, but was usually adequate owing to*

the skill of his elocution ; the new Drury Lane Theatre of 1794, however, was built on an enlarged scale that was trying to Dodd's refined and artistic histrionic method. He was more at home in the smaller area of Garrick's Drury Lane. Large theatres demand exaggeration of tone, expression, and action that the player may fall into perspective and assume due proportion upon the stage. Without doubt he was mortified at being selected for the point of censure in the representation of "The Iron Chest ;" perhaps he was thus confirmed in his resolution to quit the scene altogether at an early date. Boaden writes of the performance : "It is for the author to judge how far he may choose to venture the exhibition of second childhood, which can neither amuse nor be laughed at ; but never did I see more perfect acting than the old Adam Winterton of Dodd. Fawcett, who succeeded him, forced out effect by a shrill strong tone of voice and an occasional testiness ; but he was not aged nor smooth in the part."

James William Dodd was born in London, it is believed, about the year 1740. He came of respectable parents ; his father was a hairdresser ; and some education he received at a grammar school which then existed in Holborn. He became stage-struck at an early period of his life, having obtained great applause from a schoolboy performance of the part of Davus in the "Andria" of Terence. At sixteen he was a member of a strolling company, and played Roderigo before a Sheffield audience. At this time he filled with satisfaction to himself any part that was offered to him, and even undertook the chief characters in the tragic repertory. From Sheffield he proceeded to Norwich, where he sojourned some time, toiling hard as a theatrical servant of all work. Presently he secured an engagement at the Bath Theatre, and there decided that his future efforts should be limited to comedy. His success was indisputable, and in those days some stress was laid upon the approbation of the genteel and fashionable and fastidious audiences of Bath. London was but a short distance from the player who had prospered at Bath. Upon the good report it would seem of Dr. Hoadly, the author of "The Suspicious Husband," Dodd was soon engaged at a respectable salary by Messrs. Garrick and Lacy. His first appearance on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre took place on October 3rd, 1765, Faddle, in the comedy of "The Foundling," being his first part, and promptly he won the good opinion of the London public. Among the other parts allotted to him during his first season at Drury Lane were Shakespeare's Osrice, Slender, and Roderigo ; Jack Meggot in "The Suspicious Husband ;" the Fine Gentleman in

"Lethe;" Sir Harry Wildair and Sir Novelty Fashion; Marplot in "The Busy Body;" Alexis in "All for Love;" and Sparkish in "The Country Wife."

Garrick is said to have selected characters for the new actor well suited to the peculiarity of his genius, and likely to exhibit his merits to the best advantage. It was quickly perceived that he was a thoroughly original artist, that in the representation of certain types of foppishness and fatuity he was quite unrivalled. "There were many parts of low comedy," writes a biographer, "and in singing pieces, in which he was very useful; but as a coxcomb he stood for many years alone; his voice, manner, and above all his figure, were happily suited to express the light vivacity so necessary to complete that character." He first appeared, it may be noted, during the season of Garrick's introduction of a new method of lighting the stage borrowed from the continental theatres. The six heavy chandeliers suspended over the stage, each containing twelve candles in brass sockets, were thenceforth dispensed with. The stage was lit by lamps not visible to the audience. "Taking away the candle rings and lighting from behind—the only advantage we have discovered from Mr. Garrick's tour abroad"—so writes a critic of that period.

For thirty years Dodd remained a member of the Drury Lane company, and faithful to the class of impersonation for which nature seemed to have particularly qualified him. It was said of him that he was the last of the fops whose line commenced with Colley Cibber. It was no doubt true, as Elia wrote sadly, that few remembered the deceased actor. He had slipped out of recollection because the characters in which he so distinguished himself had disappeared from society, had ceased therefore to interest upon the stage, or were only valued from an antiquarian point of view as curious specimens of a departed state of existence. His fops and fribbles were essentially creatures of the eighteenth century, having little in common with the gallant coxcombs of the Elizabethan stage. These are fantastic enough, Euphuists in their speech, and inclining to the superfine in tastes and dress, but they are rarely afflicted with the effeminacy and insipidity which characterise the Cibberian exquisites, although the "certain lord" whose bald unjointed chat so annoyed Hotspur—

For it made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman—

may perhaps be cited as an instance to the contrary. There is little resemblance, however, between the Mercutio or even the Lacio of

Shakespeare and the Novelty Fashions, the Courtly Nices, and the Fopling Flutters of later generations. In Hugh Kelly's poem of "Thespis" Dodd is censured for his "want of all exterior weight, which unfitted him for characters of a manly sort :

When on those parts he fatally will strike,
Which urge no scorn, and furnish no dislike ;
There, all his rich inanity misplaced,
Disgusts alike our judgment and our taste ;
There he provokes our ridicule or rage,
And melts our Wildair down into a page.

His diminutive person is thus described :

Blest with the happiest nothingness of form
Which nature e'er with being strove to warm,
On life's just scale scarce capable to stand,
A kind of mandrake in creation's hand,
See Dodd in all his tininess of state. . . .
Framed at his birth a coxcomb for the stage,
He soars the foremost fribble of the age,
And struck by chance on some egregious plan,
A mere, nice, prim epitome of man,
In every coinage of the poet's brain,
Who blends alike the worthless and the vain, &c.

Another satirist, styling himself Sir Nicholas Nipclose, Bart, in a poem called "The Theatres," 1772, writes of the actor :

Who trips it jaunty o'er the sprightly scene,
A pretty, pert, significant Pantine ?
Dodd, who gives pleasure both to ears and eyes,
Tho' *duodecimo* of human size.

A later critic, Anthony Pasquin, in his "Children of Thespis," describes Dodd as he appeared towards the close of his career :

Behold sprightly Dodd amble light o'er the stage,
And mimic young fops in despite of his age,
Poising his cane 'twixt his finger and thumb, . . .
With a vacant *os frontis* and confident air,
The minikin manikin prates debonair, . . .
And varies in nought from our grandmothers' beaus
But the curls on his pate and the cut of his clothes.

His Mercutio is condemned, and he could hardly have shown Mercutio. To other of his impersonations much praise is awarded.

Yet his Druggier defies the stern critic's detection,
And his Aguecheek touches the edge of perfection.

Mrs. Mathews, the widow of the elder comedian of that name has described Dodd as a decided fop both on and off the stage.

was dignified of demeanour, for he piqued himself upon his talents and quality as an actor, and considered he was entitled to general respect alike for his public services and his private virtues; he was proud of his profession, and valued the means whereby he existed scarcely less than his existence itself. No doubt his pomposness of manner contrasted curiously with his physical insignificance. His "white, calf-like, stupid face," as Dr. Hoadly called it, his dancing-master gait, that seemed to combine stalking with tripping, his rotund body, supported by short though shapely legs, always clad in silk stockings, must have presented a certain ludicrousness of aspect. He dressed with invariable daintiness. His coat was oftentimes of scarlet; his hair was much frizzed and powdered, the long queue doubled and twisted until it rested between his shoulders in the form of a door-knocker; his little feet encased in neat shoes of Spanish leather, secured by costly buckles. He is spoken of as the "prince of pink heels and the soul of empty eminence." Miss Pope was wont to say that no one could take a pinch of snuff like Dodd. The amateurs of his time dwell also upon the air of complacent superiority with which he applied the quintessence of roses to his nose, upon the deportment which bespoke the "sweet effeminacy of his person, upon his profuse display of muslin and lace in his cravat, frills, and ruffles." "One excellence I observe in him," writes Dr. Hoadly from Bath in 1765, "he is not in a hurry, and his pauses are sensible and filled with proper action and looks." He was remarkably composed at all times; "an entertaining companion," says Michael Kelly, "very fond of convivial meetings; he knew a vast number of comic songs, and was *renommé* for recounting good stories, although it must be confessed they were somewhat of the longest." In regard to his prolixity it is jocosely recorded that beginning at midnight to relate a story of a journey he had taken to Bath, it was six o'clock in the morning before he had arrived at Devizes! The company prepared to separate, in spite of Dodd's entreaties that they would remain, for he could not bear his stories to be curtailed. "Don't go yet," he cried; "stop and hear it out; I promise you I'll make it entertaining."

A singer of taste and skill, if of limited power, Dodd was a constant attendant at the meetings of the Anacreontic Society held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand. In the early part of the evening much excellent music was performed, Cramer leading a strong band of stringed instruments. The company, mainly consisting of bankers, merchants, and wealthy citizens, then retired to a large room wherein supper was provided. Supper concluded, old

Charles Bannister was wont to deliver, with powerful effect, the special song of the Society, "Anacreon in Heaven." Then followed favourite catches and glees sung by Webbe, Danby, Dignum, Hobbs, Sedgwick, Suett, and others, relieved by some of Dodd's famous songs. The members of the Society greatly valued the actor, and always lent liberal support to his benefits. "I passed many delightful evenings in this Society," writes Kelly. "I deeply regretted the death of my poor friend Dodd, and with true sorrow followed his remains to the grave. He was one of the original members of the School of Garrick, and always spoke of his great master with the highest veneration and respect." The School of Garrick, it may be noted, was a club in honour of his memory, formed of the players who had been his contemporaries. The meetings were limited to the theatrical season, and held but once in each month. As the old actors departed, their places were filled by younger members. King, Dodd, Moody, Parsons, and the two Bannisters were among the founders of the institution; Mathews, Suett, and Downton were among the new members. "It was, of all the societies I have ever been in," says Kelly, "perhaps the most agreeable; nothing could surpass it for wit, pleasantry, good humour, and brotherly love." The School of Garrick, however, did not long survive the eighteenth century.

Though Dodd played Acres with great success, "looking so blankly divested of all meaning or resolutely expressive of none," the part had been sustained in the first instance by Quick. Dodd, however, rendered very important aid to the representation of Sheridan's plays. He was the original impersonator of Sir Benjamin Backbite in "The School for Scandal," and of Mr. Dangle in "The Critic;" and when Sheridan altered "The Relapse" into "The Trip to Scarborough"—the play-bill was headed "never acted," as though the comedy were altogether new, and "The Relapse" had not been acted only a few years before—the character of Lord Foppington was assigned to Dodd. Lord Foppington is one of those characters whose popularity leads to their appearance in several plays. In that respect he was the Falstaff of the eighteenth century. He was first seen as the Sir Novelty Fashion of Cibber's "Love's Last Shift, or the Fool in Fashion," claiming descent, without doubt, from the Sir Fopling Flutter of Etherege and the Sir Courtly Nice of Crowne. Afterwards, in his "Careless Husband," Cibber had raised Sir Novelty to the Peerage as Lord Foppington. Vanbrugh, in his "Relapse, or Virtue in Danger," which professed to be a sequel to "Love's Last Shift," re-introduced Lord Foppington. The lapse of eighty years

makes considerable difference in the general view of manners and morals. Vanbrugh believed his comedy to be so free from offence that he held no woman of a real reputation in town could think it an affront to her prayer-book to lay the innocent play upon the same shelf with it. However, it was felt that the work needed considerable modification when Sheridan took it in hand and re-named it "A Trip to Scarborough."

Dodd had played *Sir Novelty Fashion* and the Lord Foppington of the "Careless Husband;" he had not, however, appeared as Vanbrugh's Lord Foppington until after Sheridan operated upon the part. Sir Novelty sets forth his own character with great preciseness in "Love's Last Shift." "In the first place, madam," he avows to Narcissa the daughter of Sir William Wisewoud, "I was the first person in England that was complimented with the name of beau, which is a title I prefer before right honourable; for that may be inherited, but this I extort from the whole nation by my surprising mien and unexampled gallantry. Then another thing, madam, it has been observed that I have been eminently successful in those fashions I have recommended to the town; and I don't question but this very suit will raise as many riband-weavers as ever the clipping or melting trade did goldsmiths. . . . In short, madam, the cravat strings, the garter, the centurine, bardash, the steinkirk, the large button, the long sleeve, the plume and full peruque, were all created, cried down, or revived by me. In a word, madam, there has never been anything particularly taking or agreeable for these ten years past, but your humble servant was the author of it. . . . Then you must know my coach and equipages are as well known as myself, and since the conveniency of two play-houses I have a better opportunity of showing them. For between every act—whisk!—I am gone from one to the other. Oh, what pleasure it is at a good play to go out before half an act's done!" "Why at a good play?" asks Narcissa. "Oh, madam, it looks particular, and gives the whole audience an opportunity of turning upon me at once. Then do they conclude I have some extraordinary business, or a fine woman to go to at least. And then again it shows my contempt of what the dull town thinks their chiefest diversion. But if I do stay a play out I always sit with my back to the stage. . . . Then everybody will imagine I have been tired with it before; or that I am jealous who talks to who in the king's box. And thus, madam, do I take more pains to preserve a public reputation than ever any lady took, after the smallpox, to preserve her complexion." This recital is closely imitated in the account of his manner of life furnished by Lord Foppington in "The Relapse."

Sir Benjamin Backbite is an exquisite of a much later date, and may be classed among the Macaronis who came in vogue about 1770—"travelled young men who wear long curls and spying glasses," as Walpole describes them. They had made the grand tour, had eaten macaroni in Italy with an affected zest, and returned home full of vices and follies, to form themselves into a club called after the dish they pretended to esteem. Sir Benjamin's epigram upon Lady Betty Curricle's ponies—which are likened to Macaronis, "their legs are so slim and their tails are so long"—has lost its point in these later times. But the Macaronis delighted in eccentric costumes; their limbs were very tightly fitted, and looked slim in consequence, while their queues were of prodigious length—"five pounds of hair they wear behind, the ladies to delight, O!" says a comic song of the period; it was their proud object, indeed, to carry to the utmost every description of dissipation, to exceed in effeminacy of manner and modish novelty of dress. The Macaroni Club was as the Crockford's or the Watier's of a subsequent reign, and perished at last of its own excesses. Viscount Bolingbroke writes to George Selwyn, in Paris, in regard to a new suit of plain velvet—that is, without gold or silver trimmings—he wishes Le Duc, the famous French tailor, to make for him: "a small pattern seems to be the reigning taste amongst the Macaronis at Almacks, and is therefore what Lord B. chooses. Le Duc, however, must be desired to make the clothes bigger than the generality of Macaronis, as Lord B.'s shoulders have lately grown very broad. As to the smallness of the sleeves and length of the waist, Lord B. desires them to be *outré*, that he may exceed any Macaroni now about town, and become the object of their envy." Dodd, as Sir Benjamin Backbite, seems to have furnished a perfect portrait of a coxcomb of the Macaroni type.

The limits of Dodd's histrionic capacity being considered, the list of characters he sustained is surprisingly ample. He personated the fops and the imbeciles, young and old, of comedy and farce. In addition to the Shakespearian parts already mentioned, he appeared as Cloten, as Gratiano, as Launce, as Elbow, as Polonius—on the occasion of his benefit he even undertook the part of Richard III. He was famous as Master Stephen in "Every Man in his Humour," as Abel Drugger in the "Alchemist." Among other of his characters may be enumerated Jerry Sneak and Jerry Blackacre Watty Cockney in "The Romp," and Master Johnny in "The Schoolboy," Jessamy in "Lionel and Clarissa," and Ben in "Love for Love," Humphry Gubbin, Tattle, Count Bassett, Fiddle

Scribble, Brisk, Scrub, Lord Trinket, Sir Harry Flutter, Sir Brilliant Fashion, and Sir Benjamin Dove.

He was known popularly as Jemmy Dodd, and was no doubt believed, with other favourite comedians, to carry into private life the merriment and facetiousness which attached to his public career—to be as ludicrous and diverting off the stage as he was on it. Lamb relates of his merry friend Jem White—the author of “Falstaff’s Letters” and the originator of the Chimney Sweeps’ Suppers in Smithfield—that having seen Dodd play Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and meeting him the next day in Fleet Street, he was irresistibly impelled to take off his hat to the actor and salute him as the identical knight of the preceding evening with a “Save you, Sir Andrew!” Dodd, it seems, by no means disconcerted at this unusual address from a stranger, with a courteous half-rebuking wave of his hand, put him off with an “Away, fool!” And in presence of the old actor in “the serious walks” of Gray’s Inn—where he was perhaps “divesting himself of many scenic and some real vanities—weaning himself from the frivolity of the lesser and the greater theatres—doing gentle penance for a life of no very reprehensible fooleries—taking off by degrees the buffoon mask which he might feel he had worn too long, and rehearsing for a more solemn cast of part”—Elia accused himself in that he had laughed at a face that once seemed so vacantly foolish and was now so sadly thoughtful. “Was this the face, manly, sober, intelligent, which I had so often despised, made mocks at, made merry with? The remembrance of the freedoms I had taken with it came upon me with a reproach of insult. I could have asked it pardon. I thought it looked upon me with a sense of injury. There is something strange as well as sad in seeing actors—your pleasant fellows particularly—subjected to and suffering the common lot; their fortunes, their casualties, their deaths, seem to belong to the scene, their actions to be amenable to poetic justice only. We can hardly connect them with more awful responsibilities.”

Dodd died and left no successor. The traditions of Cibber’s fops departed with him. The clouded cane, the china snuffbox, the essence of bergamot, the protuberances of endless muslin and lace, all the appurtenances of coxcombry of the old school, were interred in his grave. “How it happened I do not know,” writes Boaden, “but no actor seems to have made Dodd his model.” Edwin, when about to appear as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, took his seat in the pit of Drury Lane expressly to study Dodd’s performance of the part. On going out Edwin observed to a friend, “It is indeed

perfection. Something I hope to do with the part, but I cannot touch him in his own way." Boaden pronounced Edwin's performance to be, like all he did, quite irresistible ; but he hastened to add, "the smoothness, the native imbecility of Dodd were transcendent. Edwin could not entirely reach that paragon of folly."

Dodd was a student of dramatic literature, and a collector of early editions at a time when prices were low—for the passion of book-collecting was not yet at its full. His large and valuable library, dispersed at his death, realised more than thrice its original cost. The sale, conducted by the predecessors of the house of Sotheby & Co., lasted nine days. Dodd also cherished an odd fancy for collecting the warlike implements of the North American Indians.

Dr. Hoadly, writing to Garrick from Bath in 1765, reported very favourably of Mrs. Dodd. "A very genteel sensible woman, fit to fill any part of high life, especially if written with any sensibility and tenderness. . . . The affected drawl of Lady Dainty became her much, and in Mrs. Oakley I could not see a fault. She was not a moment out of the character, and amazingly proper and ready in the repartee. . . . After all, I wish that these excellences may not be almost totally lost for want of that force of voice requisite to pierce all parts of a large and crowded theatre. . . . She is tall, and made no bad figure in breeches. . . . I suppose she must sing tolerably at least, for she plays Polly to his Macheath, which they say is excellent." Mrs. Dodd did not appear on the London stage, however, or failed to make much impression there.

John Taylor, in "Records of My Life," mentions that Dodd "supported an aged father with filial affection," and gave a good education to his son who entered the Church.

DUTTON COOK.

ALFRED DE MUSSET.

IF, as a poet of no mean authority has told us, it is the way of poets to "learn in suffering what they teach in song," no motto more appropriate could be chosen to introduce the narrative of the late French poet Alfred de Musset's melancholy and yet distinguished career. Poet, dramatist, and critic, his name was a power in French literature upwards of a generation ago. Twenty years have elapsed since his death, and it is but a few months since his biography was fully given to the public by his elder brother Paul. The family of De Musset left traces of itself, during the last four centuries, in the history of that part of France which lies around Blois and Vendôme, where it once possessed patrimonial estates bearing the chivalrous names of Courtoisie and Bonne Aventure. The poet's father Victor was for many years a civil servant of the State, in the War and Home Offices. Soon after the Restoration, a suspicion of liberal principles cost him his place, and he then employed himself in literary pursuits, till the turn in the wheel again restored him to office, which he retained till his death. His wife's family name was Desherbiers, and she seems to have possessed rare qualities of head and heart. To his mother, we are told, Alfred owed his keen sensibility and his eloquent command of language.

Alfred, the second son of this marriage, was born in Paris, December 1810. Among several anecdotes of his childhood there is one to this effect: at the age of three years he was given a pair of new red shoes; after they had been put on his feet, the child was detained longer than he liked by the operation of combing his luxuriant curls, and, dancing with eager impatience, he at last cried out, "Make haste, then, mamma, or my new shoes will be growing old!" Like the Italian sculptor Canova, Alfred was in love before he was five. The lady was a country-cousin of his own, and, of course, a good many years older; but his feelings about her were so acute that the actual marriage of Clélie had to be kept concealed for a while from the precocious child. The practical result of the incident was to furnish a spur to his acquisition of reading and writing, in order that he might correspond with his lady-love. In later years, as might be expected, it all died away into a lasting cousinly friendship. Madame

Moulin went up to Paris to witness her cousin's reception into the French Academy.

Alfred was, at first, sent for a short time as a day-scholar to an establishment where Paul was a boarder; and after that the brothers were educated at home under a private tutor. This arrangement, which lasted a year or two, procured for them greater liberty in their favourite line of reading, as well as of amusement, than if they had been bound by the less flexible rules of a public school.

Oriental tales, such as the "Thousand and One Nights," they not only devoured, but turned into little comedies. Talismans were found hidden in their pockets, magic rings dropped from their sleeves, to the great displeasure of their tutor, and the interruption of more serious, if not more useful, studies. A happy summer was spent at an old country house, Des Clignets, near the forest of Carnelle, where lessons and play seem to have gone on in company through the entire day. The tutor was a young man, and he and his boys passed most of their time in the open air. He taught them history while they were taking their walks, and Italian by conversing with them in that language. When his pupils were at a loss for a word, he handed them his pocket dictionary. His method of giving geography lessons was excellent. Stories of Magellan, Vasco di Gama, and Captain Cook were made agreeable episodes in less attractive matters, and the study became a pleasure. The boys learnt as much as they afterwards did, during a similar period, at college, and with far more facility. After some months of this delightful country freedom, the return to the comparative confinement of life in Paris had an injurious effect on the nervous temperament of Alfred. Sheer want of space and air made him at times almost mad. In one day he smashed a drawing-room mirror with a billiard ball, snipped into fragments a new set of curtains, and stuck a large red wafer on a valuable map of Europe, in the middle of the Mediterranean. Discursive private reading went on as before. Tasso's Poem was devoured; as were "Orlando Furioso," "Amadis," "Pierre de Provence," and similar works. Many of the scenes in them were acted by the boys and a companion who joined them. Their young heads were filled with deeds of prowess, with battles and single combats. Oddly enough, they turned the leaf when the paladins began to make love; the interlude was felt to be an interruption to the nobler functions of mediæval knights. They invented a mode of carrying on their game, even during the hours of school. On every page of their Latin dictionary they had inscribed the name of a famous knight. *The boy who had a word to look up took the name of the knight on*

the page he wanted ; if his brother happened to find on his page the name of another knight of renown superior to the first (according to a list they had drawn up), then the finder of the better man was the winner for that turn ; and so the little game went on under the very nose of the tutor. One day, when he himself happened to want the dictionary, his turning up the page on which the name of the traitor Ganelon had been inscribed excited in his pupils a fit of inextinguishable laughter.

In his tenth year Alfred became a day scholar in the Collège Henri IV. He soon rose to the top of his form, and with little trouble managed to keep the place of honour. His companions, who were all of them older than he, resented his superiority, and for a while made his life miserable by bullying, out of school. At home, a copy of "Don Quixote," presented to the boys, gave a new turn to their estimate of chivalry. The period of Alfred's belief in the marvellous and the impossible was nearly at an end ; but it left in his mind a certain poetic tendency to look upon life in general as a kind of romance. The habit remained with him, and may be traced in many of his tales and comedies, more particularly when he attributes to the characters his own personal ideas and feelings. One of his fellow-scholars happened to be the Count of Chartres, eldest son of the Duke of Orleans, who, a few years afterwards, rose to sovereign power as Louis Philippe. The young Count had permission to invite his companions to Neuilly from time to time, and a lasting friendship with the royal family thus resulted from Alfred's schooldays. We shall have occasion to refer to it again in the course of the narrative. Alfred was now seventeen ; his connection with the Collège Henri IV. closed the same year that he gained the prize, in a competition with other colleges, for an essay entitled, "On the Origin of our Feelings." It is perhaps incorrect to say that he gained the prize, for it was, in point of fact, divided with another competitor, whose essay, although inferior in every other respect to Alfred's, made more of the religious element. Philosophy and metaphysics had a special attraction for Alfred, difficult as it may be to reconcile the fact with his strong bias towards romance. His studies were various and extensive. Foreign languages and law, drawing and music, anatomy and physiology, represented some of them. Acting charades and little comedies was his favourite amusement. A fellow-pupil introduced him to Victor Hugo, in whose house he met a circle of authors and men of letters, like De Vigny, Mérimée, and Sainte-Beuve. All he saw and heard in their reunions tended to *develope in himself the latent authorship which soon*

entitled him to associate with them on terms of equality. His father, from time to time, pressed him to choose a profession ; but he fenced with it as long as he could ; and, with the exception of a short interval passed in a government office, Alfred never followed any profession but that of letters. His earliest composition was a song written at the age of fourteen, for his mother's fête-day. His first essays in prose show traces of Victor Hugo's influence ; but De Musset probably owed to his studies in philosophy his escape from the extravagances which make Hugo's serious poems and speeches as ludicrous as any comedy. In the month of August 1828, a ballad, entitled "A Dream," appeared anonymously in the *Provincial*, an obscure journal of Dijon. This was De Musset's first essay in print. At that time, the war between Classicism and Romance was stoutly fought in the coteries of French literature, no less than of art. The *Cénacle*, or reunion, at Victor Hugo's was a tower of strength for the rising romantic school. Young De Musset first openly declared himself a poet by reading one or two of his compositions before the *Cénacle*. Sainte-Beuve, who was present, wrote to a friend a few days after, "We have among us a youth full of genius." The young candidate for fame was gratified, but far from dazzled by the recognition of his powers. Touching his forehead, he said to his brother, "I feel there is something here ; but it would be no kindness to persuade me that I am a great man. The public alone and posterity can confer patents of that kind." He now passed, almost at a bound, from aimless boyhood to aspiring manhood ; a change which showed itself even in his looks and his manners. He went much into society, cultivated the acquaintance of young men richer than himself, not unfrequently to his serious pecuniary loss. He rode much ; he gambled ; he turned night into day, dancing and enjoying himself ; yet never neglecting the visitations of his muse. Many of his themes were suggested to him by people he had met and incidents he had witnessed. While his first volume of poetry was preparing, De Musset turned his knowledge of English to account by translating, for Mann, De Quincey's "Confessions of an English Opium-eater." It was finished in a month, and was published anonymously. In 1829 his "Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie" appeared ; the young poet's first instalment of literary composition, and the foundation of his fame as a lyric poet.

The volume contained the famous "Ballad to the Moon," which excited a good deal of clamour. People who thought it a serious effusion at once closed the book, and read no further. Others imagined that the author was laughing at his friends and at himself.

Qualified judges at once saw that the poet had not read Ariosto for nothing ; and, which pleased him still better, young people and the gentler sex understood him and enjoyed him. A proof that he had struck out an original path for himself was soon forthcoming in the numerous imitations of his style that appeared. Even his occasional carelessness and his unfinished lines were copied, without his redeeming merits, it need hardly be added. De Musset next applied himself to more careful composition, in several pieces which were published in the *Revue de Paris*. His friends of the romance school were not so well pleased as before ; but he gained the attention of others, and was not very sensitive to criticism. The Revolution of 1830 made no change in De Musset's fortunes, notwithstanding his acquaintance with the Orleans family. He had a Bohemian antipathy to the ties even of a lucrative office, and carefully kept aloof from the chance of being offered one. The manager of the Odéon theatre applied to him for a play on the subject of Napoleon, which, oddly enough, was at this moment the rage in Paris. The *Nuit Vénitienne* was composed, and put upon the stage with care. The first night of its performance it was hissed in the second act, and a storm arose in the pit which drowned the voices of the players. The cause was never explained ; but further misadventure awaited the unfortunate piece. Calm was restored on the entrance of Mdlle. Béranger, attired in a rich white satin dress, and radiant with youth and freshness. As ill luck would have it, while she was looking down from a balcony, she leaned against a bit of trellis-work of which the green paint was still wet, and when she went on the stage, a few moments afterwards, her white satin skirt was seen to be streaked with green crossbars, from her waist to the ground. The effect was irresistible. The scene was acted in dumb show, amidst the uproar of the whole house. The play was repeated the following evening, but with little better success, though the accident of the green paint was omitted ; and for several years De Musset wrote no more for the stage. A writer in the *Temps* newspaper condemned the behaviour of the Odéon pit ; this led to an introduction to the editor, who engaged De Musset to write a series of articles for his journal. They appeared anonymously in the early months of 1831, under the title of "Revue Fantastique." The mercurial nature of their author soon grew weary of the constraint, and the series was dropped. After that there was a pause, and the poet continued his studies of life and character among a set of the wildest and most reckless of companions. An amusing story is told of this period. The amiable Duchess of Castries, who had been for years a cripple, was attended by a young English lady as a com-

panion. The Duchess, hearing of De Musset, wished to read his poems, and directed her attendant to procure a copy. The young lady, instead of going out and buying one, took it into her head to write to the author and ask him for a copy. His fancy was tickled by the oddity of the thing, and he replied by promising to call on the lady and present her with the book. She at once told the Duchess what she had done, and orders were given to admit the poet when he called. He came, with the volume under his arm; he was received by the Duchess with apologies for the awkwardness of her companion. The ice was quickly broken, and the incident led to an acquaintanceship which soon ripened into a lifelong friendship.

In the terrible visitation of cholera which desolated Paris in 1832, the poet's father perished after a few hours' illness. After the first blow the poet formed a sudden resolution, if the publication of another volume of poems did not replenish his purse, to enlist in a cavalry regiment, rather than be a burden on his mother or diminish the fortune of his only sister—an alternative which was never imposed upon him. The first fruit of his new resolution was the "*Coupe et les Lèvres*," the scene of which is laid in the Tyrol. This, together with a comedy, entitled "*A quoi rêvent les jeunes Filles*," was offered to a publisher, who, not without difficulty, accepted them, and put them to press. Suddenly, at the last moment, it was discovered that seventy pages more were wanted to make up a good-sized volume of some three hundred pages. Under this pressure the author composed "*Namouna*." The new volume appeared before the end of the year, with the date of 1833 on the title-page. Friends, perhaps, expected too much from it; they were, on the whole, disappointed. But the author was proof against any feeling of failure. The first morning after the publication he happened to hear a youth on the Boulevards repeating to his companion a line from the comedy,—

Spadille a l'air d'une oie, et Quinola d'un cuistre.

It was a trifle, but it pleased him. Sainte-Beuve behaved well. He reviewed the new work in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* with disinterested candour, pronounced it a great advance on the earlier volume of poems, and openly declared that many estimable members of the Academy itself had never written a line of the high class of De Musset's verses. Other critics affected to detect in "*Namouna*" an imitation of the "*Don Juan*" of Byron, and of other poets' styles.

It was about this time that De Musset became connected with the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the bi-monthly literary organ of M. Buloz. From that time everything of importance that came from his pen was first given to the world in its pages. His earliest contribution

appeared April 1, 1833, in the form of a drama, "Andrea del Sarto." It was soon afterwards followed by the "Caprices de Marianne," and that, again, by "Rolla." At a dinner given to the contributors to the *Revue*, De Musset met for the first time a lady who, for a while, acquired a powerful influence over his mind, and whose story enters largely into that of the poet during the next year or two of his life. This was George Sand, the fascinating novelist, and the greatest master of French prose since J. J. Rousseau. Charming reunions of artists, wits, and men of letters were frequent in her apartments. On one occasion, when some of the *Revue* writers were expected, and among them Lerminier, a professor of philosophy, Debureau, the unrivalled clown of a circus-theatre, was invited to meet the professor. But the clown was got up for the occasion. His face appeared in the hues of nature, he was attired in respectable black, he wore a large shirt-frill elaborately plaited, his white cravat was well starched, his dress-shoes and his gloves were of polished leather. Never was there a transformation more complete. No one recognised him. He was to personate a distinguished member of the English House of Commons passing through France on a secret mission to Vienna. De Musset, at this party, wore the costume of a young Normandy maid-servant, and waited on the guests. When they assembled the English M.P. was the last to arrive. The guests were all introduced to him with becoming ceremony; he bowed slightly to each of them as he stood before the fire, his hands behind his back, in superb silence. At table he had the place of honour, but opened his mouth only to eat and drink, and that abundantly. The conversation was adroitly led to political subjects, as likely to interest him. The leading English statesmen of the day, Peel, Stanley, and others, were discussed, but the foreign diplomatist never got beyond monosyllables. At last, some one happening to utter the phrase "balance of power," he burst out, "Would you like to know what I understand by the 'balance of power?' Look here, I will show you." He seized his plate, threw it up, spinning, in the air, caught it on the point of his knife, and kept it whirling round in perfect equilibrium, to the amazement of the company. Meanwhile the young Normandy maid-servant had been committing all sorts of blunders, handing a knife for a spoon, or a fork for a bit of bread, laying the plates down bottom upwards, and letting fall nearly everything she touched. At the moment when Debureau finished his demonstration of the "balance of power," she seized a water carafe and emptied its contents on the head of the professor of philosophy.

To the inexpressible mortification of his mother and other friends,

De Musset left Paris in company with George Sand, intending to pass the winter of 1833 together in Italy. They went as far as Venice, and there, for some reasons that have never been fully explained, they parted company. De Musset was attacked with brain fever, and returned alone to Paris, the ghost of his former self. The incident, unimportant in itself except to those immediately concerned, was much discussed at the time. George Sand published her own version of it in "Elle et Lui." The poet's brother Paul rejoined on the other side, in "Lui et Elle"; and the "Lui" of Madame Louisa Colet left nothing more to be said. That De Musset's feelings had sustained a cruel shock was proved by his shattered health. Months elapsed before he recovered himself, and a longer time before he could speak with calmness of all he had undergone. Yet so great was the sinister influence of the lady in question on the susceptible poet, that their intimacy was renewed for a time; it ended, however, in a final rupture, and he resumed once more his mastery of himself.

The year 1835, or rather the last eight months of it, was a period of rapid production, both in prose and verse. His manner of composition was generally after this fashion: All day he took part in conversation and work, with the air of a chess-player who was playing two games at once. Now and then he retired to write down some dozen lines, and returned to the company. Towards night he went to work in earnest. He had a light supper carried to his room, in which a dozen wax candles were lighted and flower-pots arranged; people might have supposed that he was going to give a ball. By the morning of the second day the piece was finished. The poet blew out his candles, went to bed, and slept till the evening. When he rose, he read over what he had written, and, if necessary, corrected it. All at once the rapture of production was succeeded by weariness and low spirits. Nothing would serve the poet but luxury and amusement. Beautiful things, music, a graceful note, revived him as nothing else could. Such were the exhausting conditions under which he generally wrote.

Differing widely as the poles from Lamartine, both as to matter and form, De Musset had a genuine admiration for the author of the "Lac." Early in 1836, after a fit of melancholy which had been dissipated by the perusal of the "Méditations," De Musset took a sudden fancy to address an epistle to the elder poet, which at once found its way into the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He was gratified by the receipt of an invitation to visit Lamartine, whom he continued to see at frequent intervals during the next five months. The author of the "Lac" promised to return the compliment, but asked for a little time,

re reply, as he expressed it, might not be unworthy of the

The reply, for some reason or other, never came ; and when they met at the Academy in 1852, Lamartine affected to think it was their first meeting.

One evening a lady, at whose weekly musical reunions De Musset used to meet Prince Belgiojoso and other musical celebrities, was giving her names to all her guests, and she called the poet the "Lucifer of a Stagnant Heart." He in turn obtained permission to call her his "Lucifer." This acquaintance was of immense service to him. She, by her kindnes, made use of the fictitious relationship to give him good advice, to encourage, console, and stimulate him, as he was often led to require it. Her godson, for his part, set so high a value on her good opinion as to make it a standard of his work. To her he was so devoted, he was in the habit of writing familiar letters, giving an account of anything of interest that had occurred to him. The acquaintance lasted for many years, and to it we owe a number of graphic descriptions of his daily life, as, for example, the famous supper at Rachel's house of which we shall presently speak.

The premature death of the great Malibran in 1836 struck a chord to the poet's heart, and drew from him an elegy, which, if not absolutely the finest of his compositions, is among the most popular, and possesses qualities especially likely to recommend it to English readers; of the original. It ought to be remarked that, except on the occasion of the De Musset never saw Malibran but once in his life, and that was in a drawing-room where she was singing. He never spoke to her. Yet the vivid regret breathed from his elegy seems to have induced many people to suppose that a tenderer relation existed between the great artist and the poet. The elegy opens with a sarcasm for referring, in the daily rush of life, to anything that is forgotten by fourteen days from the absorbing interests of the present moment. He then continues :—

O Maria Félicia ! le peintre et le poète,
Laissant, en expirant, d'immortels héritiers,
Jamais l'affreuse nuit ne les prend tout entiers ;
À défaut d'action, leur grande âme inquiète
De la mort et des temps entreprend la conquête,
Et frappés dans la lutte, ils tombent en guerriers.

Celui-là sur l'airain a gravé sa pensée ;
Dans un rythme doré l'autre l'a cadencée ;
Du moment qu'on l'écoute, on lui devient ami.
Sur sa toile, en mourant, Raphaël l'a laissée ;
Et pour que le néant ne touche point à lui,
C'est assez d'un enfant sur sa mère endormi.

Comme dans une lampe une flamme fidèle,
 Au fond du Parthénon le marbre inhabité
 Garde de Phidias la mémoire éternelle,
 Et la jeune Vénus, fille de Praxitèle,
 Sourit encor, debout dans sa divinité,
 Aux siècles impuissants qu'a vaincus sa beauté.

Recevant d'âge en âge une nouvelle vie,
 Ainsi s'en vont à Dieu les gloires d'autrefois ;
 Ainsi le vaste écho de la voix de génie
 Devient du genre humain l'universelle voix,
 Et de toi, morte hier, de toi, pauvre Marie,
 Au fond d'une chapelle il nous reste une croix !

Une croix ! et l'oubli, la nuit et le silence !
 Ecoutez ! c'est le vent, c'est l'océan immense ;
 C'est un pécheur qui chante au bord du grand chemin.
 Et de tant de beauté, de gloire et d'espérance,
 De tant d'accords si doux d'un instrument divin
 Pas un faible soupir, pas un écho lointain !

The poet then describes the singer's many triumphs in various dramatic characters, and in many countries of Europe. He next touches on the losses then recently sustained by art and science in the death of Géricault, Robert, Cuvier, Schiller, Goethe, and Byron. Turning to his theme again, he exclaims :—

Hélas, Mariette, tu nous restais encore.
 Lorsque sur le sillon l'oiseau chante à l'aurore,
 Le laboureur s'arrête, et, le front en sueur,
 Aspire dans l'air pur un souffle de bonheur.
 Ainsi nous consolait ta voix fraîche et sonore,
 Et tes chants dans les cieus emportèrent la douleur.

But why, in the search after perfection in the dramatic art, did she not spare herself? he continues. Why wear herself out by real emotions which other great artists were content to simulate? Was she not aware that her strength and the springs of her life were failing under the exhausting effort? Yes, she knew it well. She knew that some evening the supreme effort would be too great for her, and the end would surely come :—

Oui, oui, tu le savais, et quo dans cette vie
 Rien n'est bon que d'aimer, n'est vrai que de souffrir.
 Chaque soir dans tes chants tu te sentais pâlir.
 Tu connaissais le monde et la foule et l'envie,
 Et dans ce corps brisé concentrant ton génie,
 Tu regardais aussi la Malibran mourir.

Before the close of 1836 a fourth attempt on the life of Louis Philippe was made by an assassin. Under the influence of the moment, De Musset, remembering all the kindness he had received

at Neuilly, composed a sonnet of congratulation on the royal escape, but without any intention of making it public. The poet's friend Tattet, however, got possession of a copy, and from one hand to another it finally reached De Musset's old schoolfellow, the Count of Chartres, or the Duke of Orleans, as his title had become since the accession of his father to the throne of the French. The warm-hearted prince sat down on New Year's Day, 1837, to pen a note of thanks to his old friend, and when De Musset, a few days afterwards, went to the Tuileries to pay his respects, the prince received him with open arms, drew the sonnet from his pocket, and read it over again with the poet in the bay of a window. He then begged Alfred to wait a few moments while he went to see if the king would receive his young friend. After some little delay the prince returned with an apology for his majesty's pressure of engagements, but in so much evident discomposure that the poet inquired if anything was the matter. The prince was obliged to confess that the old king was offended with the familiar tone of the verses, and the address to himself in the singular number. The name of the author, however, had not been communicated to the royal ear. Alfred was regularly invited by the prince to the State balls, and on the first occasion an amusing incident occurred. When De Musset's name was announced, the king walked up to him with a smile and a look of agreeable surprise, and addressed him: "You come from Joinville; I am very glad to see you." The poet could only bow his acknowledgments, secretly wondering, all the time, whom his majesty took him for. At last he remembered that a cousin of his was inspector of the king's private estates and forests at Joinville—a man of culture and intelligence, well deserving such a reception. It was amusing once or twice every winter for the next eleven years to be received in a precisely similar manner by the king, who always took his guest for his inspector of forests, never suspecting the man of letters or the author of the too familiar sonnet. To the last the royal delusion was never corrected.

The birth of the Count of Paris, 1838, drew from De Musset a copy of verses for the *Deux Mondes*, which were duly honoured by the Duke of Orleans. About the same time the post of librarian to the Home Office fell vacant, and was offered to M. Buloz. While declining it for himself, he warmly recommended his contributor, De Musset. The minister had heard of him only as the author of the "Ballad to the Moon," and frankly confessed that he dared not risk such an appointment. The Duke of Orleans was then appealed to, and after six weeks' circumlocution the post was given to De Musset, who kept it till the next revolution.

The swift and fatal accident which in July 1842 destroyed the hope of the nation in the Duke of Orleans, once more suggested a theme to the poet's pen. His lamentation included the popular prince and his sister, the young Princess Marie, whose coffin still lay at Pisa. Two of the lines go deep into human experience, and illustrate the poet's power of condensed expression:—

La joie est ici-bas toujours jeune et nouvelle ;
Mais le chagrin n'est vrai qu'autant qu'il a vieilli.

The beautiful verses drew from the duchess no more than a cold and ceremonious acknowledgment, transmitted through a messenger. The reason of this was not far to seek. In referring to the school-days in which Alfred's acquaintance with the prince had begun, he mentioned a companion, Laborderie, as "the best of us all." This was quite enough to disappoint the craving for exclusive adulation engendered in court circles by long and unwholesome habit. But, if the duchess was offended, Laborderie's sister was not less grateful. A letter, warmly thanking the poet for thus "making the writer's brother immortal," accompanied a beautiful present of Limoges-ware, and every succeeding year the thanks of the lady were renewed.

These were no more than short episodes in years of busy production. The pages of the *Deux Mondes* from time to time gave publicity to the results in the "Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle ;" and the "Caprice d'une Femme," in which the principal character is a striking portrait of the author's godmother, Madame Léry. To these succeeded others which it is not necessary to dwell upon. It is interesting to know that the plot of many of his stories and plays was often settled in an hour's conversation by the chimney corner. The working it out cost him severe labour. Not unfrequently, while engaged on a work in prose, ideas for a poem would rise to his mind. Thus prose and verse went hand in hand, mutually aiding one another. A singular example of this reciprocity is mentioned. In one of his tales the character of Bernerette is that of an actual acquaintance of the author's, with this difference—that, in real life, folly led to no serious consequences, while, in the tale, it ended tragically for the young sinner, at the age of twenty. The necessity of describing the moral torture that eventually led to suicide forced the poet-author to dive into the unknown mysteries of the future, to strain his vision into its darkness, in the vain hope of detecting a gleam of light there. The day he laid Bernerette in the tomb, his brother tells us, tears were running down his cheeks as he wrote the last page. When it was finished, he looked up and said, "I have read, examined, enquired enough. Tears and prayer are, in their nature, from God. It is God

given us the ability to weep; and since tears come from Him, let surely return to Him." The very next night the poet, and among his ordinary acquaintances for a cynical sceptic, his verses "Espoir en Dieu."

ran was dead, but her sister, Pauline Garcia, when hardly a child, promised to revive the public enthusiasm by her voice in dramatic song. De Musset was one of the first to see her appearance in Paris. He heard her sing at his godmother's in an assembly of amateurs and artists; the voice was sweeter than that of Malibran come again, but with a wider register, after too frequent use had somewhat impaired her splendid organ. The poet was in ecstasies. Returning home from the musical party, he exclaimed, "What a glorious thing is genius! How fortunate we are at a time when it exists, and to see it close to us!" De Musset formed a sort of council for the purpose of supporting her on her first appearance. They watched her progress; when permitted to offer her advice; and found a willing coadjutor in her mother, the widow of the great Garcia. De Musset praised her talent in the *Revue*, and criticised her talent with conspicuous and considerable knowledge of music and stage business.

The year 1838 was marked by the arrival of another great artist Rachel, the tragic actress. Born in Switzerland of poor parents, professing the Hebrew religion, Eliza Félix at the age of twelve picked up a livelihood by singing in the streets. She was seventeen, and by degrees had developed an extraordinary talent, the greatest interpreter of classical French tragedy since the *Malta*, the John Kemble of France. No one in Paris gave her a heartier welcome than De Musset. His exclamation first seeing her on the stage was, "We have now two geniuses for one; and Pauline Garcia has a sister!"

One of the most curious and interesting reminiscences of De Musset associated with the life of Rachel. Among his posthumous works there is a letter, addressed to his godmother, in which he relates the incidents of an evening spent with the tragic actress, his godmother's "Phèdre." As he describes it, it must have resembled a picture by Rembrandt and a scene in "Wilhelm Tell." That was one of the occasions on which Rachel expressed to the poet should compose a play for her. But so entirely impulsive was she, that an absence of a few weeks, or a resentment on the poet's part, interested himself in the fortunes of

another rising actress, was more than enough to make her forget her wish for a play and even her obligations to the poet. At other times, when he was in favour, and seemed likely to be useful to her, nothing was too kind or too flattering as evidence of her amiability. As for De Musset, his power of production, at this time, was the reverse of vigorous; unless under severe pressure, he was apt to leave an outline or a scene unfinished; and many of these abortive beginnings never went further. An anecdote or two will illustrate the variable character of this child of genius. One evening, in 1846, Rachel gave a dinner-party, to which De Musset was invited. The guests were men of fashion, many of them very wealthy. At dinner the gentleman on the hostess's left remarked the extreme beauty of a ring she wore. The admiration became general, and Rachel replied, "Very well, gentlemen, since it seems to please you so much, I will put it up to auction at this moment, and the highest bidder shall have it." A guest at once offered £20, another £40, and a third £60. In a moment or two the price had run up to £120. "And you my poet," said Rachel, "will you not bid for it? Come, what will you give me?" "I give you my heart!" said the poet. "The ring is yours"—and, taking it off her finger, she threw it into De Musset's plate. As they left the table, he, imagining that the joke had been carried quite far enough, offered to return the ring. Rachel would not hear of it. "By Jove," she said, "this is no jest. You have given me your heart, and I would not give that back for a hundred thousand crowns. The bargain is closed; there is nothing more to be said about it." While she was speaking, De Musset gently took her hand and slipped the ring again on her finger. Rachel pulled it off, and on her bended knees gave it him back, saying, "My dear poet, you would not dare to refuse this little trifle, if I were to offer it the day after I am to play the famous part you have to write for me, and for which I may have to wait all my life. Keep the ring, then, I beg you, as a pledge of your promise. If ever, through my fault or otherwise, you entirely give up the idea of writing the part I am so longing for, then bring back the ring, and I will take it." It was impossible to decline the gift thus gracefully offered. The poet went home full of good intentions about the new play. The next time they met, some six months afterwards, he openly expressed his approbation of *Rose Chéri*, a young actress just commencing her career. Rachel's answer was so sharp and scornful, that De Musset on the spot returned her the ring, and it was accepted. Four years afterwards, he was dining with her in her new house; she took his arm as they went in to dinner.

aircase was narrow, and he trod upon her dress. She said to

him, in her grand way, "When a man gives his arm to a woman, he ought to take care where he puts his foot." To which the poet rejoined, "When a woman becomes a princess, and builds herself a house, she ought to order her architect to make the staircase wider." In the course of the evening good humour was restored between them, and Rachel again broached the subject of the new play. It was begun, but a new phase of humour intervening, the scheme was finally dropped, and the unfinished piece was laid aside in a drawer, with the words, "Adieu, Rachel! it is thou whom I am here burying for ever." In 1858 the wayward actress died, near Cannes, in her thirty-seventh year.

The poet seems now to have passed through a period of exhaustion and disinclination to labour, which was in fact the precursory symptom of approaching illness. It did not fail to follow, and his life was in danger. His mother understood his malady better than the doctor, and her sagacity helped to save his life. His sick-bed was frequently visited by his godmother and the Princess Belgiojoso, both of whom revived and cheered him. The drudgery of the sick-room was performed by a good nun, Sister Marcelline, whose youth and unselfish care made a profound impression on the invalid. She took charge of his health, and, in an unobtrusive way, said a word or two now and again about his soul. When she went away she promised to pray for him. Some time afterwards she brought him a pen on which was braided, in silk thread, the words "Think of your promises." In accordance with one of his last requests, this pen was laid beside him in his coffin. It was known to the poet's intimate friends that he had composed lines on this admirable sister. He used to repeat them, but would never consent to write them down for publication. Four of the verses have been recovered from memory, and are now for the first time published:—

À LA SŒUR MARCELLINE.

Pauvre fille, tu n'es plus belle.
A force de veiller sur elle,
La mort t'a laissé sa pâleur.
En soignant la misère humaine,
Ta main s'est durcie à la peine,
Comme celle du laboureur.

M s la fatigue et le courage
Fo briller ton pâle visage
Au chevet de l'agonisant.
Elle est douce, ta main grossière
Au pauvre blessé qui la serre,
Pleine de larmes et de sang.

Poursuis ta route solitaire.
 Chaque pas que tu fais sur terre
 C'est pour ton œuvre et vers ton Dieu.
 Nous disons que le mal existe,
 Nous dont la sagesse consiste
 À savoir le fuir en tout lieu.

Mais ta conscience le nie.
 Tu n'y crois plus, toi dont la vie
 N'est qu'un long combat contre lui;
 Et tu ne sens pas ses atteintes,
 Car ta bouche n'a plus de plaintes
 Que pour les souffrances d'autrui.

The poet's convalescence was cheered by the improvement of his finances consequent on Charpentier's projecting a complete edition of his works. When the plan was communicated to him, he repeated several times, "Sister Marcelline told me of it; and yet the poor soul does not even know what a verse of poetry is!"

The publication of Becker's German "Rhine Watch," in 1841, stirred the patriotic feelings of De Musset to their depths. He retired from the breakfast-table when he had read it and in a couple of hours produced his "Rhin Allemand." The refined taste of De Lamartine pronounced it a "public-house song," but the sensation it produced among less cultivated critics was very great. The Duke of Orleans sent his congratulations; the verses were set to music by at least fifty composers. One such air was adopted by the army, and sung in every barrack. Prussian officers challenged the author to meet them at Baden and give them satisfaction. He waited for Becker to call him out, he said, but that challenge never came. The "Rhin Allemand" was published in the *Revue de Paris*, June 6, 1841. As we read it now, in the lurid light of Gravelotte and Sedan, we must regret that the Muse should ever have lent herself to so vulgar a defiance, embodying all the national craving for conquest, and contributing its full share to the national humiliation of 1870.

Partly owing to enfeebled health, which had never completely recovered from the illness already mentioned, and partly owing to other causes, De Musset for several years seems to have found composition more and more fatiguing. His friends endeavoured to rouse him but for a long time ineffectually. But the very infrequency of composing might be thought to have added point and force to his actual work at this time. A lady, eminent for her beauty and her rank, whose friendship the poet valued, treated him with so little deference and courtesy as to rouse his indignation; and she now stands in the pillory, as long as De Musset shall be read, in the following verses,

e Morte." She was not dead, in fact, but in her inanimate life. Her statues represent the sculptural feeling of Michael-Angelo's

SUR UNE MORTE.

Elle était belle, si la Nuit
Qui dort dans la sombre chapelle
Où Michel-Ange a fait son lit,
Immobile, peut être belle.

Elle était bonne, s'il suffit
Qu'en passant la main s'ouvre et donne,
Sans que Dieu n'ait rien vu, rien dit;
Si l'or sans pitié fait l'aumône.

Elle pensait, si le vain bruit
D'une voix douce et cadencée,
Comme le ruisseau qui gémit,
Peut faire croire à la pensée.

Elle priait, si deux beaux yeux
Tantôt s'attachant à la terre,
Tantôt se levant vers les cieux,
Peuvent s'appeler la prière.

Elle aurait souri, si la fleur
Qui ne s'est point épanouie
Pouvait s'ouvrir à la fraîcheur
Du vent qui passe et qui l'oublie.

Elle aurait pleuré, si la main,
Sur son cœur froidement posée,
Eût jamais dans l'argile humain
Senti la céleste rosée.

Elle aurait aimé si l'orgueil,
Pareil à la lampe inutile
Qu'on allume près d'un cercueil,
N'eût veillé sur son cœur stérile.

Elle est morte, et n'a point vécu.
Elle faisait semblant de vivre,
De ses mains est tombé le livre
Dans lequel elle n'a rien lu.

of De Musset's best-known works, a proverb or slight turning on a familiar phrase, *A door must be either shut or* welcomed as a charming picture of Parisian life. The characters are portraits, more or less veiled, of actual persons. The author himself. The subsequent marriage of his only son actually led to the breaking up of a home that had, till then, been of almost unclouded happiness. A few months before the

Revolution of 1848, De Musset's play of *Caprice* was performed at the Comédie Française under happier auspices than the *Nuit Vénitienne*, and introduced the name of the author to hundreds of people who never read a line of literature. Beyond his regret at the fall of a family that had shown him kindness, and the loss of his post at the Home Office, the Revolution of February did not much affect the poet. A sudden inspiration of his friend Rachel is worth mentioning as characteristic of the period. Instead of an ordinary performance at her theatre, she announced that on a certain evening she would sing the "Marseillaise." The crowd was immense. Rachel had no singing voice to speak of, but she threw spirit and fire into her declamation of the stirring song, thrilled her auditory, and drew down the house.

With the necessity of working, the power of doing so returned to De Musset. He wrote various plays and proverbs. His *Carmosine* first appeared in the *Constitutionnel*; and, as a sign that public recognition of his talent had begun, the editor of that journal, before reading a line of the MS, stipulated to pay the poet £40 per act, leaving it to him to say whether the number of acts should be three or five. The play was sent in three acts. The editor insisted on paying for them the price of five. The poet refused to accept more than the price of four. In 1852 he had the high distinction of being elected a member of the French Academy. One more enthusiasm remained for him; he owed it to the arrival of Ristori in Paris. He never missed a performance. He placed her bust on high in his library, and named it *Italia Ristorata*.

Heart-disease, meanwhile, was making slow but inevitable inroads on a frame that had never been robust. His last two summer vacations were spent at Havre; but the sea air, imprudently faced late in the evening, did him harm. The last winter of his life, he took a fancy one night to visit the Louvre gallery by lamplight. He spent some time alone in the Italian school; and on coming out he remarked that he had lived that night in the company of the old masters; it seemed to him that he had seen Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael at work. With great effort he dragged himself to a meeting of the Academy to vote for M. Augier, in March 1857. The last evening he spent out of his own apartments, he dined with Prince Napoleon at the Palais Royal. He was in great force, his conversation more than usually animated and genial. That evening he took to bed and never rose from it. His brother Paul was summoned from the country on April 26, and watched beside him during the few remaining days. On the 1st of May the physicians anticipated no immediate danger;

the invalid passed the day in quiet, and in the evening remarked, "What a good thing rest is! We are wrong to frighten ourselves so much about death, which is only rest in its highest form." He conversed easily and much. Once, when Sister Marcelline was mentioned, he smiled. The brothers separated at one in the morning, Alfred declaring that he felt inclined to sleep. When Paul returned to the bedside at the earliest peep of dawn, he was struck with the extraordinary beauty of his brother's face. He was dead; yet the attendants had had no notice whatever of any change. They refused to believe that he was not asleep. His brother stooped down to kiss his brow; it was already cold as marble.

De Musset was a little man; his fair hair made him always look younger than he was. To the end of his life not a hair of his head turned grey. His blue eyes were full of fire; his nose was thin and slightly aquiline. The chief feature of his face was his forehead; its fulness reflected the higher mental faculties, and an instinctive love of art in its widest sense. Several portraits of him exist; his brother speaks highly of the marble bust by Mezzara, at the Théâtre Français. Numerous anecdotes are related of his natural kindness and goodness of heart. Thus, one day, by the seashore at Croizic, as he passed the cottage of a poor salt-gatherer, he saw a little girl in rags, asleep in the sun, her head resting on a handful of straw. The poet stepped softly up to her, placed a gold Napoleon between her lips, and went away on tiptoe. His pet cat, Marzo, was well cared for, and was a wonder in his way. He used to be sent to fetch the evening *Presse*, with the price of it wrapped in a bit of paper in his mouth. He survived his master seven years, and is buried in earth over which the Rue de Musset at Auteuil now passes.

De Musset, as a poet and dramatist, is held by cultivated Frenchmen of every school in the highest esteem, although many of them deem it proper to enter a protest against his scornful egotism and the occasional license that disfigures his work. It is admitted that his poetry entitles him to a place in the front rank of the new school; in exuberance of ideas, richness of colouring, and originality of treatment, few, indeed, in his own country can pretend to equal him. His irony is terrible and withering. A tone of melancholy and disenchantment pervades some of his best compositions, as of a man who had tried all pleasure and found it fleeting and unsatisfying. Yet he is sometimes called the poet of youth, so chivalrous is his tone, so sparkling are his sallies. The secret of his power lay in his thoughtful suggestiveness and his happy phrases, rather than in his invention. If his *occasional* passion and his satire remind one of

Byron, his philosophical meditations might recall the Lake school. Less dreamy than De Lamartine, less manly and vigorous than Béranger, De Musset's place seems to lie between them. For both he had a high regard, though he never could understand how the old poet of the Empire could suffer his great powers to be cramped within the narrow limits of songs.

In the light and graceful style of his comedies and proverbs he compares favourably with any of his contemporaries. His language is carefully selected, yet we know that, under pressure, he composed with great rapidity. It is a singular fact that, in point of emolument, he derived more benefit from the performances of his *Caprice* than from all his other works put together. His own preference was for the *Fils du Titien*, *Lorenzaccio*, and *Carmosine*.

Taken all in all, De Musset deserves to be better known among us than he has been. He did his best to maintain a high standard of language at a time when French literature was overrun with *argot*, slang, and bombast. English readers of French will find his style as easy as a seventeenth-century classic, and his matter very superior. The biography lately published by his brother is an agreeable book, and ought to be read with a copy of the poet's works at hand, as the one is a commentary on the other.

JAMES STOTHERT.

ON A FAN

THAT BELONGED TO THE MARQUISE DE
POMPADOUR.

C HICKEN-SKIN, open-work, white,
Painted by Carlo Vanloo ;
Loves in a riot of light,
Roses and vaporous blue.
Hark to the dainty *frou-frou* !
Picture above, if you can,
Two of the brightest *beaux-yeux* :
This was the Pompadour's fan !

See how they rise at the sight,
Ready to sigh or to sue,—
Abbés and *petits-mâtres* slight,
Beauties that Fragonard drew ;
Talon-rouge, falbala, queue,
Cardinal, Prince, courtezan,
Thronging the *Œil de Bœuf* through :
This was the Pompadour's fan !

Ah, but things more than polite
Hung on this toy, *voyez-vous* !
Matters of wrong and of right !—
Things that great ministers do !
Things that, one day, overthrew
Those in whose brains they began
Found in this plaything their cue :
This was the Pompadour's fan !

ENVOY.

Where are the secrets it knew?—
Where are the plot and the plan?
— But where is the Pompadour, too?
This was the Pompadour's fan !

AUSTIN DOBSON.

THE CONGRESS and ITS RESULTS.

THE Treaty of Berlin has been claimed by some as a great triumph for Lord Beaconsfield. Is the claim just? That depends upon the answers which we return to three preliminary questions. First, how far do the results of the Congress correspond with Lord Beaconsfield's previous policy? Second, are the provisions of the Treaty which are specially due to Lord Beaconsfield, together with the Anglo-Turkish Convention, in themselves a gain? Third, was it possible to obtain them without the heavy cost which has been paid for them? It is possible to answer every one of these questions in a sense most damaging to Lord Beaconsfield, and yet to admit at the same time that the Treaty, as a whole, deserves the approval of the nation. Let us then examine, in the light of authentic facts, the three questions which I have proposed.

1. In his Guildhall speech on the 9th of November, 1876, Lord Beaconsfield declared as follows:—

When the Berlin Memorandum was submitted to us we felt it our duty to refuse our assent to it, because the Berlin Memorandum, calling upon Turkey to perform tasks which it was utterly impossible in its then condition to accomplish, announced that in the event of her failing to do these things the Powers must have recourse to ulterior proceedings—indirectly, but unmistakably, announcing the military occupation of the Turkish provinces. That would have been a violation of the independence and territorial integrity of Turkey, and therefore we felt it our duty to reject the proposition.

In his speech on the Treaty of Berlin on the 18th of July, Lord Beaconsfield declared that "the state of Bosnia and of those provinces and principalities contiguous to it was one of chronic anarchy." With this "chronic anarchy the Turkey of the present time was in no condition" to cope. "It was therefore thought expedient by the Congress," proceeds Lord Beaconsfield, "that Austria should be invited to occupy Bosnia. . . . It was a proposal which was made by my noble friend the Secretary of State that Austria should accept this trust and fulfil this duty, and I earnestly supported him on that occasion."

In his powerful speech in the same debate Lord Derby explained that, "though the cession of Bosnia and Herzegovina to

Austria was proposed at the Congress by the British representatives, it was part of the original engagement between the three Empires some years ago"—that is, in the Berlin Memorandum, the acceptance of which was pressed on the British Government by all the other Great Powers of Europe. The case, therefore, stands thus: In the summer of 1876 all the Great Powers of Europe, *minus* England, proposed a scheme of pacification for Bosnia and the Herzegovina, with the intimation of military occupation by Austria in case the Porte should prove unequal to the task proposed to it. The English Government, though solemnly warned that a disastrous war would be the consequence, rejected the earnest counsels of Europe, on the ground that the inability of the Porte to give effect to those counsels would inevitably lead to an Austrian occupation, "which would have been a violation of the independence and territorial integrity of Turkey." The predicted war took place. Turkey has been crushed. Rich provinces and formidable strongholds have been wrested from her rule; her independence is shattered and she is put in tutelage. And then, when Turkey is torn and prostrate, Lord Beaconsfield proposes that more provinces should be torn from her quivering carcase—the very provinces too which he would not hear of Austria occupying temporarily in 1876, because it "would have been a violation of the independence and territorial integrity of Turkey." And this is claimed as a grand diplomatic success! We live and learn. I never heard that Tarquin the Proud was considered to have made a particularly successful bargain with the Cumean Sibyl when he paid for her three remaining books the same price which would have purchased the whole nine. See what it is to have a statesman who knows how to "educate his party"!

Let us take another landmark. Among the instructions given to Lord Salisbury on his mission to the Conference of Constantinople were the following: "The *status quo*, speaking roughly, both as regards Servia and Montenegro, is to be maintained." Servia and Montenegro have now been made completely independent, and the independence of Roumania has also been secured. "There is to be no question of a Tributary State," said the instructions to Lord Salisbury. Northern Bulgaria has now been made a Tributary State, and the foundations of other Tributary States have been laid. The same instructions formulated, as fundamental "bases for the deliberations of the Conference, (1) The independence and the territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire; (2) A declaration that the Powers do not intend to seek for, and will not seek for, any territorial advantage, any exclusive influence." This has been fulfilled by the *practical annihilation of the independence of the Sultan, both in*

Europe and Asia, and by the partial partition of his territories among Russia, Austria, England, and the newly emancipated States. In addition England has extorted from the Porte the promise of an "exclusive influence" in his Asiatic dominions. In other words, "the bases for the deliberations of the Conference" of Constantinople have all been either superseded or violated by the Congress of Berlin and the English Convention with Turkey. They might, on the other hand, have all been carried to a successful issue if the English Government had then brought to bear on the Porte a tithe of the pressure which it has either sanctioned or applied at Berlin—nay, if it had kept its own counsel and not forearmed the Porte against the resolutions of the Conference by forewarning it that the British Cabinet would emphatically discountenance all measures or menaces of coercion.

The next convenient gauge for testing Lord Beaconsfield's policy by the results of the Berlin Congress is the Preliminary Treaty of San Stefano. Austria, after a satisfactory exchange of views with the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, invited the Powers who signed the Treaty of Paris to an international Congress, for the purpose of revising the Treaty of San Stefano. All the Powers accepted the invitation, except England, which insisted, as a preliminary condition, on a stipulation from Russia, that every clause of the Treaty of San Stefano should be submitted to the judgment of the Congress. Russia conceded the right of any of the Powers at the Congress to raise a discussion on any and every clause of the Treaty; but she reserved for herself the right of declining discussion on such portions of the Treaty as might be considered outside the domain of "European interests." This did not satisfy the British Cabinet, and Russia then proposed a preliminary understanding with England. That suggestion also was declined by the Government of Lord Beaconsfield, and the Ministerial press called upon Europe to admire this noble display of British disinterestedness. Lord Beaconsfield himself took even a higher flight. Abandoning the hobby of "British interests," which himself and the Jingoës had ridden so hard for two years, he unfurled before the gaze of enraptured admirers a banner with a new device—"the freedom of Europe"—of which Lord Beaconsfield constituted himself a political *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*. The publicists of Germany shrugged their shoulders, and replied that Europe was well able to defend its own freedom; but the press of Vienna and of Paris was in ecstasies at the English Premier's noble stand on the *terra firma* of public right and European treaties.

The triumph of English policy seemed completed when it was at last announced that Russia had quailed before the advent of 7,000 Sepoys, and had agreed to enter the Congress on the terms laid down by the British Government. Count Schouvaloff, we were told, had assured himself of the determination of Lord Beaconsfield to enforce his will, if need be, by the *ultima ratio* of battle; and so he hurried off to St. Petersburg to bring the Czar to reason. He came back with the olive branch in his mouth, and the ministerial press proclaimed aloud this bloodless victory of English diplomacy over Muscovite arrogance. With these pæans ringing in his ears Lord Beaconsfield took his departure for Berlin.

By and by, however, it transpired that Russia had made no concession at all. The concessions were altogether on the side of England. In fact, Lord Beaconsfield had begun to fear that Russia was about to come to a private understanding with Austria. The "Project of a Memorandum" was accordingly drafted in the English Foreign Office and offered to Russia. The title of this document is important. It is called "Project of a Memorandum determining the points upon which an understanding has been established between the Governments of Russia and Great Britain, and which will serve as a mutual engagement for the Russian and English Plenipotentiaries at the Congress." The important points of this understanding are the following. Russia agrees to the division into two halves of the Bulgaria of the Treaty of San Stefano, the new delimitation excluding "the littoral of the Ægean Sea, that is to say, to the west of Lagos. From this point to the coast of the Black Sea the discussion of the frontier will remain free." There were other points therefore of which the discussion would no longer be "free," so far as England and Russia were concerned. Russia insisted on the withdrawal of the Turkish army from Southern Bulgaria, and England agreed, but with the reservation of being at liberty "to insist at the Congress on the right of the Sultan to be able to centre troops on the frontiers of Southern Bulgaria." Russia further agreed that the officers of the new militia to be created in Eastern Roumelia should be appointed by the Sultan. She had, moreover, no difficulty in agreeing—Prince Gortchakoff having already done so in his reply to Lord Salisbury's Circular—that the other Great Powers should have a voice in the reforms provided by the Treaty of San Stefano for the Christian provinces of Turkey which were still to remain under the direct rule of the Sultan. Russia agreed to restore to Turkey the Valley of Alashkert and the town of Bayazid in exchange for the cession of Khotour to Persia. The English Government agreed regretfully to

the retrocession of Bessarabia to Russia and also to the retention by Russia of the fortresses and territories in Asia, which Turkey had ceded in the Treaty of San Stefano, with the unimportant exception already mentioned.¹

In consequence of this agreement "Her Majesty's Government . . . engage themselves not to dispute the articles of the Preliminary Treaty of San Stefano which are not modified by the ten preceding points if, after the articles have been duly discussed in Congress, Russia persists in maintaining them."

Compare this agreement with the previous declarations of policy by Lord Beaconsfield's Government. In the middle of March the Government declared that "no alteration in the condition of things previously established by treaty should be acknowledged as valid until it had received the assent of the Powers." In the Memorandum of May 30 the English Government "engage themselves not to dispute" the validity of the Treaty of San Stefano as modified by the private understanding between the two Governments.

On the 1st of April the English Government strongly objected to "the new Bulgaria possessing important harbours upon the shores of the Black Sea." The Secret Memorandum and the Treaty of Berlin substantially confirm the Treaty of San Stefano in this respect. The English Government objected to the mode of electing the Prince of the new Bulgaria. The Congress of Berlin, on the other hand, has ratified the arrangement made by the Treaty of San Stefano. The English Government complained that the administration of the new Bulgaria would be "framed by a Russian Commissary, and the first working of its institutions commenced under the control of a Russian army." The Russian Commissary is to remain notwithstanding, with the 50,000 troops provided by the Treaty of San Stefano behind him; but an illusory control is provided by a posse of foreign consuls who are to watch the Russian Commissary and report to their respective Ambassadors at Constantinople. The English Government objected to the indemnity imposed on Turkey, both by reason of its amount and because no definite arrangement had been made for its payment. "It is impossible not to recognise

¹ Far too much importance is attached to this strip of territory in Lord Salisbury's Circular of April 1, and in his despatch of July 13. Lord Derby "believes that it was taken only with the object that, when the time for making the bargain came, she might have something to give up and have a reasonable defence against future encroachments in that quarter." I do not know whether Lord Derby's "belief" is based on fact; but I do know that the Russian strategists in Armenia some time before the Salisbury Circular advised the giving up of Bayazid and the adjacent territory, on the ground that they served to weaken the new Russian frontier.

in this provision," says the Circular of April 1, "an instrument of formidable efficacy for the coercion of the Ottoman Government, if the necessity for employing it should arise." The "instrument," however, remains in its full amount, and with all its "formidable efficacy" intact, though Russia has repeated explanations regarding it which she had offered to the English Government when the objection was made. "The compulsory alienation of Bessarabia from Roumania," says the same Circular; "the extension of Bulgaria to the shores of the Black Sea; and the acquisition of the important harbour of Batoum will make the will of the Russian Government dominant over all the vicinity of the Black Sea." Nevertheless the English Government has agreed to all this in the Secret Memorandum and by the Treaty of Berlin, and "the important harbour of Batoum" has just been declared by Lord Beaconsfield to be of no more importance than Cowes. "The acquisition of the strongholds of Armenia," our Government assured us, "will place the population of that province under the immediate influence of the Power which holds them." "The power which holds them" continues nevertheless to be Russia; and this not merely by the public sanction of Europe but by a secret understanding previously arrived at with the English Government.

So far, then, it appears that Lord Beaconsfield, instead of having triumphed over Russia, has surrendered on every point which it was worth Russia's while to contest, and which he had himself previously declared, either personally or through some colleague, were matters of vital interest to the British Empire. Still, in order to do him full justice, let us glance at his own defence of his policy. We shall then see how far the successes of Lord Beaconsfield's recent diplomacy are matters of congratulation to this country.

2. The Congress, says Lord Beaconsfield, has "restored to the Sultan two-thirds of the territory which was to have formed the great Bulgarian State." But this State "is now merely a State in the valley of the Danube, and both in its extent and its population is reduced to one-third of what was contemplated in the Treaty of San Stefano." Lord Salisbury, in his despatch of July 13, thinks it a matter of congratulation that "the new Slav State, therefore, is no longer strong." I am not surprised that Lord Beaconsfield should think that a weak Bulgaria will be less subservient to Russia than a strong one. But I am greatly surprised that Lord Salisbury should be of that opinion. Just twenty years ago Roumania was divided into Moldavia and Wallachia. The two Principalities were anxious to form one State, but Austria and Turkey opposed the union. And so did Mr. Distachi, who was then Leader of the House of Commons under the

Premiership of the late Lord Derby. Mr. Gladstone, in a speech of remarkable prescience and power, proposed an address to the Crown in favour of forming Moldo-Wallachia into one strong State, and combated the view of those who maintained that such a State would be a pliant tool in the hands of Russia. "Surely," he said, "the best resistance to be offered to Russia is by the strength and freedom of those countries that will have to resist her. You want to place a living barrier between her and Turkey. There is no barrier, then, like the breasts of freemen. . . . If you want to oppose an obstacle to Russia, arm those people with freedom, and with the vigour and prosperity that freedom brings."

Mr. Gladstone was warmly supported by Lord Salisbury, then Lord Robert Cecil, in an able speech. "The probability was," he said, "that if the strong assistance of Europe were given in aid of the claims of Turkey, the Principalities would be handed over for the present to Turkey, the most aggressive and rapacious of all Governments. As long as Turkey lasted they would be subjected to her rule; and when Turkey fell, as she ultimately must do, they would become a prey to some other Powers, who would divide her remains between them. He trusted that the House of Commons would show themselves upon this occasion to be the supporters of freedom."

Mr. Disraeli vehemently opposed Mr. Gladstone's motion, and characterised Lord Robert Cecil's telling speech as a farrago of "raw and crude opinions." Mr. Gladstone, however, was destined to enjoy a speedy revenge. The population of Moldo-Wallachia took the matter into their own hands, and in defiance of the Treaty of Paris, and of the frowns of Austria, Turkey, and Mr. Disraeli, voted their own union into the State now called Roumania. And what has been the result? So long as the two Principalities were divided they were weak, and their weakness made them dependent on Russia, the only Power which had seriously done anything for them, and to whom in fact they owed their political existence. But their union made them strong, and with strength came love of independence and an impatience of foreign interference. On the eve of the Russo-Turkish war Roumania appealed to the Powers who signed the Treaty of Paris to guarantee her neutrality; in which case she would have forbidden the passage of Russian troops through her territory. Later still, she would have resisted the retrocession of Bessarabia by force of arms if she had received any support from Europe.

Surely the inference is obvious. The Bulgaria of the Treaty of San Stefano would have had a population of upwards of five millions,

remarkable for their industry and general capacity, and possessing a country perhaps the richest in Europe. The name of Consul Blunt has lately been prominent as a philo-Turk and anti-Russian of the purest water. I quote his opinion of the Bulgarians therefore as that of a man who will not be suspected of any partiality for them. The following extracts are from a report from Colonel Blunt to the Foreign Office in the year 1867 (pp. 35, 44):—

Two-thirds of the regiments of Ottoman dragoons and Cossacks are composed of Bulgarian volunteers, chiefly recruited in the vilayets of Adrianople and the Danube; and I have been told by English gentlemen doing duty in these regiments that the Bulgarians make excellent troops, and are easily disciplined and reconciled to military life, and live on very friendly terms with the Mahomedan soldiery.

As far as my experience goes I consider the Bulgarians to be, on the whole, a shrewd, active, and industrious people, ranking in capacity and intelligence with any other of the European races. They require only the full development of their good qualities for attaining a high accomplishment in modern civilisation. Unlike the Greeks, who mean to improve their social position by the politics of the coffee-houses, the Bulgarians put their hands to work and try the solution of the national economical questions in the true practical way.

The late Lord Strangford is another authority who will not be suspected of any undue prejudices in favour of the Slavs. Let us then hear his opinion of the Bulgarians:—

The Greek cannot overcome the Bulgarian, nor lead him, nor incorporate him. He is of a less numerous and not of a superior race; his mind is more keen but less solid; roughly speaking, he is to the Bulgarian as the clever Calcutta baboo to the raw material of the English non-commissioned officer.

The Treaty of San Stefano created a Principality of upwards of five millions, composed mostly of a race endowed with these solid and sterling qualities. Under the fostering influences of freedom and good government the population would have rapidly increased; and in proportion to its increasing strength and wealth would be its growing jealousy of Russian interference. What the aspiring nationalities of Turkey desire is freedom and independence, not Russian protection. They lean on Russia first, because they are weak, and secondly, because Russia is the only power who has made any sacrifices on their behalf. The stronger they are the smaller will be the influence which Russia wields over them.

See, then, what Lord Beaconsfield has done. The Bulgaria of the San Stefano Treaty would soon have shaken itself quite free of Russia—all the sooner from having a port on the Ægean which would have linked it in commercial ties with the outer world, and with England in particular. This Principality is now reduced by two-thirds, and driven back a hundred miles from the Ægean. The

remaining two-thirds have been restored nominally to the Sultan; in reality they will have a sort of quasi-independence. The Sultan may appoint the Governor, but the Governor must be a Christian acceptable to the Great Powers, and he must be appointed for a minimum term of five years. The Sultan may also appoint the officers of the native militia, and he may garrison, with regular troops only, the frontiers of Eastern Roumelia. "The regular troops destined to this service must not in any case be billeted on the inhabitants. When they pass through the Province they will not be allowed to sojourn there." The Province will bear its share of the present public debt of Turkey, but will contribute nothing besides to the Imperial exchequer. "The Governor-General will have the right of summoning the Ottoman troops in the event of the internal or external security of the Province being threatened"—a right of which he is not very likely to avail himself. Yet without the invitation of the Christian Governor the Ottoman troops cannot move out of their frontier garrisons. This might seem a sufficient check on the authority of the Sultan; but the Congress has imposed another. In the improbable event of the Governor-General summoning Ottoman troops into the interior of Eastern Roumelia, "the Sublime Porte shall inform the Representatives of the Powers at Constantinople of the decision, as well as of the exigencies which justify it."

Yet Lord Beaconsfield boasts of having "restored to the Sultan two-thirds of the territory which was to have formed the great Bulgarian State," and to have thus checkmated once for all the intrigues of Russia in the Balkan Peninsula, while fortifying at the same time the defensive position of Turkey in Europe. On the contrary, he has left Turkey much weaker and made Russia much stronger for mischief, if she is bent on mischief, than the Treaty of San Stefano left them. It requires no prophet to foretell what the result will be. Independent Bulgaria, too weak to stand alone, and her commerce driven into Russian channels, will look up to the Balkans and yearn for union with their brethren over the hills—a yearning which the latter are pretty sure to reciprocate in spite of the deterrent spell which Lord Beaconsfield believes that he has found in the new name of "Eastern Roumelia." Blood is thicker than the ink even of the Berlin Congress, and a difference of names will no more prevent the two Bulgarias from eventually uniting than it prevented Moldavia and Wallachia from forming one State in spite of the Treaty of Paris. And the union will undoubtedly be accelerated by Lord Beaconsfield's grand contrivance of placing Turkish garrisons on the crests of the *Balkans*. Turkish troops are so accustomed to domineer over the

Christian population and to plunder *ad libitum*, that they are not likely to abandon in a day the habits of a life and the traditions of centuries. But they will now have to reckon with a Christian militia and an armed population. Collisions are sure to take place, even without Russian intrigues. Half emancipated Roumelia will look to free Bulgaria for help, and both will look to Russia, which will thus have a plausible excuse for intervention in Bulgaria. And should this intervention result in war, what avails Lord Beaconsfield's new frontier? It appears that the pass of Ichtiman, which Lord Beaconsfield thinks the key of the Balkans by the Sofia route, is after all in possession of Northern Bulgaria. But, however that may be, I take it that General Gourko, who passed the Balkans by that very route, is a better authority than even Mehemet Ali Pasha; and it is General Gourko's opinion that the Balkans are completely turned by the frontier line of the Treaty of Berlin. In fact, however, the strategic value of the Balkans is practically altogether destroyed by the new arrangement. In the hands of a strong Principality possessing both sides of the mountains the Balkans would have been a formidable barrier, and such a Principality would have had no inducement to welcome Russian armies through its territories. Lord Beaconsfield has created an inducement, and the next time Russia invades Turkey in Europe the Balkans will not stop her. She will have the active co-operation of armed Christians on both sides of the frontier, and the wretched Turkish garrisons, taken in front and rear, "will be in a trap," as Lord Derby expressed it. Indeed, it is rumoured that the Porte, foreseeing the impossibility of defending the Balkans under the conditions imposed by the Treaty of Berlin, have given up all idea of seriously garrisoning them.

The new arrangement as to Bulgaria is the one single "success" of which Lord Beaconsfield can boast in the Congress; for the Anglo-Turkish Convention, of which more anon, is outside the Congress. But this "success" turns out to be a complete *fiasco*. It is an embarrassment and a peril rather than an element of strength to Turkey. It gives ample scope and opportunities for Russian intrigues, and even for legitimate interference; and it opens a clear path to Adrianople for the next Russian invasion.

But if that be so, it may be objected, is it likely that Russia would have been so blind to her own interests as not to have preferred the Bulgaria of the Treaty of Berlin to that of the Treaty of San Stefano? But what is the interest of Russia in European Turkey? Not to get Constantinople for herself, but to prevent its falling into the hands of a Great Power. Her aim, therefore, has always been to create round Constantinople a belt

of independent Principalities sufficient to bar the way against any of the Great Powers, but none of them strong enough to aspire to the possession of Constantinople. The imperial city itself Russia would gladly leave in the keeping of the Turk, having previously drawn his teeth and claws. Failing that, she would like to see Constantinople made into a free city under the guarantee of Europe. Now the Treaty of San Stefano would have gone far to realise this very natural policy on the part of Russia. A strong Bulgarian Principality reaching down to the Ægean would have prevented Constantinople from falling into the hands of an aggrandised Greek Kingdom. Servia and Montenegro almost shook hands across the right of way left for the Porte to the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which meanwhile were to have an administrative autonomy. The inevitable result would have been the annexation at no distant day of Bosnia to Servia and of Herzegovina to Montenegro. An effectual barrier would thus be placed between Austria and Constantinople. This achieved, Russia would advocate, whenever an opportunity offered, the annexation to Greece of what the Berlin Congress has designated Western Roumelia, together with the Greek islands, leaving Austria and Italy, if so minded, to divide all that remained of European Turkey between them—always, of course, excepting Constantinople.

By the unconditional occupation of Bosnia, however, Austria is now—to quote the language of Lord Salisbury the other evening in the House of Lords—"on the high road to Constantinople;" and Russia is thus warned "that if either intrigue or violence shall shake the Turkish Empire to pieces, it will not be Russia that will rule upon the Bosphorus."¹ Russia, we may be very sure, will not neglect the warning, and she will take equally good care that it will not be Austria that will rule upon the Bosphorus. To reduce Austria to impotence will henceforth be one of the paramount aims of Russian policy. And the task is not likely to prove a very arduous one. Austria has always shown a singular incapacity for assimilating the divers races subject to her rule. Slavs, Magyars, Germans, are all pulling in

¹ In his reply to Lord Derby on July 18 Lord Salisbury enunciated a paradox surprising from so keen an intellect and so experienced a debater. By the occupation of Bosnia and the Herzegovina, he said, Austria is "on the high road to Constantinople;" and he believed that Turkey, in agreeing to the Austrian occupation, "has performed the highest act of statesmanship which any Government could accomplish." The statesmanship which places a foreign and ambitious Power "on the high road" to its capital does not appear to me to deserve the high praise which Lord Salisbury bestows on it. If the Turks lose Constantinople, they are not likely to be consoled by the reflection that it is Austria, not Russia, which has supplanted them.

opposite directions, and Bosnia and the Herzegovina will add tension to the strain. "It is not the first time," said Lord Beaconsfield the other evening, "that Austria has occupied provinces at the request of Europe, to ensure that order and tranquillity might prevail in them." The analogy is not a happy one; it bodes ill for the future relations of Austria towards her new province. Russia, moreover, will now find in Italy an eager accomplice in her designs against Austria, and Bismarck knows that her Cis-Leithan provinces are rapidly gravitating towards the German Empire, and that their absorption is only a question of time.

What Lord Beaconsfield's policy has done, therefore, is to give Russia a strong motive for future intrigues in the Balkan Peninsula, and increased facilities for carrying her plans to a successful issue. The Panslavist feeling of the nation was too strong to permit Russia to do less for the Slavs than Ignatieff did for them in the Treaty of San Stefano. But diplomatists of the Russian Foreign Office are not greatly afflicted by the changes which Lord Beaconsfield has made in that Treaty. It is not Russia that is injured by those changes, but Serbia, Montenegro, and the Bulgarians. Lord Beaconsfield has given all of these good cause to hate England and Austria, and to look in future to Russia alone for help. Greece, too, has been cajoled, then snubbed, and now laughed at by Lord Beaconsfield; and she will henceforth look elsewhere for encouragement and aid.

But there is the Convention with Turkey. Does not that stroke of statesmanship suffice of itself, even if there were no other success, to justify Lord Beaconsfield's policy? Let us see. By this Convention we have got an island ruined by centuries of misgovernment and without a single harbour. Its possession will involve a heavy outlay to start with, and there is no probability that it will ever repay its cost to the British taxpayer. If it had a good harbour it would be a convenient *point d'appui* for the defence of the Suez Canal. But who menaces the Suez Canal? Russia? I appeal to Mr. Cross against so wild a suggestion. In his oft-quoted speech in the House of Commons a year ago he said truly that if Russia were to threaten either Egypt or the Suez Canal "it would not be a question of the interests of England, but of the whole world." As Russia is not likely to challenge the hostility of "the whole world," Cyprus ceases to be of any value as sentinel of the Suez Canal; and other strategic value for British interests it positively has none. At any point at which England is likely to cross swords with Russia, Malta would be a much more convenient station than Cyprus.

If, however, the mere possession of Cyprus by the British Crown

were alone in question, it might perhaps be passed over as a somewhat expensive freak of statesmanship. But the possession of Cyprus does not stand alone. Not to dwell on the shock given to political morality by the peculiar circumstances of its acquisition, there is the portentous price to be paid for it—a price to which the honour of the country has been committed by the Premier without the slightest hint to Parliament.

If Batoum, Ardahan, Kars, or any of them shall be retained by Russia, and if any attempt shall be made at any future time by Russia to take possession of any further territories of his Imperial Majesty the Sultan in Asia, as fixed by the Definitive Treaty of Peace, England engages to join his Imperial Majesty the Sultan in defending them by force of arms. In return his Imperial Majesty the Sultan promises to England to introduce necessary reforms, to be agreed upon later between the two Powers, into the Government, and for the protection, of the Christian and other subjects of the Porte in these territories; and in order to enable England to make necessary provision for executing her engagements, his Imperial Majesty the Sultan further consents to assign the island of Cyprus, to be occupied and administered by England.

Such is the engagement "given fully and unreservedly" on the part of England, as the Foreign Secretary has carefully explained in his accompanying despatch. But the Sultan's promise of reforms is by no means "full and unreserved"; on the contrary, it is so vague and elastic as to be practically worth nothing. The character of the reforms is not specified or even hinted at, and they are "to be agreed upon" at some indefinite point in the future. The Pashas have lost their cunning if they do not drive the proverbial "coach-and-six" through their part of the engagement. But England is bound all the same to take up arms in defence of the Sultan "if any attempt shall be made at any future time by Russia to take possession of any territories of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan in Asia." And this bond, to quote again Lord Salisbury's very emphatic language, is "given fully and unreservedly." Its redemption is not the least conditional on the fulfilment of his vague and indefinite promise of reforms by the Sultan. On the contrary, the less he reforms, the more we shall be bound to defend him. For the weakness of Turkey is the *raison d'être* of the Convention, but the less she reforms, the weaker she will become—in other words, the more she will require our protection. In plain terms, the peace of England for the future is at the mercy of the capricious will of the Sultan or Grand Vizier of the day. The Porte has only to pick a quarrel with Russia, and "if any attempt shall be made" by the latter to cross the frontier in vindication of her just rights, we are bound "to join His Imperial Majesty the Sultan" in resisting her "by force of arms." Certain Lord Beaconsfield has given Russia an ample revenge for all

annoyance he has caused her during the last three years. Samson has flung away the secret of his strength before the eyes of the Philistines. England has, in fact, given to Europe a bond for good behaviour and peace so long as the Anglo-Turkish Convention lasts. Every Power on the Continent now knows that England cannot interfere in any European quarrel without the dread feeling that Russia, by a military demonstration on the Armenian frontier, may confound all her calculations. Every Mussulman in India, too, knows that Russia has it now in her power to make the next Indian insurrection a success, or to compel Great Britain, as Lord Derby put it, to "wriggle out of her engagement" with Turkey. That is to say, Russia can force us to make our choice between disaster and dishonour. On the other hand, if we refuse to fulfil our pledge to Turkey, we are unquestionably bound to clear out of Cyprus and hand it back to the Porte. Hitherto we have enjoyed the advantage of being able to strike Russia when and where we might find it most convenient. That advantage we have now transferred to her. We have pushed our frontier close to her impregnable strongholds, from which she can issue when she pleases to imperil British interests.

3. But assuming for the moment that Lord Beaconsfield's so-called "successes" are a real gain to the country, might they not have been got at a smaller price than what we have paid for them? Russia, as the Salisbury-Schouvaloff Memorandum proves, would have accepted our terms without the Vote of Credit, without the forcible entrance of the British Fleet into the Dardanelles, without the calling out of the Reserves, without the importation of Indian troops, and without the paralysis of trade caused by the policy of Lord Beaconsfield. Why should she not? The Treaty of Berlin, supplemented by the Anglo-Turkish Convention, puts her in a better position than the Treaty of San Stefano. England is now isolated. France and Italy are alienated. Austria is a broken reed, which invariably pierces the hand that trusts in it. It suits German interests that France and England should be estranged. Greece is not likely to see Thessaly, Epirus, and Crete reduced to subjection in the Turkish fashion without turning so golden an opportunity to account, knowing that she may rely on France and Italy to bear her scathless through the crisis. Then there are the subject populations of Turkey, all longing to be free, and seeing in the Anglo-Turkish Convention a perpetual guarantee of their servitude. Servia and Montenegro, too, will strain every nerve to make Bosnia and Herzegovina too hot for Austria; Greece, seeing in Austria a probable rival on the *Ægean and Bosphorus*, will find it her interest to make *common cause with the Slavs against her*; and both will find in Italy

an ardent and efficient ally. And all the while Russia has only to watch and wait, knowing that Lord Beaconsfield has played her game with a degree of skill which Ignatieff may well envy.

To sum up. The keystones of Lord Beaconsfield's policy were, first, "the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire"—an independence so absolute as to forbid even "the diplomatic action of the other Powers in the affairs of the Ottoman Empire." Lord Beaconsfield has now signed a Treaty which has rent from the Ottoman Empire the richest of her European provinces and the strongholds of her Asiatic frontier, with adjacent territory, comprising in population some twelve millions of inhabitants, among whom are included the raw material of her best soldiers, namely, the Mussulman Bosniacs and Bulgarian Pomaks. And Lord Beaconsfield has not given a reluctant assent to this partition. By a secret engagement with Russia outside the Congress he agreed to most of it before the Congress met, and inside the Congress he took the lead in proposing the Austrian occupation of Bosnia and the Herzegovina. And as if this were not enough, he became an accomplice in the spoliation by the occupation of Cyprus. This is how he has redeemed his pledge of upholding "the integrity of the Ottoman Empire." As to the present condition and future prospects of its "independence," it is enough to quote the language of the despatch in which Lord Salisbury explains the aim and purport of the Anglo-Turkish Treaty, together with the declaration of Lord Beaconsfield in the House of Lords on the evening of July 18. The former says :

If the population of Syria, Asia Minor, and Mesopotamia see that the Porte has no guarantee for its continued existence but its own strength, they will, after the evidence which recent events have furnished of the frailty of that reliance, begin to calculate upon the speedy fall of the Ottoman domination, and to turn their eyes towards its successor.

The latter says :—

We see in the present state of affairs the Porte losing its influence over its subjects ; we see a certainty of increasing anarchy, of the dissolution of all those ties which, though feeble, yet still exist, and which have kept society together in those countries.

Therefore Lord Beaconsfield lands 10,000 British troops on Ottoman territory, and puts the Sultan in tutelage in Asia, as he had already agreed with Russia to do in Europe. And this is how Lord Beaconsfield has fulfilled his promise of upholding "the independence of the Ottoman Empire." It was only last November that he boasted at Guildhall: "The independence of Turkey was a subject of ridicule a year ago. The independence of Turkey is not *doubted now.*" What shape will the boast take when next Lord Mayor's Day comes round?

other keynote of Lord Beaconsfield's policy was the imperial policy of safe-guarding British interests? That object appears to have been attained by arraying against British interests the suspicions of France and Italy, and the hatred of Russia, of Greece, and the populations of Turkey—both those emancipated and those still enslaved—and probably of the Porte itself, unless we are content with the promise of reforms remain, like all its previous promises, in the category of what Mr. Cross, some eighteen months ago, has characterised as “waste paper currency.” And we have meanwhile declined to defend against Russia every inch of Ottoman territory in which Russia is strong and we are weak; and this promise we have given fully and unreservedly—that is, quite independently of the Porte's fulfilment of its part of the engagement.

The third keynote of Lord Beaconsfield's policy was the assertion of the public European right against any attempt on the part of the Sultan to dispose of Ottoman territory, or disturb the balance of power in the Mediterranean, by private treaty with Turkey. This has been redeemed by the appropriation of Turkish territory in the Mediterranean, with the intention of converting it into a base for British and military operations, and with the additional aggravation of having done it in the dark, behind the backs of our co-signatories to the Treaty of Paris, and at the very time, too, that our Premier was presenting himself before the world as the champion of public law and the defender of the rights of treaties.

The fourth keynote of Lord Beaconsfield's policy was the maintenance of the Treaty of Paris in its integrity, at least till the Powers who had agreed collectively to modify it. The Treaty of Paris guaranteed the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire, and placed the Ottoman Empire under the united protectorate of Europe, instead of placing it under the single protectorate of Russia. The Anglo-Turkish Convention of 1838 guaranteed the integrity of the Ottoman Empire by the acquisition of Crete. It impairs its independence by putting its government under the control of a British Commission, and claiming that very right of interference on the Sultan and his subjects which Lord Beaconsfield, taking his stand on the Treaty of Paris, made it the cardinal principle of his policy to discountenance.

And this is what the Premier calls “peace with honour”! Of the “peace with honour” I will say nothing. But as to “peace,” I must observe that Lord Beaconsfield has himself been hitherto the only obstacle to the attainment of peace. But for him there would have been no war at all, and the Treaty of Berlin might have been signed four months ago.

MALCOLM MACCOLL.

TABLE TALK.

A *JEU D'ESPRIT*, which nothing but the second-rate character of a portion of the workmanship prevents from claiming permanent interest, appears in a recent number of the *New York Daily Graphic*. Before any English reader had obtained a sight of Mr. Swinburne's Second Series of *Poems and Ballads*, the journal in question issued what professed to be a review of the volume. After giving a general estimate of the position in literature of the author of "Erechtheus" and "Atalanta in Calydon," and according a distinct preference to his lyrical effusions over his more sustained efforts, the reviewer proceeded almost *seriatim* through the contents of the work, describing the "classical studies in blank verse," the "translations from the early Romance poets," and the "original essays in the metrical forms of the Trouvères and Troubadours." The opinion concerning the translations and imitations, that "metrical fetters sit more easily on the light and graceful muse of the minor poets than on the passionate and pain-crowned genius of Mr. Swinburne," was justified by extracts from different poems which might safely be held to support the theory. Specimens of the blank verse studies followed, and conveyed the idea that Mr. Swinburne had, for the benefit of his critics, crowded into a score lines every extravagance, mannerism, and trick of style that has ever been imputed to him. A few phrases at the end of the review rendered pretty obvious what a reader with a moderate amount of penetration might have discovered for himself, that the whole was as bogus as the famous "nutmegs made of wood," or any similar Transatlantic product of misapplied ingenuity. As some of the contents of the new volume have seen the light in various periodicals, it was easy to give the titles of genuine poems. In the list of contents were, accordingly, such names as "A Ballad of Dreamland," "The Forsaken Garden," and "Ex-voto." When, however, the author was driven to invent titles, he betrayed himself. Who can imagine Mr. Swinburne christening a classical study, "Over against Tyre"? The extracts could scarcely deceive the most ignorant reader, being indeed the coarsest caricatures of Mr. Swin-

burne's style, while the references to Provençal poets were obviously a portion of a cumbrous joke. Those, if any exist so simple-minded, who accepted the review as *bonâ fide*, and turned on receiving the book to the pages mentioned in it, must have been not a little puzzled. A Virelay is thus said to appear on page 263, while the last page in the volume is 240. The worst that can be urged against this elaborate joke is, that it is badly carried out; the most that can be said in its favour is, that it is harmless.

IT is perhaps worth while to quote two or three verses of these imitations, for the purpose of showing their inanity. A concluding division of the Virelay, to which I have previously referred, appears in the review, with the explanation that "the first syllable of each feminine rhyme forms the masculine rhyme of the next stanza." Here is a specimen of verse that is advanced as Swinburnian:—

Yet for all pains of her
All pangs of care,
This thing remains of her,
That she is fair.

All men come, verily,
To her, she saith,
Or sad or merrily,
But none chooseth.

What God blew breath to her,
Made full her veins,
Whose face draws Death to her,
Sets Life in chains?

As a light to the meadow lent
Her soft feet err
Among flowers less redolent
Than the feet of her.

Love all gifts fair upon
The red rose shed,
For her lips to find thereupon
A bridal bed.

Besides being pure nonsense, which is unimportant, these verses have no faintest resemblance to the style they are supposed to imitate. They are not good enough to merit Touchstone's description of Orlando's rhymes, that they are "the right butterwoman's rank to market." Never yet was a Rosinante so crippled and jaded as to trot in so scurvy a fashion. The first verse might be a parody on Hood, the later verses are like nothing in the universe. I will not put in juxtaposition with this doggerel a single line of the fine imitations the world owes to the authors of "Bon Gaultier" or to Mr. H. S. Leigh.

THE so-called "Society" journals snap up everything so greedily that is said or written, that I really do not know whether the notice on a certain South-west skating-rink has appeared in their columns or not. "The committee reserve to themselves the right of

excluding any lady they think proper." I have read a good deal against skating-rinks, but this is beyond everything.

IT cannot fail to interest readers of the *Gentleman's Magazine* to learn that the Council of the Index Society are discussing the propriety of supplying a new and complete Index to the entire Magazine. For nearly two centuries the *Gentleman's Magazine* has been a recognised authority for innumerable facts, all of them difficult, and some impossible, to find in other quarters. As the work will be extensive, and proportionately costly, the Council seek voluntary co-operation from without. It is probable that some of my readers may be able to assist in a labour that is a tribute to the importance of this periodical and that will largely augment the value of the complete series.

IT is seldom that a very rich man is either a wise or a witty one, and especially the latter, but there are exceptions. At the club, the other day, a party of irreverent young fellows in the smoking-room actually attempted to make a butt of old Aaron Croesus, who is known to have twenty thousand pounds a year, and suspected of having a good deal more. How he got it is not known, though that is also suspected. Of course, he is held in the highest honour by all well-constituted minds, but some folks are so audacious as to suggest that he does not spend his money with the same facility that he has acquired it. "My dear Croesus," asked one of the young gentlemen on the occasion in question (and the inquiry could only have been excused on the ground that he was somewhat "flown with wine"), "what do you *do* with your money?" "Sir," was the wholly unexpected and, I must confess, happy rejoinder, "I roll in it!"

ONE of the most serious questions with which we have to deal in that extension of free libraries, which I regard as one of the most important of educational influences, is how to prevent the robbery of books. It is obvious in the case of the British Museum, the thefts from which are continuous and important, that no system of search can be enforced. An inspection of every book before it is handed to the applicant and after it is returned is impossible, for other reasons. That some species of surveillance is maintained over frequenters of the Reading-room I suppose. It is difficult, however, to prevent a man from tearing out a rare plate or a leaf that will make up an imperfect copy. I fancy more success would attend the effort to detect the thieves if the well-dressed visitors to the Museum were

closely watched instead of its shabbier frequenters. A fancy for your neighbour's books and engravings is a distinct species of kleptomania, as many a collector has found to his cost, and is reconcilable with the possession of many good and generous qualities. The man who would steal from an institution like the British Museum is, as the Americans would say, "real mean." In case of detection the criminal, whatever his position, should be exposed and subjected to the most dishonouring penalty. A free public library at Babington, a gift of Mr. Joseph Mayer, the well-known Liverpool antiquary and philanthropist, contains 22,000 volumes. In the eleven years in which it has been open and largely used the entire loss amounts to about fifty volumes. Those who frequent it are, however, composed largely of the operative classes, and these when they read are not book-stealers. The remedy for the disgraceful larcenies from the British Museum certainly does not consist in putting further difficulties in the way of admission. At the present moment I hear two kinds of complaints. While, on the one side, it is said that, through favour and influence, opportunities are afforded individuals which result in national loss, a charge I cannot substantiate, and do not like to believe; on the other, it is affirmed that men of the highest position who are personally known to every one in the Museum are refused admission. The last charge I know to be true, since the head of a department which is most closely connected with the British Museum, and is indeed its twin sister, told me he would never attempt to enter the Reading-room again after the manner in which he had been rejected. It seems to be inherent in a bureaucracy to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

THERE are some things which, though not complimentary to our intelligence, are always pleasing to one. When a haircutter says, in his florid way, "I think a little of our *Pommade de Vie* would be very beneficial to your 'air, sir," I am grateful to him, for though I know I am getting as bald as a bell-handle, and shall become worse and worse in spite of all the pommade in Christendom, he must think me still young, or tolerably young, or he would surely never venture upon such an assertion. The other day I was more than usually gratified by quite a new piece of flattery from my barber: "Your 'air is getting a leetle thin on the top, sir; too much study often has that effect; if you would try our pommade, etc." I can affirm, with my hand on my heart, that if it is only study which affects the hair, I ought to have as good a crop as any nobleman in the land; but the barber's compliment, I thought, was very pretty, and it almost induced me to buy a pot of his ridiculous unguent.

THE want of success which attends the effort to supply our most pressing requirements from our own colonies seems attributable to the fact that we pay more attention to the quality of the raw material than to that of the manufacture. In spite of the evil odour that attaches to Cape and Australian wines, there is every reason to believe that, by the employment of the best labour in the processes of vintaging, we might raise them to a point at which they would be as palatable as some of the Italian wines now flooding the market. One of our latest experiments has been with the production of tobacco in India. Virginia tobacco can, it seems, be grown successfully in districts of Burmah and Madras. So defective however, is, the manufacture, that a prejudice is already excited in the mind of the consumer. This is a thoroughly British process. Still, when I reflect on the difficulty that at first attended the cultivation of tea in India, and the result now obtained, I do not despair of smoking Indian tobacco and drinking Australian champagne. I wonder, by the bye, if I have already, in happy ignorance, done the latter. When I compare the quantity of champagne drunk in England alone with that manufactured in the highly-favoured, if Bœotian, region whence it takes its name, I should not like to be too sure.

HAVE you read "A College Breakfast Party," by George Eliot? Have you really, though? Is it possible that undergraduates and even graduates ever talk like that, and in the morning too? I can only say it was not so in my time. I dare say the poem—if it were not called a poem (which is audacious)—is admirable. For my part, I am no judge of metaphysics. But why put such astounding sentiments in such fresh young mouths? If all the contributors of the *Fortnightly*, recruited from the *Academy* (as it used to be), were to be got together some morning over beer and cider-cup, it is possible—just possible—that they might converse as George Eliot makes her puppets talk. But collegians? It is just as likely as that at Trinity or Christchurch there should be young gentlemen rejoicing in such names as Guildenstern and Voltimand.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER 1878.

CUPID.

AN EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF PROFESSOR
MacPELVIS.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

PART I.

OPINIONS may differ as to the local eligibility of Sarcophagus Square, W.C., as a residence for persons of what is called Fashion ; but as regards the salubrity of site, the financial solidity, and the intellectual superiority of the Square in question, it is scarcely possible, I should say, to entertain the slightest doubt. The wealth, the health, the wisdom, and the respectability which enjoy a permanent domicile in Sarcophagus Square, W.C., are sufficient even to confute the malevolent misrepresentations of that "Sophistical Rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, and gifted with an egotistical imagination that can at all times command an interminable and inconsistent series of arguments to malign his opponents and glorify Himself"—that guilty "Individual," that unpatriotic "Person," who was recently visited, in the Duke of Wellington's Riding School, with so tremendous and so well-deserved a castigation at the hands of Benjamin our Ruler. These are parlous times. The "Sophistical Rhetorician" has attacked and maligned almost everything and everybody in his time ; and who knows but that, some day or another, his egotistical imagination might not lead him to lay sacrilegious hands on the integrity of Sarcophagus Square, W.C. ?

Respecting the exact situation of this remarkable quadrangle (with a grassy oval, full of tall old trees, in the middle) I shall be designedly brief and intentionally vague. My uncle (from whom I

these experiments were in the Square and I do not wish to compromise matters. Enough then, if I say that it is situated within the range of a thirty-five-foot gun from the Royal Italian Opera; that it is a stalling cut free from the Scotch Bazaar; that it is less than a hundred miles from the British Museum; and that if its householders are not taxed to the point of the parish of St. Giles, they are certainly subject to assessment in the old taxing parish of St. Pancras. Sarcophagus Square is profoundly literary and scientific, but has never been successful. The ill-fated attempt of the Misses Meduser, in defiance of the authorities, to set up a boarding-school for young ladies and younger Brothers is yet remembered with indignation, although the deed did not take place so long ago as the reign of William the Fourth. Similarly when Mr. Eleazar Sheenyman, at number Eight had the hardihood to announce on a brass plate on his front door that he was a dealer in ancient and modern pictures, and an unframed canvas purporting to represent in dim and smoky tints a Venetian scene, by Titian, was seen to loom from behind the wire hand of his door, proceeding with a vehement protest was addressed by his immediate neighbours to the ground landlord, and ere long the rumour ran that Mr. Eleazar Sheenyman had been paid to go away. At all events he went. "A pretty thing, indeed!" cried old Mr. Sergeant Singleton, at number Nine: "we shall have a pawnbroker hanging out the three golden balls of Lombardy next!" "Or a greengrocer," quoth Mrs. Mingo, long and honourably connected with our East Indian dependencies, at number Seven. Sheenyman removed to Jehoshaphat Square, hard by, where (as in the neighbouring Melchisedech Crescent) they are not so particular. The only palpable Hebrew who has a house in Sarcophagus Square is old Mr. Ben Amos; but then he is a diamond merchant—a highly respectable calling—and he is so rich, and so charitable, and gives such capital dinners, to say nothing of a garden party once a year, to all and sundry of the dwellers in the Square. Ah! those garden parties! It was an entertainment of that nature, combined with Mr. Plantagenet Filibert's Lurlesque of "Cupid," which wrecked the happiness not only of Professor MacPelvis, but also of— But I am anticipating.

The Professor lived—and still lives, I rejoice to say—at number Thirty-five, corner of Cenotaph Place. Not in the portentous red-brick pile, with the terra cotta enrichments, at the south-east corner. *That* is the habitation of Mr. Inigo Jones-Jonesly, R.A., the well-known Cinque Cento architect (who designed that sumptuous Renaissance edifice the Town Hall of Smokely-cum-Sewer, with its renowned

music-gallery, supported by Caryatides thirty feet high, but to which gallery Jones-Jonesly somehow forgot to add a staircase). Professor MacPelvis's mansion is at the south-west corner, a plain but lofty and spacious structure, with a garden in the rear reaching half-way down Cenotaph Place. Jones-Jonesly's palace is a creation of the day before yesterday, so to speak; but the Professor's house was built when George the Second was king. The walls are beautiful specimens of brick-work, tinted by time to a fine old mud colour. The conical iron caps in which the linkmen of the last generation used to extinguish their flambeaux still decorate the uprights which flank the doorstep. The door itself—a double one—is adorned with cast-iron knockers in the shape of two of the chubbiest lion's heads ever seen out of a Dutch Book of Emblems; and on the lowermost panel, to the left, is a big brass plate, bearing the inscription, "Professor MacPelvis, M.D., F.R.A.S." They whisper that "A.S." stand for "All Societies." He is all those and a great many things besides. He is a Fellow of the Royal Galenian, the Royal Celsusian, the Hippocratican, the Siegfriedian, the Huberian, and the Paracelsian Societies; of the Institute of Zoophytic Inquirers and the Invertebrate Association. He is a corresponding member of a score of foreign academies and learned bodies, and a knight of at least a dozen Continental orders. His name is known and revered all over the civilised world as that of a profound scholar and natural philosopher. Fortunately for Professor MacPelvis, he has a large private fortune. Were it otherwise the Government of the country to which he has done so much honour, and which is so justifiably proud of him, would very complacently permit him to vegetate in indigence until some day, perchance, on a representation being made to the Prime Minister that he was old and broken and half starving, a pension of a hundred a year (they gave George Cruikshank ninety-five) might be flung to him, pretty much as a halfpennyworth of paunch is flung to a cat.

Although a duly qualified surgeon and physician, and inheriting a name illustrious in the medical profession (his father, old Sir Clivicle MacPelvis, was knighted by the Prince Regent, and would have been made a baronet had he not had the imprudence to remonstrate with his Royal Highness for drinking so much curaçoa after supping on dressed-crab and goose-pie), many years have passed since the Professor practised. His erudition as a pathologist and physiologist and his skill as an operator were universally acknowledged, and guineas flowed in upon him apace when he chose to give his mind to the drudgery of the medical man's vocation; but it stood rather in his way as a practising doctor that he

was apt, in the very middle of the fashionable season, to go out of town, without giving notice to anybody, on some antiquarian, geological, botanical, or palæontological quest, and so suffer his practice to take care of itself. Then, when he did see patients, and he chanced to receive a visit from an agreeable invalid, the Professor would keep him chatting in his consulting-room on politics, archæology, theology, comparative anatomy, and the *belles lettres*, until the ladies and gentlemen in the waiting-room, suffering from all the ills that flesh is heir to, with impatience superadded, were driven half frank by the delay, and made the life of his old body-servant Patrick a burden to him by inquiries—whenever he opened the door to admit a fresh victim—of “How much longer will the Doctor be?” Then, like his worthy sire before him, he was slightly too outspoken to suit an age when, as Lady Combermere wisely remarks, “that very aged actor Hypocrisy” is so highly successful in “Genteel Comedy.” He was more than Abernethian in his frankness. “Palpitation at the heart! Psha! ma’am, it’s tight-lacing!” he once had the hardihood to say to a Countess; adding, that if her ladyship did not speedily enlarge the girth of her corsets, she would be afflicted with a red nose into the bargain. He told the Bishop of Bosfursus that his lordship was far too fond of jugged hare; and he absolutely had the audacity, when the Marchioness of Firkytoodlum consulted him, complaining of nervous depression and determination of blood to the head, to say to her, “Stuff and nonsense, ma’am, *it’s bottled stout!*” The faculty were heartily sorry when he finally gave up practice, for he had been a wonderful hospital surgeon, a wise lecturer, and in consultation was simply invaluable. They gave him a whole silversmith’s shop full of plate as a testimonial when he bade his pupils good-bye, and he was unfeignedly regretted by many distinguished and gouty generals, admirals, and judges among his patients; but the ladies, while unanimous in acknowledging his cleverness, objected that he was “odd.” The Marchioness of Firkytoodlum went further. She said that he was “rough.”

Odd or even, rough or smooth, Professor MacPelvis—the professorship was an honorary one, which he accepted when he retired from practice, and nobody could exactly make out what he professed or where he professed it—was glad to be rid of his patients, and at about the five-and-fortieth year of his age prepared with great gusto to enjoy the remainder of his life. How old he was when the Adventure which it is my painful duty to narrate befell him is a wholly *unimportant* matter. A man is as old as he feels, and a woman is as old as she looks. Those are postulates which should never be for

gotten. It would be ridiculous to contend that (never mind how many years ago) Professor MacPelvis was young; on the other hand, it might have been libellous to speak of him as positively old. He had once been forty-five. Let that admission suffice. He was very tall, very large limbed, very broad shouldered, and had a rolling gait, a sonorous voice, a Johnsonian diction, and a measured manner of delivery. His hair—another point in his favour, as baffling inquiries as to his age—was sandy, and his eyes were a clear blue. He wore the most voluminous shirt collars and the widest-legged trousers to be seen in all London; and, but that he was unmistakably a gentleman, he might have been mistaken for a colossal waiter, since day and evening, winter and summer, he always wore the same black tail-coat, waistcoat, and continuations of a servitor at a public dinner. Or, say, a toast-master. He was not averse from a moderate quantity of good, sound, fruity port—none of your sophisticated “dry” wines, but the stiff, mellow “Black strap” of our fathers—now and again; and the generous vintage had imparted a slight ruby tinge to the tip of his nose and the lobes of his ears. For the rest, he had very large hands—which he was fond of plunging into his pockets—and very large feet, the latter shod with low shoes with ribbons. He wore a double eye-glass, took snuff constantly, and used a blue handana pocket handkerchief with white spots. He had the strength of a giant, the learning of a Benedictine, the simplicity of a child, and a heart as soft as a girl’s; but he certainly was not a ladies’ man.

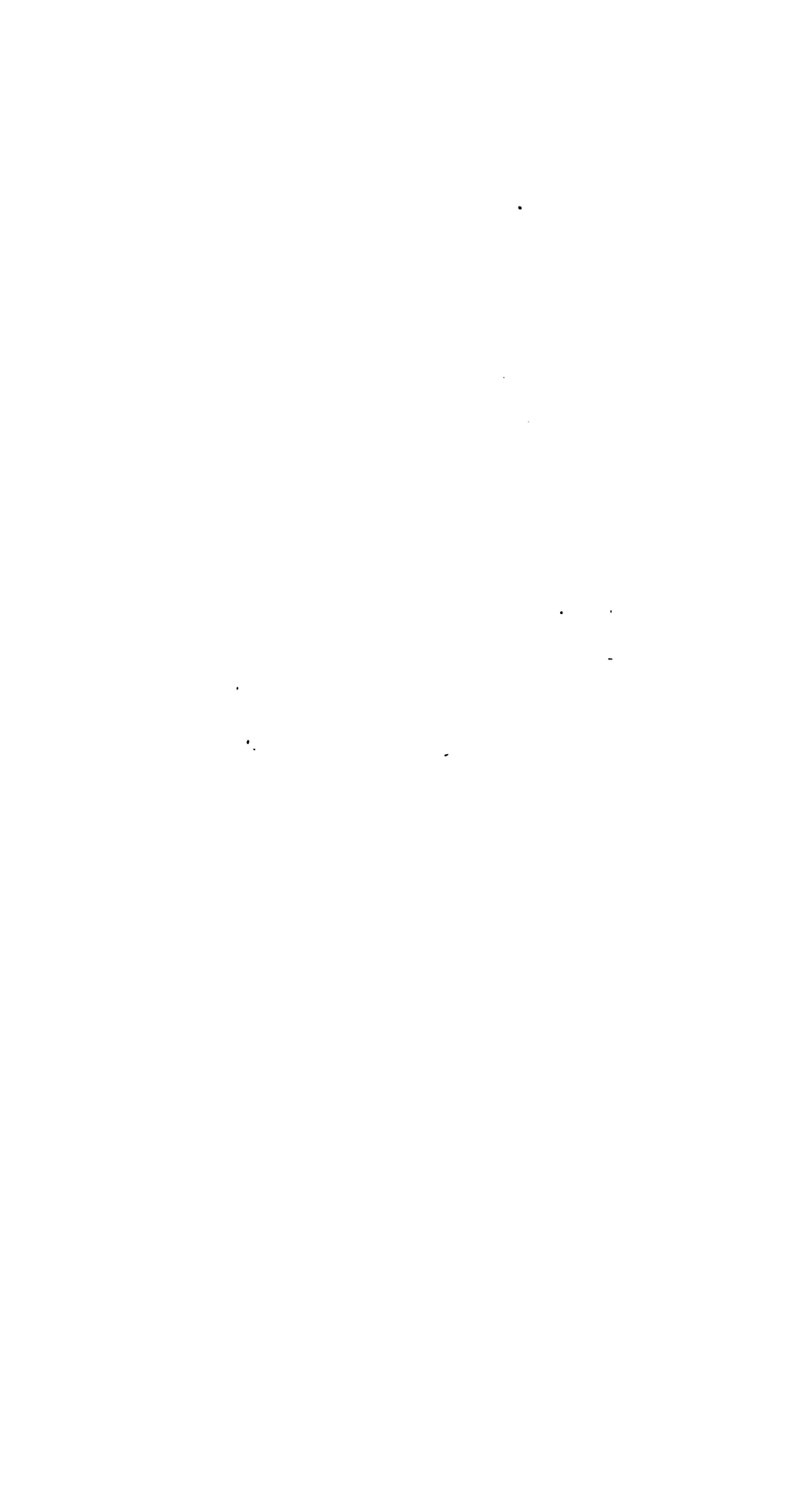
A ladies’ man! why, bless you, Professor MacPelvis had been, from time immemorial, notorious as a woman-hater. One of his enemies—everybody has enemies—Sproutly Pimples, of the Middle Temple, indeed, who writes the scientific reviews in the *Higgledypiggledy Review*, once alluded to the Professor by implication as “the malignant misogynist scowling at Beauty, who would have repulsed with scorn and aversion his elephantine advances.” Old Serjeant Singleton was strongly of opinion that the paragraph was libellous, and that an action would lie. But the Professor was quite delighted with the abuse levelled at him. “Elephantine advances” tickled him immensely; and whenever he entered the club-room of the Veiled Prophets—a select society of artists, authors, medical men, and “scientists,” as the Americans would say—who held their weekly saderunt in a tavern under Covent Garden Piazzas, he was always ready to respond with a jolly laugh to his welcome as a “malevolent misogynist.” Sproutly Pimples, of the Middle Temple, had been a member of the “Veiled Prophets.” He had been frequently and

severely mauled in argument by the Professor ; and, at length retiring in dudgeon from the society, solaced himself by writing spiteful criticisms of his enemy's productions. For the Professor was always writing and publishing something, although he seemed to have but a very faint idea of his being entitled to any money payment for that which he wrote.

Since his retirement from practice Professor MacPelvis had devoted himself to the pursuit of science in general. He was a *versant*, so to speak, "all round," and everything that was erudite by turns. In entomology his acquirements were enormous ; and he had an extensive collection of glass cases full of the most hideous beetles and the most beautiful butterflies that the eye ever beheld. Then the reptile creation would engage his attention, and jars full of snakes, toads, and lizards would become thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa in Sarcophagus Square. A series of geological and metallurgical investigations would follow ; at which periods the Professor's dining-room assumed the aspect of a marine store shop, and the hall and stairs were thickly strewn with shards and pebbles. Then he was all for botany, and his mansion had a sweet but musty odour like unto a herbalist's. To this, chemistry usually succeeded ; and the perfume of the establishment was, for the nonce, anything but suggestive of *Araly* the Blest. People who came to see him experienced a choking sensation in their *fauces* and a smarting feeling in the eyes. Gallipots and phials, full of mysterious fluids, made their appearance on mantel-pieces ; and when the Professor went into society, it was noticed that his fingers were stained yellow, or purple, or black, and that a multitude of small holes had been burned, seemingly by some caustic solution, in his clothes and linen. Spectrum analysis, or at least photography, would then be patronised for a while. Strange phantasmagoria as from magic lanterns would be refracted through the blinds, and sometimes the passing policeman would fear that the house was on fire. It was only the Professor trying conclusions with the electric light or with the magnesium wire. His comparative-anatomy times were likewise tremendous ones. "My neighbour the Bone Grubber." Thus did Sproutly Pimples (who had once lodged in Cenotaph Place) contumeliously dub the Professor ; "and it really is a pity," Miss Grizzel MacPelvis, his only surviving and beloved maiden sister, was sometimes fain to observe confidentially to his housekeeper MacTawse, "that the Organs of support in the Radiated or neurox classes should make such a dreadful litter about the house and that the Doctor"—Miss Grizzel would never acknowledge the *misty Professorship*, and always gave her brother his medical title, in



"My neighbour the Bone-grubber."



ance, perchance, for the memory of their father—"that the Doctor run the risk of being indicted for a nuisance by having cart after cartload of old bones emptied into his area." "It's true, Grizzel," Mrs. MacTawse (formerly mistress of Dr. Boanerges' School in Skelpington Street) would reply; "and I wonder that butcher can bear to deliver honest fresh legs of mutton in the midst of a Golgotha. But what would ye have? The Doctor'll be out of his fancy in a crack." Mrs. MacTawse was right. Ere long lighter and more graceful objects of research would engage the Professor's attention. He was a rare bibliophile, and would presently bring home wheeled cabsful of ancient tomes from Sotheby's or Hodgson's.

He would throw himself into the arms of Messrs. Christie, Brown, & Woods, and old china, Japanese "curios," pictures, and water-colour drawings would swell the accumulation of treasures in Phipps Square. "The preposterous Rag and Bone Man," sproutly Pimples wrote in the *Gorilla*, that genially sarcastic periodical "has now taken to book-hunting and picture-peddling. What a waste of time! Pigeon-fancying, kite-flying, or fiddling. Oh! the sham! Everything by turns and nothing long—save an Impostor; and he has always been." Sproutly Pimples wrote more unreasonably in the *Gorilla* than in the *Higgledypiggledy*; for the reason in reviewing the Professor's works in the last-named print, he would allude to him by name. In the *Gorilla* he only attacked him as an imaginary personage, say "Doctor Windbag," or "Professor Dulcamara." Of all wounds, a stab in the dark is the heartiest and stabs deepest.

Of Professor MacPelvis's little weaknesses in the way of picking up tattered and rusty old coins, medals covered with verdigris, dilapidated suits of armour, ancient weapons, and tattered tapestry; occasional crazes for bringing home pocketsful of shells, and the dried skins of alien birds, I will say nothing. The phonograph and the telephone had not been brought under public notice at the time when the episode of which I have to speak took place, and I delighted to say that the Professor had too much good sense to concern himself to the slightest extent with the mischievous amusements of table-turning or spirit-rapping.

He was, moreover, a remarkably good man; generous and frank and thoughtful—the last a quality thoroughly compatible with his occasional "absence" of mind—in every relation of life. He was decidedly "odd." With his every vein full of Scottish blood, and with innumerable ties of kith, friendship, and sympathy connecting him with Scotland, he had never been in North Britain in

his life. In fact, Professor MacPelvis was a thorough cockney; and, although he was fond of taking an occasional antiquarian or scientific jaunt into the country, his favourite promenades were from Charing Cross to St. Paul's—"It becomes a gambling, money-grubbing city after you have passed the Chapter Coffee-house," he would say—and from the Holborn Viaduct along the two Oxford Streets to the Marble Arch. To him the Green Park was the perfection of rustic greenery. Although overbrimming with abstruse learning, he was not by any means a hermit or an ascetic. He enjoyed the good things of this life in cheery moderation, and was a great diner out—even in the loftiest "Society," whose inaffable leaders were always glad to "have" Professor MacPelvis, who "said such odd things"—and such wise and kindly ones to boot. The young ladies he avoided—was he not a misogynist?—he "could not understand their 'fal-lals,'" he was wont to say; but the old ladies, the dowagers, and even the old maids, made much of him; drew him out, and were not angry when he produced mouldy *vertebrae*, desiccated frogs, and petrified oysters from his capacious pockets. But to grand dinner parties he infinitely preferred snug little *symposia* of from eight to a dozen old cronies at Greenwich or Richmond, at Hampton Court or at Gravesend. He was as well known at the Ship and the Trafalgar as though he had been (say) a popular barrister; for it is well known that without the constant patronage of Mr. Montagu Williams and Mr. Douglas Straight, the Ship and the Trafalgar would very soon be constrained to hide their diminished heads. Public dinners the Professor abhorred, and avoided them as much as ever he possibly could, because he had a nervous dread of public speaking, and because the presidents at public banquets had a way of proposing his health, and calling on him to return thanks for Science. He gave dinner parties in Sarcophagus Square sometimes—plain but ample repasts, of which the staples were big fish, big joints, plenty of game, very brown sherry, and very sound claret; but his guests were never served *à la Russe*; that is to say, they were not called upon to sit like stocks or stones staring at their plates until morsels of they knew not what were thrust under their noses by the hands of they knew not whom, behind them; nor were the people at one side of the table rendered invisible to those opposite by a screen of flowers and ferns in pots of gaudily painted earthenware. The dishes in Sarcophagus Square were placed on the table, and only the big joints were carved at the side table. The company "saw their victuals," and the Professor had something instructive to say about everything edible and potable that appeared on the board. No ladies, with the exception of

Professor's sister—and even Miss Grizzel was a rare visitant at the dinner table, preferring as she did to dine early and to receive the gentlemen, when they had their wine, at her tea-table in the drawing room—ever appeared at these entertainments. Rare old boys were the guests. Neighbours, most of them. Inigo Jones-Jonesly, the architect; Mr. Baron Bohun, of the Exchequer; Old Serjeant Singleton; Nimbus, the præ-Raphaelite painter; Praxlights, R.A., the sculptor; Sir Thomas Anchylosis, Bart., President of the Umbilical Society; Mr. Toddyquick, M.P. for Usquebaughshire, a determined Radical; and the Hon. George Buffalo, M.P. for South Trueblue-ington, a fierce Conservative. The two M.P.s had married sisters, and out of the House of Commons were like brothers, being bound together, indeed, in an indissoluble alliance, offensive and defensive, against their respective wives and their common mother-in-law. These, with old General Thwackum, C.B., Dr. Whiddy the microscopist, Mr. Cataract the famous oculist, old Mr. Ben Amos, and Sir Chowdery Tremenheere, K.S.I., late of the Bengal Civil Service, and one of the most distinguished of living Orientalists, were the friends whom Dr. MacPelvis chiefly delighted to receive at his hospitable board. They were, indeed, merely the identical cronies whom he so frequently met at Greenwich and Richmond, and at the club-table of the "Veiled Prophets" in Covent Garden. Men like the Professor have few intimate friends, but those friends are mighty staunch ones. He was an eminently clubbable man, and of course was a member of the Athenæum. But he rarely went there; first, he remarked apologetically, because he was afraid of the Bishops, and next, because he was afraid of the waiters in that austere palatial establishment. "They're ower too grand for me," the Professor, who rarely indulged in a Scotticism, was wont to say. I don't know that I have anything to add to this already protracted category of Professor MacPelvis's qualifications, idiosyncrasies, and shortcomings; save to hint that his sister, Miss Grizzel, occasionally resided with him in the intervals of a course of visits to country houses, which had been going on for thirty years, and which seemed to embrace the whole of the United Kingdom, the Channel Islands, and the Continental watering-place of Boulogne-sur-Mer; that his housekeeper was Mrs. MacTawse, late of the Boanerges' Kirk School (the Professor sate under the Rev. Doctor and made no fuss about it), an entirely trusted and trustworthy person, but who had been a little too apt to correct her pupils *more Scotorum*, with a gig-trace hardened in the fire and cut into a fringe of leather thongs;—an aptitude which had led the committee of the school (ceding to the remonstrances of the parents of black and blue children) to suggest that she should exchange educational

for domestic functions. Dr. Boanerges strongly recommended her to the Professor; and she found an excellent home in Sarcophagus Square. She did not beat her master, but she lectured and scolded him perpetually. When Miss Grizzel came to town she took up the running in lecturing and scolding, and both ladies concurred in the opinion that the "Doctor was daft," although they would both have very willingly seen anybody torn to pieces by wild horses who had injured the Professor by word or deed. Miss Grizzel, in fact, had more than once threatened to do dreadful things to the malignant Sproutly Pimples, while Mrs. MacTawse was content with giving expression to a mysterious wish that she "could only come nigh him." If she still kept the hardened gig-trace cut into thongs in her box upstairs, the consequences, had she, armed with that implement, got near Sproutly Pimples, might have been remarkable from a black and blue point of view.

The Doctor bore it all like a lamb. He never "fashed" himself. When he was asked for money for housekeeping expenses he drew a cheque-book from one of his multitudinous pockets, and asked simply "How much?" Much ready money he was not permitted to carry, because he was in the habit of giving it away to the mendicants in the streets. Women with babies in their arms waited regularly for him at street corners. All the cripples knew him. The secretaries of all the hospitals, infirmaries, refuges, and asylums were pleasantly aware of him; and he would have been the dupe and victim of every begging letter writer in London had it not been for the friendly watchfulness of Mrs. MacTawse, who was accustomed to lie in wait for these impostors, and to swoop down upon them like a whirlwind, and to chase them off the doorstep and down Cenotaph Place with the scourge of her wrathful words. As things stood, Professor MacPelvis was good as a small annuity to a number of male and female correspondents whose biographies may be found enshrined in the periodic reports of the excellent and useful Charity Organisation Society.

One very curious trait in the individuality of the Professor remains to be touched upon. He was born, as you may have gathered from the foregoing hints, a good many years before 1874, yet, upon the Christmas of the year in question, he had never witnessed the performance of any tragedy, comedy, melodrama, opera, ballet, farce or interlude whatsoever. He was a ripe Shakespearian scholar. The works of the Elizabethan, Jacobean, Carolian, and Georgian dramatists were familiar to him. Basil Ruthven, the first dramatic artist of the day, was a member of the "Veiled Prophets," and frequently *dined in Sarcophagus Square* (he was always the last to go, and *and the Professor often talked about actors and acting till three o'clock*

in the morning); still, the fact remained. Professor MacPelvis had never been to the play.

Κοινε γὰρ ἡ τύχη, καὶ τὸ μέλλον ἀόρατον.

It is unnecessary that I should translate this sage maxim, seeing that, now we have appropriated Cyprus (on the legal principle of "cy-près," I presume), everybody is bound to know Greek. It is certain, nevertheless, that the future is hidden, and that we never know what we may come to. Lord Chancellor Eldon, so the story goes, was full sixty-five years of age before he witnessed a theatrical entertainment at Christmas time. By chance he found himself one night in the box of a great lady at Drury Lane Theatre, and he was constrained to witness the pantomime of Mother Goose. The drolleries of Joey Grimaldi caused tears of rapture to flow from the stern eyes of John Scott; and for sixteen subsequent and successive nights the Lord Chancellor of England went to see the pantomime of Mother Goose.

It was by an indirect route that the learned Professor MacPelvis reached, not Drury Lane, but the Royal Frivolity Theatre, Hatton Garden. It was all through one of old Mr. Ben Amos's garden parties.

For many years that worthy Hebrew philanthropist and diamond merchant (he would have been made a baronet half a dozen times over, had he chosen to accept that dignity) had been in the habit of holding an *al fresco* festival in the very centre of Sarcophagus Square. For the day in question (which fell generally in the last week in August) it was tacitly assumed by Mr. Ben Amos's friends and neighbours that the fee simple of the enclosure was in him, and that the verdant lawns, the flowery parterres, the branching elms and waving limes, the rustic kiosk, the gardener's tool house, and even the leaden statue of Sir Robert Walpole in the centre, all formed part of Mr. Ben Amos's private domain. As he included each and every one of the householders in the square, their wives, daughters, mothers, friends, and sweethearts, in his list of invitations, nobody took any harm by the harmless fiction that, during the space of twelve hours, he was the territorial landlord of three quarters of an acre of ornamental gardens. The only dissentient to the arrangement was old Miss St. Angula at number Twenty-four, who was wealthy but "cantankerous," who objected to mankind generally and to womankind individually, and who scornfully refused to recognise Mr. Ben Amos's right to carry on what she called his "fandangoes" in a square for the maintenance of which she was assessed by the parish at the rate of fourpence in the pound on the rateable value of her tall and ugly house. She had as much right there, she said, as anybody else; and although between Easter-tide

Miss MacPelvis would not, as a rule, enter the enclosure half a minute before the party, but she failed to make her appearance in it on the day of the garden party, staking round and round the edge of the enclosure, leaning forward railings, shading her head (with a magnificent hat, on it) with a huge green sunshade, and reading the *Illustrated Times* from which she occasionally raised her spectacled eyes to gaze at the strollers in the distance. They gave her, you may be sure, a wide berth, and generally spoke of her as "The old spinster," nobody troubled himself much about old Miss MacPelvis's ill-conditionedness. The nursemaids, too, might be seen peering over the railings, aggrieved at being banished, with their infant charges and their dolls, from the enclosure between the hours of twelve and two, but as they were permitted to witness the preparations for the forenoon and to partake of the remains of the refreshments when the gentlefolks had gone away, they, too, forebore to complain. The scene, towards five o'clock, used to be quite brightened up with all the attractive appliances of a modern *filles de chambre* establishment.

It was, of course, too late in the season for strawberries and cream, watermelons and melons, apricots and greengages, were laid out at a considerable expense. Prodigious quantities of plum cake wet with raspberry jam, and *Macaroni à la Napolitaine* were lavishly dispensed. Chickens, turkeys, and geese were present in profusion. Champagne, claret, and port were served. A large marquee, richly decorated with flowers and garlands, and in the midst of which loomed the leaden effigy of Sir Robert MacPelvis, which our delightful climate had developed to the full, and which, in consequence of its slackness and friability, was erected in the centre of the enclosure. Behind the rear of this pavilion a German band discoursed sweetly, and behind the rustic kiosk cigarettes were procurable, and croquet was played. There was lawn tennis; there was croquet; there was chess; there was dominoes; there was a juggler; and towards the close of the party, the dancing in the tent. For six weeks before the coming of the garden party Amos's garden party was the constant theme of conversation among all the mammas in the neighbourhood who had daughters, and, I need not say, of the marriageable young ladies themselves, who did more than talk about it. They dreamt of nothing else but the "Babylonish marriage market," Miss MacPelvis, tossing her head viciously. "And that old man, that Professor MacPelvis doesn't indict 'em all!" said the old spinster, who had indeed more than once been seen to scold the Professor, with whom she was on familiar terms, in the ears of her head; but the Professor's sister happened to be present on the occasion, and she was the most agreeable class of femininity

tolerant Scotchwoman. She did not see any harm in garden parties. In fact, she rather liked them; and it was the proud privilege of Inigo Jones Jonesby, architect, to escort her to Mr. Ben Amos's *fêtes*, to which, however, her brother, during many years, resolutely refused to go.

"No, no, Serjeant," he would say, when that legal luminary pressed him to accept Mr. Ben Amos's annually renewed invitation; "it isn't in my line. I should be a fish out of water among all the pretty lassies and their fal-lals. Junketings are not fit for such an old fogey as I am."

"But I'm an old fogey," the Serjeant would object; "and I've been a fogey ever since I was a boy at school. At Winchester they used to call me Methusaleh. And it isn't about us that the pretty girls trouble themselves. It's the fellows—the young fellows—they come after; and the fellows come after them; and so it always has been and always will be until Cataclysm comes."

"When you speak of Cataclysm, my dear Serjeant," the Professor would say, buttonholing his old crony, "you open a field of discussion which—" At this the Professor was, colloquially speaking, "off;" and, supposing the discussion to have taken place in his dining room over a jug of choice Larose, the chances were ten to one that a couple more bottles of the same would be decanted before the talk concerning Cataclysm came to a close.

But it happened one very genial evening—Braune-Mouton was the vintage—towards the close of the summer of '74—that Serjeant Singleton succeeded in vanquishing the Professor's prejudices against "fal-lals" and in exacting from him a promise to be present at the next garden party. It was the very grandest festivity of the kind ever known to have taken place in Sarcophagus Square. Two peers of the realm were present. One was a youthful and comic lord, who came all arrayed in white—white coat, white silk cravat, white hat, white trousers, white gaiters over his patent leather shoes, but—stay, he had straw-coloured kid gloves. He sang songs on facetious topics, danced a step dance, and would have done honour to any music hall in the metropolis. The ladies were charmed with him. The other noble was an ancient viscount, somewhat deaf, very gouty, and very garrulous. He sat in a low chair and talked about the designs of Russia in India. "One of the most distinguished archaeologists in the country," it was whispered. "Gave eleven thousand pounds towards the restoration of St. Noseless' Abbey." The old ladies were charmed with his lordship, and sate in a circle round him listening reverentially to his garrulous discourse. But his lordship declined on that particular afternoon to be

eloquent concerning Norman architecture, finials, crockets, quoins, and gargoyles. He would talk about nothing save the designs of Russia in the far East. Professor MacPelvis was no politician, so he rambled from group to group, talking about everything to all and sundry, always with the exception of the pretty girls, whom, of course, he scrupulously avoided. But they did not avoid him. They playfully chased him, and but for his skilful doubling—once he was positively fain to take refuge in the smoking tent—they would have run him down to a certainty. Albeit he kept himself aloof from their sweet society, they were not angry with him. They spoke of him pathetically as a “dear old duck ;” and Miss Alethea Tomboy, the rich solicitor's daughter, of number Fifteen (she rides to hounds, goes out shooting in the season in black velvet knickerbockers and leather gaiters), who is universally recognised as the Beauty of the Square, and commonly qualified by Miss St. Angula as “that Bold Thing,” actually threw a kiss to the Professor, and offered to bet her intimate friend Miss Hyppolita Crewe, of number Two, five to four that before Christmas she and all the girls in the square would be invited to a ball at Professor MacPelvis's. “And such a ball we'll make him give !” cried the lively Alethea. “Coote and Tinney's band ; supper from Alfred Duclos' in Oxford Street ; and Serjeant Singleton shall lead the cotillon.” Next to the Serjeant and Mr. Ben Amos, the Professor was the most popular guest at that memorable—that too memorable—garden party.

As to the venerable host, he too was the centre of a circle of fair admirers. With his long white beard, his little black velvet skull-cap, his gold-rimmed spectacles, and his benignantly smiling face, with the pure white and pink complexion of extreme but healthy and blameless old age, Mr. Ben Amos looked, so the ladies, young and old, enthusiastically declared, a picture. “He looks,” cried young Claude Cashless, of the Blues, who was always “short,” from a pecuniary point of view, “as if he could draw blank cheques for two hours on a stretch without turning a hair. I wonder if he would let a fellow have some bracelets and things.” Claude Cashless was deep in the books of Mr. Eleazar Shenyman, late of Sarcophagus now of Jehoshaphat Square, and his chambers in Pall Mall were plentifully adorned with portraits of Venetian senators by Titian, and Ruined Mills by Ruysdael. These masterpieces came from Mr. Shenyman's collection. So did the model in ivory of that ill-fated three-decker the “Royal George.” So did the celebrated sixty-eight “Lafitte,” the Hipsed and Hawsdeim champagne, and the Vino Cockalorum (*a natural sherry*), with which the guardsman (not without a blush)

ed his guests. "Sixty-eight Lafitte!" Major Sinnick, late of the vics, had once the coarseness to remark, "you mean sixty cent., my boy."

Mr. Shenyman, it is almost needless to say, was not present at festival. He would have been the reverse of a *persona grata*. On the other hand, for once in a way, the Caucasian element conspicuous and exclusive in Sarcophagus Square. Mr. Ben Amos, who had long been a widower, had quite a tribe of married sons and daughters, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and collateral relatives around him. There were dark-eyed houris and auburn-haired sylphs. There were gentlemen with bronzed complexions, blue eyes, and coal-black ringlets and moustaches. There were boys of laughing, frolicsome, shrill-voiced little Jew children, dressed like ballet-girls. There were tremendous young Hebrew dandies, furnished with the gold and the jewelled wealth of Ormuz and of Ind. A young man ran that the great Portuguese millionaire, Señor Fanquista da Silva, was present, and that he had got the famous "Pumpkin" diamond, the gem which Ferdinand and Isabella pawned to his ancestor just before the siege of Granada, pendant to his watch-chain. I have said that the three most popular personages at the garden party were Mr. Ben Amos (that was only natural; and at the conclusion of the merrymaking the good old gentleman was solemnly proclaimed ceremoniously kissed by the ladies all round), Serjeant Singleton, and Professor MacPelvis. Their popularity, nevertheless, was destined (such is the mutability of human affairs) to be temporarily eclipsed. Their splendour paled before the dazzling radiance of Basil Ruthven, of the Royal Gynecæum Theatre. The distinguished comedian came late—very late. Indeed, Basil Ruthven always came late; but then he atoned for his tardiness (save when his services were required at the Royal Gynecæum Theatre) by not going away, but could help it, until dawn. "His Hamlet," quoth one of his admirers, "is a superb performance, but in private life I think that he plays the Ghost of Hamlet's Father best. He never goes away without a cockcrow, and then he looks as if he were retiring to adamantine prisons and penal fire." Basil Ruthven is the fare who once kept a rickshaw cabman waiting for nine hours between sunset and sunrise in Whitechapel Harbour Lane, Camberwell; "and I'd a-waited ninety hours for him at 'arf fare," quoth the cabman, who was an enthusiastic admirer of the great artist, and never failed to engage a deputy on the first night of a new performance at the Gynecæum, in order that he might occupy a seat in the front row of the gallery, cheer his favourite actor to the echo, and offer to "punch the 'ed" of any person who attempted to disturb the entertainment.

So soon as Basil Ruthven made his appearance in the enclosure of Sarcophagus Square the gentlemen all rushed to shake hands with him, and the ladies all proceeded to "eat him up," metaphorically speaking. Personally he was a quiet, reserved, amiable-looking gentleman, with rather a weary and abstracted look; but the ladies insisted on likening him to Lara, to Childe Harold, to the Corsair, to Manfred, to Mr. Alfred Tennyson, to Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson (when he was young), to the pictures of Schopin the pianist and the late Mr. Bellew; to everybody, in short, who looked melancholy and romantic. Basil Ruthven was not by any means a melancholy man by temperament; but so soon as he appeared everybody began to sigh sympathetically; and when he addressed himself to speak, pocket-handkerchiefs were clutched convulsively in feminine hands. The reason for his coming late on this particular afternoon was that he had been rehearsing at the Gynecæum; that he had made a speech at a public meeting at Willis's Rooms; that he had attentively listened while Catullus Pindar, the poetic dramatist, read his five-act tragedy of "Phryne" to a select audience at the Roscius Club; and that he had been a guest (and, of course, eaten up) at the Countess of Lion-mane's reception in Grosvenor Square. But the eaten-up actor had himself had nothing to eat since early morn. He had missed his lunch; and as he stood on the verdant sward in Sarcophagus Square, those who with eager eyes watched him bite his lip, and ever and anon press his cambric handkerchief to his forehead, little dreamed that he was thinking of what a remarkably nice thing it would be if he could then and there procure a mutton chop with a pickled walnut and a pint bottle of Allsopp.

Basil Ruthven came not alone. Alas! and alas! for Professor MacPelvis, the actor had brought with him two female stars of the dramatic world, the Misses Topsy and Florry Deerfoot, ladies of irreproachable character in private life, and of rising favour in their profession. They were accompanied by their mamma, an austere matron sometimes called the Mother of the Modern Burlesque Gracchi. The Misses Deerfoot were famous for their performance of extravaganza; and Miss Topsy in particular was at that moment turning the heads of half the town as Cupid in Mr. Plantagenet Filbert's burlesque of that name.

Unfortunate Professor MacPelvis! Nor he nor any other reveller at that garden party could hear a certain grating, rasping, whirring sound, far, far beneath the emerald turf of Sarcophagus Square. *It was the sound of the mills of the Gods—the mills that grind so slowly, but so exceeding small.*

(*To be concluded.*)

SARK, AND ITS CAVES.

IN June, last year (1877), I crossed from Southampton to Guernsey, intending to stay some days in Sark, and explore the caves there, as I had done those of Cornwall, an account of which I gave in *Macmillan's Magazine*, August 1876. We arrived early in the morning at St. Peter Port, Guernsey, and I found the excursion steamer, which leaves Guernsey for Sark only twice a week, just gone—for if the Southampton packet happens to be late, the excursion steamer does not wait for her. But sailing boats go to and fro daily, weather permitting. In winter, weather does not permit, and Sark is often without communication with the larger islands for ten days or a fortnight together, so they must frequently be rather short of news and provisions there, though milk, bread, eggs, and poultry would not be likely to run short. The time of the passage of course varies; and as no Sark boat had arrived at St. Peter Port, nor was expected to start for some time, I hired a sailing boat for myself. The morning was rainy and cold; we were some hours out, and we had to take to our oars, the wind being insufficient for our purpose. A small boat with two fishermen, and full of gigantic crabs, came to meet us when we approached, and took me on shore with my box. Having passed the fine precipices of Brechon, we landed on some tough, brown rocks at the wild, picturesque little Havre Gosselin, this being the nearest point to Guernsey; one of the sailors, a strong youth, carried my box, which was not light, up these steep rocks—a feat I should have been very sorry to have had to perform myself. The inn (*Hôtel Gavey*) is about a mile off, and an excellent one I found it. I was sorry to learn that, on account of this difficulty of communication with the outer world through the long winter months, Mr. Gavey was about to give up his little hotel; for he makes his visitors most comfortable, and charges them moderately.

I spent ten days on the small island, and wished I could have spent more. In walking to the inn, I was much struck with the beauty of the lanes and hedgerows, with the greenness of the grass and the abundance of wild flowers, especially saxifrage—more than one species of which is very luxuriant—seathrift, and ferns. There is

also plenty of purple iris, while the cottage gardens are full of myrtle, large tree-fuchsia, and many other flowers, indicating a mild climate. The little hotel is beautifully situated in Dixcart Valley. A stream runs down to the sea here, and the windows look upon a small meadow of the richest grass, where a graceful Guernsey cow was tethered, who never failed by herself to supply the whole hotel with delicious milk; the meadow sloping down to the stream, which is closely embowered with fine trees, apple, pear, oak, beech, alder, and others, where the birds sing sweetly. Dixcart Bay, within a few minutes' walk, is the favourite place for bathing. "Happy the race that has no history." Little Sark has none to speak of, and seems happy. There is little crime, little poverty, little sickness. Sark has a language of its own, but no literature—a modification of the Jersey *patois*. French and English are taught in the schools, and nearly every one seems to know French. The only noteworthy incident in the history of Sark is its recovery for the English from the French by a Flemish gentleman in the reign of Queen Mary. The incident reminds one of the Trojan horse, for a coffin was landed which was said to contain a dead body for burial; but in the chapel the Flemish crew, opening it, took from it "swords, targets, and arquebusses," with which they soon overpowered the scanty French garrison, a part of whom had been persuaded to row off to the ship to receive certain commodities, and these were made prisoners. The boat returned filled with Flemings. Queen Elizabeth granted the island to Helier de Carteret, Seigneur of St. Ouen in Jersey, to be held by him and his heirs in perpetuity, on condition that he let it out in forty different tenements, that so there might be at least as many men to repel any sudden attack. In his family it remained for some time; in fact, Carteret seems the commonest name among the farmers and fishermen now. Sark has its own local government, and is still portioned out into these forty tenements, held of the seigneur, which may not be divided, and which pass to the eldest son, or daughter, if there are no male heirs. Nor may they be sold without consent of the seigneur; so that some of the farms have remained in the same families since 1575. The holders of the forty tenements, the Seigneur, the Seneschal, the Prévôt, and the Greffier, now constitute the Court of Chefs-Plaids. This court levies all local rates, and the Seneschal has complete jurisdiction in all cases of petty offences. The seigneur can refuse his assent to measures passed by the court, but there is a doubtful right of appeal from him to the Royal Court of Guernsey. I took a great liking to the people; they seem a *simple, honest, and manly* race, a population of fishermen and agri-

culturists. The houses are strongly built of dark granite, the walls being very thick, with flowers often trained over them. The old stone wells are particularly picturesque. It was curious to hear the Church of England service in French in the church on Sunday afternoon. The weather-beaten fishermen and farmers go there, and also to the Presbyterian chapel, in their "Sunday best," namely, in black coats, looking very prosperous. There is a monument on the hill near Havre Gosselin, erected to the memory of a party who perished by the capsizing of a sailing boat. It is erected by the widow of the gentleman who hired the boat. Here my sailor-boy, who was carrying my things, deposited them on the pedestal, that he might go and look for some one to help him; and as I wished to get on to the hotel out of the Scotch mist, he told me I might safely do so without encumbrances, as robberies were absolutely unknown, and the book-bag and rug, &c. &c., might be left to themselves without the smallest risk, and so it proved. There are good schools, and the climate being healthy, the rock-scenery of wonderful unique beauty, with all the other advantages thus enumerated, is this not a kind of "earthly Paradise"? It would certainly be a good place to spend a honeymoon in. The good simple folk know nothing and care nothing for the distractions of religious or political controversy on the continents yonder: whether or not their creed and constitution be absolutely "the best," they are pious and content; with no history and no literature—think of that!—living a healthy, honest, out-door life, braving the perils of their stormy seas, proud of their island home, familiar with the wondrous and changing face of Nature, satisfied with the "state of life unto which it has pleased God to call them"—all except the younger sons perhaps, who have perforce—and a good thing too—to go and seek their fortunes elsewhere!

My usual programme was to go out, after an excellent breakfast (consisting of first-rate tea, new-laid eggs, good bread and butter, and fresh lobster), for the purpose of exploring the coast, taking some biscuits with me, and trusting to getting milk at the cottages, where I would sit and chat for a while with the courteous fisherman's or farmer's wife and her pretty little children; or else I trusted to finding a spring, or returned in time for the small *table d'hôte* dinner at six o'clock. There are no guides, and this is a little inconvenient; yet, if you once get to know your whereabouts a little, I for my part prefer to go about alone. There is generally some visitor staying at Sark in the summer who will accompany the stranger to the principal points of interest, if he desires it, in return for a similar favour that has probably been shown himself on his arrival. At least, I found

two gentlemen who knew the localities well and did me this kindness. My first business, however, was to take a boat and row round the island, which gives you the best general idea of it. I walked down to the Creux Harbour, by the other little inn (the Bel Air), and there embarked. This is the only harbour for boats of any size, except the unused Port Gouray, to the south, but it is not large enough even for the small excursion steamer to enter. It is surrounded by an amphitheatre of fine rocks, which are pierced by a tunnel, the only access by land to the harbour. When we rowed round the bays the sea was of a beautiful clear emerald colour, lighter round the reefs, and laced with foam, as I used to see it on fine days in Cornwall. In coming back the boatman and I had to strain every nerve to get into the small harbour round the break-water, the current being very strong and a brisk breeze blowing. But the weather was, on the whole, very favourable for exploration of the caves, whether by boat or by swimming: in Cornwall it had always been too rough for this. I think I was a little disappointed with the appearance of height and general massive effect of the cliffs in Sark, while the colours can hardly vie with those of Kynance or Mullion; there is nothing so stupendous either as the granite cliffs of Tol Pedu-pen, with the cliffs of Connemara, or the Hebridean Loch Scavaig. Still, the tints of the rock are often beautiful; and there are some very noble masses, as, for instance, the Tint-a-jet (Tintagel), the Moie de Mouton, and the Autelets. But the Gouliot Caves are probably among the most remarkable sea caves known, those of Staffa and Capri alone (and these hardly) rivalling them in interest. On my boat excursion round the island I got a header at a delicious place on the south-east of it (near the barracks, I think, called Brenière), where an iron ladder is fixed to the rock, and I often came afterwards by land for the same purpose. Here is a cove with a boat drawn up on shore, and the fishermen spread their nets and lobster-pots to dry above the iron ladder. We passed a hollow in the cliffs before we got to this spot, where an easy climb enables you to obtain lovely specimens of *Asplenium marinum*, which elsewhere grows out of reach. The first cave we went into was one on the south-west, an extremely beautiful one in respect of form and colour. I believe it has various names; but my boatman called it *Victor Hugo's*, because, he said, he had rowed Victor Hugo into it, and the great French poet, having admired it and asked its name, on learning that it had none in particular, told him he might call it Victor Hugo's. Most of the stone is granite or porphyry, or similar metamorphic rock, in Sark the mica of ordinary granite being

uced by hornblende; but all varieties of stain, produced by hering and lichens, unite with the native hues of the material to lovely effects of colour in many of these caves, especially in this

Its rude architecture also has noble proportions. To adopt an of Hugo, the tumultuous turbulence of earthquake, of storms, were the builders and sculptors here, have breathed the spirit of own chaos into the sublime symmetry of these high vaults, as, and dark, mysterious, winding corridors, wherein the sea es and wanders, stumbles and fumbles blindly, murmuring, ing, making strange sounds in dim recesses of the mountain's : This cave has dark walls, with pink felspar veinings and r a golden stain; light from the green, fluctuant ocean-floor ering on wall and roof, with exquisitely subtle, soft-enmeshed : music." A boat can enter the recesses of it better than any ;; but the colouring of some in Dixcart Bay is perhaps more ant, vivid crimson, almost like the lizard serpentine. (There o plenty of fine green serpentine in Sark.) That small cave is clothed with a rich robe of purple lichen. However, this n dye is finer in some caves of North Devon and Cornwall. C., who has probably been in every cave of Sark, told me : was another finer cavern in the Point du Château, only to be red by wading. This I had not time to visit. The state of the being unfavourable for visiting the Gonliots and Boutiques, we ot attempt them, but rowed as far as we dared into the Moie de ton Cave, the approach to which is grand. It is in a vertical (I believe about 300 feet high), which has been formed into a isula through the action of the waves, and is separated by a precipice from the mainland. Its jagged, weathered pinnacles castellations are the resort of innumerable gulls, cormorants, is, oyster-catchers, &c., who set up their wild cries on a boat's ach, and darken the air with their wheeling motions in clouds : you. It seems that some of the islanders land their sheep out boat here, leaving them to browse upon the scanty herbage, and the sheep are wanted, while they feed upon the precipice, : them, picking them up out of the water as they fall into it. sounds apocryphal, but I believe it is true. The small gloomy : and fissures about here are very impressive. This cave is w, though long, and even on a calm day it is surprising what a m of water there is in it, as I found to my cost on swimming subsequently. I was anxious to explore it to the end, which I old had not been done; so one day I came round here in a and having fastened a bit of candle to an old hat, I swam till a

big wave washed in, put my candle out, and bruised me a bit against the rocky sides. However, as my eyes had got more accustomed to the darkness, I went on, and the water soon becoming shallow, I felt my way along till the cave narrowed to a fissure, through which I could see daylight, but into which a man could not squeeze himself. The water was not near so cold as I thought it would be, still I was very glad to get a header out in the open sunlight, where mother-of-pearl seemed fleeting and floating upon the clear warm green waves, and to bask on a rock near the cavern portal afterwards. The most amusing thing was that a quantity of young cormorants, making the most alarmed cries, retreated as I advanced further and further into the depths of the cavern, but when they got near the shallow water at the end they dived under me, and so made their escape. We rowed back to the Creux Harbour between the island and the recently detached Nez, at the extreme north, where the current is very rapid indeed, coming round by the Eperchenes (the old landing place), and visiting the Chapelle des Manses and another cave. We passed also the Autelets, which are splendid detached craggy towers, about whose feet bright surges leap blithely, from their inaccessibility much inhabited by sea birds, as also is the Etac de Sark, on the south-east, but that is more accessible. The grounds of the Seigneurie, which are very pretty, as is also the house of the Seigneur, open upon the Port du Montin, a little bay near the Autelets. Here there was an old monastery, and the fishponds of it remain. On the cliffs above the Autelets a crane is erected, by which the *Vrais*, a seaweed much used for manure, is hoisted up from the beach.

Another excursion is to the Creux du Denible, which is a wonderful place indeed, and well worth a visit; nor is the fame of it exaggerated, as assuredly is that of the Coupée, a narrow natural causeway connecting Great and Little Sark together, which is curious geologically, but to my mind not impressive at all, for all the fuss made about it. This Creux is a huge crater with gloomy vertical sides, of a deep gory red, nearly 200 feet in height: there is an almost precisely similar one at Tol Pedu-penwith in Cornwall. These strange shafts are formed by the percolation of water from above loosening veins of softer clayey material in the hard igneous rock, the débris being washed away little by little through the sea's action in caves below—for they all have communication with the sea by caves. The sea, however, only penetrates into the shaft during high spring-tides when the boiling cauldron reverberating and bursting spray up to the very summit must be magnificent. There are two very steep tracks *in the rock* near here, much overgrown with ivy and bramble at the

top, by which you may, if you like, descend to the shore. A young gentleman who accompanied me made notes of the one just adjoining the Creux, but I stopped short in the middle, and did not like it, without a guide's steady hand. Taking a boat, however, from the harbour, I landed in Denible Bay, and proceeding through one of the strange natural tunnels that communicates with the Creux, I emerged through the other. Within this circular amphitheatre the scene is extraordinarily impressive. A gigantic buttress of dark stone, worn by storms into the most fantastic and unearthly shapes, divides one great portal from another. From within the circular chasm (100 feet in length by 50 feet across), with its lofty blood-red vertical walls, you gaze up at the blue sky and fleecy clouds that form your roof, around to the huge rolled boulders, the playthings of Tempest; on either side the vast buttress, that suggests in the twilight some huge corrugated half-human giant, across the blue sea. Through one cavern-portal Jersey in misty outline is visible; through the other the castellated jutting cliffs of the Point du Denible. There is no sound, save of quiet plashing waves upon the shore,

The stilly murmur of the distant sea
Tells us of silence.

Beyond this bay I clambered over wet stones covered with seaweed, to see a great detached rock in which there is a fine natural arch; but I had sent my boat away, and the tide warned me that, though I could not climb down from the Creux, I *must* now climb up, the farther track (with some iron rings fixed in the cliff at a difficult place) may possibly be the easiest; this was the one, at any rate, I got up by. One must be careful of the tide, of course. Bathing near the Port du Montin I was caught one day, all egress from my little creek being cut off, except up the cliff. There is a similar though smaller "creux" in Little Sark, called the *Pot*; there the interior of the fissure is robed with luxurious aromatic plants of all kinds; you can easily get down it by a little track to the shore, then turning northwards, there is some fine solitary chaotic rock-scenery to be found, also a small cave with beautiful crystals in it. Time slips away when one broods long and alone in such places.

One day Mr. C. took me to explore the *Boutiques*. To do this thoroughly you want a lantern or a torch, for there are some very big awkward blocks where you might let yourself down, and it is pitch dark, so that you would in falling break your leg without a light. The land entrance is by a steep vein of soft clayey mineral. At the entrance a lofty, grand, and gloomy vault: when you have clambered cautiously down the big boulders into unknown depths, you

have to wade through water which remains even at low tide ; and here let me strongly recommend bathing shoes for use in the Sark caves, for I cut my foot rather badly on the sharp stones ; but fortunately sea water is a great healer. Not having bathing shoes with me, I usually wore two pairs of socks wading, but did not wear them on this occasion. You must not trust to buying much at the shops here, for the stock of goods in general is limited ; there is, in fact, no village at all, only a few scattered houses, but I believe there are good lodgings to be had in these.

After this water you arrive in a fine spacious chamber, having an opening to the sea. The dripping roof affords a lodgement for those beautiful green ferns—*Asplenium marinum*—that love twilight and moisture. Beyond the great chamber you pass through a passage that leads outside the open at the northern extremity of the island, but you have to do some amount of stiff climbing over black boulders before you get there. To do justice to this cave, there should be torches, it cannot be seen with a lantern properly.

Another excursion I made was from the little Havre Gosselin by boat to the isle of Brechon, to visit the Pirates' Cave, the entrance to which is perhaps grander than anything at Sark, and reminds one of the cave at Tol Pedu. The vast irregular fissure strikes the traveller approaching from Guernsey by the islands of Jethon and Herm ; it is a broad black gash, reaching from top to bottom of the perpendicular cliff. The landing here is not very easy even in the calmest weather ; you have to time jumping on to one of the rocks as the wave drives your boat towards it ; you then clamber up some large black boulders sloping backwards, a long grand granite staircase suggesting the "Arabian Nights" or "Vathek," till you stand under the mighty arch itself as of a mountain temple. Here is the entrance to some old copper mines. I penetrated some way into the level with a light ; and it is said that a great depth of ashes was found by those excavating the mine, confirming the tradition that pirates had formerly made their eyrie in this wild spot. The Havre Gosselin opposite is the most picturesque of little bays, with its fishing boats and nets, and its iron ladder fixed to the brown corrugated crag, with a rope beyond that, by which a person landing makes his way up from the boats. The sunshine on these rich brown rocks and on the sparkling clear green sea is always beautiful. It was generally reported to be impossible to swim across the Gonliot straits, the eighty-yard-wide passage that divides Brechon from Sark. These straits have a sinister reputation, several ships having been wrecked in their immediate neighbourhood. Professor Ansted says : "The

water-passage between the Gonliot Rock and Brechon is deep, dark, and dangerous. The current is swift, and varies with the tide, so that at times it would be impossible to row against it. There is, however, depth of water sufficient to float a frigate, and daring sailors in time of need have ventured to sail through it." Finding myself there (about an hour after or before the turn of the tide), I thought the swim across would not be difficult; so on my return from Brechon I got a boatman to row me to the Gonliot rock that I might try it; he kept near in case I should find the current too strong. But I got easily across to Brechon (drifting a little south) in a very short time. Great care must be taken, however, as to the state of the tide; the boatman should be consulted. In order to dissuade me from what he considered a rash attempt, my pleasant boatman, as a last resort, told me, when I was on the very point of taking my header, that there were "lots of big porpoises here;" indeed, we had seen them; but I told him he knew they would not hurt me; then he said, "Oh! but there are white porpoises, and they do hurt!" It was too late, I had taken my header; yet to my horror it occurred to me in the water that perhaps he meant sharks! However, I did not meet any. Brechon is inhabited chiefly by rabbits.

Talking of sharks reminds one of that other sea-monster, the octopus. It was in a cavern of the Douvres rocks, in the Chaussey archipelago, not so very far off, that Hugo, as everyone knows, placed his *Picuvre*. And I hear that his beautiful description of the sea cave was suggested chiefly by the Gonliot caves of Sark. The Gonliot caves must certainly be classed among the most uniquely lovely places in the world. But to be really appreciated they must be visited again and again under different aspects and in various manners. You must go into them by land and by sea. It is only at certain hours, or certain days, under special circumstances of tide, weather, and elevation of the sun, that you can see them to advantage at all. Nor do I believe that an island like this can be fairly appreciated by the picnic parties that come for the day by the Guernsey or Jersey excursion steamer to drink champagne or beer at Mr. Gavey's. To know and feel Nature a man must watch her countenance and her varying moods, as a lover watches the face and moods of a beloved woman. There is no difficulty in the path that leads down to the Gonliot, though at the bottom a little scrambling over boulders has to be done. Through a magnificent natural arch, when you enter the first cavern, you gaze upon the blue sea, the hazy blue air, and the warm brown cliffs of the Havre Gosselin. A branch of the first cavern leads westward to the sea; but turning

sharp round when we come to this, we make our way into a chamber whose walls are literally covered with plum and greengage-coloured anemones, as though embossed with so many rich gems. This leads to the sea again, and one can clamber thence over a rough ridge of rocks to rejoin the path one has descended. These are partly covered with slippery seaweed and barnacles. But if you do this only, you will not have seen the Gonliots. Westward from this cave opens a narrow fissure with always more or less sea-water in it; and through this one must wade in order to reach the glories of the place. You then enter one of the loveliest fairy palaces in the world; but it is seen to most advantage as I saw it swimming in from the Gonliot rock, opposite Brechon, with the afternoon sunlight just pouring into the entrance. This channel is very narrow, and in swimming great care should be taken, as the suction is always considerable, and there is only just room to float; the rock, moreover, is covered with wounding sharp acorn shells; the weather should be perfectly calm, and the swimmer not liable to cramp. But what I saw I will attempt to describe. The sun was shining upon myriads of rosy, and carmine, sunrise-tinted, glistening anemones; through the clear chrysoptase-coloured wave one could perceive some with their sensitive rainbow tentacles extended, those above the water-line being equally beautiful, though closed. This narrow channel, which cannot be entered by a boat or by wading, opened into an exquisitely lovely Nereid's palace, instinct with seagreen twilight, the rich rough sides of which were thickly encrusted with living gems of all fashions; here all

Had suffered a sea change
Into something rich and strange :

all was living arabesque, rarest filigree, enchasement as of shrines or goblets. Besides the sea-flowers described, there were delicate porcelain-white ones, innumerable corallines and madrepores, sponges of infinite variety and golden hue, minute volcano-like fretted fountains jetting crystal, water-light meanwhile quavering on fair tinted roof and wall, green or purple tresses and streamers of laver, dulse, and tangle stirring joyously in dim bouldered deeps below. To float luxuriously in the midst of such glories seemed like being in heaven, or at least in fairy-land! Along the cliffs of the mainland east of the caves in the adjoining fiord, Mr. C. told me he had, by wading, found ultramarine actinias; but though I swam there on purpose I did not find them, the tide being probably too high. Southward again *from this chamber* a winding corridor, illuminated by green twilight,

with delicious sound of rushing water in it, conducts into another fair sea-hall. Immense orange-hued actinias were clustered in some fissure near this. One day wading was quite possible here, but another day I had to swim, and with the utmost difficulty, against the tide; but wading with one's clothes half on is most uncomfortable, you are sure to get very wet! In this further chamber, which is said to have the conformation of a human ear, still more marvels await you. The muffled sounds, the weird explosions the waters make amongst these vast dim labyrinths is strange indeed when one listens in solitude; and the silent, ancient monster head of the promontory seems to listen also! I confess that if I had had the *Travailleurs de la Mer* fresh in my mind just then I should have hesitated to swim so much about these caves, for in this very place (or in the *Boutiques* adjoining) Hugo states that *he himself saw* a bather pursued by a swimming *pieuvre*, and that it measured, on being caught, four feet across. So far as I could hear, the fishermen, as a rule, never do swim in these caves; and yet I had inquired from several, who all told me that they knew of none but small *pieuvres* at Sark. Of course in the torrid zone they do attain the dimensions of the poet's monster, and I doubt if one measuring four or five feet across would not be capable of disposing of a swimmer if the man were caught unwary. I was told that an easier method of dealing with them than cutting their heads off (Perseus-wise) was to *turn them inside out*: it does not sound very feasible. But assuredly he who has watched these obscene chimeras, with their palpitating, livid, leprous scab, that seems never wet though in the water, may well shudder to think of being seized by one in the twilight of such a cave. What are malicious Norwegian water-sprites and hideous dragons to this? No, they *are* this. And of such a lovely cavern Hugo has made this snaky-haired Alecto, this Gorgon, presiding genius!

To return to the fourth chamber. Its walls are hung with multitudes of fairy-like outlandish creatures, *Tubulariæ*, *Caryophylliæ*, *Plumulariæ*. These polypes are usually small, but here their arborescent polyparies are like a forest of large olive-green grapes, being seldom unbathed by the sea. "Nowhere in Europe," says Professor Ansted, "under the most favourable circumstances, can so great a wealth of animal life be found within a small space as in some of the Sark caverns." He well names them the *Grüne Geölbe* of marine zoology. Upwards of eighty species of zoophytes have been found, and the varieties are numerous. These stalked cups and agate vases innumerable are compound hydroid polypes, to which

belongs a most extraordinary history. The best account of such creatures is perhaps to be found in M. de Quatrefage's charming work, the "Wanderings of a Naturalist." We are largely indebted to him for our knowledge of them: the facts having been not so long ago received with all the incredulity that greeted Trembley's revelations concerning the freshwater Hydra.

"The whole compound animal is enclosed," says Mr. Gosse, "in a tube of transparent substance resembling horn, and this tube at every bud takes the form of an open cell or cup, into the cavity of which each individual polype head can withdraw itself on alarm, and from the orifice of which it protrudes and expands (spreading abroad its delicate tentacles) when it seeks prey. In this great marine family (*Sertulariadae*) the germ first develops a single hydra-like polype, consisting of a slender stem, enclosing a stomachal cavity. Soon, however, a lateral bud projects, which shoots upwards and develops a head of the tentacles similar to that of the first, while from the side of this another shoot still comes up the rising stem, which assumes a plant-like condition of branching stalks with many lateral tentacled buds." Then in the angle formed by the branches—or sometimes elsewhere on the stalk—at certain seasons appear the germ-bearing capsules or vesicles; these are tall vase-like transparent bodies, abruptly narrowed at top to a short rim like a pitcher. These capsules were especially remarkable as I swam. They contain ten or more ovate sacs, each of which encloses several embryos, which escape successively by slowly emerging from the pitcher-like rim. But what are these embryos that thus escape? Why, no other than medusæ, those beautiful roseate, sylph-like parachutes we are familiar with, which illuminate the ocean with pale blue gleams at night, and which are often so formidable to fishes, even to the human swimmer. "The margin of the disk carries twenty-four slender tentacles exactly corresponding to those of the parent polype, being studded with warts, which are aggregations of barb-bearing capsules, instruments for arresting and killing prey. At the bases of the tentacles are placed eight beautiful organs which are doubtless the seats of a special sense. Each of these consists of a transparent globe; in its interior is borne a smaller globule or lens of high refractive power, placed a little toward the outer side. These are generally considered to be eyes, but some believe them to have more analogy to our organs of hearing, the crystalline globule (or otolithe) being capable of vibration within its vesicle." Are they either organs of sight or of hearing? Why not of some special sense peculiar to these beings? What is the consciousness of such creatures? Who can tell?

Maryellous fairies, true nereids indeed we have here, and this fair marine palace belongs to them! For conceive the lovely innumerable parachute-like, rainbow-tinted opalline sylphs, with that strange consciousness of their own, which, if my senses had been less gross, I should have perceived with delight and wonder, sporting here in their native element, where I was to them but a temporary specimen of a rarely seen monstrous intruder!—where they are accustomed to disport themselves, moving by voluntary pulsations of their pellucid frames or delicate cilia, whose motion is that of wind-waved corn.

But why should Naiads, Nereids, or Tritons, and all Neptune's court of sea fairies have *human* forms? Was not that, after all, the only mistake our forefathers made on the subject? Otherwise they truly discerned that all is spirit; and much as we have learned, we have surely erred from their superior knowledge in substituting ideal "laws" and blind isolated "forces" for this early faith of true poetic intuition. Well, indeed, might the Christian poet sigh to be a "Pagan suckled in a creed outworn," that so he might have "glimpses to make him less forlorn" in this age of dull, dead machinery! But the deadness is in us, not in Nature. It is a temporary blindness, sent that we may see the more truly afterwards. Great Pan is not dead. Like all our other beloved dead, he has but changed his form, and shall yet be given back to us a myriad-fold more living. But more remains to be told about our sea fairies here. The poor little things have innocently and unwittingly taught us a great "law" that still astonishes the mighty minds of our professors—the *law of alternate generation*. Fancy what an honour for these sea fairies, who also have been baptised by us with such very long Latin names! The stationary compound polype gives birth to a medusa, and the free swimming medusa in turn gives birth to a stationary, compound, plant-like polype. The medusa, out of its ovaries at a stated time, drops a quantity of ciliated gemmules; these pear-shaped creatures, endowed themselves with the power of spontaneous motion, fix upon a suitable locality and adhere; there they grow into a lengthened, branching, budding, compound hydroid polype. "It is evident," says Mr. Gosse, "that this is a very different thing from the metamorphosis which takes place in insects and crustacea, where it is but one individual passing through a succession of forms, by casting off a succession of garments that concealed and, as it were, masked the ultimate form. The butterfly is actually contained in the caterpillar, and can be demonstrated there by a skilful anatomist. In this case, however, there are distinct births, producing in a definite order beings of two forms, the one never producing its image directly, but

only with the interposition of a generation widely diverse from it. Hence, to use the striking, though homely, illustration of one of the first propounders of this law, any one individual is not at all like its mother or its daughter, but exactly resembles its grandmother or its granddaughter." We have lately discovered that plants may become animals and animals plants! And, indeed, there is no longer any proper distinction between them, if the Venus fly-trap eats and digests organic food. But this extraordinary law, as perhaps one may term it, of *marine atavism*, transcends all other miracles of science.

One of my boatmen took me into his house one day to show me an immense block of stone that he had found floating on the sea near Brechon. It was honeycombed with air chambers, and smelt strongly of sulphur; it appeared to be lava from some recently erupted volcano; the air-chambers enabled it to float. But what volcano could it have come from? And how far must it have travelled upon the ocean currents that brought it? Or was it conceivably some kind of immense meteoric stone that fell at sea?

The reader may like to have the following legend of the *Caupee*, which perhaps is the most interesting thing about it. "Long centuries ago Sark rose from the waters, then, as now, an island, but uncultivated, uninhabited, unknown; from the waters it rose up exceeding fair. One day the birds and flowers, which sang and clustered there, sending their sweet offerings of perfume and of praise up to the Most High, beheld for the first time Man. By night he had arrived, and when the morning light kissed away the drops that hung upon the flowers, the man was there. Dark was his countenance and dark was his mind, as was the night from whence his form had sprung; but to the night succeeding a dawn had broken on his soul, a sun had risen in his breast, which now was battling with the gloom that had fettered and oppressed his mind; and here the man had come to pray for strength to conquer all his inward foes, and here in solitude he tarried with the birds and flowers. Years passed away, and the hermit lived still upon the island: his only food was herbs, his only drink the spring; but he had found companions, for he had learned to know and love the birds who sang so sweetly to him, and the flowers that ever sprang before him in his path. Years passed away again, and now the old man had found peace—he had found peace of mind and happiness; round his head had come a halo of pure light, and often as he sat in the solemn evening hour, he felt upon his cheek the breath of angels' wings; and he could see before him, fresh risen from the ocean, an islet on which wandered shapes of glory, and from which came sounds of angels' voices, as they sang their ever-

g songs of praise to the Almighty. Entranced by the glories of let, he prayed that he might be permitted to mingle with the s that were wandering and praising there . . . and thus his r was answered . . . from his side of the separating chasm g a path which, raised high above the golden waters, seemed to . . . And as the morning dawned upon each night that the old passed in prayer, the abyss that separated him from the happy became narrower, until at length, the bridge completed . . . he is earthly flowers and birds, and passed on to where the heavenly received him, and the flowers that never fade spring round God's ie."

left Sark by the pretty little excursion steamer with great regret uernsey, and crossing thence to Southampton had a good view of Casquets, where there are three revolving lights. These rocks ery dangerous, and the sea always shows its teeth round about ; we got a pitching and a ducking in their neighbourhood, gh elsewhere it had been calm. I will conclude with Professor ed's words about Sark: "Nowhere can the destroying power of ea be better studied than in the grand scenes presented at every : round this remarkable island. Detached portions of the main d, others nearly detached, and only connected by natural bridges, arrow necks of land; huge vaults through which the sea dashes l times, or into which it penetrates only at high water; fragments ck of all dimensions, some jagged and recently broken, some— these the hardest and toughest—rounded and smooth, vast piles naller rocks heaped around: all these offer abundant illustrations ature's course when the elements meet on the battle-field of an sed coast, the tidal wave undermining and tearing asunder even hardest porphyrised granites, however they may seem to present old front, and bear the reputation of being indestructible. The e isolated masses of rock, often pierced with large natural vaults unnels, form a kind of advanced guard in every direction, appearing epel for a time the action of the waves, but really only serving proofs of the destruction thus caused."

RODEN NOEL.

FIRST FRUITS OF THE ECLIPSE OBSERVATIONS.

IT was with a sense of relief that astronomers at home learned, on the morning of Tuesday, July 30, that during the eclipse of the preceding day (which occurred, be it remembered, late in the evening of our European day) fine weather had prevailed over the whole of the region in America traversed by the moon's shadow. They remembered how Huggins, Tyndall, Noble, Lockyer, and a host of other observers were disappointed, and science in them, by bad weather in Spain, Algeria, and Sicily, on the day of the eclipse of December, 1870. It was known that the probability of fine weather in the Western States of America in July, though rather greater than the probability of bad weather, was not very great; and something more than ordinarily fine weather is required for the satisfactory observation of a total solar eclipse. But the news received from the eclipse region disposed of all doubts on the score of weather, for from every part of that region observations were announced which could not possibly have been made unless the weather had been exceedingly favourable.

I propose now to consider the news thus received, premising that this paper must be regarded as presenting first fruits only. Doubtless it will be found, even before these remarks appear, that much more has been learned than the telegraphic news, singularly full though it is, has disclosed. And no doubt, in the course of time, when the history of this eclipse comes to be written in full, information will be found in the work of July 29 last which no single essay, perhaps no single volume, could deal with satisfactorily. But so far as this last point is concerned, it may perhaps be sufficient to remark that the observations of the eclipses of 1870 and 1871 have not yet been fully gathered together and published, although some five years ago the materials for the purpose were placed in the hands of those who undertook the responsibility of their publication. Whether the delay is due to causes over which no one has had any control, or to *dilatoriness* on the part of the chief editor (the Astronomer Royal,

or to delays elsewhere, no one seems to know, or if anyone knows, no one seems willing to say. But assuredly the general public will hardly care to wait as long before they receive particulars respecting the eclipse of last month. After all, I believe that the real import of the observations of 1870 and 1871 was contained in the early accounts of the work, and that the only use which will be found for the forthcoming volumes (if indeed they are forthcoming) will be the adornment of lower shelves in the libraries of our scientific Societies. Similarly, I think it may fairly be assumed that all which is really interesting in the observations made during the recent eclipse will be published before the end of the present year, if not before the commencement of the next scientific season.

It will be well, before entering on an account of the various observations of the eclipse, to consider where the different observing parties were stationed. For this purpose I make use of an interesting letter which appeared in the *Daily News* for July 31, apparently written by Mr. J. N. Lockyer, one of the few English observers who was fortunate enough to be able to visit the scene of operations. As indeed he is the only one of those observers who is understood to regard with favour the theory that from the study of solar phenomena we can learn to predict terrestrial meteorological changes, I think I need not hesitate to speak of the letter as unquestionably his. For, referring to eclipse observations and their bearing on the problem of the sun's condition, the writer of the letter says: "All the points referred to are so many stepping-stones to a knowledge of the changing energies of the sun, and of the manner in which they manifest themselves in the atmosphere of our central luminary. It will be clear that there is here a rich crop of pure knowledge to be gained; but there is something more. The more the energies of our own atmosphere are studied, the more closely are they found to correspond with solar changes, and our solar astronomers, whether they know it or not, are really recording meteorological facts which in the coming time will bear rich practical fruit." These sentences would identify Mr. Lockyer among all the astronomers of England, or even among all living; for I doubt if anyone, except the late Colonel Strange, would so confidently assert the close correspondence between meteorological phenomena and solar changes; but among the few astronomers who were able to visit the West of America on this occasion these words leave no manner of room for doubt. I feel, then, that I may fairly speak of the letter as Mr. Lockyer's, without using any expression implying that the authorship is in any

respect doubtful. The necessity for care in determining this point will be apparent farther on.

So far as the general track of the shadow is concerned, I refer readers to my paper in the July number of this magazine, where a fuller and more exact description is given than in Mr. Lockyer's letter. The only part of the track, however, where observations could be made advantageously was that between Wyoming and Texas. "The wonderful Yellowstone National Park is in all probability," wrote Mr. Lockyer on July 20, "the most northerly station that will be occupied; the advantage of the northerly stations being that the sun is higher and the totality longer—in the Park, for instance, the sun will be 49 degrees high and the totality will last three minutes and a few seconds. The next most convenient station, so far as railways are concerned, is near Sherman, on the Union Pacific Line, and the highest point on it (over 8,000 feet) a little to the west of the Laramie Plains. To the south, the line which runs from Cheyenne on the Union Pacific through Denver and Colorado Springs to Pueblo, cuts the eclipse track to the north of Denver, and there is little doubt that, taking all in all, we have here the most convenient observing ground, with choice of almost any altitude, from Pike's Peak (14,147 feet) and Long's Peak (14,271 feet), which is almost exactly on the central line to Denver (5,197 feet) on the junction line, where the ocean-like prairie beats (!) on the bases of the outliers of the mountain range. At Pueblo, the most southerly station we have named, the totality is reduced to two minutes forty-seven seconds."

With regard to the actual distribution of the various parties, so far as these were known when Mr. Lockyer wrote, we have the following particulars:—"There are going to Rawlins, a station on the Union Pacific Railway in Wyoming Territory, two regular parties from the Naval Observatory: one under Professor Newcomb, which Mr. Lockyer will probably join; and one under Professor Harkness. Professor Newcomb will make enlarged photographs of the corona by means of one of the photo-heliographs used in photographing the transit of Venus in December, 1874. Professor Harkness will use a direct-image photographic instrument with the same intention: he will also make spectroscopic observations, and perhaps observations for determining the heat of the corona. There are about four or five observers in each of these parties. Both will be near Rawlins. Mr. Trouvelot and his son will also go to some place near Rawlins for the purpose of making a drawing of the corona during the total eclipse. Professor Langley, of Pittsburg, will go to Pike's Peak for

the purpose of studying the structure of the corona during the totality. There will also be at Pike's Peak General Myer, the director of the Signal Office, and Professor Abbe." It will be remembered that in my paper last July I mentioned some remarkable observations of coronal rays seen by Myer during the eclipse of 1869. Special interest will attach to his observation of the rays seen on the present occasion. Returning to the list of observers, we find that Professor Hall, of the Naval Observatory, was to observe the eclipse from Las Aminas, in South-Eastern Colorado, and to make photographs of the corona with a direct photographic object-glass. At the same station polariscopic observations of the light of the corona were to be made. "Professor Eastman will go to the same vicinity, and will make polariscopic observations and drawings of the corona. Professor Hall's and Professor Eastman's parties each contain four or five observers. Mr. D. B. Todd has been sent to Texas, and will make arrangements there with observers who may live near the limits of total eclipse, for the purpose of observing the duration of totality in order to fix the position of total eclipse. These are all the Government parties that are sent out, unless perhaps Professor Watson, of Ann Arbor, may go." (We know now that he went, and made an important observation.) "Some observers in nearly all the Government parties will make a careful search for intra-mercurial planets during the time of totality. Professor Young, of Princeton College, has a large party also among the mountains to the west of Denver." Mr. Ranyard, Secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society, and senior astronomer of the English party, accompanied Professor Young. Professor Thorpe and Dr. Schuster joined the party of Professor Wright at Las Aminas.

And now to consider the results obtained by the various observers, so far as the telegrams from the seat of operations particularise such observers by name, or as they may be inferred from the place of observation and from the nature of the instrument employed.

I think it will be well to take at the outset the subjects in which everyone will feel the most interest on this occasion—the corona and whatever extension of it outwards into the zodiacal light may be recognised during total eclipses.

In the first place, then, I will consider the experiment which in my preliminary paper I dealt with almost last of all. If I speak of it as an experiment of my own suggesting, it is because I do not know of its having been suggested earlier or independently by anyone else, but quite possibly it may have been. In any case we are

interested here only with the question of the results to which it has led.

It seems that Professor Newcomb, who in December 1870 tried unsuccessfully to examine the outer and fainter parts of the corona by screening from view the brighter portion, was not deterred by his failure from repeating the attempt during the late eclipse. He was stationed high above the sea level, so that a rarer atmosphere intervened between him and the corona. He had erected a pole bearing a screen by which the brighter portion of the corona was hidden from view. Doubtless, also, he adopted such measures as I suggested in 1870 for enabling his eyes to detect the faintest possible illumination of the portion of the sky which lay outside the coronal region hidden by the screen. With these aids to an observation which, as I pointed out in July, was one of great delicacy and difficulty, he appears to have met with notable success. The news telegraphed by the *Daily News* correspondent, that is, by Mr. Lockyer, is indeed somewhat doubtfully expressed. It runs thus: "Professor Newcomb, who had erected a screen on a high pole, thinks he detected the zodiacal light extending six degrees from the sun." I venture to understand this to mean that Newcomb recognised the zodiacal light to this distance, but that Mr. Lockyer thinks that Newcomb was entirely mistaken. Or if any doubt was expressed by Newcomb at all, it probably related to the extension of the visible zodiacal light. Newcomb must certainly (I should think) have seen the zodiacal light, or he could not have expressed any opinion at all as to its extension; but he may have been doubtful whether it extended five, six, or seven degrees from the sun, and gave the distance "six degrees" as probably near the truth.

Adopting this view, the discovery made by Professor Newcomb is one of extreme importance. The doubts which have been entertained respecting the real nature of the zodiacal light do not by any means rest on the same sort of footing as those relating to the corona. I have myself, indeed, on several occasions spoken very confidently in favour of the theory that the zodiacal light comes from matter surrounding the sun—flights of meteors, cosmical dust, or the like, travelling round the sun—not necessarily in orbits of small eccentricity, but possibly on paths carrying the matter of the zodiacal into the remoter regions of the solar system. But my confidence has been based on the great number of witnesses testifying to the behaviour of the zodiacal light in ways which could be no otherwise interpreted. Other witnesses there are, and some from whom *trustworthy testimony* might be expected, who have given evidence

of an entirely different character, and not admitting of being interpreted in accordance with the cosmical theory of the zodiacal. Not only, however, has the weight of testimony been largely in favour of this theory, but the testimony apparently opposing it is open to the grave objection of not being explicable, so far as appears, by any theory whatever. The zodiacal light, for instance, has been seen by the Rev. Mr. Jones, an American observer—or he supposes at least that he has seen it—under conditions which exclude our believing that it belongs to the heavens above, or to the earth beneath, or to the waters under the earth, whatever they may be. It is natural to suppose that he was mistaken in some way. Possibly what he saw was light of a different origin, as the Astronomer Royal for Scotland has suggested; or else his eyes were deceived. But assuredly when evidence comes before us which in the first place is flatly opposed to a great mass of evidence by known observers, and in the second is entirely inexplicable in itself, we seem free to look upon it with doubt, and perhaps with something more than doubt. If we reject such testimony, no doubt remains that the zodiacal light is a cosmical phenomenon.

But Professor Newcomb's observation, by establishing this conclusion beyond a doubt or peradventure, is of great value. It enables us hereafter to study the zodiacal and its changes of form, its variations in extent and brightness, and so forth, with a feeling of confidence that we are investigating an object belonging to our solar system. It is true Newcomb has recognised the zodiacal only to a distance of some six degrees from the sun, corresponding to some ten million miles, yet his observation as completely disposes of all doubt respecting the zodiacal as though he had traced its light as far as we can see it under the most favourable conditions during morning or evening twilight. We know in fact that its light never *can* be traced during eclipse much farther than Newcomb traced it on this occasion, for at a distance of seven or eight degrees from the sun the mid-totality illumination of our atmosphere must be sufficient to obliterate all signs of the zodiacal, insomuch that the acutest observer could not hope to distinguish its faint luminosity.

It is then established definitely that the zodiacal light, or, as we may conveniently call the object as distinguished from its lustre, *the zodiacal*, is an appendage of the sun. It can no longer indeed be separated from the corona, whose lustre, gradually diminishing outwards, merges into the soft light of this stupendous nebulosity. Of the *significance of the relation thus revealed* I do not here speak,

for the subject is too far important to be dealt with properly in space which could here be devoted to it.

Next we have to note the presence of coronal rays extending considerable distance from the eclipsed sun. We have no information respecting them, only the words "several long rays seen," accompanying the statement that the corona was seen. Whether the rays were seen by many or by few observers, whether they remained stationary throughout the totality or changed position, whether the photographs of the corona showed them, we have no information. They were seen, however, and in respect the eclipse differed from the eclipses of 1870 and 1871, no far-reaching rays were seen. We may look forward with interest to the results of the photographic work with regard to rays, and also to the evidence obtained by direct observation. I entertain no doubt, myself, that any long rays seen *during* totality, as distinguished from the moments when totality began and ended, will be found to have presented similar features to those observed at distant stations, to have remained unchanged as totality progressed, and to have been photographed, not necessarily throughout their extension as seen by the naked eye, but still sufficiently to leave no doubt of their identity on the one hand, or of their belonging to the sun on the other.

But here I find it necessary to modify some statements made in all good faith in my former article. I there said that doubts respecting the solar nature of the coronal rays, streamers, &c. had been removed, and that observers on the present occasion would observe the phenomena of the corona undisturbed by the disturbances which had been suggested in 1870 and 1871. It appears, however, from Mr. Lockyer's letter, that I was mistaken. He draws a distinction between the long coronal rays and those peculiarities of structure which were photographed in 1870 and 1871. He evidently considers (perhaps I should say he considered before the late eclipse) that the long coronal rays may be non-solar phenomena, though the curving streams and other peculiarities of structure so photographed are unmistakeably solar. Whether his original doubts respecting the corona really admitted of this distinction—in other words, whether it could be clearly understood from remarks in 1869 and 1870—that while curved and irregular features to a distance of a million miles from the sun may be solar appendages, straight rays of similar extension must be terrestrial ones—I leave to those who may have followed the discussion at that time to judge, if the matter be worth while. Here I shall only say that such

never presented itself to my mind till I read his letter to the *Daily News* on the morning of Wednesday, July 31 last; and that if his words really bore that meaning from the first, then, owing to some astounding dulness of apprehension which caused me to understand them quite differently, I have done Mr. Lockyer injustice whensoever during the last eight years I have had occasion to refer to his opinion respecting the corona. Perhaps I might more truly say that I had done him more than justice, for certainly the opinion he intended to express is even less consistent with scientific possibilities than that which he is supposed to entertain.

Let me now extract from his letter all remarks bearing on the coronal matter outside the inner bright coronal ring. "During the eclipse of 1869 which swept over the United States, not only was the base of the corona photographed as the prominences had been in 1860, but its spectrum was observed with the greatest care, and it also was determined to be gaseous like the prominences, the gas, however, not being the same. So much for the base of the corona. The exterior portions, including rays a degree or so long sometimes seen, were still left *sub judice*." In 1870 "the existence of hydrogen above the prominences was demonstrated. The same differences between the photolytic and the visible corona were recorded as in the American eclipse of the previous year. In addition to much knowledge gained by the spectroscope and the polariscope, the general result of this eclipse was to endorse the opinions expressed by the Astronomer Royal and Professor Mädler after the eclipse of 1860, namely, that the appearance called the corona was due to a complex cause. Part of it was certainly solar, as it was seen both before and after totality, as well as during the eclipse itself; part of it was as certainly due to some cause at work—not at the sun but partly in our eyes, and partly in the regions of space between us and the moon. It may be here remarked *en passant*, that the appearance of the rays seen (not photographed, and this is an important distinction) in the corona are exactly similar to those which may be seen by any one who will watch from one end of the platform of the Metropolitan Railway Station at Baker Street the solar rays piercing the smoke." I, also, would venture to make a remark here in passing, namely, that if (which is certain) the persistence of coronal features in position affords evidence of their being solar phenomena, not only should General Myer's evidence in 1869 dispose of all doubt as to the rays, but that during the eclipse of 1733 special attention was directed to this point, with the result that, as recorded by M. Edstrom, *mathematical lecturer in the Academy of Charles-stadt*, the

rays plainly maintained the same position until they vanished along with the ring upon the re-appearance of the sun.

Passing on to the eclipse of 1871, Mr. Lockyer remarks that "the hydrogen was discovered to extend beyond the photosphere of the sun to a height about equal to one-third of the sun's diameter, that is, to a height of 250,000 miles or thereabouts. The corona was photographed better, and to a greater height than it had ever been before with certainty; the difference between the photographic and the visible corona came out as strongly as ever" (quite, I should say, seeing that there has never been the slightest reason to suspect that any such difference exists). "The structure of the corona was minutely examined with a powerful telescope; it was found to be identical with that of the prominences; and the non-solar origin of the radial structure was conclusively established. At the same time the brightest lines in the spectrum of the corona and prominences were carefully recorded by a novel method, the corona itself being made to replace the slit of an ordinary spectroscope." In passing, let it be noted, to prevent possible misapprehension, that this method was devised by Professor Young, the eminent American spectroscopist, in 1870, and was then publicly described in detail by that astronomer.

"Not till 1875," Mr. Lockyer proceeds, "were photographs of the spectrum of the corona and protuberances secured. That eclipse, the last utilized, was observed in Siam by an English Government expedition, and by Dr. Janssen, on behalf of the French Academy of Sciences. A new field of inquiry was opened up by these photographs, for it was found that the actinic region of the spectrum contained marked lines, the exact position of which, however, could not be ascertained. Some photographs of the corona were also secured with various lengths of exposure, and the solar portion was found, as it had already been, especially in 1871, to be symmetrically situated with reference to the sun's axis of rotation."

These statements require considerable correction. In the first place, although it is true that the rays seen by General Myer during the total eclipse of 1869 were not shown in the photographs, it should have been added that the photographs were very imperfect in other respects, certainly not showing the inner corona to half its real height. Again, the rays seen by Myer were delicate features not observed at stations near the sea-level, such as were all the photographic stations. It could hardly be expected that photography should reveal what ordinary vision at the same stations failed to reveal. With regard to the eclipse of 1870, it is not true that rays

were seen on that occasion. I believe that every observation made during that eclipse came under my notice, and certainly I did not in any single case hear of rays seen during totality. Bright streaks extending from the cusps of the sun before totality began, and again after totality had ended, were seen then, as in nearly every total eclipse. But no one has ever thought of regarding these as solar appendages, seeing that they manifestly are due to the last rays of direct sunlight before totality, and the first rays of returning sunlight after totality, falling on our own atmosphere. Of true coronal rays, such as were described by Myer and Edstrom, that is, rays observed during totality, none were seen on that occasion. The corona, however, presented a radiated structure, not in having fine rays of light extending outwards from the sun, but in having certain radiating streaks of darkness, breaking up the continuity of the coronal glory. Such radiations were faithfully reproduced in Mr. Brothers' photograph taken at Syracuse, as also in one taken by the American photographer Willard at Xerez in Spain. In the latter the full extension of these radiations was not indicated, the field of view having unfortunately been limited to a distance of about a sixth of a degree from the moon's edge. But in Brothers' the radiations are seen extending to a distance exceeding half a degree on one side and nearly equal to half a degree on the other. In this view the corona extends farther, at least on one side, than even in the best views obtained during the eclipse of 1871. But it did not accord with certain theoretical views that the corona should be unsymmetrical with respect to the sun's globe, as shown in Mr. Brothers' photograph. Therefore, we are, it seems, to reject as uncertain the feature which gives to this photograph its chief value; this at least is the only interpretation I can find for Mr. Lockyer's statements that in 1871 "the corona was photographed to a greater height than it had ever been before with certainty," and again, that the solar portion of the corona was found in 1875, as before, "especially in 1871," to be symmetrical. The truth really is, that photography showed the corona to be symmetrical in 1871 and unsymmetrical in 1870.

With regard to the startling statement that in 1871 "the non-solar origin of the radial structure was conclusively established," I must say that I do not remember to have ever noticed an assertion so entirely opposed to the evidence actually obtained.¹ A certain

¹ As I have found that some folks take a certain pleasure (not very high-minded) in misrepresenting remarks of this kind, I am careful to note that I refer here solely to the incorrect interpretation of the evidence, not to untrue statement of the nature of the evidence.

radial structure was noticed by Mr. Lockyer at a considerable distance from the eclipsed sun; and in the photographs which he had examined these rays could not be seen. But even if they had been wanting in the photographs, the non-solar nature of the radial structure would not have been established. For he had himself noticed that the radial structure, clearly visible when the corona was examined with the naked eye, was lost when a telescope was used. In other words, the loss of lustre due to the passage of the light through the object-glass of the telescope (though that glass was but thin) caused this delicate feature to be lost from view. How, then, could it be asserted that the loss of the rays in photographs (taken with short exposure, by means of telescopes in which much more light had been lost, and showing images weakened by every step of the photographic work) established their non-solar origin? I quote Mr. Lockyer's description of his naked-eye and telescopic views of the corona in 1871, that there may be no misapprehension. I may remark in passing that his description is admirably worded in my opinion.

Having missed the last contact, he says: "I next took my look at the corona. It was as beautiful as it is possible to imagine anything to be. Strangely weird and unearthly did it look—that strange sign in the heavens! What impressed me most about it, in my momentary glance, was its serenity. I do not know why I should have got such an idea, but get it I did. There was nothing awful about it or the landscape generally, for the air was dry and there was not a cloud. Hence there were no ghastly effects, due generally to the monochromatic lights which chase each other over the gloomy earth, no yellow clouds, no seas of blood (the great Indian Ocean almost bathed our feet), no death-shadow cast on the faces of men. The whole eclipse was centred in the corona, and there it was, of the purest silvery whiteness. I did not want to see the prominent ones then, and I did not see them. I saw nothing but the star-like decoration, with its rays arranged almost symmetrically, three above and three below two dark spaces or rifts at the extremities of a horizontal diameter. The rays were built up of innumerable bright lines of different lengths, with more or less dark spaces between them. Near the sun this structure was lost in the brightness of the central ring."

Compare with this his description of the appearance presented by the corona in a telescope six inches in aperture. "In this instrument," he says, "the structure of the corona was simply *exquisite and strongly developed*. I at once exclaimed 'Like Orion!'

Thousands of interlacing filaments varying in intensity were visible ; in fact, I saw an extension of the prominence-structure in cooler material. This died out somewhat suddenly some five or six minutes (of arc) from the sun—I could not determine the height precisely—and then there was nothing ; the rays so definite to the eye had, I suppose, been drawn into nothingness by the power of the telescope (sic) ; but the great fact was this, that close to the sun, and even five or six minutes away from the sun, there was nothing like a ray or any trace of any radial structure whatever to be seen. While these observations were going on the eclipse terminated for the others, but not for me. For nearly three minutes did the coronal structure impress itself on my retina until at last it faded away in the rapidly increasing sunlight."

If, then, the photographs showed no traces of radial structure where such structure had been seen with the naked eye, the circumstance would prove nothing more than that the telescope used in obtaining the photograph, like that used for the study of the corona, had "drawn the rays into nothingness by its power," or more correctly, that the loss of light in either case had sufficed to render those features indiscernible. But as a matter of fact the radial structure is not lost in the photographs. It is lost in the positives, but in the original negatives it is perfectly manifest. Twenty or thirty rays at least can be traced to a height of from twenty to thirty minutes, and some of them from the very edge of the dark body of the eclipsing moon.

In fact, it may truly be said that the solar origin of the radial structure was demonstrated by the photographs obtained in 1871.

Had it been otherwise, had rays been seen extending to a distance of a degree or so from the sun, and visible during totality (not merely at the instant preceding and following totality), while evidence clearly establishing the non-solar origin of these rays had also been obtained, the result would have been utterly inexplicable. The fact that such rays extended from the edge of the moon's dark body would prove incontestably that the illuminated vapours or other matter on this side of the moon reached from the earth as far as the moon ; but the visibility of such rays would prove that that matter extended no farther than the moon ; for otherwise, such matter beyond the moon being illuminated by the full glory of the sun, would form a brighter background occupying the whole sky, on which the rays would necessarily be lost. We should have then to adopt the utterly wild theory that matter capable of reflecting light freely exists as a sort of extended atmosphere of the earth to the moon's distance, and at that distance suddenly stops. Even then we

should not be at the end of our difficulties, for it would remain to be explained why no trace of the illumination of this atmosphere by the solar rays is ever perceived at night. For even at midnight nearly the whole sky would be occupied by deep regions of this atmosphere under full solar illumination. If it were considered preferable to assume that the rays are due to the illumination of a rare atmosphere surrounding the moon, we should at once be met by the insuperable objection that such an atmosphere must inevitably give other and clearer evidence of its existence, when the sunlit moon is shining on the dark background of the midnight sky.

It may be regarded, however, as certain that the coronal rays seen at and near the time of mid-totality belong to the true solar corona. Therefore, as such rays were seen on this occasion, and under most favourable conditions, for many of the stations were high above the sea-level, we may well hope that such evidence as everyone can understand has now been obtained to remove the last shreds of doubt respecting the solar origin of the corona. Whether the photographs will show these rays extending to a greater distance from the sun than in 1871 is doubtful. For though the opportunities were on the whole far more favourable last month than in December, 1871, the corona itself was greatly inferior in extent.

The recognition of this peculiarity was one of the most interesting results of the recent eclipse observations. It will be remembered that I pointed out last July the value which good pictures of the corona would have now, while the sun-spot minimum is in progress. It had been shown by spectroscopic observations during the last five years that the coloured prominences become smaller and less brilliant when sunspots are fewer in number; and it might have been expected that the corona would to some degree sympathise, so to speak, with the prominence region. But the exact manner in which the relationship between the corona and the prominences would be manifested could hardly be guessed. It is now seen that the corona contracts greatly in dimensions at the time of sun-spot minimum, but increases correspondingly in brightness: at least, so far as can be judged from a single observation of the corona, this is the inference suggested. All the observers agree in this. Thus from Rawlings, Wyoming, we have the statement, "The corona was small;" from Denver City, "The corona was unusually bright, extending 70,000 miles from the sun in all directions;" from Mr. Lockyer, "The corona was ten times brighter than in the eclipse of 1871, thus indicating a variation with the maximum and minimum sun-spot periods."

But the corona seen on this occasion differed also remarkably in

structure and in the quality of its light from that seen in 1870 and 1871. Instead of the complicated structure then recognised, a comparatively simple appearance was presented, the indications of definite structure being limited to two portions of the corona. In 1871, Lockyer and Respighi, employing the method of observation suggested by Young in 1870, found that three distinct images of the inner corona were formed, by those pictures of its light which corresponded with the light of glowing hydrogen, and with a certain greenish tint peculiar to the coronal spectrum. But on the present occasion, though the corona was so much brighter than in 1871, these images were not seen when the corona was observed spectroscopically without the use of a slit. Both Lockyer and Draper observed in this way, not using a battery of prisms, but one of Rutherford's diffraction gratings. Neither of them saw the separate images, but only a continuous spectrum. Again, observers who examined the spectrum of the corona in the usual way, using a slit, saw neither bright lines nor dark lines, but a continuous spectrum only. It follows that either the whole, or very nearly the whole light of the corona on this occasion came from matter giving a continuous spectrum—that is, from glowing solid or liquid matter. If any considerable portion of the corona had been glowing gas, the bright lines would certainly have been seen, and probably the bright images of the corona. If any considerable portion had shone simply by reflecting sunlight, the dark lines of the solar spectrum would have been seen. Since neither dark lines nor bright lines were seen, we may safely infer that nearly the whole light of the bright corona seen on this occasion was due to the heat to which multitudes of minute particles forming the corona had been raised by the intense heat of the sun. When it is remembered that at a height of 70,000 miles from the sun his orb would appear more than a hundred thousand times as large as it appears to us, and the quantity of light and heat received from him would be correspondingly increased, we cannot wonder that every particle in the corona, contracted as the corona was to such a degree that its outermost parts were only 70,000 miles from the sun, was a-glow with the lustre resulting from its own intense inherent heat. Whether under these conditions the hydrogen usually present was capable of showing its special tints, or had been for the time withdrawn in some way from the corona, is not as yet clearly made out. It seems on the whole more probable that the bright lines were really absent from the spectrum of the corona, than that they were merely overpowered by the lustre of the corona's continuous spectrum.

In connection with this important discovery came one of singular

interest. The ingenious Edison, inventor of the phonograph, had invented an instrument for measuring small changes of temperature. The instrument is called the Tasimeter, or the Tension-measurer, and its action depends on the recognition of the effects of slight changes of tension, such as small changes of temperature may produce. It was found that when a telescope carrying a tasimeter was directed to the corona (the instrument having been first set to zero when the telescope was directed far from the corona), the index rapidly left the zero of the scale, showing that there is heat in the corona.

The observations made on the solar envelopes within the corona were not so important as those made on the zodiacal light, the outer corona, and the inner corona. The prominences were found to be few in number and of small lustre, as spectroscopists observing when the sun was not eclipsed had already noted. There was hardly any sierra to speak of; it seemed to be about 2,000 miles high, whereas in 1870 and 1871 it exceeded 6,000 miles in height. The complex solar atmosphere which underlies the sierra showed its usual array of bright lines, and it was noticed that the hydrogen lines and the green line belonging to the corona (commonly known among astronomers as 1474 Kirchhoff, on account of its position in Kirchhoff's spectral scale) were very bright in this array of rainbow coloured lines. But, so far as yet appears, no special, or at least no novel, interest attaches to these observations.

Lastly, there are reasons for believing that an intra-mercurial planet has been discovered. One telegram in the *Times*, indeed, announces definitely that Watson has discovered Vulcan, and gives the right ascension and the northerly declination of the planet so long regarded as imaginary. According to this telegram, the body seen was ten minutes (of time) in right ascension, or about $2\frac{1}{2}$ degrees of arc west of the sun, and 39 minutes of arc south of the sun. Its actual distance from the sun was about $2\frac{1}{2}$ degrees. As this would correspond with a distance of not less than four millions of miles, but would allow of any distance above that, while Leverrier's estimate of Vulcan's distance amounted to about thirteen millions of miles, there is nothing in the evidence to prevent our assuming that Lescarbault's Vulcan may have been actually discovered, if only it shall be found possible to reconcile the position of the observed body with any of the theories of Vulcan's orbital motion which Leverrier has shown to be admissible. The body shone with about the brightness of a star of magnitude $4\frac{1}{2}$ —that is, between the fourth and fifth magnitude. In the observed position, Lescarbault's Vulcan, if that observer rightly estimated the planet's size, should shine far more

rightly even if so seen when approaching inferior conjunction, at which time a planet so near the sun would appear less bright than when at the same apparent distance near superior conjunction.



The accompanying figure will explain my meaning. E represents the earth, s the sun, v and v' two positions of Vulcan, in each of which, when seen from E, he would appear at the same distance from s. v is not much nearer to E than v', because the distance v s is small; but since the bright half of Vulcan lies towards s, much more of it is directed towards E when Vulcan is at v' than when he is at v. But when at v, Vulcan should appear much higher than the body seen by Watson, unless Lescarbault was altogether deceived as to the size of the planet he saw in transit.

If the observation did not come from an experienced observer like Watson, who doubtless found time to measure the position of the object seen, I should infer (writing on August 3, without detailed information), that the star Theta Cancri had been mistaken for a planet. For it lies very close to the spot indicated in the telegram, and is nearly of the right magnitude. But, as Watson says that the object seen was certainly not a fixed star, I conclude that he either exactly measured its position, or else saw Theta Cancri at the same time close by the object taken for Vulcan. Probably before these lines appear we shall have sufficient information to remove any doubt on this point.

If it shall appear that either Lescarbault's Vulcan or any intra-mercurial planet has been discovered, the eclipse of July 29, 1878, will undoubtedly be long remembered as one of the most important in the history of astronomy.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

TALENT is seldom transmitted; the sons of clever men are frequently boobies, and a great name does not often repeat itself in history. There are rare instances, however, in which it becomes a heritage to be handed down from generation to generation. It was so in the Sheridan family. Dr. Sheridan, the grandfather of the great wit, the friend and even instructor of Swift, was himself a wit and fine classical scholar: the father, Thomas Sheridan, was lexicographer, elocutionist, and an actor who entered the lists even against Garrick himself: the mother was a writer, whose literary productions were much praised by contemporaries: Brinsley himself was one of the most brilliant men of the last century; married to an exceedingly clever woman, they transmitted something of their talent to their son Tom; and from him it descended with renewed vigour to his daughter Caroline, the Hon. Mrs. Norton; while the late Sheridan Lefanu, a descendant of Brinsley's sister, probably derived his abilities from the same fruitful source.

Born in Dublin in 1751, where his father was an actor and manager of the theatre, Richard Brinsley Sheridan was brought over to England at the age of nine, and placed at Harrow; where, says Moore, "he was remarkable only as a very idle, careless, but at the same time engaging boy, who contrived to win the affections and even admiration of the whole school, both masters and pupils, by the mere charm of his frank, genial manners, and by the occasional gleams of superior intellect which broke through all the indolence and indifference of his character." Dr. Parr, who was then undermaster at Harrow, writing of him thereafter, says, that "as a boy he was by no means vicious. The sources of his infirmities were a scanty and precarious allowance from his father, the want of a regular plan for some profession, and above all the act of throwing him upon the town when he ought to have been pursuing his studies at the University." His literary tastes were early developed, and in conjunction with a schoolfellow named Halked, he wrote a kind of burlesque, entitled "Jupiter," some of the materials of which were afterwards put to account in "The Critic." They composed poems

He brought out the first number of a miscellany, translated an obscure classic, the Epistles of Aristænetus, and projected much more. He was only fifteen when his mother died. It was a great loss to a boy of his disposition; her gentle and refined influence might have had a salutary effect upon his erratic propensities. In 1711 he went to Bath with his father, who was professionally engaged there. Young Brinsley was delightfully at home in that gay, pleasurable, dissolute resort of fashion, fortune-hunters, hypochondriacs, studious, gamblers, and scandal-mongers. He wrote verses, none very charming, to the reigning beauties; "threw off," according to the mode of the day, various trifles upon passing events; mixed with the best society; and fell in love with the daughter of Dr. Linley, a composer,—the beautiful Elizabeth Linley, the singer, "the fair maid of Bath," then only sixteen years of age. The lovely St. Cecilia, the Oxford students called her when she went there to sing at the theatres, was surrounded by admirers, young and old; among the number were Charles, Brinsley's brother; Halked, the latter's former friend; and an elderly gentleman of fortune, Mr. Long, to whose addresses an avaricious father forced her to listen. All was prepared for the wedding, when, her fortitude giving way, she appealed to her suitor, told him she could never give him her affections, and begged him to release her from the engagement. With noble generosity, he not only consented, but took all the blame of the rupture upon himself, paid the father, who threatened an action, a thousand pounds, and settled upon her three thousand more of his own free will. But this was only one chapter of the romance of which she was the heroine. From the time she was twelve years old a fashionable *roué*, a married man, one Captain Matthews, had been a constant visitor at her home. This villain from the first acted upon a systematic plan to entangle her affections, and, at last, succeeded. He found it impossible to conquer her virtue, but he gave her great agony of mind. One time he made her believe he was dying; more than once he threatened to shoot himself; then he vowed he would ruin her reputation; until the poor girl, driven to desperation, actually took poison.

It is now that Sheridan, who has been long her devoted admirer, comes prominently upon the scene. To win the scoundrel's confidence, and gain a positive knowledge of his designs, he has insinuated himself into his friendship. One day, armed with proofs of his villainy, Brinsley hurries to Miss Linley's house, to find her apparently dying; in distracted haste, he rushes off for doctors; an *antic is forced between the teeth of the unconscious girl, and she*

recovers. But Matthews, furious at the trick played upon him by his rival, vows he will destroy her character. To remain in Bath after such a resolve, which she knows he will keep too surely, she finds to be impossible. Now, thinks Brinsley, is the time to win my suit. He proposes to take her to France to a convent at St-Quentin, where her sister had stayed four years. She consents, and, assisted by this sister, while her father and brother are engaged at a concert, makes her escape. "Sheridan," she says, in her personal narrative, "came with two chairs, and having put me fainting into one, and my trunks into another, I was carried to a coach that waited in Wolcot Street. Sheridan had engaged the wife of one of his servants to go with me as a maid without my knowledge. You may imagine how pleased I was with his delicate behaviour." A post-chaise waited in the London road, and by nine o'clock the next morning they arrived in the metropolis. They went to Charles Lamb's grandfather's, the tallow-chandler, whom Elia describes as the friend of John Palmer, and who was a friend of the Sheridans. Brinsley, with his usual cool impudence, introduced the lady as a great heiress with whom he was eloping, received the old man's congratulations upon his having got over his infatuation for Miss Linley, and so pleased him with the story of his supposed good fortune that he offered the young couple a passage on board one of his ships bound for Dunkirk. The gallant Brinsley had little difficulty in persuading the lady to become his wife—indeed, what other course was open to her after such an escapade? They were married at a sort of French Gretna Green, not far from Calais. The enraged Linley, to whom his daughter was under articles of apprenticeship until she was twenty-one—at the time of the elopement she was only eighteen—rushed over to Lisle, and, after an angry meeting with Sheridan, it was arranged that she should return to England and fulfil the engagements he had made for her. Matthews, the lady being now beyond his reach, turned his revenge upon his successful rival, and published some scurrilous paragraphs against him in the *Bath Chronicle*. Sheridan challenged him. They met in Hyde Park. There were a few furious passes on either side, then Sheridan broke in upon his adversary's guard, disarmed him, made him beg his life and sign his recantation of the calumnies he had uttered at the point of the sword.

But Matthews had not yet exhausted his malice, and after a while he challenged Sheridan to a second meeting. This time the spot chosen was Kingsdown, near Bath. They were armed with pistols and swords; the pistols being discharged without effect, they drew

air swords and rushed upon each other with a ferocity seldom
 witnessed in such encounters ; both weapons breaking almost at
 the first onslaught, they grappled with one another, fell, and rolling
 on the ground hacked at each other with the broken pieces ;
 in seconds, to their shame, standing by quiet spectators. Sheridan
 was severely wounded, and was in consequence confined to his
 room for several weeks. At this time the lady was with her father ;
 it was on the 13th of April, 1773, young Brinsley reaped the reward
 of his devotion and gallantry by being regularly united to the lady
 of his love. From that time he never permitted her to sing in
 public. Their honeymoon was spent in a cottage at East Burnham ;
 and to those few weeks of pure and peaceful happiness he ever
 afterwards looked back with regretful pleasure. Years afterwards, he was
 heard saying to himself, while watching his wife at one of their
 fashionable routs, "Could anything recall the old feelings? Yes ;
 perhaps a return to the little cottage at East Burnham." Upon their
 return to town, they went to lodge with Storace, the composer, and
 Brinsley entered himself as a barrister at the Middle Temple. "If
 I had stuck to the law," he said, "I might have done as much
 as my friend Tom Erskine, but I had no time for such studies.
 Mrs. Sheridan and myself were often obliged to keep working for
 our daily leg of mutton, or we should have had nothing for dinner."
 Both wrote for the periodicals, but that they were writing for mere
 bread was an exaggeration, as the lady had the £3,000, Mr. Long's
 present, which was used by-and-by to help furnish a handsome
 house in Orchard Street, Portman Square, and to set up a fashion-
 able establishment. The host's wit, the hostess's beauty and accom-
 plishments, the romantic notoriety which was attached to both, good
 dinners and wines of the first quality, attracted some of the best
 London society, male and female ; and Mrs. Sheridan's *soirées* and
 routs were among the great attractions of the season. Whence
 came the resources for such boundless extravagance is a mystery :
 Sheridan was penniless, and his wife's small fortune could not have
 lasted long. Of course they plunged into debt ; and those embarrass-
 ments which hampered his whole future life may be dated from this
 early period.

His wit was all his capital, and the first great use he put it
 to was to compose the comedy of "The Rivals," produced at
 Covent Garden on January 19th, 1775. It failed on the first night,
 partly on account of Lee's bad acting in Sir Lucius, which was
 loudly hissed, partly on account of its great length, and partly
 through private malice. But a change in the cast and a judicious

use of the pruning-knife quickly reversed the verdict, and made it, as it deserved, a complete success. It brought the author some £1,200, which, however, must have been a mere drop against his ocean of difficulties. After the lapse of a hundred years, "The Rivals" still remains, next to its author's greater work, the most popular comedy of the last century. The characters were doubtless drawn from his old Bath experience. Mrs. Malaprop was the portrait of an original, well known at Bath for "the nice derangement of her epitaphs," and he must very frequently have met such irascible old gentlemen as Sir Anthony, such romance-reading sentimentalists as Lydia Languish, such Irish adventurers as Sir Lucius, such country squires as Acres, such footmen as Fag; for the Captain's cool impudence he might have sat himself. Indeed, the audience believed they discovered many allusions to his own love story in the piece. The great blot of the work, according to our present ideas, lies in the forced and pedantic scenes between Julia and Falkland, now almost expunged in acting. Take, for instance, such a passage as the following: "Then on the bosom of your wedded Julia you may lull your keen regrets to slumbering, while virtuous love, with a cherub's hand, shall smooth the brow of upbraiding thought and pluck the thorn from compunction." But this was esteemed the proper language of sentiment by the good people of a hundred years ago.

A two-act farce, entitled "St. Patrick's Day, or The Scheming Lieutenant," was written by him for Clinch, the second representative of Sir Lucius, in recognition of his admirable performance of that character, and was produced at Covent Garden in the May of the same year; it is a work of little merit, and is now forgotten. But on the 21st of the following November he brought out his celebrated opera of "The Duenna," which Byron preferred to Gay's "Newgate Pastoral," and which in popularity exceeded even that famous work. Lines from its witty, tender, and beautiful songs passed almost into proverbs, and such couplets as—

Sure such a pair was never seen,
So fondly formed to meet by nature,

And—

The boys with all their father's sense,
The girls with all their mother's beauty,

are still quoted by many who are ignorant whence they are derived. The exquisite music was arranged by Linley, the father-in-law, and some of the melodies were his own composition; others were borrowed from Rauzzini and Dr. Harrington, and the beautiful Irish air "Molly

Asthore " was given to "Had I heart for falsehood framed." It was performed seventy-five nights to overflowing houses. It is strange that, in an age so barren of dramatic and operatic genius, no enterprising manager should attempt the revival of a piece which even delighted our fathers, and which was interpreted by artists so recent as Braham and Vestris.

Although Thomas Sheridan had been Garrick's rival, and the son had chosen Covent Garden instead of Drury Lane for the production of his successful plays, the great actor, ever generous, was a warm friend of young Brinsley's, introduced him into some of the best society of the day, and, upon his retirement, allowed him to become the purchaser of one-third of his patent, for which he gave £10,000, Linley taking a second share for the same sum, and Ford the remainder at £15,000. How did he raise the funds for such a purchase? Although, basing his conviction upon certain letters published in his biography of Sheridan, Moore is against the supposition, I am inclined to believe that Garrick credited him with the greater part of the amount, to be paid thereafter by instalments.

"There was, indeed," says that authority, "something mysterious and miraculous about all his acquisitions—whether in love, in learning, in wit, or in wealth. How or when his stock of knowledge was laid in nobody knows: it was as much a matter of marvel to those who never saw him read, as the existence of the chameleon has been to those who fancied it never eat. His advances in the heart of his mistress were, as we have seen, equally trackless and inaudible, and his triumph was the first that even his rivals knew of his love. In like manner, his wit took the world by surprise, being perfected in secret till ready for display, and then seeming to break from under the cloud of his indolence in full maturity of splendour. His financial resources had no less of magic about them; and the mode by which he conjured up at this time the money for the first purchase of the theatre remains, as far as I can learn, a mystery to this day."

His first season was inaugurated with a failure—the "Trip to Scarborough," an alteration of Vanbrugh's "Relapse," in which all the wit and talent of the original were exuded with the grossness. It was well hissed, and had to be speedily withdrawn. A mangled and barbarous version of "The Tempest," with songs by Linley, shared the same fate. The prospects of the young manager looked very black indeed, when, on the 8th of May, 1777, he produced "The School for Scandal." The success was immediate and almost unprecedented.

"With but little interest in the plot," says Moore, "with no very profound or ingenious development of character, and with a group

of personages not one of whom has any legitimate claims upon either our affection or esteem, it yet, by the admirable skill with which its materials are managed—the happy contrivance of the situations, at once both natural and striking—the fine feeling of the ridiculous that smiles throughout, and the perpetual play of wit which never tires, but seems like running water to be kept fresh by its own flow—by all this general animation and effect, combined with a finish of the details almost faultless, it unites the suffrages at once of the refined and the simple, and is not less successful in ministering to the natural enjoyment of the latter, than in satisfying and delighting the most fastidious tastes among the former.”

The literary history of this play is very curious. “The first sketch of ‘The School for Scandal’ that occurs,” says the same authority, “was written, I am inclined to think, before ‘The Rivals,’ or at least very soon after it; and that it was his original intention to satirise some of the gossips of Bath appears from the title, under which I find noted down, as follows, the very first hints, probably, that suggested themselves for the dialogue:—

“THE SLANDERERS—*The Pump Room Scene.*—It opens with Lady Timewell and her creature, who is here called Spatter—the snake of the comedy as it now stands, but there are no Sir Peter and Lady Teazle. Charles is called Claremont, and the plot is quite different. It is astonishing the number of names he tried for his hero before he fixed upon the right one: he was called first Claremont, Florival, Captain Harry Plausible, Harry Pliant or Pliable, then young Harrie, then Frank. In a second sketch the characters are, Sir Roland Harpur, Plausible, Captain Harry Plausible, Freeman, Old Teazle, Mrs. Teazle, Maria.”

From this comedy it will be perceived that all the scandal-mongers were excluded; and that the quarrels of the Teazles, the intrigue of the lady with one of the Plausibles, and Charles's love affair, constitute the entire plot. The great screen scene was an after-thought. The discovery, according to the following memorandum, found among his papers, was to have been effected in a different manner: “Making love to aunt and niece, meeting wrong in the dark—some one coming—locks up aunt, thinking it to be the niece.” Moore, in his *Life of Sheridan*, gives some curious specimens of these early draughts. Some of the scenes bear a great resemblance to their present form; but in all cases the improvement is most marked, the wit is more polished, the language more condensed, and the treatment more delicate. “There is not,” says Moore, “a page of these manuscripts that does not bear testimony to the fastidious care with

which he selected and arranged and moulded his language, so as to turn it into the transparent channel of his thoughts which it is at present. His chief objects in correcting were to condense and simplify—to get rid of all unnecessary phrases and epithets, and in short to strip away from the thyrsus of his wit every leaf that could render it less light and portable.” One instance among many will show the improving effect of these operations. The following is the original form of the speech of Sir Peter :—“ People who utter a tale of scandal knowing it to be forged deserve the pillory more than for a forged bank-note. He can’t pass the lie without putting their names on the back of it. You say no person has a right on you because you didn’t invent it ; but you should know that, if the drawer of the bill is out of the way, the injured party has a right to come on any of the indorsers.” Compare with this laboured effusion the epigrammatic point of the sentence as it now stands.

“*Mrs. C.* But sure you would not be quite so severe upon those who only report what they hear?

“*Sir P.* Yes, madam, I would have the law merchant for them too, and in all cases of slander currency wherever the drawer of the bill was not to be found, the injured party should have the right of coming on any of the indorsers.”

Even after the two sketches had been incorporated and the play assumed its present form, great alterations were made, whole scenes were suppressed or transposed, and some of the dialogue entirely rewritten. Snake made his confession in a long heavy scene in the third act, instead of at the end of the piece. No impression can be more false than that Sheridan was spontaneous, indolent, and careless in his productions ; everything was written and re-written, polished and re-polished, before it was given to the world. The last scenes of this comedy were, however, written in haste. Moore says there is but one rough draught of them, written upon detached pieces of paper, while of all the preceding acts there are numerous transcripts, scattered through six or seven books, with new interlineations and memoranda to each. On the last leaf was written, “ Finished at last, thank God.” “ Amen ! W. Hopkins.” (The Prompter.)

The cast was one of the finest that had ever fallen to the lot of any comedy. “ There were more parts performed admirably in ‘ The School for Scandal,’ ” says Walpole, “ than I almost ever saw in any play.” But Mr. Dutton Cook has so admirably sketched the original actors of this play in these pages that it would be superfluous to even mention their names.

Such a success could not escape the malevolence of rivals and enemies. A report was raised that the piece was not written by Sheridan at all, but by some consumptive young lady, who had left the MS. at the stage door, and died before she could claim her property! Very like the production of a consumptive young lady! Another gave it to Mrs. Sheridan. In support of the former story, it was pointed out that Sheridan, although offered a large sum for the copyright, would never sell it, and that there is no copy of the play authenticated by the author. The one usually adopted is that which he sent his sister, for the use of the manager of the Dublin Theatre, who gave her one hundred guineas and a free admission for her family in return. "I have been nineteen years endeavouring to satisfy myself with the style of the 'School for Scandal,' and have not succeeded yet," he said once. There was the secret: he was always promising himself to make a last and complete revision before he finally gave it to the world. Cumberland was in a box with his family on the night of its production; the children laughed heartily at the screen scene. "What are you laughing at? there's nothing to laugh at," he said, pinching them in his vexation; "Keep still, you little dunces!" "Devilish ungrateful!" exclaimed Sheridan, when this was reported to him. "I sat out his last tragedy, and laughed all through." But he revenged himself upon his envious rival the next year, in "The Critic," in which he was gibbeted as Sir Fretful Plagiary, and in which his style of tragedy-writing was felicitously held up to ridicule. The plan of this piece is by no means original. Buckingham's "Rehearsal" then firmly kept the stage, and Fielding's "Pasquin" was a work of a very similar kind. The tragedy particularly indicated in "The Critic" is said to be Cumberland's "Battle of Hastings." Like its predecessors, by the same hand, "The Critic" was highly successful.

Two days before the night of performance, the last scene was not finished. In vain did King, the stage manager, remonstrate, entreat. Sheridan's invariable answer was, that he was just going home to finish it—indeed, it only wanted a few lines. At last Linley ordered a night rehearsal, and that day made Sheridan dine with him; after dinner, he proposed they should stroll to the theatre. When they arrived there, Ford, a partner in the patent, joined them. King came up, and, requesting a few words, led the way into the small green-room, where there were a good fire, a comfortable arm-chair, and a table with pens, ink, and paper, two bottles of claret, a dish of anchovy toast—and the prompter's unfinished copy of "The Critic." As soon as they entered the room, King popped out and locked the door; then Linley and Ford declared their intention of keeping their companion no-

soner until the piece was concluded. Rather enjoying the joke, Sheridan set to, and then and there finished the work.

In the previous year he had purchased Lacy's (Garrick's partner) interest in the Drury Lane patent. Again we may ask, whence came the money? For the affairs of the theatre were in a sad confusion, as we gather from a letter of Hopkins, the prompter, to Garrick, written about this time:—"We played last night 'Much Ado about Nothing,' and had to make an apology for three principal parts. About twelve o'clock Mr. Henderson sent word that he was not able to play. We got Mr. Lewis, from Covent Garden, who supplied the part of Benedick. Soon after, Mr. Parsons sent word that he could not play, Mr. Moody supplied the part of Dogberry; and, about four in the afternoon, Mr. Vernon sent word that he could not play, Mr. Mattocks supplied his part of Balthazar. I thought myself very happy in getting these wide gaps so well stopped. In the middle of the first act, a message was brought me that Mr. Lamash, who was to play the part of Borachio, was not come to the house. I had nobody there that would go on for it, so I was obliged to cut his scenes in the first and second acts entirely out, and get Mr. Wrighton to go on for the remainder of the part. At length we got the play over, without the audience finding it out. We had a very bad house. Mr. Parsons is not able to play in 'The School for Scandal' to-morrow night; I do not know how we shall be able to settle that. I hope the pantomime may prove successful, and relieve us from this dreadful situation." What a change since the days of Garrick! Salaries were not paid, unopened letters, frequently of the utmost importance, sometimes containing bank-notes, were allowed to accumulate in heaps and then burned to save the trouble of reading, and the time that should have been devoted to his affairs was spent by Sheridan in the pleasures and dissipations of fashionable society.

It was at Devonshire House, where he was a frequent guest, that he first met the Prince of Wales, then only in his seventeenth year. From his enthusiastic description, we can understand how this royal personage won for himself that title of "the first gentleman in Europe," which seemed so inappropriate to those who only remembered the bloated, morose, bewigged *roué* of his latter years. "I have never seen any man centering in himself so many fascinations as the Prince of Wales. There was a something about him in his easy address and gaiety of manners that won you to his side and impressed you with the warmest sentiments in his favour. There was no want of dignity, but it was of that pleasing character which is best defined by the single word—gentleman. Full of love, overflowing with animal spirits, he joined in the circle by which he was sur-

rounded, the observed of all, but seemingly, in himself, unconscious of the homage he received." The Duchess introduced Mrs. Sheridan to him, Fox did the same for Sheridan. "We met again several times in the course of the evening; we champagned together; we promenaded together, chatted; and in the hilariousness of youth, and that delicate, open-hearted freedom which cast away the distinction of ranks, he left upon my mind an impression never to be effaced."

This was the commencement of a friendship upon both sides which lasted many years, and of the termination of which I shall have more to say presently. No less interesting than the above, is Lord Townshend's description of Sheridan's first introduction to Fox.

"I made the first dinner party at which they met; having told Fox that all the notions he might have conceived of Sheridan's talents and genius from the comedy of 'The Rivals,' &c., would fall infinitely short of the admiration of his astonishing powers which I was sure he would entertain at the first interview. The first interview between them (there were very few present, only Tickell and myself and one or two more) I shall never forget. Fox told me, breaking up from dinner, that he had always thought Hare, after my uncle Charles Townshend, the wittiest man he had ever met with, but that Sheridan surpassed them both infinitely; and Sheridan told me next day that he was quite lost in admiration of Fox, and it was a puzzle to say which he admired most—his commanding superiority of talent and universal knowledge, or his playful fancy, artless manners, and benevolence of heart, which showed itself in every word he uttered."

Sheridan soon became one of the Prince's boon companions in those frolics and midnight adventures for which he was as notorious as his predecessor Prince Hal. Meetings were held in an up-stairs room at the old "Salutation" Inn, still standing, much as it was then, at the corner of Tavistock Court, Covent Garden; an old oak chair, in which the royal scapegrace sat, is said to be still shown. Among others who joined these revels were Surrey, Hare, Fox, Selwyn, and, when he was in England, the Duc d'Orléans. They met of course under assumed names; but their secret was known to the landlady, Widow Butler; hence they frequently sallied forth at night in disguise to seek for adventures in the lowest purlieus of the town.

Sheridan was as fond of a practical joke as Theodore Hook himself. In his home he was the very spirit of gaiety, delighting in even boyish tricks, and dramatic disguises. The lively parties with which his country-house was filled were always in momentary expectation of some device for mystification and amusement, and it was not unusual to despatch a man and horse seven or eight miles for a mask or a piece of crape.

association with such men as Fox, Burke, Townshend, and by their persuasions, excited in him a desire to enter the law, and on the dissolution of Parliament in 1780 he stood for Stafford. His marvellous oratory, like the wit of his age, was only the product of long and laborious preparation. In his first speech in the House, he asked Woodfall what he thought of it. "I am sorry to say I do not think it is in your line; but you had better have stuck to your former pursuits," was the answer. "It is in me," answered Sheridan, "and by God it shall come out if it did come out some years later in his charge relative to the Princess of Oude. Burke declared this speech to be the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument, and wit united of any in the House of Commons since the days of Cicero. It was a new record or tradition. Fox said that all he had ever read, when compared with it, dwindled away and vanished like vapour before the sun. More valuable than the testimony of his great opponent Pitt, who declared that it was the most perfect specimen of the eloquence of ancient or modern times, and contained more genius or art than any other orator could furnish to agitate and control the House of Commons. Every record of the day is equally enthusiastic in its praise. It lasted five hours and a half, and the House echoed and re-echoed with cheers. Only the meagre parliamentary reports of the day have come to us of this masterpiece of eloquence; and Sheridan, for £1,000, was induced to furnish a copy of it. Probably he feared that its brilliant effect, derived from his flashing eye, his animated gestures, his impassioned accents, would be lost in the reading, and he determined to let its fame rest upon tradition. Among his papers he found several memoranda of the ornate passages and the incidents which had been gradually worked up and polished. At the meetings in Westminster Hall, even the speeches of Burke did not excite the interest and expectancy with which he looked forward to that of Sheridan; the court was crowded to see him, and as much as 50 guineas are said to have been offered for a copy of it.

As a politician he ranged himself upon the Liberal side; he was a warm supporter of the Prince of Wales in the debates upon the Regency Bill, and indeed in all that concerned him; upon the subject of the French Revolution he took the popular side with Burke, and thus created an irreparable breach between himself and his great rival.

From an early time the affairs of the theatre became every season more and more distressingly embarrassed. He had given over the management of it to his father, who, however, soon wearied of such a

task, and retired. Actors were mutinous from long arrears of salary, and continually striking as the only means of obtaining any money from him. And yet he had only to appear upon the scene to cajole, to fascinate, and the most contumacious, even without the golden salve, were conquered, and ready to do anything in the world to serve him. Not the sourest creditor, if brought within its influence, could resist this fascination; it would loosen the purse-strings of the most relentless; and however determined a man might be to resist all his appeals for a loan, he seldom or never failed to carry his point.

God-like in giving—a devil to pay,

wrote Tom Moore. And he was generous as he was unjust—would give away to a person in distress the money of which another to whom it was due was equally in want. One day a creditor came into his room for a bill, and found him seated before a table, on which two or three hundred pounds in gold and notes were strewn. "It's no use looking at that, my good fellow," he said; "that is all bespoken for debts of honour." "Very well," replied the tradesman, tearing up his security, "then, now mine is a debt of honour!" "So it is, and must be paid at once," answered Brinsley, handing him over the money. Duns, executions, writs, were constantly pursuing him. A creditors' *levée* was held daily in his house; his library, parlour, butler's room, the very staircase, were every morning filled with a motley crowd anxiously listening for the sound of his footsteps. When at last he came, elegantly dressed, all smiles and urbanity, shaking hands with one, nodding to another, he seemed to cast a charm over them; fellows that had been raging like tigers a few moments ago could scarcely summon the courage to state their errand, while others seemed to actually forget what brought them there. His cool assurance never failed him in any extremity. One night he was stopped by footpads, in company with Challie, the wine merchant. "My friend can accommodate you," he said to the fellows; "and for myself, I tell you what I can do. I can give you my note of hand!" While Treasurer of the Navy, he gave a banquet to the Prince at Somerset House. But, fearful of an execution being levied upon them, he had neither furniture nor decorations, most of which had to be borrowed from the Drury Lane property-room for the night, and for safety some friendly bailiffs were put in possession, and, dressed in handsome liveries, waited behind his Royal Highness's chair.

In 1792 he sustained a most severe domestic affliction in the death of his beautiful and amiable wife. Every one united in praises of this lady. "She seemed to me the connecting link between

women and angels," said the Bishop of Norwich. To Sheridan she was his best treasure, assisting him in all his pursuits ; calculating the receipts of the theatre ; reading plays submitted to his judgment ; making extracts from State papers for his speeches ; entering heart and soul into everything. "I never," said Michael Kelly, in his *Reminiscences*, "beheld more poignant grief than Mr. Sheridan felt for his beloved wife ; and, though the world which knew him only as a public man will perhaps scarcely credit the fact, I have seen him night after night sit and cry like a child, while I sang to him, at his desire, a pathetic little song of my composition,

They bore her to a grassy grave.

He married again, in 1795, a Miss Ogle, the daughter of the Dean of Winchester. The story of the marriage is an excellent illustration of his powers of fascination. He first met her at a party at Devonshire House. Intemperate habits had by this time produced their fatal effects upon a face and form once strikingly handsome, and little remained of his personal attractions save the brilliant eyes. Miss Ogle was a young lady given to express her thoughts with a freedom anything but agreeable to the persons indicated ; and as Sheridan's purple cheeks and rather Bardolphian nose passed her, she exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by him, "Oh, what a fright !" Instead of being mortified or annoyed by the remark, he resolved to exert all his powers to win her love. At their second meeting, although she still protested he was very ugly, she granted he was exceedingly agreeable, and in an almost incredibly short time afterwards declared she could not live without him. The Dean, opposed to the match, said he would not give his daughter to any man who could not settle £15,000 upon her. Sheridan found the money, and they were united. The match, however, was not a happy one, the lady being in almost every respect the opposite of his late wife, of a lymphatic, indifferent temperament, and very unfit to be the partner of such a man.

On the 4th of June 1791 old Drury Lane closed for ever, previous to its demolition. The rebuilding cost £150,000 ; the money was raised in three hundred debentures of five hundred pounds each. But the interest on so large a sum added another and an overwhelming item to Sheridan's embarrassments. The new house was opened for dramatic performances on the 21st of April in the following year. The season of 1798 was remarkable for the production of Kotzebue's play of "The Stranger," in which Kemble and Mrs. Siddons made so profound an impression. There is little doubt but that the translation was principally the work of Sheridan, although it is not included

among his acknowledged plays. Upon being asked why he did not turn his talents to better account than in the adaptation of such trash, he answered readily with a quotation,—

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
And those who live to please, must please to live.

"Kotzebue and German sausages are the order of the day." In 1799 he brought out the bombastic tragedy of "Pizarro," which, from the strong political significance of several of its scenes and passages, attained an enormous popularity. He received £2,000 for the copyright. When the curtain rose upon this play the last act was not finished, and was sent down from Sheridan's room bit by bit to be studied by the actors during their waits.

This was his last dramatic work, and indeed his last literary production. "Why does not Sheridan write another play?" was asked of Michael Kelly. "Oh, he'll never write again; he's afraid to." "Afraid of whom?" "*Of the author of 'The School for Scandal,'*" was the reply. But among his papers were found sketches of several plays, one founded upon "The Vicar of Wakefield;" three acts of a melodrama of the old style, robbers, hermits, persecuted loveliness, and a prince in disguise—evidently a youthful essay cast aside; fragments of a projected opera, entitled "The Foresters," an improved version of the preceding, which he long talked of producing. The most important, however, of the unfinished sketches, and one which if carried out might have rivalled his most famous works, was that of a comedy on Affectation. He does not seem to have advanced as far as even the invention of a plot or the composition of a single scene. In a memorandum-book was found a list of the phases of affectation he intended to satirise:—"An affectation of business—of accomplishments—of love of letters, wit and music—of intrigue—of sensibility—of vivacity—of silence and importance—of modesty—of profligacy—of moroseness." There were, besides, the names of three personages—Sir Bubble Bore, Sir Peregrine Paradox, and Feignwit, and a number of detached paragraphs and sallies jotted down as they occurred to him, gems to be polished and appropriately set thereafter. From these specimens, a number of which is given in Moore's biography, one might predict that in wit at least Affectation would have been worthy of its author. Here is an extract:—"A long lean man with his limbs rambling—no way to reduce him to compass, unless you could double him up like a pocket-rule—with his arms spread wide, he'd lie on the bed of Ware like a cross on a Good Friday bun. . . . When his wife's by, he follows like a note of admiration—set them together, one's a mast, the other's all hulk—"

were they to embrace, he must hang round her neck like a skein of thread on a lacemaker's bolster, &c."

The first great blow to his fortunes, and indeed the beginning of the end, was the destruction of Drury Lane by fire on the 24th of February 1802. There was no performance that night. Sheridan was at the House when the news was brought him. Out of respect for so distinguished a member, a motion for adjournment was made ; but he opposed it, saying that, " whatever might be the extent of the private calamity, he hoped that it would not interfere with the business of the country," and with the fortitude of a stoic he remained at his post. Such is the account given by Kelley, the acting manager, who was present at the fire, and it is much more credible than the popular story which represents him sitting coolly in a tavern close by, drinking wine, while his property was being consumed, and answering those who expostulated with him with, " A man may surely be allowed to take a glass of wine by his own fireside." His loss by this terrible catastrophe was estimated to be £150,000. Yet his own troubles did not absorb his pity for others. He knew the principal actors could easily procure other engagements, but then there were the inferior ones and the servants of the house. " Elect yourselves into a committee," he said, " but keep in your remembrance even the poor sweepers of the stage, who with their children must starve if not protected by your fostering care."

It was arranged that the new theatre should be erected by subscription. But Whitbread, who was at the head of the affair, made an agreement that Sheridan should be bought out with £28,000, *not to be paid until the house was rebuilt*, and that he should have no connection or concern of any kind with the new undertaking. That he had, by gross mismanagement and recklessness, brought this bitter humiliation upon himself cannot be denied ; but Whitbread, who had the not amiable distinction of being the only man who could resist Sheridan's fascination, treated the fallen genius with great harshness, for when he begged of him to advance a portion of the money that was his due, to meet his election expenses at Stafford, he refused, and Sheridan in consequence lost his seat. Not for three years after its opening did he re-enter the new theatre, and then it was to see Kean play Othello. Between one of the acts he went behind the scenes, where Lord Essex, who was his companion, found him surrounded by the actors and *employés* who, down to the lowest sweepers, were delighted to find their old master once more among them : and yet there was probably not one to whom he was not indebted. Such, however, was the *strange influence he exercised over all who came in contact with him.*

But ruin was advancing upon him with giant strides. His furniture, his jewels, his pictures were seized by his creditors, and finally his person. All his fine friends abandoned him in his misery, more especially that Prince whose bosom friend he had been, whom he had so frequently defended, whose cause he had so frequently pleaded with all the powers of his resistless eloquence. An attempt was made by the *Edinburgh Review* to defend the Regent from the charges brought by Moore against him in his *Life of Sheridan*, as well as in those scathing verses he wrote upon his death. It has been alleged that the Prince offered to find him a seat in Parliament at his own expense, so as to shield him from imprisonment, but it was to be paid for by the sacrifice of the opinions which Sheridan had always advocated, and the ruined man nobly refused; also that he sent him £4,000, the greater part of which, however, was attached by his creditors. But, in the face of these explanations, remains the simple fact, that the whole of his debts amounted to only £5,000, and that he was suffered to end his days in penury and misery.

Early in 1816 his health failed him, and he gradually sank into a serious illness. Then appeared this paragraph in the *Morning Post*:—"Oh! delay not to draw aside the curtain within which that proud spirit hides its suffering. Prefer ministering in the chamber of sickness to ministering at the splendid sorrows that adorn the hearse. I say, Life and succour against Westminster Abbey and a funeral!" This appeal aroused some of his old aristocratic friends—who left their names at his door. "Nothing could be more wretched than the home in which he lay dying," says an eye-witness; "there were strange-looking people in the hall; the parlour seemed dismantled; on the table lay a bit of paper thrown carelessly and neglected—it was a prescription." In his dying moments a sheriff's officer arrested him, and would have carried him away in the blankets to a spunging-house had not the physician threatened to make the fellow responsible should his prisoner die upon the road. On the 17th of July he breathed his last in the sixty-fifth year of his age. The body was removed from his house in Saville Row to Great George Street, and thence with great funeral pomp carried to the Abbey. All honour was paid to the dead, though the living had been neglected. The Duke of York and the Duke of Sussex followed; the pall-bearers were the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Lauderdale, Earl Mulgrave, Lord Holland, the Bishop of London, and Lord Spencer; and there were many other Dukes and Marquises and Earls and Lords to see him laid in his last resting-place.

H. BARTON BAKER.

EARLY WEDDING CUSTOMS.

AMID the wonderful uniformity which pervades the thoughts and customs of the world some reversals here and there occur, as where white is the colour significant of grief, or where to turn one's neck on a person is a sign of reverence. But perhaps few such reversals are more curious than the custom of the Garos, in India, to consider any infringement of the rule that all proposals of marriage must come from the female side as an insult to the *mahári* to which the lady belongs, only to be atoned for by liberal donations of beer and figs from the man's *mahári* to that of the "proposee." More curious, however, than even this is their marriage ceremony; which, after the bride has been bathed in the nearest stream, the wedding party proceed to the house of the bridegroom, "*who pretends to be unwilling and runs away, but is caught and subjected to a similar ablution, and then taken, in spite of the resistance and feigned grief and lamentations of his parents, to the bride's house.*"¹

An exactly analogous custom as regards the bride's behaviour at her wedding is sufficiently well known; and if it has been correctly interpreted as the survival, in form and symbol, of a system of capturing wives from a neighbouring tribe, there must have been a time when among the Garos a husband could only be obtained in a similar way. If this appears unlikely, some other explanation must be sought for the reluctance, feigned or real, with which it is common in savage life for a girl to enter upon the paths of matrimony, and for the show of resistance with which her friends oppose her departure with her husband.

In many instances this peculiar feature of primitive culture appears as simply the outcome of feelings and affections which are the same, howsoever different in expression, in savage as in civilised lands. The conviction that there is an utter absence of anything like love between children and their parents, or between men and women, in the ruder social communities, is so strong that in speculations on this subject there is a tendency and danger of altogether overlooking the influence of natural affection in the formation of customs. It is

¹ Dalton, *Descriptive Ethnology of Bengal*, 64.

needful, therefore, to preface the subsequent argument with a brief reference to the express statements of missionaries and travellers; for if it can be shown that there is such a thing as affection between parents and children, the inference is fair that neither would parents part with their children nor children leave their parents without mutual regret.

Of the Fijians, so famous for their cannibalism and their parenticide, it is declared to be "truly touching to see how parents are attached to their children and children to their parents."¹ Among the Tongans, who would sacrifice their children cruelly for the recovery of the sick, children were "taken the utmost care of."² The New Zealanders were not guiltless of infanticide, yet "some of them, and especially the fathers, seemed fond of their children."³ The Papuans of New Guinea manifested "respect for the aged, love for their children, and fidelity to their wives."⁴ In Africa, Mungo Park says of the Mandigoes: "The maternal affection is everywhere conspicuous among them, and creates a corresponding return of tenderness in the child."⁵ Among the Eastern Ethiopians were women who lived a wild life in the woods; yet the testimony is the same: "However barbarous these people be by nature, they yet are not devoid of feeling for their children; these they rear with nicest care, and for their provision strive to amass what property they can."⁶ Yoruba "children are much beloved by both parents."⁷ Love for their children unites the greater number of the Bushmen for their whole lives.⁸ In North America the Thlinket Indians "treat their wives and children with much affection and kindness."⁹ Among the Greenlanders, says Cranz, "the bonds of filial and parental love seem stronger than amongst any other nations." Their fondness for their children is great; parents seldom let them out of their sight, and mothers often throw themselves in the water to save a child from drowning. In return ingratitude towards their aged parents is "scarcely ever exemplified among them."¹⁰ Of the natives of Australia, Sir G. Grey says that they "are always ardently attached to their children," and similar testimony has been borne to the parental affection of the Tasmanians.¹¹

But, lest it should be thought that these evidences are drawn from the higher savagery, let us appeal to the case of savages who

¹ Seemann, *Mission to Viti*, 192.

² Mariner, ii. 302.

³ Ellis, iii. 346.

⁴ Earle, *Indian Archipelago*, 81.

⁵ Pinkerton, xvi. 872.

⁶ *Ibid.*, 697.

⁷ Bowen, *Central Africa*, 305.

⁸ Lichtenstein, ii. 48.

⁹ Partlock's *Voyage*, 260, in Bancroft, i. 110.

¹⁰ Cranz, i. 149, 150, 174, 218.

¹¹ *Travels in Australia*, ii. 355; and Bonwick, *Daily Life of the T-*
10-78-98.

confessedly belong to the lowest known type of mankind, the Andaman Islanders, the Veddahs, and the Fuejians.

In reference to the first it is said that "the parents are fond of the children, and the affection is reciprocal."¹ The Veddahs are not only "kind and constant to their wives," but "fond of their children;"² whilst Mr. Parker Snow saw among the Fuejians "many instances of warm love and affection for their children;"³ so that in the sequel we find daughters at their marriage displaying a real or simulated repugnance to their fate, the fact need not appear to us of such extreme mystery as it otherwise might, nor as one in which natural affection can play no part.

A recent Italian writer on the primitive domestic state says that "la passione viva d'amore che suole attribuirsi ai popoli primitivi . . . è una pura illusione."⁴ Happily for the primitive populations, their lot is far from being really thus unbrightened by love, though with them, as with the rest of the world, it is a frequent cause of wars and quarrels, interfering especially with the savage custom of infant betrothal, and leading to elopements in defeat of parental contracts. It is peculiar to neither sex. A Tahitian girl, love-stricken, but not encouraged, led her friends, by her threats of suicide, to persuade the object of her affections to make her his wife.⁵ The Tongans had a pretty legend of a young chief, who, having fallen in love with a maiden already betrothed to a superior, when she was condemned to be killed with the other relations of a rebel, saved her by hiding her in a cavern he had found, and by finally effecting their joint escape to Fiji.⁶ New Zealand mythology abounds in love-tales. There is the tale of Hinemoa and Tutanekai, which begins with stolen glances and ends in a nocturnal swim on the part of Hinemoa to the island whither she was guided by the music of her lover. There is the tale also of Takaranji and Raumahora—of Takaranji, who, though besieging her father in his fortress, consented to present both of them with water in their distress. "And Takaranji gazed eagerly at the young girl, and she too looked eagerly at Takaranji . . . and as the warriors of the army of Takaranji looked on, lo, he had climbed up and was sitting at the young maiden's side; and they said among themselves, 'O comrades, our lord Takaranji loves war, but one would think he likes Raumahora almost as well.'"⁷

¹ *Transactions of Ethnological Society*, Prof. Owen, ii. 36.

² *Ibid.*, ii. 291.

³ *Ibid.*, i. 264.

⁴ *Nuova Antologia*, January 1876. ⁵ Ellis, i. 268. ⁶ Mariner, i. 271-7.

⁷ These stories are worth reading at length in Grey's *Polynesian Mythology*, 233-46, 296-301. See also 246-73 and 301-13. For a good Zulu love-story see Leslie's *Among the Zulus*, 275-84; and, for a Tasmanian Love-legend, Bonwick, 34.

Nor would it be fair to argue from the fact that in most savage tribes the hard work of life devolves upon the women, to the entire absence of affection in savage households, whether polygamous or otherwise, during their continuance. It is scarcely a hundred years ago that in Caithness "the hard work was chiefly done, and the burdens borne, by the women; and if a cottier lost a horse, it was not unusual for him to marry a wife as the cheapest substitute."¹ The Fuejians, whose condition Captain Weddell felt compelled to describe as that of the lowest of mankind, and whose women did all the work, gathering the shell-fish, managing the canoes, and building the wigwams, are said to have shown "a good deal of affection for their wives," and care for their offspring.² Among the Fijians, who made their women carry all the heavy loads and do all the field-work, and who remonstrated with the Tongans for their more humane treatment of them, not only have widows been known to kill themselves if their relatives refused to do the duty which custom laid upon them—namely, of killing them at their husband's burial—but "even widowers, in the depth of their grief, have frequently terminated their existence when deprived of a dearly beloved wife."³ In India, Abor husbands treated their wives with a consideration that appeared "singular in so rude a race."⁴ In America the lot of a woman was generally one of hardship; yet, says Schoolcraft, "the gentler affections have a much more extensive and powerful exercise among the Indians than is generally believed."⁵ Carib husbands are said to have had much love for their wives, like as it was to a straw fire, except with respect to the first wife they married.⁶ Of the Thlinket Indians, characterised by great cruelty to prisoners and other marks of savagery, it is said that "there are few savage nations in which the women have greater influence or command greater respect."⁷ "It is one of the fine traits," says Schweinfurth of the cannibal hiam-hiam, "that they display an affection for their wives which is unparalleled among natives of so low a grade . . . a husband will spare no sacrifice to redeem an imprisoned wife."⁸ Though against this evidence there is much of a darker character to be set, the above instances will suffice to demonstrate the real existence, the real operation, among some of the rudest representatives of our species, of ordinary feelings of love and affection. As in geology so in ethnology, the action of known existing causes is sufficient to account for much that is obscure in the past and all that is strange in the present.

¹ Smiles, *Self-Help*, 325. ² Weddell, *Voyage to South Pole*, 1825, 156.

³ Seeman, 192. ⁴ Dalton, *Bengal*, 28. ⁵ *Indian Tribes*, v. 131-2.

⁶ Rochefort, *Les Iles Antilles*, 544. ⁷ Bancroft, i. 110.

⁸ *Heart of Africa*, i. 472; ii. 28.

Having so far cleared the ground as to be justified in postulating the existence of ordinary feelings of affection between parents and children, and between men and women, as *veræ causæ*, or real forces, even in the lowest known savage life, let us pass to the inference that at no time are those feelings more likely to be called into play than at a time when the daughter of a family is about to leave her parents, and perhaps her clan, to live henceforth with a man whom she may not even know, or knows only to dislike.¹ In China, where on the wedding-day the bride is locked up in a sedan-chair, and the sedan and chair consigned to the bridegroom, who may not see her before that day, a traveller once witnessed a separation between the bride and her family. "All the family appeared much affected, particularly the women, who sobbed aloud; the father shed tears, and the daughter *was with difficulty torn from the embraces of her parents* and placed in the sedan-chair."² Is it more likely in this case that the reluctance and resistance were real, or that they were merely the symbols, conventionally observed, of a system of wife-capture?

Yet, if in China, much more among uncivilised tribes, would the bride be in prospect for a bride, unless perchance her wishes coincided with her parents' interest, cause her to leave the home of her youth with something more than those "light regrets" which cause tears to commingle with smiles even in England. Greenland girls, says Cranz, do nothing till they are fourteen but sing, dance, and romp about; but a life of slavery is in store for them as soon as they are fit for it; "while they remain with their parents they are well off, but from twenty years of age till death their life is one series of anxieties, wretchedness, and death."³ Marriage is a fate they would not seek, but cannot avoid. Should they, however, not oppose it, they must enter upon it with reluctance, not with alacrity.

Why? As it has been said that "no case can be cited of a primitive people among whom the seizure of brides is rendered necessary by maidenly coyness," it is worth noticing the answer to this question, which is clearly given in Cranz's account of Greenland marriages. When the two old women, commissioned to negotiate with a girl's parents on behalf of a young man, first give a hint of their purpose by praise of him and of his family, "the damsel directly falls into the greatest apparent consternation and runs out of doors, tearing her bunch of hair; for *single women always affect the utmost bashfulness*

¹ The best illustration of this side of savage life, of the sorrow felt by a bride on leaving her home, occurs in the *Finnish Kalewala*, in Schieper's German translation, 126-132, 147-150.

² Dobell, *Travels in Kamtschatka, &c.*, ii. 293.

³ Cranz, 151.

and aversion to any proposal of marriage, lest they should lose their reputation for modesty, though their destined husbands be previously well assured of their acquiescence."¹ Not, indeed, that the reluctance is always feigned, for sometimes the name of her proposed husband causes her to swoon, to elope to a desert place, or to effectually free herself from further addresses by cutting off her hair in token of grief. Should, however, her parents consent to the match, the usual course is for the old women to go in search of her, "and drag her forcibly into the suitor's house, where she sits for several days quite disconsolate, with dishevelled hair, and refuses nourishment. When friendly exhortations are unavailing she is compelled by force, and even blows, to receive her husband."

In Greenland, then, as in China, the form of capture resolves itself either into a most unequivocal reluctance to leave home or to a reluctance so to do feigned from feelings of bashfulness. But perhaps Cranz was mistaken about this bashfulness. Yet Egede agrees substantially with Cranz, telling how the bridegroom, having obtained her parents' and relations' consent, sends some old women to *carry away the bride by force*; "for though she ever so much approves of the match, yet *out of modesty she must make as if it went against the grain, and as if she were much ruffled at it; else she will be blamed and get an ill name.*" When brought to his hut, therefore, she sits in a corner, with dishevelled hair, "covering her face, being bashful and ashamed." For "*a new-married woman is ashamed for having changed her condition for a married state*";² and this feeling occurs again plainly in South-Eastern Russia, where, on the eve of marriage, the bride goes round the village, throwing herself on her knees before the head of each house and *begging his pardon.*³

This last statement of Egede is most important, since it proves the existence of feelings which seem really to contain the key-note of the symbol of capture, however slight the reasons for suspecting their presence in particular cases. It has been justly observed that it is unlikely feminine delicacy should diminish with civilization. But the principle *impuris omnia impura* will meet the difficulty. The Aleutian Islander, says a Russian writer, "knows nothing of what civilized nations call modesty. He has his own ideas of what is modest and proper, while we should consider them foolish."⁴ For, whilst addicted to the worst vices of the Northern nations, he would yet blush to address his wife or ask her for anything in the presence of strangers, and would be bashful if he were caught doing anything

¹ Cranz, i. 146.

² Egede, 143-5.

³ Chambers, *Book of Days*, ii. 721.

⁴ In Dall's *Alaska*, 396, 399.

unusual, as, for instance, buying or selling directly for himself without the agency of an intermediary.

Characteristic as it is of savages to express all the feelings they share with us with an energy intensified a hundredfold, as is shown abundantly in our different manner of grieving for the dead, it is not surprising if we find their feelings of the kind in question display themselves in extraordinary and often ludicrous rules of social intercourse. The same rule that Aleutian husband and wife might not be seen speaking together led Kolbe to think no such thing as affection existed among the Hottentots. But this was simply for the same reason that prohibited the Hottentot wife from ever setting foot in her husband's apartment in the hut, and him from ever entering hers but by stealth.¹ Among the Yorubas a woman betrothed by her parents is so far a wife that premarital unfaithfulness is accounted adultery, "yet conventional modesty forbids her to speak to her husband, or even to see him, if it can be avoided."² A minority of the Afghan tribes are careful to keep up a similar reserve between the time of betrothal and marriage, so that, as among the warlike Eusofyzes, no man can see his wife till the completion of the marriage ceremony.³ Among the Mengols not only may bride and bridegroom not see each other within the same period, but the bride is not allowed to see his parents.⁴ But many tribes continue such reserve even after marriage. A Circassian bridegroom must not see his wife or live with her without the greatest mystery: "this reserve continues during life. A Circassian will sometimes permit a stranger to see his wife, but he must not accompany him."⁵ In parts of Fiji which are still unmodified by Christian teaching it is "quite contrary to ideas of delicacy that a man ever remains under the same roof with his wife or wives at night." If they wish to meet they must appoint a secret rendezvous.⁶ And a similar law of social decorum prevails or prevailed among the Spartans, Lycians, Turcomans, and some tribes of America.⁷

The custom, again, of deserting a husband and returning home for a longer or shorter period, as found among the Votyaks of Russia and the Mezeyne Arabs, may be traced to the same absurd sentiment, for we read that among the Hos, "after remaining with her husband for three days only it is *the correct thing for the wife to run away* from him and tell all her friends that she loves him not, and will see him no more"; it is also *correct* for the husband to

¹ Kolbe, in Medley's translation, i. 161. ² Bowen, *Central Africa*, 303.

³ Elphinstone, *Cambul*, i. 240. ⁴ Latham, *Descriptive Ethnology*, i. 313.

⁵ Pinkerton, *Modern Geography*, ii. 524. ⁶ Seemann, *Mission to Fiji*, 190.

⁷ Sir J. Lubbock, *Origin of Civilisation*, 75-6.

manifest great anxiety for his loss, and diligently to seek his wife, and "when he finds her *he carries her off by main force.*"¹ This second show of resistance, customary also among the Votyaks, seems difficult to explain as a traditional symbol of a system of capture.

It is possible that in similar primitive ideas originated the curious restrictions on the intercourse between a man and his mother-in-law, or between a woman and her father-in-law. On the theory that these are remnants of the real anger shown by parents when capture was real, it is not easy to account for the fact that in Fiji the restriction as to eating or speaking together existed not only between parents and children-in-law, or brothers and sisters-in-law, but between brothers and sisters of the same family, and also between first cousins.² In Suffolk "it is very remarkable that neither father nor mother of bride or bridegroom come with them to church" at the weddings of agricultural labourers.³

There is, therefore, no *à priori* inconceivability against the theory that kicking and screaming at weddings, where they do not arise from genuine reluctance, are really a tribute to conventional propriety; that, at the marriages of the uncivilized, just as at their burials, shrieks and violence take the place of tears, and a vigorous struggle argues a modest deportment. The evidence of quite independent eye-witnesses confirms this interpretation. The Thlinket Indian, on his wedding-day, goes to the bride's house and sits with his back to her door. All her relations then "raise a song, to allure the coy bride out of the corner where she has been sitting;" after which she goes to sit by her husband's side; but "*all this time she must keep her head bowed down,*" nor is she allowed to take part in the festivities of the day.⁴

Atkinson, who was witness of the first visit of a Kirghiz bridegroom to his wife, declares that the latter could only be persuaded by the pressure of her female relations to see him at all; "after a display of much coyness, she consented, and was led by her friends to his dwelling."⁵

In Kamshatka the original etiquette was for women to cover their faces with some kind of veil when they went out, and if they met any man on the road whom they could not avoid to stand with their backs to him until he had passed. They would also, if a stranger entered their huts, turn their face to the wall or else hide behind a curtain of nettles.⁶ Kamshatka, however, being the last

¹ Dalton, *Descriptive Ethnology of Bengal*, 193.

² Williams, *Fiji*, 136.

³ Chambers, *Book of Days*, ii. 723.

⁴ Dall, *Alaska*, 415.

⁵ *Trans. Eth. Soc.*, i. 98.

⁶ *Kroscheninonikov, Kamshatka*, 215.

place where one would have looked for such prudery, it is possible that the feelings of the Greenlanders were also operative in their marriage customs. These were rather extraordinary, the form of capture being anything but a mere symbol for an aspirant to matrimony. Such an one, having looked for a bride in some neighbouring village (seldom in his own), would offer his services to the parent for a fixed term, and after some time ask for leave to seize the daughter for his bride. This obtained, he would seek to find her alone or ill-attended, the marriage being complete on his tearing from her some of the coats, fish-nets, and straps with which from the day of proposal she was constantly enveloped. This was never an easy matter, for she was never left alone a single instant, her mother and a number of old women accompanying her everywhere, sleeping with her, and never losing her out of sight upon any pretext whatever. Any attempt to execute his task entailed upon the suitor such kicking, hair-pulling, and face-scratching, at the hands of this female body-guard, that sometimes a year or more would elapse before he was entitled to call himself a husband; nay, there is record of one pertinacious bachelor that he found himself at the end of seven years, in consequence of such maltreatment, not a husband, but a cripple. If such an one were disheartened by repeated failures he incurred great disgrace and lost all claim to the alliance; and if the bride continued obdurate from real dislike he was ultimately expelled from the village.¹ But, however well-disposed towards him she might be, she had always to simulate refusal as a point of honour, ("musste allezeit eine Weigerung um Ehre . . . willen simulirt seyn"), and proof was always required "that she was taken by surprise and made fruitless efforts to defend herself."²

The Bushmen, again, generally betroth their daughters as children without consulting them; but should a girl grow up unbetrothed her consent to be married is as necessary as that of her parents to her lover's suit, "and on this occasion his attentions are received with an affectation of great alarm and disinclination on her part."³

If then, Greenlanders, Kamschadals, Thlinkeet Indians, and even Bushmen, carry their notions of propriety to the extent asserted by eyewitnesses, we shall scarcely feel surprise to find very similar

¹ "Beschwerte sich aber die Braut, dass sie den Brautigam durchaus nicht haben noch sich von ihm erobern lassen wollte, so musste er aus dem Ostrog fort."
--Steller, *Kamtschatka*, 345.

² Lesseps, *Travels in Kamtschatka* (translated), ii. 93. The account here given of the Kamschadal marriage customs is from Krashenninonikov (translated by Grieve), *Travels in Kamtschatka*, 212-14 (1764); Steller, 343-9 (1774); Lesseps, ii. 93 (1790).

³ Burchell, ii. 56.

rules of etiquette among the more advanced Zulus of Africa or Bedouins of Arabia in their wedding ceremonial; especially when we are told that in some parts Bedouin women sit down and turn their backs to any man they cannot avoid on the road, and refuse to take anything from the hands of a stranger.¹ "The principal idea of a Kaffir wedding seems to be to show the great unwillingness of the girl to be transformed into a wife," for which reason a Zulu wife simulates several attempts to escape.² Both the Arabs of Sinai and the Aenezes enact the form of capture to the greatest perfection; among the latter "the bashful girl" runs from the tent of one friend to another till she is caught at last, whilst among the former she acquires permanent repute in proportion to her struggles of resistance. And if a Sinai Arab marries a bride belonging to a distant tribe, she is placed on a camel and led to her husband's camp, escorted by women: during which procession "*decency obliges her to cry and sob most bitterly.*"³ Also, among the modern Egyptians, "if the bridegroom is young, one of his friends has to *carry him* part of the way to the hareem, to *show his bashfulness.*"⁴ So that where the carrying of the bride or bridegroom is not merely due to the same feelings that caused our ancestors to add solemnity to their weddings by such singular sights as blue postilions, it appears in many cases to be nothing more than a prudish way of saying, that matrimony is and ought to be an estate forced upon reluctant victims, not entered upon by voluntary agents. The early Christian Church said the same; but where the saint and the savage meet in sentiment they differ in expression.

Were it not for some of the concomitant and incidental signs, the bowed or veiled head, the dishevelled hair, it might be said that the positive statements of Cranz, Egede, Burchell, and other writers arose from malobservation or from pure mistake. This objection, therefore, is of little avail; and however difficult it may be to account for the presence of such sentiments among tribes of so rude a type as the Esquimaux, the Kamschadals, and the Bushmen, the fact remains, that in the cases above cited the "form of capture" is explicable as having its origin in primitive conceptions of what is due to delicacy; as being, in fact, the original expression of them in the language of pantomime so common to savages.⁵

The presence of such feelings of delicacy may, indeed, be often suspected, where they are not directly mentioned, in the ceremony of capture; as, for instance, in the African kingdom of Futa, where the

¹ Burckhardt, *Notes on the Bedouins*, 200.

² Leslie, 196, 117.

³ Burckhardt, *Notes*, 151.

⁴ Lane, *Modern Egyptians*, i. 217.

⁵ *Caya, Marriage Ceremonies* (30, 48, 81), for similar old customs, interpreted in the same way, formerly in vogue in France, Germany, and Turkey.

form of capture prevails in the usual way, and where we have the indirect evidence that for months after marriage the bride never stirs abroad without a veil, and that Futa wives are "so bashful that they never permit their husbands to see them unveiled for three years after their marriage."¹

There is, however, no reason to press this explanation too far, nor to account it the only efficient cause. Quite as potent, and perhaps a more natural one, is dislike and disinclination on the part of the bride, which compels the bridegroom to resort to force. The conditions of savage life are a sufficient explanation of this, irrespective of any old custom of capturing wives out of a tribe by reason of a prejudice against marrying within it. A man proposes personally or mediately to the parents or relations of the woman he fancies for a wife; if they consent to accept him as a son-in-law and they agree as to a price, there is a reserved stipulation on the part of the vendor: *If you can get her.* In Tartary, in the thirteenth century, after such a bargain, the daughter would flee to one of her kinsfolk to hide; the father would say to the husband, "My daughter is yours; take her wheresoever you can find her." The suitor, seeking with his friends till he found, would then take her by force and carry her home.² Here the girl's reluctance is not so much feigned as overridden, and is only so far formal in that it is entirely disregarded. Often it is no mere ceremony on her part, but a natural and genuine protest—a protest against being treated as a chattel, not as an individual—but a protest which, opposed as it is to parental persuasion and marital force, tends, as far as the bridegroom is concerned, to pass into the region of the merest ceremony.

A few instances will suffice to illustrate the co-operation of dislike and force in savage matrimony. In some Californian tribes the consent of the girl is necessary, although "if she violently opposes the match she is seldom compelled to marry or to be sold." Among the Neshenam tribe of the same people "the girl has no voice whatever in the matter, and resistance on her part merely occasions brute force to be used by her purchaser."³ So in the Utah country, where "families and tribes living at peace would steal each others' wives and children and sell them as slaves," a wife is usually bought of her parents, refusal on their part being serious; for then "the warrior collects his friends, carries off the recusant fair," and thus espouses

¹ Astley, *Collection of Voyages*, ii. 240, 273. It is a common rule of etiquette that when a proposal of marriage is made, the purport of the visit shall only be approached indirectly and cursorily. It is curious to find such a rule among the Red Indians (*Algie Researches*, ii. 24, i. 130), the Caffers (Maclean, 47), the Esquimaux (Cranz, i. 146), even the Hottentots (Kolbe, i. 149).

² Pinkerton, vii. 34.

³ Bancroft, *Native Races*, &c., i. 389.

her.¹ So among the Navajoes "the consent of the father is absolute, and the one so purchased assents *or is taken away by force.*"² It is the same with the Horse Indians of Patagonia. There, as elsewhere, it is common for a cacique to have several wives, and poor men only one, marriages being "made by sale more frequently than by mutual agreement." The price is often high, and girls are betrothed without their knowledge in infancy and married without their consent at maturity. "If a girl dislikes a match made for her she resists; and although *dragged forcibly to the tent of her lawful owner*, plagues him so much by her contumacy that he at last turns her away, and sells her to the person on whom she has fixed her affections."³ In Africa, Yorubas, Mandingoes, and Koossa Kafirs follow the custom of infant betrothal (and it is worth notice as being quite in accordance with the theory that kinship was originally traced through mothers, that Yoruba, Mandingo, and Loango Africans, and some Esquimaux tribes, regard the mother's consent as alone necessary to an engagement).⁴ But a Yoruba girl, when the time comes for her to fulfil her mother's engagement, preferring sometimes some other than the intended husband, absolutely refuses to co-operate. "Then she is either teased and worried into submission or the husband agrees to receive back her dowry and release her."⁵ A Mandingo girl must either marry a suitor chosen for her or remain ever afterwards unmarried. Should she refuse, the lover is authorised by the parents "by the laws of the country to seize on the girl as his slave."⁶ If a Koosa girl, bound by the contract of her parents, "makes any attempt at resisting the union, corporal punishment is even resorted to, in order to compel her submission."⁷

It appears, therefore, that resistance on the part of the bride in many cases procures her an ultimate release, so that her wishes in the matter are always an element to be considered. In all contracts of marriage, to which she is seldom a party, there is accordingly, in the nature of things, an implied covenant that a daughter shall be so far allowed a voice in the matter that if she can make good her resistance she shall not become the property of the intending purchaser. The frequency with which it must have occurred that a girl would defeat a match she disliked by flight, elopement, or resistance would tend to create a sort of common law right, for all daughters

¹ Bancroft, *Native Races*, &c., i. 436.

² *Ibid.*, i. 512.

³ Fitzroy, *Voyage of "Beagle"*, ii. 152.

⁴ Compare Bowen's *Central Africa*, 303-4; Gray's *Travels in South Africa*, 56; Pinkerton, xvi. 568-9; and Bancroft, i. 66.

⁵ Bowen, 104.

⁶ Pinkerton, xvi. 873.

⁷ Lichtenstein, i. 263.

sold in marriage to a certain "run" for their independence;¹ and the amusement naturally connected with the exercise of such a right would help to preserve the custom in a modified form; so that, however slight in some cases might be the modesty of the bride or her dislike of her suitor, her friends, if only for the sport of the thing, would gladly enact the fiction of an outrage to be resented, of a woman to be defended. In all the interesting cases of the form of capture cited by Sir John Lubbock it appears that in eight (that is, among the Mantras, the Kalmucks, the Fuejians, the Fijians, the New Zealanders, the Papuans of New Guinea, the Philippine Islanders, and the African Caffres and Futas), the ceremony affords the bride a chance of an effectual escape from a match she dislikes. Should she fly, should she hide successfully, or should her friends defend her successfully, the contract between her parents and suitor becomes null and void, and, as among the Zulus and Bassutos, the price for her is raised. And it is remarkable with what precision the rules of the chase have been elaborated in many instances; as by the Oleepas of Central California, among whom, if a bride is found twice out of three times, she is legally the seeker's; and the bridegroom, if he fails the first time, is allowed a second and final attempt a few weeks later. "The simple result is, that if the girl likes him she hides where she is easily found; but if she disapproves of the match a dozen Indians cannot find her."²

Other feelings would also be present to sustain the pretence of wife-capture. For the savage parent, in parting with his daughter for a favourable settlement, does not act from gratuitous cruelty; he provides for her future as best he can, sometimes in accordance with her wishes, sometimes against them. As a rule marriage for her is a change for the worse; but if she does not dislike the bridegroom to the extent of availing herself of her prescriptive and real chance of escape, her natural feelings for her parents and relations would make it incumbent on her at least to affect a dutiful regret at leaving them (in cases where she does), by a half-bashful, half-serious resistance. It would be difficult to find a case of capture, whether in form or in fact, which is not readily explicable as simply the outcome of the natural affections and their protest against so artificial an arrangement

¹ Thus Bonwick mentions a custom whereby a woman "was allowed some time in her life-settlement. The applicant for her hand was permitted on a certain day to run for her"; if she passed three appointed trees without being caught she was free.—*Daily Life, &c.*, 70.

² Delano, *Life on the Plains*, 346. In *Notes and Queries*, 1861, vol. xii. 414, it is said that in Wales a girl would often escape a disliked suitor by the custom of the pursuit on horseback—by taking a line of country of her own.

as marriage by purchase. The mock fights between the party of the bride and that of the bridegroom among so many Indian tribes;¹ the dances, lasting several days, during which it is the business of the squaws to keep the bridegroom at a distance from his bride, among the Tucanas of South America;² the similar duty which devolves on the matrons of the tribe at Sumatran weddings;³ the mock skirmishes at Arab weddings, and the efforts of the negresses to keep the bridegroom away from the camel of the bride;⁴ these are surely more intelligible, as arising simply from the rude ideas and customs of savage life, than as being survivals, artificially preserved, of a time when the bride was really fought for or stolen; and if such explanation is sufficient, should it not logically be admitted before resorting to the hypothesis of a practice whose very existence is rather an inference from such ceremonies than a cause observable in actual operation?

To pass to a third and quite distinct class of marriages by capture, in which the essential element is not maidenly bashfulness nor real repugance, but the voluntary elopement of a girl with her lover, in defeat of a prior contract of betrothal. The large part which questions of profit and property play in savage betrothals can never be lost sight of, in estimating the causes of real wife abduction, either within or without the tribe. The primary conception of a daughter is a saleable possession, a source of profit, to her clan in its marketings with other clans or to her parents in their bargains in her own clan. This fact alone militates against the supposition of the wide prevalence of female infanticide in primitive communities, the prejudice being rather in favour of killing the boys than the girls; not solely for the use of the latter as slaves and labourers, but for the price which even among Fuejians or Bushmen is payable in some form or another for their companionship as wives. Abiponian mothers spared their girls oftener than their boys, because their sons when grown up would want wherewithal to purchase a wife and so tend to impoverish them; whilst their daughters would bring them in money by their sale in that capacity.⁵ To raise the price by limiting the supply was the reason the Guanas of America preferred to bury their girls alive rather than their boys.⁶

From this view of daughters as saleable commodities comes

¹ Dalton, *Descriptive Ethnology of Bengal*, 16, 194, 234, 252, 319.

² Bates, *Naturalist on the River Amazon*, 382.

³ Marsden, *Sumatra*, 269.

⁴ Denham, *Discoveries in Africa*, i. 32-5.

⁵ Dobritzhoffer, ii. 97.

⁶ Wuttke's *Heidenthum*, i. 185. "Die Guanas in Amerika begraben ihre Kinder lebendig, besonders die Mädchen, um diese seltner und geachteter zu machen."

polygamy for the rich, polyandry, or illicit elopement, for the poor. Among the Hos of India so high at one time was the price in cattle placed by parents on their daughters that the large number of adult unmarried girls became a "very peculiar feature in the social state of every considerable village of the Kohlán." What, then, was the result? That "young men counteracted the machinations of avaricious parents against the course of true love by *forcibly carrying off the girl*," thus avoiding extortion by running away with her. The parents in such cases had to submit to terms proposed by arbitrators; but at last wife-abduction became so common that it could only be checked by the limitation by general consent of the number of cattle payable at marriage.¹

"A very singular scene may sometimes be noticed in the markets of Singbboom. A young man suddenly makes a pounce on a girl and carries her off bodily, his friends covering the retreat (like a group from the picture of the rape of the Sabines). This is generally a *summary method of surmounting the obstacles that cruel parents may have placed in the lovers' path*; but though it is sometimes done in anticipation of the favourable inclination of the girl herself, and in spite of her struggles and tears, no disinterested person interferes, and the girls, late companions of the abducted maiden, often applaud the exploit."²

In Afghanistan the custom of wife-purchase has given rise to the curious custom of assessing part of the fines in criminal cases in a certain number of young women payable in atonement as wives to the plaintiff or to his relations from the family of the defendant. Thus murder is or was expiated by the payment of twelve young women; the cutting off of a hand, an ear, or a nose by that of six; the breaking of a tooth by that of three; a wound above the forehead by that of one. This was the logical result of the state of things which produces wife-purchase; but there was another. For in the country parts, where matches generally began in attachment, an enterprising lover might avoid the obstacle of parental consent by a form of capture, which had a legal sanction, though it did not exempt the captor from subsequent payment. This was done "by seizing an opportunity of cutting off a lock of her (the woman's) hair, snatching away her veil, or throwing a sheet over her, and proclaiming her his affianced wife." But the most common expedient was an ordinary elopement; though this was held an outrage to a family equivalent to the murder of one of its members; and being pursued with the same rancour, was often the

¹ Dalton, 192.

² Colonel Dalton, in *Trans. Eth. Soc.*, vi. 27.

cause of long and bloody wars between the clans; for as the fugitive couple were never refused an asylum, "the seduction of a woman of one Oolooss by a man of another, or a man's eloping with a girl of his own Oolooss," was the commonest cause of feuds between the clans.¹

Love attachments, in defeat of parental plans, lead to very similar results in Bokhara. For "the daughter of a Turcoman has a high price; and the swain, in despair of making a legitimate purchase, seizes his sweetheart, seats her behind him on the same horse, and gallops off to the nearest camp, where the parties are united, and separation is impossible. The parents and relations pursue the lovers, and the matter is adjusted by an intermarriage with some female relation of the bridegroom, while he himself becomes bound to pay so many camels and horses as the price of his bride."²

There is, therefore, evidence to justify the theory that the form of capture may often be explained as an attempt to regulate by law the danger to a tribe arising from too frequent elopements, naturally resulting from the abuse of the parental right of selling daughters. In Sumatra the defeat of matrimonial plans by an elopement with a preferred suitor was so common as to be sanctioned and regulated by law, being known as the system of marriage by *telari gadis*; the father in such a case having to pay the fine to which he would have been liable for bestowing his daughter after engagement to another suitor, and only being allowed to recover her, if he caught her in immediate pursuit. "When the parties," says Mr. McLennan, "cannot agree about the price, nothing is more common among the Kalmucks, Kirghiz, Nogais, and Circassians than to carry the lady off by actual force of arms. The wooer having once got the lady into his *yurt*, she is his wife by the law, and peace is established by her relations coming to terms as to the price." In the same way marriage settlements have not seldom been preceded and hastened by elopements in England.

Considering, then, that the affections and wishes do not count for nothing even among savages; considering that among savages, more even than in civilised life, marriage is a question of property and of means, so that whilst the richest members of a tribe almost universally have several wives, it is often all that the poorer can do to get a wife at all, we have a set of circumstances leading naturally sometimes to voluntary elopement on the part of the girl, in defeat of her parents, sometimes to literal wife-capture by a man otherwise unable to become a husband. This condition of things leads of necessity to

¹ *Elphinstone, Cabul*, i. 239, ii. 23. ² *Burnes, Travels to Bokhara*, iii. 45.

polyandry and wife-robbery. In some Australian tribes, owing to a disproportion between the sexes, many men have to steal a wife from a neighbouring horde. But it is not their normal recognized mode of marriage. On the contrary, their laws on this subject are somewhat elaborate; and as it appears that before that state of society in which a daughter belongs to her father there is one in which she belongs to her mother, and perhaps a still prior state in which she belongs to the tribe; so from their birth Australian girls are appropriated to certain males of the tribe, nor can the parents annul the obligation. If the male dies the mother may then bestow her daughter on whom she will, for by the death of her legal owner the girl becomes to some extent the property of her relations, who have certain claims on her services for the procurement of food. But to the surrender of a girl by her mother the full consent of the whole tribe is necessary; and if, as sometimes happens, "the young people, listening rather to the dictates of inclination than those of law, improvise a marriage by absconding together," they incur the fatal enmity of the whole tribe.¹ According to Bonwick, a Tasmanian or Australian woman was never stolen contrary to her expectations or wishes. Only if all other schemes to have her own way failed would a girl thus have "the spear of the disappointed, the spear of the guardian, and the spears of the tribe," whose laws were outraged.²

The conception of the daughters of a clan as its property, as a source of contingent wealth to it, of additional income in sheep, dogs, or whatever the medium of exchange, tends to keep up in many cases that prohibition to marry in the same clan or subdivision of a tribe which is known as exogamy. Among the Hindu Kafirs it is said to be uncertain why a man may not sell his girls to his own tribe, and why a man must always buy his wife from another; but it is certain that for this reason the more girls a man has born to him the better he is pleased.³ A Khond father would distribute among the heads of the families belonging to his branch of a tribe that which had been paid on behalf of a son-in-law by subscription from the son-in-law's branch. But, supposing a great inequality of wealth to arise between different clans, originally united by profitable intermarriages, it might become more profitable to sell within the clan than outside it, so that the same motives of interest which, under some circumstances, would tend to encourage exogamy would under others lead to the opposite principle, a rich bridegroom of the same

¹ *Trans. Eth. Soc.*, iii. 248-51, in Oldfield's *Aborigines of Australia*, 1864.

² Bonwick, 65-68.

³ Latham, *Desc. Ethn.*, ii. 159.

clan being preferable to a poor one of another, whether the gain accrued to a girl's parents or her clan. It is, perhaps, for this reason that a Hindu Kooch incurs a fine if he marries a woman of another clan, becoming a bondsman till his wife redeems him; that is, till she pays back to his clan or its chief what the bridegroom, by purchasing her, has alienated from the use of the tribe.¹

Exogamy and endogamy would thus co-exist, as customs of tribes that have attained to a more or less complete recognition of the rights of property, and are so far advanced as to be capable of preserving complex rules of social organization. Marriages, therefore, under either régime are matters generally of friendly settlement, of ordinary contract; and where such arrangements are defeated by the perversity of the principal parties—namely, the bride or the bridegroom—what more natural than the device of giving legal sanction to an elopement by settling a subsequent compensation with the parent?

The problem of the origin of exogamy is, however, more obscure.

That female infanticide should have led to it is improbable, not only from the comparative rarity of the practice among the *rudest* tribes, but from the negative instance of the Todas, a wild Indian hill-tribe, who, notwithstanding the scarcity of their women, and a scarcity actually attributed to former female infanticide, "never contract marriage with the other tribes, though living together on most friendly terms."² Judging *à priori*, we should expect to find as of earlier date a prejudice in favour of tribal exclusiveness, of strict endogamy. The idea of the Abors that marriage out of the clan is a sin only to be washed out by sacrifice—a sin so great as to cause war among the elements, and even obscuration of the sun and moon—has a more archaic appearance than the contrary principle; and the confinement of marriages to a few families of known purity of descent is characteristic of some of the lowest Hindu castes.³ The prejudice against foreign women is so strong that there is often a tendency to regard female prisoners of war as merely slaves, as not of the same rank with the real wives of the captors. Thus, "though the different tribes of the Aht nation are frequently at war with one another, women are not captured from other tribes for marriage, but only to be kept as slaves. The idea of slavery connected with capture is so common that a free-born Aht would hesitate to marry a woman taken in war, whatever her rank had been in her own tribe."⁴ The Caribs, too, if they kept female prisoners as wives

¹ Latham, *Desc. Ethn.*, i. 96.

² *Journal of Anthropology* (July 1870), 33; *Trans. Eth. Soc.*, vii. 236, 242.

³ Buchanan, *Travels*, i. 251, 273, 321, 358, 394; iii. 109. ⁴ *Synops.* 88.

always regarded them as slaves, as standing on a lower level than their legitimate wives.¹

² Exogamy is therefore perhaps most easily explicable as simply the extension of the prejudice in favour of confining marriages to the descendants of the same stock ; in other words, as a developed form of endogamy, springing naturally out of the growth of a family and the occupation of wider territory, and confirmed by the necessity of maintaining tribal unity against hostile neighbouring people. It would thus result from motives of common expediency working on an original instinct for the maintenance of kinship. Exogamy, as regards the subdivisions of a tribe, is endogamy as regards the tribe itself, tending in fact, whether adopted for that purpose or not, to preserve tribal unity and to check an indefinite divergency of interests and dialects. Thus, where a Hindu caste or tribe is composed of several Gotrams, no person of whom may marry an individual of the same Gotram, it is evident that the unity of the tribe is thereby sustained by the exogamy of its constituent subdivisions.

This fact is clearly marked in Mr. Bancroft's account of the Thlinket and of the Kutchin Indians.³ The Thlinkets are nationally divided into two great clans, under the totems of the Wolf and the Raven, and these two are again subdivided into numerous sub-totems. "In this clanship some singular social facts present themselves. People are at once thrust widely apart and yet drawn together. Tribes of the same clan may not war on each other, but at the same time members of the same clan may not marry each other. Thus the young Wolf warrior must seek his mate among the Ravens. . . . Obviously this singular social fancy tends greatly to keep the various tribes of the nation at peace." The Kutchins, again, are divided into three castes, resident in different territories, no two persons of the same caste being allowed to marry. "This system operates strongly against war between the tribes, as in war it is caste against caste, not tribe against tribe. As the father is never of the same caste as his son, who receives clanship from the mother, there can never be international war without ranging fathers and sons against each other." Among the Khonds, who punished intermarriage between persons of the same tribe with death, the intervention of the women was always essential to peace, as they were neutral between the tribe of their fathers and those of their husbands.³

But, whether this beneficial result was the motive or only an

¹ Rochefort, *Les Iles Antilles*, 545. ² Bancroft, *Native Races*, i. 109, 132.

³ Macpherson, 65.

accident of exogamy, it seems certain that wherever it exists it may be analysed into a prohibition to marry within the divisions of a larger group, that larger group being consciously recognised as uniting the divergent families by resemblance of dialect, common political ties, or a traditional common descent. The Kalmucks, for instance, call themselves "the peculiar people," or "the four allies," and any danger of their national dissolution is obviously diminished by the very fact of the exogamy of their four clans. The Circassians, whose constituent brotherhoods are exogamous, by the occasional assemblies of the brotherhoods for the settlement of disputes, show a consciousness of their political unity, which by the exogamy of the brotherhoods they help to maintain. The Hindu castes maintain their mutual exclusiveness by the very fact of compelling all their constituent families to intermingle in marriage, and so preventing any one of them dissolving the common relationship by absolute separation or independent growth. So that exogamy rather sustains than prevents a system of marriages within the same stock, and is a mark of a higher conception of social organisation, the product of a comparatively advanced state of thought, when people have learned to classify themselves with respect to their neighbours, when tribal and personal property is well established, and when, consequently, marriages between the groups can be effected by purchase better than by violence.

South Australia supplies a typical illustration of the confusion relating to intertribal marriages which arises from the vague use of the word *tribe*. For wherever there is reason to suspect that the word clan should stand for the word tribe, it is probable that the exogamy predicated of the tribe only prevails between its constituent elements; in other words, that it is only extended endogamy. Thus, Collins, describing wife-capture in New South Wales, says that "it is believed" the women so taken are always selected from women of a different tribe from that of the males, and from one with whom they are at enmity; that as wives "they are incorporated into the tribes to which their husbands belong, and but seldom quit them for others." But he uses tribe as convertible with family, as when he speaks of the natives near Port Jackson being distributed into families, each under the government of its own head, and deriving its name from its place of residence.¹ But the statements of Captain Hunter, a previous writer, that the natives are associated "in tribes of many families together," living apparently without a fixed residence; that "the tribe takes its name from the place of their general residence;"

¹ Collins (1796), *New South Wales*, 362, 351-3.

and that the different families wander in different directions for food, but unite on occasion of disputes with another tribe, make it still more probable that when Collins spoke of different tribes he meant merely different families, or groups, which with all their separate wanderings united sometimes in cases of common danger. And when Captain Hunter himself says that "there is some reason to suppose that most of their wives are taken by force from the tribes with whom they live at variance, as the females bear no proportion to the males," we may take it that by tribes he means families, and families who recognise their community of blood when a really different tribe provokes their hostility by assembling as a tribe themselves.¹ Mr. Stanbridge, who spent eighteen years in the wilds of Victoria, corroborates this view; for, according to him, each tribe has its own boundaries, the land of which is parcelled out amongst families and carefully transmitted by direct descent; these boundaries being so sacredly maintained that the member of no one family will venture on the lands of a neighbouring one without invitation. The several families (or tribes) unite for mutual purposes under a chief. The women often marry into distant tribes; they are generally betrothed in their infancy, but if they grow up unbetrothed the father's consent must be solicited; failing him, the brother's; then the uncle's; and last of all that of a council or a chief of a tribe.² That force was ever the normal method by which marriages were effected in Australia is disproved by the case quoted by Captain Hunter himself of the native captive girl, who, after living among the colonists for some time, expressed a desire to go away and be married to a young native of her acquaintance; albeit that she left him after three days, returning sadly beaten and jealous of the other wife.³

Quite distinct, again, either from the real or pretended reluctance of a savage girl to become a bride, or from the custom of forcing an avaricious parent to a settlement by the shorter process of taking first and paying afterwards, is the custom of stealing women from the same or a neighbouring clan.

That polygamy and wife-purchase and artificial tribal regulations often lead to such a result cannot be denied; but that it is anywhere a system, sustained by prejudices, whencesoever derived, is completely unwarranted by evidence. The Coinmen of Patagonia, who made annual inroads on the Tekeenica tribe, killing the men and carrying off not only women but children, dogs, arrows, spears, and canoes,

¹ Hunter (1790), *Voyage to New South Wales*, 62, 494.

² *Trans. Eth. Soc.*, i. 287-8, and compare Sir G. Grey, *Travels, &c.*, ii. 224.

³ Hunter, 466, 479.

seem to have been actuated rather by the ordinary motives of freebooters (by such motives, for instance, as induced our early convict settlers in Tasmania to set off with their bullock-chains to make captives of the native women¹) than by any scruples of marrying relations at home. Carib wives taken in war were accounted slaves; and so far were the Caribs from being dependent on aggression for their wives, that before their customs were modified by acquaintance with the Christians their only legitimate wives were their cousins.² If a man had no cousin to marry, or put off doing so till it was too late, he might then marry some non-relative, if her parents allowed. At the festival that followed a successful war the parents vied with one another in offering their daughters as wives to those who were praised by their captains as having fought with bravery. The Caribs of the continent differed from those of the islands in that men and women spoke the same language, not having corrupted their native tongue, by marriage with foreign women.³ And, according to Humboldt, the language of the Caribs of the continent was the same, from the source of the Rio Branco to the steppes of Cumana; and the pride of race which led them to withdraw from every other people, and was the cause of the failure of all missionary efforts that tried to combine them with villages containing people of another nation and speaking another idiom, would surely have militated against making exogamy a preliminary condition of matrimony.⁴ Humboldt, indeed, says that polygamy was more extensively practised by the Caribs and other nations that "preserved the custom of carrying off young girls from the neighbouring tribe;" but it would be contrary to all previous accounts of the people to suppose these were their only wives, such a supplement to domestic felicity being everywhere the common reward, though seldom the chief object, of successful war. The curious difference in the language of the men and of the women found to exist among the Caribs of the West Indian Archipelago, and attributed by tradition to the conquest of a former people on the islands, whose

¹ Bonwick, *Daily Life of the Tasmanians*, 60.

² *Les Iles Antilles*, 545. "Ils ne prenaient pour femmes légitimes que leurs cousines, qui leur étoient acquises de droit naturel." Compare Burckhardt's *Notes on the Bedouins*, 64: "A man has an exclusive right to the hand of his cousin;" not that he was obliged to marry her, but without his consent she could marry no one else."

³ *Ibid.*, 460. "Il est à remarquer que les Caraïbes du continent, hommes et femmes, parlent un même langage, n'ayant point corrompu leur langue naturelle par des mariages avec des femmes étrangères." (1681.)

⁴ Humboldt, personal narrative, vi. 40-43.

acquirers appropriated, has been rather exaggerated, for 38 words and phrases employed by both sexes, in only a difference marked between the language of the men and women. The origin of the difference may be doubted, as also words and phrases used by the old men of the people younger ones might not use; and there was a war-dialect of which women, girls, or boys had any knowledge.¹ But preference arose from a custom similar to that of the Zulus, in which it is unlawful for a woman to use any word containing her father-in-law's name or of the names of her husband's ancestors. "Whenever the emphatic syllable of either of these words occurs in any other word, she must avoid it, by either using an entirely new word, or at least another syllable in its place *this custom has given rise to an almost distinct language for women.*"² In consequence of this *Hlonipa* custom, another witness, "the language at this present time almost a phenomenon of a double one."³ That the Caribs had the same reserve between parents and children-in-law,⁴ is not improbable that the reserve extended itself to their speech and thus produced the same phenomenon that we find in

the same way other cases of wife-capture appear simply in the same degree of lawlessness, which may have been more common among primitive tribes than it is in their nearest modern descendants; but which, if it ever was widely prevalent, is most probably now have been perpetuated in symbol, by a form of capture. The same form is easily explicable on other grounds, such as have been mentioned, and indeed, we have a reason the less for supposing in the past that circumstances which would exclude from the relations between the sexes the happy influence of that mutual affection which is now known to have been entirely absent even among the rudest of our species, the aborigines of Australia or the Ceylon, and which is certainly disseminated more or less throughout the human race, through a large part of the animal

is probably impossible to resuscitate in imagination a picture of the same times. It is with the lower societies of the world as with the lower animal organisms: the more they are studied the more we learn from the Carib language in *Les Iles Antilles*, 449, and collection of words whose use is exclusively by either sex are marked with an H and F (names).

² Maclean, 95. ³ Leslic, 177.

⁴ Du Tertre, *Hist. Gén. des Antilles*, 378.

wonderful is the complexity of structure they unfold. Tribal and subtribal divisions of communities, tribal and subtribal divisions of territory, strong distinctions of rank, stringent rules of etiquette, are found on all sides to characterise populations in other circumstances of life scarcely less rude than the brute creation around them. The first beginnings of social evolution are lost, nor can they be observed in any known races that appear to have advanced the least distance from the starting-point of progress. But, as there is no reason to suppose that the external conditions of primitive man were ever very different from those of existing tribes; that those, for instance, of the shell-mound builders or the cave-dwellers differed widely from those of existing Ahts or Bushmen, so there is nothing unreasonable in believing that the earliest human denizens of the globe were endowed with the same rudiments of feelings that prevail among them, and that these should have quickly given rise to similar social institutions. That Greeks and Egyptians, Chinese and Hindus had legends ascribing marriage to the invention of a particular legislator, thereby implying there was a time when marriage was not, no more proves that there was ever a time when some sort of marriage was unrecognized than the many legends of the origin of fire prove that mankind were ever destitute of the blessing of its warmth. A minimum of reflection on the subject would produce the legend, just as reflections on the world's origin have produced countless legends of its creation, of a time when it too was non-existent. It will be found, wherever any known savage tribe really practises no wedding customs, that the fact of the marriage is distinctly recognised, either by payment in kind or labour by the bridegroom or by some symbolical act notifying the union to all fellow tribesmen. The Veddahs, for instance, according to Tennant, used no marriage rites; but on the day of marriage the husband received from his bride a cord twisted by herself, which he had to wear round his waist till his death, as a symbol of the lastingness of the union between them. The Kherias of India, who have no word for marriage in their language, give public recognition to the fact by certain rites and festivities, analogous to those in vogue in neighbouring tribes. The Coroadas of Brazil have no marriage solemnity, but the suitor presents the bride's parents with fruit or game, as a tacit engagement to support her by the chase. Such a tacit expression of willingness and ability to take good care of his wife is a common symbolical act among savages, even the rudest; whilst the fact that for the married pair henceforth there will be a union of life and fortune is indicated by many a

custom, of no doubtful meaning, as by the eating of a cake or by the Dyak custom of making the married couple sit on two bars of iron, "to intimate the wish of the by-that blessings as lasting and health as vigorous as that they attend the pair."

Symbolical acts like these—and they might be multiplied indefinitely—presuppose an advanced state of thought and feeling; and they are common wherever the pretence of capture is that pretence may well be symbolical too; but symbolical, an earlier system of marriage, but of a conventional regard for manners. Wherever the pretence of capture exists, it exists amidst a life so far removed from what might naturally be considered the most archaic, that it is quite legitimate to attribute the reluctance of the bride and the resistance of her relations to such feelings as have been proved to prevail upon occasions, and so to consider the bride's behaviour as somewhat unconnected with the lawless practice of wife-abduction, which undoubtedly prevails to a certain extent in the world (chiefly in consequence of artificial social arrangements which may have prevailed to a still greater extent when men dwelt in the caves of Périgord or upon former continents, but which nevertheless should ever have survived by transmission as a custom worthy of religious preservation.

J. A. FARRER.

QUEENSLAND RAMBLE AND GOSSIP.

TO confess truly at once, I want to try a new breech-loader. Hitherto a muzzle-loader—and it is not at all certain that, under some circumstances, there is anything better than that form of fowling-piece—has been sufficient for my modest requirements as a gunner, for in the old country what time I could spare away from the journalistic grindstone was laid at the feet of St. Izaak, and, through him, offered to the incomparable English meadows, valleys, and streams. But, as in a preceding paper I have endeavoured to show, in sub-tropical Australia the angler's occupation is almost gone. The sporting instincts, however, like certain diseases—I had well-nigh written *like other diseases*—if driven in, breaks out in another place. And next to the rod comes the gun.

Long habit is so strong upon some of us that, to ramble with anything like pleasure, we require something other than a walking-stick in our hand. It may be a murderous instinct, but there it is, and, for myself, I choose without any hypocritical pretences to follow it. Therefore is the ancient muzzle-loader laid upon the shelf of that peculiarly Colonial institution, the general auction-room, and in its stead reigns an innocent-looking Central Fire, warranted to kill in the most ugly manner. Yet there are excuses to be offered to conscience—to wit, a desire to collect specimens of the birds of the country and the skins of its beasts for good friends at the other end of the world, and a determination to learn the ways of both bird and beast. Need it be said that such an object can best be achieved by calling upon these wild creatures at their own homes, and, to be plain, making it a regular matter of hunt and kill?

So, upon this understanding, let us set forth on our ramble. It is early spring, and the morning deliciously fresh. A Queensland winter is the very perfection of climate; clear, cool nights, and days of Italian sky, with heat never exceeding that of an English June. It is surely something that week after week, month after month, you *may be certain of glad sunshine and pure skies.* The atmosphere is

Early, as our footsteps, on this September morning, disturb the copious dew upon the brown, perished grass. The goats are snatching a fearful joy amongst the flower beds and fruit gardens of such careless citizens as last night neglected to fasten the wicket or put up the slip rail in the hardwood fence, knowing well the punishment that awaits them should the injured proprietor discover them in the act of depredation. Cocks are crowing all over the city, and from all the hilly suburbs recently-roused dogs respond in eloquent howl. Up, swift and magnificent, comes the sun over the sleeping city, its broad river, its public buildings and wharves.

∴ Anceps is a capital companion for a ramble, for he permits you to be sarcastic and jocular at his expense and never pays back in kind; is a naturalist to the core, theoretical and practical; has the big heart of a true sportsman, and the skill that gained him the reputation of an eye-wiper at Hendon and Hurlingham; and is sufficiently a "new chum" not to have lost his home loves and recollections.

∴ Smartly we step out and breast the hill from which Brisbane, and the river running through its midst, lie in panoramic show below us, the mountain ridges beyond shaking off the morning haze, until the forest trees catch their first light and shade. I draw my companion's attention to the famished cattle by the wayside, and remark upon the ruin which the long drought must entail, not only upon the small dairy farmers, but upon big squatters whose losses in one year will be reckoned by tens of thousands of pounds. He only grunts a response. We pass a ropewalk, the operations of which are clogged by the absurd tariffs which vex and harass all Colonial trade. He looks on the other side, with a far-off gaze.

"What would I give," he says, "to be with the dear old dad to-day? I would wager something he is out amongst the turnips making good account with the birds, and with dogs at heel obedient and faithful to death. Ah! Don't fire. You mustn't shoot within the municipality."

The warning comes too late. I have tried the new breech-loader—a flying shot at forty yards, and a useless leatherhead as the result. I wanted a leatherhead. For days he and his kin have aroused my curiosity and interest. In the Botanical Gardens the *Grevillea*, or silky oak, has been in blossom, very gay against the dark tropical and subtropical foliage of other trees, and with its flat masses of orange completely hiding the branches, which as yet are bare of leaves. To these honey-laden stores the leatherheads gathered, feeding, romping, flirting, fighting, and more talkative than the legislators whose Parliament House is within earshot of the scene. There is little song

amongst these feathered feasters, but great uproar. For a long time I am deceived into fancying they are the familiar jackdaw of the old country, though well aware that the homely music of that respectable bird is never heard in these parts. But I soon discover that the leatherhead is, in the matter of vocal powers, a very versatile genius; he chuckles, crows, chatters, whistles, and quacks in the quaintest manner, always loud, abrupt, and jolly. Hence I mark him for my own as soon as opportunity offers.

The *Leatherhead*, now that I pick him up, turns out to be a singular bird in appearance as well as habit. He has been rifling an adjacent garden. His long, sharply-curved, and (considering the bird is no bigger than a fieldfare) large beak and slender, feathery tongue proclaim him a honey-eater, though the leathery skin, instead of feathers, covering the head and neck gives him the disagreeable appearance of the vulture brood. This skin is generally a dirty black; but my specimen is a rarer description, the colour being a pale blue. Round the bottom of the neck lies a collaret of fine hackles; the general plumage is a shabby olive-brown, with dingy white underneath; there are black markings on the wings, and he has a white-tipped tail. He is sometimes called the bald-headed friar, but he is a friar with a knobby excrescence on the top of his baldness, and he enjoys the distinction of being one of the most plebeian of the bush birds.

On yonder post and rails, close to the road, is a bird equally familiar, but more popular, generally known as the *Laughing Jackass*, and scientifically as the *Dacelo Gigas*. Everybody who writes about Australia has something to say of this bird, and the friendly regard in which he is held. The fox-hunter (knowing probably that he is an unmarketable commodity) grants him lease of life; and so far have even I respected the sentiment that I am content to exclude him from my list of specimens unless I can secure him alive. On the whole, however, I would rather kill him outright than reduce him to the sorry, draggletail plight in which he appears when caged. He is a snake-killer, and that is perhaps the secret of his immunity. Yet I believe he is sometimes a rogue amongst chickens and eggs, and to that extent, like some other folks both in his sphere of life and ours, enjoys an undeserved reputation. The confidence he places in humanity helps also to protect him. Observe the comical-looking fellow a dozen yards off. His wise old head is screwed knowingly on one side; his eye, half closed, suggests a familiar wink; and his stolid demeanour and large head fathomless wisdom. As if he knew we are making him the subject of our criticism, he at length slowly

flies from the fence and perches not many yards farther afield in a dead gum tree. He appears to have a fondness for a nice, dead, hollow-looking gum tree, and both bird and tree become more friend by close association. Some people pretend to discover joyousness in his so-called laugh. To me there has always seemed to be a strong touch of the diabolical in the peal which he sends echoing through the lonely bush, as if the unquiet spirit of one of the murderous bushrangers that used to trouble the land had entered into the bird, prompting it at day-dawn to arouse the sleeper from his repose, either to warn him to be wary or to chuckle over his approaching doom.

Crossing a bridge over an arm of the river ("creek" it is called in the Colonies), we pause to survey the scene, wondering meanwhile what sort of a season it has been on the far-off salmon and trout fisheries we knew so well, and whether the pike and barbel fishing in the Thames and Lea have been good; recalling the swims and stations we in common have frequented, and wishing for just one day more upon them. The river is alive with mullet. Heavy fish of four and six pounds spring high out of the water again and again, and generally either across or against the tide. Lower down, a few fishermen get a living by catching them, but the difficulty experienced in bringing fish fresh to market seems fatal to the establishment of a fish market in Brisbane. Its fish supply should be most abundant; it is the most contemptible. Nobody, as yet, seems to have learned how to capture these fine sea mullet with hook and line; but they must have their weakness, if only one could find out what it is.

The sun, fairly risen, mounts at once into the sky, and compels us to moderate our pace. To the left there is a hedge of feathery-foliaged acacia, whose yellow flowers are a pleasant relief to the pale green leaves. The dairyman's fence opposite displays a coping, a hundred yards long, of pretty bunch roses—a small Chinese variety that bears profusely for a little while, but which, in common with most of the English flowers out here, falls to pieces as soon as it has opened into bloom. Fragrant white blossoms appear amidst the dark foliage of the orange trees; the young bananas are shooting upwards their long fair leaves, to be split into ribbons by the first westerly gale. John Chinaman, hard by, is watering his garden with a quiet perseverance that no European colonists bring to bear upon the cultivation of vegetables. There he goes to the water-hole, with two kerosine tins suspended from a slender bamboo pole over his shoulder; and if he knew it would pour with rain during the next

hour, he would plod on with his watering until the downfall began. The English dairyman, giving us "Good day" over the fence, tells us that three more of his herd have been found dead in the swamp, from which, having been bogged in their painful efforts to find water, they are unable to rise evermore.

Soon we turn into what the early settlers named bush. It is a misnomer. The Australian bush is forest, sometimes close, oftener open, and always peopled with the Eucalypti—white gum, blue gum, bloodwood, iron bark, stringy bark, and other large and useful trees. Nothing can be farther from the English idea of bush than country covered with these trees, for there is no undergrowth, and the foliage of the gum tree is probably the most miserably scanty and sombre of any in wide creation. The small pointed leaves are few and dull-coloured, and they complete their offences by drooping downwards, presenting nothing but their sharp straight edges to the sun. Lest the entire economy of the tree should not be in harmony, Nature had carried her unfriendliness even further, by making the trunk smooth, glazed, and tall, and has furnished it with a wretched head of unpicturesque branches that do not break out within fifty feet or more from the ground. At times of the year when the gum tree sheds its bark (its leaves remaining all the year round) the trunks resemble a vast assortment of smooth round whitewashed posts—no heavy wrinkles, no gnarled knots, no possible feature to make it akin to our own forest trees, or to give the artist the faintest excuse for pausing before it. Individually the gum tree is a melancholy spectacle; and in the company of his fellows, ranging over thousands of miles of ridge, gully, and mountain, it imparts to the Australian bush a monotony which is a fatal ban to beauty of scenery. The first business of the settler is to take an axe and ring as many of the trees as he can. They die forthwith, and, denuded of their little leaf covering, shine white, weird, and ugly in the sun. But in this gaunt lifelessness they give the grass a better chance, and by-and-by, when there is time and opportunity to destroy them, they offer a minimum of resistance to fire.

The bush into which we enter is solitude complete. How different would be the commonest corner of British copse! Anceps takes one side of a fast drying swamp, full of reeds and rushes, and I take the other. A few hundred yards farther up there is still, in the middle of what was once a lagoon, a muddy puddle where duck may perhaps be found before the morning flight. There are none now. Yet out of the crackling reeds rises with lazy soar a large *long-legged, long-necked, long-billed brown and white mottled bird*

high Anceps espies. That is sufficient ; there is a far-echoing sport, and a fine young bittern flutters on the ground, and dies, to be in due time the central ornament of a collection.

Numbers of sedge warblers, blue-tailed wrens, and blood-birds, the smallest of Australian birds, are startled out of the reeds, or by the margin, and disappear with tiny twitters of affright ; a blue crane makes away over the trees, rousing from its roost a kite who is soon joined by another of the hawk tribe. A couple of kingfishers hereabouts become my property. The first is the sacred kingfisher, marked with lustrous dark blue above and deep chestnut beneath, but with all its loveliness not to be compared to the flashing beauty that lives an angler's life on our home river banks. The second is a commoner kind, with pale blue on the upper part, and pure white belly. You meet with this fellow even in the interior, and under circumstances which forbid the theory that a fish diet is necessary to his existence. His favourite resting place is the withered branch of a small tree, and he and his kin are very common in the bush, through which his shrewish whistle constantly resounds.

Our ramble is prolonged, but unremunerative—a result to which the Queensland sportsman soon gets accustomed. A noble marquis who was Governor in the Colony a few years ago, was as keen a sportsman as ever lived, but after one of his many fruitless expeditions into the dominions he governed he declared he would henceforth relegate his gun to its case so long as he remained in Queensland. My good friend Anceps yields himself up to a similar depression of thought, and proposes that we should stack our arms, and smoke the pipe of reflection, seated on a prostrate log. This movement is effected as soon as proposed, and we moralise, making comparisons between life in England and life in Queensland.

The pleasures of memory are amongst the chief blessings vouchsafed to humanity, but they should be indulged in sparingly. Comparisons which give rise to discontent are unwholesome mental food. A man who is continually calling up the past to depreciate the present never makes a good colonist. He is the man to whom applies the parable of new wine and old bottles. Therefore let the emigrant, the moment he becomes the immigrant, learn the art of temperance in the pleasures of memory.

What do we gain by sitting upon this big hollow gum-tree stem and gossiping of the melody of blackbird and thrush, of the waving of poplars, and the murmur of elm and beech branches? Better to see whether our eyes and ears cannot gather in a few grains of comfort from immediate surroundings. Admonishing ourselves in this

strain we soon discover that we have advised ourselves wisely. We had both been assured by our respective friends before sailing from home that in Australia the birds have no song, the flowers no perfume, the women no virtue—the reference being of course in each case to native products only. It was a strong and harsh assertion, but I may observe in passing that it is only true as regards the third item; and the reply to that charge—into which I shall not enter at the present moment—must involve the consideration how much a barbarian race is vicious when it has never been taught what is termed virtue.

The birds have song, and plenty of it, but no sustained song. A little fantail, even as we talk, hops about upon a neighbouring log, familiar, loquacious, and brisk as a robin. It would almost seem that it knows the subject of our conversation, and is anxious to be the first to claim notice. It is the *Shepherd's Companion*, so called; and were it smaller, and less thick in proportion to its size, it might pass as the pied wagtail of the British Islands. Its impudence is unbounded; and so is its faith in mankind. Now it sweeps with graceful curve into a tree; now it runs with outspread tail along the grass, calling loudly in a roughish tone, and generally ending its call with an abrupt flourish that has gained for it the name of *stock-whip bird*. For days the bushman sees no other living creature near him, and the shepherd, weary of his everlasting flocks, loves, by way of change, to watch the bird as it alights upon the sheep's back.

Away to the left the replenished company of nimble warblers, red, blue, yellow, and brown, and the birds, scarce bigger than a cockchafer, are wheeling in and out of the young saplings in full sweet and small chorus. Behind me comes a sudden gush of real melody from a magpie: it consists of but three or four notes, liquid and mellow as the nightingale's flute, and, consequently, charming though the sounds be, they stop short of actual song. We have a variety of magpies in the country, and their black and white plumage is always an agreeable sight in the forest. Next, by way of contrast, a crow passes, with stentorian caw, awakening from some unseen retreat a family of leatherheads, who excite themselves into an orgie of comical discord. It is, then, unjust to say that the Australian birds have no song. Even here, a spot peculiarly unfavourable for birds, we have our concert such as it is, knowing meanwhile that our performers represent the most remote rank of the ornithological orchestra.

As to flowers, there is not a specimen to be seen. Bush flowers are rare except in the later spring, and then they are scarce, hard to

ad, though not without attractiveness of colour and ly fragile. Gorgeous flowers there are in the y must be sought elsewhere than in the bush. nceps knocks the ashes out of his pipe, and leads dge back towards the river. Whizz! whizz! whizz! The three quails that started out of the high grass on duced to a minority of one. Sometimes the quail- emely good, and as the bird gets away at express hal much smaller than the English quail, a quick ve aim are necessary. The pity is that we have few 1 the Colony. Quail are very cunning, frequently you are upon them, running like hares when dis- ng straight when put up. Anceps one day shot f partridge, or dumb quail, besides other game; but the brilliant exceptions, to be set against a vast ks. Occasionally quail disappear from a district ears, and return. The Darling Downs were in this until the present season, when the birds came back s that a man shot forty brace in one day. As the s settled other birds disappear, and disappear to that the Queensland Parliament has just passed a 'rotection Act, defining close seasons for all the erving. The opponents of the measure raised a cry duction of what they were pleased to denounce as t the Bill was placed in the statute-book and is twithstanding that some of the fence months are not as of Nature. The quail, contrary to other game reases with settlement, and makes its home at once ches of ground.

ds are to be found in the scrub, but the corner agging our quail, we now move is too convenient risbanian and his single barrel to be worth much. ver, a few blossoms out, and we shall be certain of mething in the shape of a honey-eater. Scrub is nglish notions of bush; its undergrowth is dense, ple cover for beast and shade for man. The best rich alluvial soil along the banks of the rivers, and quest by the agriculturist. The pastoralist, that is er who holds cattle and sheep runs, sometimes of are miles in extent, occupies the bush, where culti- empted, and where the flocks and herds roam over of natural grasses, which vary in richness according

to districts and the prevalence of rain. The sugar planter, the maize grower, and the farmer take the scrub, clear it, and lay bare the black virgin soil, capable of any demands that may be made upon it. In the scrub, whatever is beautiful and rare is to be found. Glorious creepers, flowering and dense; shrubs, glossy, green, and adorned with boldly coloured blossom and berry; intertangled vines twisting around and up trees, some of which are as grand as the gum trees are mean—these are amongst the characteristics of scrub. Other peculiarities will transpire as from time to time we have occasion to penetrate them.

The English reader may be already asking what we are doing that we have not as yet made mention of kangaroos and parrots. We have, in truth, seen none, and may make fifty suburban excursions without doing so. Kangaroos there are, as Queenslanders know to their cost. At the present time, driven from the back country by the drought, they are ruining the small farmers, and causing even the prosperous squatter to raise an alarm. Government is being invoked to destroy them by State aid. They are advancing in countless thousands, devouring what little stubble grass remains, and laying bare entire districts. I met a gentleman lately, upon whose run ten thousand sheep have perished within three months—perished from kangaroo depredations as much as from drought. Not fifty miles from Brisbane, a *battue* party recently shot two thousand kangaroos in a week, and there is now passing through the Legislature a measure fixing a bonus, varying according to the extent of the plague in different districts, from ninepence to threepence, for kangaroo scalps. But, in ordinary times, kangaroos retire before the settler's footsteps, and we shall find none to-day.

Australian literature had led me to expect the presence of parrots everywhere. Yet ride after ride upon highway and through bush tracks doomed me to disappointment, until the proper season arrived, and I discovered how and where to find the gaily plumaged habitants peculiar to the country. We may find one or two by-and-by amongst the *Banksias*—the Australian honeysuckle. The common name, however, of this tree conveys no idea of the flower to the newcomer. In his mind it is associated with cottage eaves and cool arbours, over which the woodbines twine, as many a poet has sung. The *Banksia* is a rough and ugly tree, from twelve to thirty feet high, ragged to a degree both as to branch and foliage, and sombre coloured. The timber is worthless, and—unpardonable offence in a Colonial's eyes—bad for burning. It flowers in the autumn, and remains in flower far into the winter. The blossoms

are upright cones of cream-coloured down, laden with honey, and so long as they remain they impart a temporary prettiness to the fir-like branches.

As I anticipated, here, on the edge of the scrub, we hear the sharp, short scream of a flock of *Blue Mountaineers*. This parrot is an inveterate honey-eater. So superb a bird should, by right, eat nothing but honey, nor sip aught but nectar. We hear their scream, and in an instant they are gone. We catch a momentary glimpse of the little band, four at the most, flying high overhead; as they diverge sharply from their arrow-like course, the sunshine strikes a gorgeous admixture of burnished sapphire, emerald, orange, gold, crimson. It is an instantaneous flash of colours that might shame the rainbow. Shooting them now is out of the question, though I must make confession that since that morning, in more remote situations, they have furnished me as savoury a dish as epicure might desire.

My specimens in the scrub are increased by a *Butcher-bird*, or lesser crow-shrike, a pied fellow gifted with a pleasant note, and easily domesticated; three of the *Oriole* variety, one speckled like a thrush, another with dull green back and white and black breast, and a pair of small flycatchers.

In making our way out of the scrub, where the mosquitoes have given us more welcome than accorded with comfort, I nearly trod upon a green tree-snake. The reptile, to be true to habit and tradition, should have been snug in winter quarters, but the unusual heat of the weather has tempted it forth to coil in the sun, which at this spot pours through a break in the foliage. It seems almost too indifferent to bestir itself. It is a happy feature of snake character that it is not aggressive. Quick to act on the defensive, if attacked or accidentally molested, snakes are equally quick in escaping from your path, and glide off unseen with surprising celerity. The comparatively cold night, however, has made our friend sluggish, and it raises its head, and in sinuous measure passes over a bit of brown rock, upon which its metallic green glistens with the strange fascination which all snakes seem to exercise. Anceps is looking for a stick. I present arms. Man, woman, and child religiously kill every snake that comes within reach. It is a duty owed to society. This green snake is a dangerous variety, moreover, and must not escape, albeit it is now beyond the limits of Anceps' stick. Thirty yards up the rocky steep I presently see a long thin line wriggling over a boulder, and upon the boulder he soon lies cut in half by a charge of Number Eight. It is a cartridge well wasted. The snake

had nearly the best of it after all, for its head, with four inches of body, was already in a cleft of rock, leaving a couple of feet of writhing ugliness free and detached, for the breakfast of the first *Laughing Jackass* or crow that could pounce upon it.

Snakes are a very serious nuisance and danger wherever they exist, and they do exist in abundance in all the Australian Colonies, but, in addition to their fortunate eagerness to evade the presence of man, they are easily killed. A slight blow from a stick across the back disables them, and by approaching the enemy sideways and with caution the operation may be performed with safety. When we remember the number of venomous snakes in the country, it is surprising how few deaths occur from their bite, and this gratifying state of things is no doubt largely due to the fact that the snake is far more fearful than vicious.

The sun is now shining strongly, and our morning's ramble is over, save the return tramp. We overtake a company of aborigines about a mile outside the town, followed as usual by a troop of mangy, treacherous, mongrel dogs, that slink out of our way, seemingly conscious that they are the pariahs of their kind. Yet the dogs are, if possible, more respectable than their owners—the ragged, debased, hopeless Australian natives who hang about the towns, in which the law does not allow them to sojourn after nightfall. They come in during the day with ferns, collect a few pence, and contrive, though selling liquor to the blacks is a penal offence, to return to their gunyahs in the bush the worse for rum. Strange that all efforts to civilise these unfortunates, except in isolated instances, have signally failed!

Close upon the outskirts of Kangaroo Point, which is the aristocratic suburb of the Queensland metropolis, we halt to witness the fashion in which the colonial breaks in a horse. It is a fashion luckily going out of date, and the result is a direct improvement in horseflesh. Here, however, the thing is being done in the bad old style. The victim is a good-looking chestnut mare, the breakers are a couple of butcher lads and one of those men-of-all-work who abound in the Colonies. The finishing touches are being put to the first act as we pause. It is simple in its cruelty. A rope has been tied over the head, and a turn taken around the under jaw; the animal loosened, and smarting under the brutality which characterises every incident of the preliminaries, has naturally bounded off plunging and snorting. It runs to the end of the cord, say ten or twelve yards, and is then brought up sharply by the man at the other end. Simultaneously, blows from a heavy stock-whip rain upon its quiver-

ing hide. The mare becomes frantic, and the blows rain on, as, straining at the tightened cord, she gallops around the circle.

What could be more simple? The beast has to be cowed; her spirit must be broken. Could anything be more simple? Bob, exhausted, gives up the stock-whip to Jack, and the blows are signalled by cracks like file firing. Round and round, eyeball glaring, flanks shrinking, nostrils distended, and chest all crimson with flakes of bloody froth, the chestnut dances, mad with pain. Bob then relieves Jack, and so the game goes on. The cord has made the lower part of the mare's head a mass of raw flesh; the whip thong has left wheals everywhere. By-and-by the mare gives in from sheer exhaustion, and stands shivering near the fence, no longer bounding at each application of the whip, but shrinking in pitiful resignation. Within an hour she seems to have aged a score of years. She has no strength to resist the putting on of saddle and bridle. She jumps a trifle, however, when the breaker in chief mounts, but soon succumbs and clumsily trots frightened round the paddock, Bob and Jack closely following with the ready whip. The mare is now broken in, will probably be sold before long as thoroughly trained, and will be a delusion and a snare to every owner for the remainder of her days, execrated as an intractable brute! though with proper treatment she might have been docility itself.

RED-SPINNER.

CERVANTES' NOVELS.

SOME kindly disposed person once observed that all reading of novels is but literary dram-drinking. This sentence, intended apparently to be condemnatory, while it allows their sweetness, denies their utility. Among many examples which tend to discredit the truth of this apophthegm are the novels of Cervantes. These contain something more than *Peau d'Ane*, in the perusal of which La Fontaine has left on record his supreme satisfaction. They allure the fancy, but they also inform the understanding; they please in general, and instruct by particulars. The fruit of such novels is better than the creamiest gin, and their revenue than the choicest brandy: for they offer an entertainment taxed by no subsequent depression, and in addition to consoling man's heart in those many dark days of life wherein the most familiar friends, like shadows only lasting with the sunshine, are most sure to leave him, they act not unfrequently as the physicians of his mind: for what is a good fable or novel, but truth seen under disguise, at a distance, or in the twilight?

Cervantes' novels are not only celebrated, but read, in their native country. In England we are generally content with celebrating them as we celebrate "Paradise Lost," though we know nothing of the *Elope* or the *Amphisbæna*, and could scarcely give an exact account of the results of the interview of *Uriel* with *Adramelec*. They are fifteen in number, though the usual edition contains only twelve. This is explained by the consideration that the *Tia Fingida* is excluded, perhaps for its exceptional licence, while two others, "The Captive," relating the story of the captivity of a companion of Cervantes in Algiers, and "The Curious Impertinent," with both of which the reader is probably fairly familiar, are to be found where perhaps they ought not to be—in *Don Quixote*. The novels were called *Exemplary* because, says the author, from every one of them may be extracted some profitable example: a characteristic which widely distinguishes them from the antecedent compositions of Boccaccio and others. They form, indeed, a sort of small ethical hospital for the cure of moral deformity. Written at various times, they were published by Cervantes

only a few years before his death. But, like all good novels, like Fielding's *Tom Jones*, Richardson's *Clarissa*, Scott's *Waverley*—they were the result of ripe reflection. There is reason to believe that the majority of them were drawn from his own experience. Though elaborated by art, they were inspired by nature. Many of them refer to events and persons well known in his time. Thus, "The Spanish-English Lady" is the story of a little girl who was carried off by the English among the spoils of Cadiz in the year 1596, when the city was taken by Elizabeth's commanders, Howard and Essex. In the same story he mentions the corsair Arnaut Mami, under whom he was for some time a slave in Algiers. In "The Liberal Lover" the noble opening address to the ruins of Nicosia, a city of Cyprus taken from Venice by the Turks in 1570, which he puts into the mouth of the Christian Richard, may have been uttered by himself in that disastrous portion of his military experience. His subjects are as various as they are original. Here they are satiric, there amorous: here we meet with a romance of knavery, and there with a *novela de costumbres*, or social tale. Truly Cervantes might, as he makes Sancho in his amazement say to his master, take a couple of pulpits on every finger, and preach on all matters he would. For his treatment, it is scarcely necessary to say of the author of *Don Quixote* that *nunc dicit jam nunc debentia dici*—a proceeding equally rare and desirable among writers of entertainment—or that each of his characters is stamped with the hall-mark of nature, and bears about it the pass of probability and truth. The author's downright dealing, which is for many his most attractive excellence, appears at once in his dedication. Of a dedication, he says, the faults are commonly two: the first, excessive panegyric—and in this how completely would the philosopher of Bolt Court have agreed with him—the second, putting one's work under princely or the highest procurable protection; since, if it be bad, *Zoilus* and *Aretine* will surely whet their tongue with invective to attack it, not caring a tittle for anybody—no, not even though the work rejoice in the protection of *Hercules'* club, or put its trust under the shadow of the wings of the hippogriff of *Astolfo*.

The novel which is usually placed first in the collection, and which is most generally known and perhaps most highly admired, is that of "The Little Gipsy Girl." The story, which since Cervantes first fashioned it has become familiar in many a form and language, is shortly that of an infant "of noble blood," shown in the *dénoûment* to be the daughter of a *Corregidor*, who is stolen by a gipsy, and at the age of fifteen, makes an impression on a youth, also "of

noble blood," who for her sake consents to undergo two years' apprenticeship among the people who have adopted her. A certain Clement is introduced, apparently for the sole purpose of showing the effects of jealousy, since he in no way assists the action of the novel. Eventually the noble youth, who calls himself Andrew, after a happy issue out of all his afflictions, of which he has his full share, is married to La Preciosa, the gipsy girl, and all ends happily. Though this novel is the public's darling, it is perhaps the most defective of any Cervantes wrote. In the first place Constance, the real name of the little gipsy, apparently a favourite one with Cervantes—it was not that of his wife—or Preciosa, as her *soi-disant* grandmother christened her, is represented as a miracle of virtue, and of wisdom only to be equalled by that of the landlady in "The Illustrious Scullion," who could take her Latin Hours in hand, and go through them as through a vineyard after vintage. Yet she has been brought up from infancy in a society where reading was a remarkable acquisition, and theft an inseparable accident. The woman with whom she was necessarily most familiar is described as a kind of Moll Flanders, a past-master in the art of Cacus. Preciosa herself is delighted with the idea that her lover has become an accomplished thief; and finally she allows to her mother, in confidence, that her chief motive for marrying him was the hope of meliorating her position. As for Andrew, the hero, a man who prides himself on always telling the truth, and considers no liar can be a gentleman,—he commences his novitiate in gipsy life by informing his parents that he is going to Flanders, thus not only deceiving them, but causing them bitter anguish and despair, mourning for him as for the dead, when they find on enquiry that he has never been there. Perhaps this falsehood may be pardoned as the effect of love, which drags men by their forelocks, so Cervantes says, to its feet. It cannot be excused as a lie which profits oneself and prejudices nobody—a white lie, in the opinion of one of the characters in the novel. In any case it lessens our admiration, if we ever had any, for Andrew, who still further repulses us by a cruel and unnecessary slaughter of his mule, by a profession to Clement of friendship in order the better to oppose his interests, and at last by the assassination of a soldier who has given him a buffet, under the conviction that he is a thief. This action would, however, be a virtue in the distorted eyes of a people, with whom a murder was a merit, if in defence of that shadow of a shade which they called honour. Even Cervantes bowed down before this popular idol, unless he spoke in irony when, in "The Jealous Estremaduran," he regards the resolve of that gentleman to murder for a supposed infidelity not only his wife, but her lover and all his domestics.

as a necessary and honourable determination. Equally virtuous would be Andrew's absurd jealousy, which is aroused even by the motes of the sunbeam settling on his innamorata, and which Cervantes has fitly, though strangely enough for a Spaniard, denounced as an infirmity of hell. Lastly, the Corregidor, for no natural purpose, but simply to increase the effect of the catastrophe, when he knows the real position of Andrew, and that there is no reason why he should not unite him to his daughter at once, with the usual paternal blessing, extends the tale unseasonably by insulting him, imprisoned as he is for homicide, with the grossest invective, leaving him at last with the assurance that he shall be hanged on the morrow. But these and other spots are scarcely perceptible in the splendid light of sentiment and language with which the style of the author has enveloped his story. Never perhaps were the manners and customs of the gipsies described with greater elegance or with more interesting accuracy. The travelling caravan, the crossing of hands with silver—or indeed, if the fortune is to be a very good one, with gold—their dances, their songs, their impudence, and their knavery, of which, in another novel, the insertion of quicksilver in the ears of the ass they wish to sell is quoted as a sample, nothing is forgotten. Then there is the gypsy girl herself—that pretty drag-net for human hearts, that girl “of gold, of silver, of pearls, of carbuncles, of heaven, and I can't say more,” as she is called at some length by one of the characters—what words of masters of assemblies are hers! words such that the reader forgets their improbability of situation in their intrinsic excellence, or in admiration of her who utters them. What a capital comparison is that of a man's pursuit of women to the way of a hunter, who, as soon as he has bagged one hare, is off immediately after another. The whole of her first long speech to her lover is equal, if not superior, to the famous one of Marcela in *Don Quixote*. Nor is her lover's opening address to the object of his love less eloquent. He says, “Your will is mine: for you my soul is of wax, where you may print what you please; yet will this your impression be preserved and retained as though it were carved in marble, whose hardness withstands the duration of time;” a sentence which was admirably condensed by Byron, if indeed he owed the idea to Cervantes, in his description of Count Beppo, that richly rewarded lover of the good old school, whose heart was

Wax to receive, and marble to retain.

The story has been several times dramatised; in Spain by Montalvan and by Solis, among many others. The version of Solis is remarkable for the intelligent conduct of the intrigue and the classic regularity of its action. Rowley and Middleton represented it in the middle of the seventeenth century in England, and Wolff at the

commencement of our own century in Germany, with the additional charm of Weber's music.

All the dramatic versions agree in the introduction of a comic character, of which there is no trace in the original. There is no need nor space to compare these versions in the present paper, but it is curious to remark how they all differ from Cervantes and from one another in such an apparently unimportant matter as the instruments of the final anagnorisis. Cervantes says these were a small trunk of childish trinkets, a white mole under the left dug, and a ligature between the two last toes of the right foot. Solis gives us a little golden Cupid, a likeness, and a mole in the shape of a star on the left hand. Rowley and Middleton are contented with a casket, and Wolff has two stars on the heart, added to a small diamond cross with an inscription. The reader may amuse himself by the detection of resemblances between the tale of Cervantes and Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame," or Longfellow's "Spanish Student," or, turning to new pastures, he may be convinced of the wonderful flexibility of Cervantes' talent by comparing with the novel of "The Little Gipsy Girl" that of "Rinconete and Cortadillo," a sample of the *novela picaresca*, the famous romance of roguery of which Guzman de Alfarache is a *chef-d'œuvre*.

This novel contains the adventures of a couple of clever young vagabonds, a card-sharper and a cut-purse, whose nicknames Cervantes has done his best to immortalise, and who really existed, it is said, in Seville at the time he wrote. They enter the service of one Monipodio, a thief fence, also probably drawn from life. The description of this robber-captain's cave, which may have furnished a hint for that in "Gil Blas," is graphic and picturesque. Flag mats lie here and there on the red-brick floor, which from cleanliness and constant scrubbing seems to be covered with the finest crimson. A broken jar with a cup stands on one side, a pot of basil occupies the centre of the apartment. Foils and bucklers hang against the wall, which shows in a conspicuous position the image of our Lady with its white basin of holy water beneath it, and the little pannier of palm for the pious relief of the poor. The reader cannot help being reminded of Reineke's house as represented by Kaulbach, wherein the Virgin and Child stands in a niche just above the spot where Reynard, the holy pilgrim, is engaged in the murder of Lampe, the luckless hare. But Cervantes' satire had probably little good effect. He wrote almost alone, and with fettered hand, against institutions hard as cold, mighty as merciless. The icy palaces of the Arctic sea of superstition were not to be melted by a single sunbeam.

In Monipodio's cave are met together a motley assembly of long-skirted old ladies, grave spectacled old gentlemen, brave mustachioed youths, with starched ruffs and coloured stockings, young ladies, porters, students, and blind beggars. Here too is la S^a. Pipota, or Mistress Pipe, who, after putting away over four pints of wine at a single pull, leaves us to attend morning prayers, and to offer her little wax candles at the shrine of our Lady of the Waters, and of the Holy Crucifix of St. Austin. "Commend me to God in your prayers," cries she, as she goes to one of the young ladies, "as I shall commend you and yours." And one of the young ladies, a virgin as the mother that bore her, giving her a small piece of money, begs her to buy candles for her also, adding, "May heaven grant the toil I took to gain it be set against my sins." The jest lies in the fact that the money falls under the category called by the Spaniards *caire*. Monipodio, a tall dark fellow of five and forty, bushy bearded and sunken eyed, showing through his open shirt a forest of shaggy hair, explains the holy means by which his antisocial institution continues to exist and prosper. Every year, says he, certain masses are said for the souls of our benefactors, under which category we include the lawyer who defends us, the policeman who puts us on our guard—the fellow, if not well greased, grunts worse than any wagon wheel—and him who at the cry of "Stop thief" throws himself in the way, saying, "Let the poor devil pass; his sin is sufficient punishment." "Every year," continues Monipodio—the lineal ancestor in this respect of Tabitha Bramble, who, owing to the proceedings of the refuge and skim of the hearth, led the life of an indented slave, and of Mrs. Malaprop, who would not anticipate the past, but wisely reserved all her retrospection for the future—"every year we celebrate their adversary with the greatest poop and solitude." Then he calls for his memorandum book, wherein are set such items as these: "To the Taverner of the Trefoil, 12 cudgellings of the fullest measure, price 1 crown per cudgelling. 8 crowns already received on account. Time for order, 6 days. *Secutor* (Executor) Ironhand." About another entry in this ledger there was some dispute. According to the order book, a cut of 14 stitches (surgeon's stitches) was to be delivered within a certain time to a S^r.—The *Secutor*, finding the master to be as short-faced a man as Steele, and no room for so long a cut, executed his commission on the countenance of the Señor's servant: a vicarious consignment, which was not satisfactory to the consignor. He however, in the end, not being able to come into court with clean hands, to protest against the improper delivery, is obliged to pay an additional sum for the execution of his original

order. Such was the state of things in Seville, when business was slack with Monipodio. It is difficult to explain it, without remembering that religion winked at injustice. "We are thieves," says a friend of Cortadillo or Cut-Purse, surnamed "The Good" by Monipodio, "to serve God and all good folk. A part of the proceeds of every larceny is set aside for the lamp of the city Virgin. We tell our beads daily, and surely it is much worse to be a heretic." Some of the band would not filch a farthing on Friday, and others scrupulously refrained from holding conversation with any courtesan called Mary on Saturday. Nor was the fraternity less favoured by the officers of religion than by those "double spies" of the law. It is well, says Monipodio, alluding to a friendly alguacil—it is well to afford him a leg who gives you the whole fowl. Why! the honest constable gets us more cash in one day than we can get for him in a hundred.

The novel of "The Illustrious Scullion" may be classed among the amatory novels of Cervantes: a *genre* in which he seems to have been least successful. Carriazo and Avendaña, two noble youths of Burgos—the nobility is well represented in these novels—serve respectively as water carrier and ostler in an inn at Seville. The former has rent himself away, as the Spanish slang runs, from his father's residence, and graduated as master in the tunny fisheries of Zahara. In other words, he has run away from home and become an accomplished scamp. In the hostel they light upon the scullion, who by the way is no scullion, but simply keeps the keys of the plate chest, with whom Avendaña incontinently falls in love. For her he drinks the winds. Her age is fifteen, and her face one of those which artists allot to angels. Her name is Constance, she stands in modesty's stirrups, and her absence for Avendaña is like sunset and the fall of dark sad night on the belated wayfarer. This little image reminds the reader of Dr. Johnson's description of a good writer, wherein, in an unwonted access of poetic sentiment, he tells us that he only is the master who keeps the mind in pleasing captivity, of whose story the conclusion is perceived with an eye of sorrow, such as the traveller casts upon departing day.

The scullion's general appearance is described at some length. She wears an upper petticoat and a low bodice of green cloth, bordered with the same material; a high chemise is plaited about her throat in a collar purpled with black silk. A necklace of jet stars circles a pillar of alabaster. Her girdle is a cord of St. Francis. From a belt on her right side a large bunch of keys hangs. She has no slippers, but coloured shoes with double soles. Her stockings are also coloured, but only show their colour

profile. A train of braided hair, her sole coif and headdress, is wound about with white bands of coarse silk. It falls over her back below her waist, its colour dying chestnut and dawning red. So clean it is, and so neatly combed, as to be compared only to treads of gold. Two small gourds, pearls apparently, but really glass, glisten in her ears. Her Avendaña finds it as impossible to leave, as to go to heaven without good works. No such effect has this "fear of St. Anthony" on Carriazo, who is, to borrow a rhetorical flower from South's sermons, all agog to be off to his tunny fisheries. He buys a donkey, afterwards engages in play, loses all his money, divides his donkey suppositively into four quarters, plays for each, loses it, will not part with the animal's tail, stakes it against one of his hind quarters, wins it, wins every other quarter in succession, and goes off triumphant with the entire beast. In the meantime Avendaña, after introducing himself to his love, with a letter which he tells her is a charm for the toothache, learns in the issue that she is the daughter of Carriazo's father, the result of something rather more than a youthful indiscretion on the part of that respectable person. The reader is probably aware that no modern meddler of a matchmaker can be more anxious for marriages than a Spanish author at the conclusion of his work. So not only is Avendaña married to Constance, but his rival, a son of the Corregidor, to Avendaña's sister, mentioned on this occasion for the first time. Nor is this sufficient: Carriazo is also married to the Corregidor's daughter, a lady whom he has never seen, heard of, or imagined existent.

The novel of "The Dialogue of the Two Dogs" is introduced by that of "The Deceitful Marriage." A certain alferéz or ensign falls in love with a lady, Estefania. His heart, as the author puts it, is burnt by her snowy hands. Estefania rejoices in a magnificent ready-furnished residence, and the alferéz in a massive gold chain with other jewels. They are accordingly married. Afterwards it transpires, as the newspapers say, that Estefania's residence really belongs to a woman who has been absent on a nine days' pilgrimage to our Lady of Guadalupe, and that the attractive chattels of the alferéz are but of chemic gold.

Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment,
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.

It is a case of the biter bit, of diamond cut diamond. As the Spanish say, *Pata es la traviesa*. The friend of the alferéz, to whom he tells his story, consoles him with this reflection of Petrarch:

Che chi prende diletto di far frode
Non s'ha di lamentar s'altro l'inganna.

Would that his wife had been content with deception, without adding to it disease ! But in the hospital he hears that wonderful conversation between the two dogs which went with lanterns, after the *Hermanos de la Capacha*, or the Brethren of the Frail, to assist these hospitallers in their nightly quest for the sick, of money thrown from windows into the street which these dogs found, halting ever before the houses of the charitably disposed. The alferéz is enabled to remember the whole conversation, no short one, solely by the number of almonds and raisins he ate in his sickness. Here is a hint for mnemonical professors.

In the Dogs' Dialogue two hounds, Scipio and Berganza, are introduced, belonging to one Mahudes, an inferior officer in the Hospital of the Resurrection at Valladolid. Berganza, a dog who had a desire to speak from the time he could gnaw a bone, gives a naïve narrative of his adventures under his various masters : to wit, a butcher, shepherd, merchant, alguacil, drummer, gipsy, morisco, poet, and manager. Scipio plays an inferior rôle, contenting himself with advising Berganza to avoid backbiting and get on with his story. *En revanche*, Scipio is to tell his story also on another occasion. His adventures were left for another book, after the fashion of the time, which thus sought to forestall any alien occupation of land already bought for literary building. Unfortunately, the book was never written, and nothing is known of Scipio but his name.

The so-called novel is a humorous and philosophic satire. The butchers are a set of blackguards, but every butcher has his holy guardian angel, whom he satisfies with ox tongues and sirloins. The shepherds are little better. It is not the grim wolf with privy paw, as the master supposes, that daily devours apace. The shepherds themselves make mutton of the flock, and generally demean themselves otherwise than in pastoral poems. The merchant is a lucky man ; all his bitches litter sucking pigs, but he is radiant only with reflected lustre. He is comforted in the collateral light of his children, who ride every day, splendidly apparelled, to a school of the Company of Jesus, to whom Berganza commends himself, pious dog, on this and other occasions. The Jesuits very early began that delightful task of teaching the young idea how to shoot. Cervantes pays them a higher compliment than many a good Protestant Christian will hold them to deserve. The alguacil, like Jonathan Wild, like Monipodio's benefactor in " Rinconete and Cortadillo," has such an intimate acquaintance, so united an interest with thieves, as in these days of social and civic purity it is difficult, if not impossible to imagine. No longer now, as in Smollett's time, can

a rich robber like Mr. Martin pay his respects regularly to a righteous justice like Mr. Buzzard, and smoke a pipe with him very lovingly *Nous avons changé tout cela.* In the service of the drummer Berganza becomes a performing dog, nor have his descendants, with the process of the suns, improved very much on his performances. Perhaps this was scarcely to be expected, when we reflect that Berganza was a beast of such natural activity of intellect as might put the Learned Pig himself to open shame. He shows Scipio his familiarity with the history of the suicide of Charondas the Syrian, and alludes incidentally, in the course of his argument, to the horse of Sejanus. But his wisdom goes near to destroy him. It makes him acquainted with a witch. Cervantes of course could not disbelieve in witchcraft, with the Holy Inquisition at his elbow, but he ventures to hint that their Sabbaths are but the result of the fancy of fever or the dream of indigestion. The witch tells Berganza his own mother was one of her chief friends. Both were pupils of one far superior, a lady who, like the witch of Endor or the latest Medium, was able to astound her audience by summoning any amount of ghosts, at so much per immortal spirit, with, maybe, a reduction made on taking a quantity. She was more than Circe, Medea, or Erichtho, one who covered the face of the sun with frozen clouds, and made the heavens serene at will, who could restore virginities and teach tergiversation to widows, who found fresh roses in her garden in December and gathered her harvest in January, whose least art was to create watercresses in a kneading trough, and who for six years served herself with a sacristan whom she changed into an ass. She was bold enough to summon a legion of devils, but I, says the witch, dare only summon half a legion. Her own chief complaint is that the devil in the shape of a goat gives her evasive answers. Berganza escapes with the skin of his teeth from the disciple of a woman so dangerous, and stays for a time with a gipsy, which gives Cervantes another opportunity for describing, as in "The Little Gipsy Girl," some of the customs of an extraordinary race which, like Achilles, *jura negat sibi nata.* Berganza next meets with a Morisco. These Moriscoes, or Christians of Moorish descent, Cervantes calls vipers, moths, gangrened limbs, and evidently approved the policy of their expulsion. Finally, Berganza hears a poet read his play. "It was such," says he, "that unless I am an ass in this matter of poetry, Satan himself seemed to have composed it for the author's utter ruin." One by one the actors went out, till at last the poet and the manager were left alone. Anon the actors returned, and were with extreme difficulty prevented from tossing the poet in a blanket. Not the least entertaining part

of the novel is the conversation which Berganza overhears in the hospital between an alchemist, a poet, a mathematician, and a projector. The alchemist is on the very brink of turning lead into gold, and is longing for a little assistance from some liberal Mæcenas; the poet desires a prince to whom to dedicate his poem; the mathematician would be content with squaring the circle; and the projector proposes to pay the national debt by the simple method of making all the people live on bread and water only for one day in the month, and putting into the treasury what is thus saved in their household expenses. This last character will remind the reader of Merecraft in "The Devil is an Ass," with his blackberry wine, his dogs' skins, and his patent for supplying the public with toothpicks. Such are the mere dry bones of the *Dialogo de los Perros*, a social panorama equally instructive and delightful, and, as some say, the author's favourite piece—the Benjamin of the children of his brain. It abounds with what the newspaper handbills of the present day would call "extraordinary disclosures." But its matter, frequently repulsive, is purified by the ingenious treatment of Cervantes, of whom, as of Goldsmith or the kaleidoscope, it may be said, *Nihil tangit quod non ornat*.

"The Glass Licentiate," another sample of the satiric novel, is the story of one Thomas Rodaja, who, after becoming a Licentiate, or Graduate of Laws, in the University of Salamanca, travels. His remarks on Venice in its pride and dignity present a curious contrast to those of Childe Harold, who visited it in its humility and decay. On his return he meets with a lady "of every man's manage," to whose lure and call every bird in the college comes. The only *ruin mecum*, or scholar who does not attend, is Rodaja. Him, therefore, the lady especially longs for. Unable to obtain him by other means, she applies to a Morisca, who furnishes her with a love charm in a Toledan quince. The charm has not the desired effect. Instead of turning out a lover, it turns out a lunatic. The sardonic reader may wonder wherein the difference lies. But the Licentiate's lunacy is exceptional, a madness *hors d'œuvre*. The luckless Rodaja, after eating the fruit, imagines himself made of glass from head to foot. The boys throw potsherds at him, to convince him of his mistake. He apostrophises them: "O boys, determined as flies, dirty as bugs, and daring as fleas! do ye take me for the Monte Testaccio?" The visitor to Rome will remember this mighty heap of ruin near the Salarian gate, said to be composed of shards, flints, and pebbles cast on it by the adjacent populace from time immemorial. None the less, however, for this adjuration do the boys cast potsherds. He is invited to Court, but refuses to go, on the ground that he has

still left in him some sense of shame, and is wholly unable to flatter. Yet at last, in consequence of their importunity who ask him, he assents, stipulating that his fragile body is to be carefully packed in straw, up to his neck. Thus he arrives at Valladolid, and the remainder of the novel is composed of ana. His intelligence is increased, seeing that the subtle and delicate envelope of glass is of less hindrance to the soul's working than the gross and muddy vesture of the flesh. His wisdom, apart from his monomania, astonishes his audience as much as that of Don Quixote. Here follow samples of his sayings: Hawking is fit only for the great, since the expense is two thousand to one compared to the profit. Bad poets are the idiocy and arrogance of the world. The carrier finds more help in a couple of curses than in three mules. The sailor's sea-chest and mess-table is his God, and his pastime is the sea-sick passenger. No shoemaker ever made an imperfect shoe, for if too narrow it is the fashion, and if too wide it will never give one the gout. The puppet showman treats divine matters indecently, packing up most of the sacred persons in the Old and New Testament in the same bag, and sitting on them unconcernedly as on a cushion at supper time.

Very many of his sayings depend upon puns for their salt. One which rests upon the double sense of *banco*, banker and bench, may be understood without being diluted by explanation. A banker sentenced to be hanged died suddenly in prison. He did right, quoth Rodaja, to make haste before the executioner sat upon him. Some of the puns are in Portuguese, and there is one in Latin. Who, it was enquired of the Licentiate, is the happiest man? *Nemo*, promptly replied he, because *Nemo novit patrem, Nemo ascendit in aelum*, and so forth. One of his sayings, perhaps too well known to be referred to, is not without sublimity. Religions are the Aranjueces of heaven, whose fruits are commonly set on the table of God. Rodaja, after conceiving himself of glass for two years, is at length cured by a priest of the order of St. Jerome, who had previously distinguished himself by making the dumb to speak. But the Licentiate succeeds no better sane than insane; and so, setting out for the wars in Flanders as a soldier, he leaves the Court with this last address: "Multiplying the hopes of the presumptuous, thou destroyest those of the diffident; abundantly providing for shameless buffoons, thou lettest modest wisdom die of hunger." The character of the Licentiate is supposed to represent that of the celebrated Gaspar Barthius, the German critic and philologist, and translator of the famous *Celestina*, a sad sequel to the precocious piety which at the

age of twelve set him to deliver the Psalms of David in Latin verse. Barth was like the Licentiate in his study of law, in his exceptional memory, and equally exceptional madness, but a comparison of dates renders the supposed representation improbable, besides the fact that Barth's biographers are by no means in accordance concerning the exact nature of his eccentricity.

From "The Jealous Estremaduran," considered by Spanish critics to be a *novela de costumbres*, we may learn that it was the usage, in Cervantes' time, to brand white female slaves in the face. A number of these unfortunate women are bought, together with an eunuch, by a jealous Estremaduran of fourscore, to guard his pretty wife of fifteen, the usual age of the author's heroines, in a house expressly prepared for her. A great part of the novel is occupied with various other precautions which Carrizales, the jealous husband, takes to secure himself against any lapse of his wife's matrimonial fidelity. A certain Loaysa corrupts the custodian eunuch by a lively performance on his lute. Before that magic music Carrizales' ramparts fall, as Jericho's walls fell before the ram's horn of Joshua. Loaysa at last obtains entrance to the lady's room as a lover, but without securing the object of his solicitude. Carrizales discovers Loaysa and his wife in an equivocal situation, into which they are brought by a *duciñd's* assistance, and dies from the effects of an imagined outrage. The conclusion is noble. The vengeance of the dying husband is no ordinary one. Though, like the silkworm, he has built about him a home in which to die, he considers what has befallen rather his own fault than that of his wife, whose dowry he doubles in his will, and asks her with his last breath to marry that Loaysa whom his grey hairs had never offended. So, says he, she may see that as while living I always sought to do what might most delight her, so dying I do the same, and desire her to solace herself after my death, which will make no long delay, with him whom she must love so dearly. The same kind of conclusion is given by Montalvan to his famous comedy, which in this respect is superior to that of Moratin's *El Viejo y la Niña*, represented at the close of the last century. In both comedies, though the general argument is the same as that of Cervantes, there is considerable difference and addition of incident.

The story called "The Force of Blood" is that of the birth of a child, under circumstances unsanctioned by any precedent civil contract or ecclesiastical ceremony, who is afterwards rescued from extreme peril by an old gentleman, not on the ground of humanity, but on that of the likeness of the boy to his own son. *This son*, who is indeed the boy's natural father, is afterwards

married to his boy's natural mother, and all ends in accordance with social propriety. In this novel is an old but admirable sentence:—Vice alone is true dishonour, only true honour is virtue; yet one ounce of public discredit does more harm than half-a-hundredweight of secret infamy. Ingenious sentences, indeed, may be garnered out of almost every page in the book. Men may be scholars and yet fools. Latin quotations should be squeezed out of pedants as the Portuguese squeeze out the juice of the negroes in Guinea. Ill-doing is of nature's harvest. Beauty is strong enough to wake even sleeping charity. Naughty words wait upon the tongue as gnats on wine. He must be strangely wise, and stand well in his stirrups, who can talk for two hours without touching, under some plea of social benevolence, on the confines of slander. In the "Estremaduran," Cervantes delivers the *duñas* to be a reproach to their neighbours, ladies of whom he was at no time remarkably fond. "O *duñas*, born into this world, and used only to the perdition of a thousand good and pure intentions! O tongues and plaited coifs, chosen out to authorise the halls and drawing-rooms of principal ladies, how much the reverse of what ye ought do ye use your almost enforcing office!" He who remembers the reformed Marceline in Beaumarchais' *Mariage de Figaro* must not suppose her to be a type of the *duña* of the time of Cervantes. Much nearer to that female eunuch is the Margaret in the well-known play of our own Sheridan, that highly respectable *gouvernante* who doubles the opportunities of the gallant, inasmuch as, without losing any of the lust of youth, she has added to it the avarice of age. She will not refuse to listen to a serenade, and she loves the sight of a secret sovereign. She is engaged as Argus but she acts as Mercury.

In the judgment of Florian, "The Force of Blood," "Rinconete and Cortadillo," and the "Dialogue of the Dogs," are the three best of Cervantes' novels, though he allows them all interesting. To certain passages selected out of "Rinconete and Cortadillo" and the "Dialogue of the Dogs," he has added an episode out of the last work of Cervantes, "Persiles and Sigismunda." The whole forms an interesting hodge-podge. But in the story of "The Force of Blood," the reader finds himself more highly favoured. Here alteration is added to excision. "Léocadie," as he rechristens the tale from the name of its protagonist, looks remarkably lean in her new tight-fitting French dress. She does those things which she did not in the original, and does not do those things which she did. But what reck's it Florian? What needs he? He is sped; and his defence is, I did it *pour éviter des longueurs, des traits d'un goût qui n'est pas le*

nôtre, coupled with that amphibological sentence, *La traduction la plus agréable est à coup sûr la plus fidèle*. With the exception of Shelton, who, however, has only given us six of the novels, most of the English translators have walked in the tracks of Florian. Poorer versions of a poor version in French, one of them at least deserves a passing notice, for its supreme impertinence of infidelity. In the story of "The Jealous Estremaduran," for instance, who is said in the original to have acquired considerable wealth by mercantile speculation, the translator—save the mark!—on this hint, speaks an infinite deal of nothing more than any translator, observing that the very poor are in many respects much happier than the very rich, and, not forgetting the mite of the poor widow, foists two or more such contemptible pages of cant on Cervantes as might make him rise from his grave, if only for the purpose of indignantly disclaiming them. It would be interesting to know the name of the author of this work, which has been modestly concealed. All that an admiring world may ever discover is contained in the editor's preface, which assures us that it is the "work of a fair friend, possessing a dignified, masculine, comprehensive mind, with all its consonant accomplishments, who by the desire of benefiting her species was alone induced to commit it to the disposal of the editor." What the "consonant accomplishments" may signify, it is for this gentleman to explain, but it is to be hoped that as a commercial speculation this edition of Cervantes' Novels was unsuccessful.

The present paper must end with the *novela de costumbres* known as *La Tía Fingida*, or "The Feigned Aunt." This is a lady who imposes on male innocence with female commodities a trade cracked, a lady who has a *soupeçon* of the witch in her into the bargain. The gist of the story, which, as has been seen, Cervantes hesitated to call "exemplary," lies in her ingenious method of procedure for the sale of her goods, or "ink," as the Spaniards call this profitable stock-in-trade. No pot of basil is set in her window, no ladies' headdress; nothing but a modest blind. She walks abroad attended by two *dueñas* and a squire. She will not, like the jealous Estremaduran, allow even a male cat to call upon her when at home. What can be more respectable? Nevertheless, the police revile and persecute, and say all manner of evil things against this blessed woman, and eventually she is sentenced to receive four hundred lashes, and to stand on the ladder, the Spanish pillory, with a rail and spiral paper cap on her head, in the midst of the public square, on a day which, says Cervantes, was the best day of that year for all the *little boys of Salamanca*.

JAMES MEW.

GLIMPSES OF MINUTE LIFE.

AMONGST the various means of investigating nature the microscope occupies a prominent place, and it is interesting to compare some of its recent services with the expectations and statements of earlier days. The primitive microscope was a sort of telescope, very inferior to a good hand lens of the present day. Jansen and Fontana have both been credited with the invention of the instrument, and perhaps both have claim to it. The latter published at Naples, 1618, *Novæ Cælestium Terrestriarumque Rerum Observationes*, which included some account of fleas, spiders, sea-sand, &c. In 1664 *Power's Experimental Philosophy* appeared, figuring a few objects, and being the first English publication of this kind. Three years later came Robert Hooke's celebrated *Micrographia*, with observations and drawings of great merit. Hooke used a compound microscope, with a small object glass, a thinner eye-glass, and a deeper one to enlarge the field, but it was a good while after his time before compound microscopes exhibited objects as clearly as single lenses. To obtain high powers, Hooke made small glass beads, which performed better than his more complex instruments. He also employed drops of water, gums, resins, oils, &c., in which he was followed in more recent times by Sir David Brewster, before opticians had learnt how to surmount the difficulties connected with the production of achromatic objects.

It is wonderful at this day to contemplate the work done by Hooke, Grew, and Leeuwenhoek with the imperfect apparatus at their disposal, but while they and their followers were laying substantial foundations of true science, there were many wild fancies afloat as to the marvels that could be seen, and indeed, with bad instruments and a lively imagination, most astounding results were obtained. Thus, Hooke, who wrote in 1743, tells us: "Some people have made false pretences, and ridiculous boasts of seeing, by their glasses, the atoms of Epicurus, the subtle matter of Des Cartes, the effluvia of bodies, the coruscations of the stars, and such like absurdities;" and one, Dr. Highmore, fancied he saw the effluvia of the loadstone in a mist.

The microscope has, from an early period of time, played an

important part in the famous spontaneous generation controversy, which has not yet ended, although the balance of evidence is enormously in favour of the belief that all existing life is the offspring of previous life. Before describing some recent experiments and observations, it will be well to consider the form in which modern investigators have had to deal with the spontaneous generation doctrines. In the first place, the term "spontaneous" has been generally abandoned, as evidently misleading and incorrect. Pouchet adopted the word *heterogenesis*, meaning thereby a kind of generative process, having some analogy to that exhibited by the higher organisms. Another term which has come into use is *abiogenesis*, describing the doctrine of those who think that under certain conditions inorganic matter becomes organised, without the intervention of any living organic germ. Pouchet's views may be gathered from his remark, that "in considering the forces of decomposition which take possession of great organisms, and the result of that disintegration, we see that each of their atoms only momentarily abandons its affinities, to re-enter into another sphere of attraction, active and living, after having experienced a time of suspense between the two existences, a momentary stage in the perpetual oscillations of its vital activity. So, in considering abstractedly each organic molecule, one is tempted to ask if it does not retain some sparks of life, *Latet scintillula forsan.*" He supposed that all organic phenomena were results of a primitive vital breath, causing organisation to arise at the expense of matter, and "this same vital breath (*souffle*) is able, without any ovary, to preside over the evolutions of the primary beings of creation."¹

It will be seen that this is not a theory of abiogenesis; but both heterogenesisists and abiogenesisists invoke the aid of the microscope to establish their theories, and their opponents have likewise relied upon its use. Pouchet imagined that in former times of great geological convulsions, large creatures sprang from the prodigious mass of fermenting material, but in these days the origin of new organisms by heterogenesis, or abiogenesis, is supposed, by the supporters of those theories, to be confined to very minute forms, and the practical part of the controversy requires the greatest manipulative skill. The question is mainly this, whether a putrescible organic material, containing no germs, or none that have not been killed, can, in the presence of germless air and water, produce any new organisms. Infusions of organic matter exposed to air under ordinary circumstances, and with moderate heat, always exhibit minute life after a few hours. First

¹ 'Hétérogénie,' p. 135.

come very simple forms and then more complex ones follow. Pouchet ascribed to the putrescible organic matter the generative function; its progeny varying according to its nature, and the air and water he regarded as providing a "vital medium" and a "respiratory fluid." He says, "in varying to infinity the solid substance of the infusion, when the same air and the same water were employed, the infusoria likewise varied to infinity;" also that "the same body with the same water gave different protozoaries, according to whether or not the infusion was submitted to ebullition. . . . We have verified six times the statement of Spallanzani that trefoil yields different infusoria when boiled to what it does in simple maceration."

If infusions containing no living matter always, when exposed to air under ordinary circumstances, and in ordinary situations, soon exhibited minute life, and this life resulted from the development of germs, it was evident that the air must contain them in enormous numbers and of great variety. Putting this difficulty as strongly as possible, and not without exaggeration, Pouchet said, "If this aërial dissemination were real, each cubic millimètre of the atmosphere (about a cubic $\frac{1}{25}$ of an inch) must contain immensely more eggs than there are inhabitants on the globe." Owen had said that certain monads were so small that he thought one drop of water containing them held more individuals than there were human beings on the globe. Pouchet, assuming this number to be 500 millions, proceeded to observe that "if each water drop equalled 8 cubic millimètres, one such millimètre would contain 62,500,000 animalcules," and if the atmosphere held in suspension a hundred species of microzoaries or cryptogams, to supply the exigencies of dissemination, "each cubic millimètre must have at its disposal 6,250,000,000 eggs, and thus the air in which we live would have the density of iron."¹

Without being influenced by these astounding figures, it must be admitted that, if the heterogenetic and abiogenetic theories are not true, common air, in ordinary situations, must contain so many germs that only their excessive minuteness could preserve it from becoming far too dense for respiratory purposes.

It was easy to assume that there were germs of this sort much too small to be seen with any microscope, but science requires that we should believe nothing that does not follow deductively by sound reasoning from an established generalisation, or inductively from facts plainly leading up to it, or that cannot be established by the evidence of our senses, when their indications are well verified. It was thus not enough to assume; it was necessary to demonstrate, or render ex-

¹ *Hétérogénie*,¹ p. 243.

trremely probable that there were germs numerous enough and minute enough to account for the facts observed. In the first place it was found by Pasteur that the air on lofty and isolated mountain peaks was usually pure enough to have no effect in producing infusoria when it was admitted into organic solutions which had been carefully made free from any living germs; and the precaution he found it necessary to take in these experiments indicated the minuteness of the germs and the facility with which they might gain access to vessels supposed to exclude them. Having prepared glass vessels in his laboratory with their necks drawn out and sealed during their ebullition, he broke their necks on the mountain heights with pincers made very hot in a spirit lamp, and then resealed them. The slightest inaccuracy was sufficient to introduce germs brought with him from below and attached to his apparatus, his person, or his clothes.

It is probable that the limits of organic life in the direction of minuteness are far beyond the limits of visibility, though those limits with our present instruments, afford astounding results. Mr. Béchamp estimates that eight thousand millions of a microferment he examined would only occupy one cubic twenty-fifth of an inch. In the remarkable investigation of the Rev. W. H. Dallinger we have also some of the best illustrations of the minuteness of living objects, and of the present limits of vision with the best objectives and the most careful illumination. Probably no one has seen anything of smaller diameter than the *flagella* (or vibratile whips) with which the motions of the minute sausage-shaped organisms *Bacterium termo* are performed, and which were found, as a mean of two hundred ingenious experiments, to be as near as possible the one two hundred and four thousand seven hundredth of an inch ($\frac{1}{2004700}$). Large figures do not convey much information unless we institute some comparison between them and the dimensions of well-known objects. In this case we may acquire some notion of what the above figures mean when we remember that a sheet of common notepaper is about one-hundredth part of an inch thick; it would therefore take two thousand and forty-seven of these *flagella* piled one upon each other to equal the thickness of such a sheet of paper. If a thin streak is made with a pencil and compared with the thickness of a piece of paper, viewed edgeways, a still further illustration will be obtained, and the comparative aspects of the two should be borne in mind when considering such facts.

The smallest monads observed in Mr. Dallinger's researches had a long diameter of $\frac{1}{4300}$ to $\frac{1}{3000}$ of an inch; their short diameter or breadth being much less. When such small creatures produce

germs, they will be of extreme minuteness, and so must be any germs produced by bacteria. The smallest germs that have been seen, are considered by Mr. Dallinger to be of less diameter than the breadth of the bacterian flagella just ascertained, and it is obvious that a few cubic feet of air might contain a prodigious number of sphericles less than a two hundred thousandth of an inch in diameter without their presence being detected by ordinary means, or without their occasioning any appreciable difference in the density of the air.

Mr. Dallinger has shown that some of the minute monads pass through a wonderful series of life changes during which their shapes completely alter, and that at certain stages they form germs or eggs by what appears to be a sexual process, analogous to that of higher animals. He has also shown that some of these minute creatures are less simple in structure than was formerly supposed. In some he noticed an opening and closing of an eyelid-like organ—and in others not only flagella for swimming, but others for anchoring and springing. At what point of minuteness the differentiation of parts into special organs stops, it is impossible to say, but it is obviously not philosophical to assume that nothing of the kind exists, simply because it cannot be seen. Some creatures are too small for accurate examination: their degree of simplicity or complexity can only be inferred from what they do, as ascertained by prolonged observation.

The Dallinger researches were made upon the plan of incessantly watching the same individuals, day and night, through their various changes. Either he himself, or his friend and fellow-worker, Dr. Drysdale, maintained an uninterrupted watch of the monads that engaged their attention, and which were enclosed in a small cell adapted to their requirements, but which prevented their escape from view. They saw germs of such extreme minuteness that they would have been quite invisible if they had not been opaque when first emitted, or if they had been emitted singly as a hen deposits one egg.

Here we must pause a moment to consider the conditions of visibility, and its necessary limits. Let us for an example drop a peppercorn in water. It is seen as plainly as before, but if we take up a drop of water at the end of a little stick, although we see it as plain as the peppercorn while it is in air, we lose sight of it directly we drop it into water and it becomes surrounded by similar particles. In order to see any object it must differ from its surroundings, and colourless transparent objects become invisible in water unless they differ from that fluid in their action upon light. If an object is very small and its action upon light differs little from that of any fluid in

which it is immersed, it is difficult to see, or may be actually invisible while a still smaller object possessing some colour, or acting upon light in a way, or to an extent, differing from that of the adjacent fluid, may be readily discerned. The fact that minute particles exist in air, or water, may also be demonstrated to the eye, although no single one may be big enough to be detected. Every one has noticed the motes in a sunbeam as it streams into our rooms, and an attentive examination will show that, besides the myriads of particles large enough to be discerned, there are others which simply produce a luminous effect. Professor Tyndall was led by this to hit upon the clever plan of testing air by throwing an artificial electric sunbeam through it. By confining air in vessels where no draughts would disturb it, and examining it from time to time with his revealing light, he could tell when the particles it contained subsided by their weight, and left no motes to shimmer in the beam. Both he and Mr. Dallingier proved that moteless air produced no life with fluids containing organic matter in which all germs had been destroyed.

Although little progress has been made in connecting diseases with recognisable germs carried about by the air, there can be no doubt that pure air, free from floating particles, must be the best to breathe, and in open country districts the quantity is much less than in the neighbourhood of towns. Amongst the most generally present germs are those of minute fungi, giving rise to moulds, mildews, and the swarms of the poor relations of mushrooms that are found on living plants, or on decaying animal or vegetable matter. The germs of a vast number of microscopic fungi, and of minute creatures belonging to the animal series, or to the border land between the animal and the vegetable, are not to be distinguished from each other by their outward appearance. They must have a definite structure or they could not reproduce the parental forms from which they sprang, but no aid the eye can obtain from the finest instruments enables it to be seen. For a germ to grow it must have the power of assimilating and arranging for its own uses, according to its own pattern, some of the matter surrounding it. This involves a series of chemical and electrical processes which are as efficiently carried on by invisible spherules as by the largest seeds. Whether all minute germs necessarily develop into constant forms, or whether some can vary their development if their surroundings vary, has still to be determined. At any rate we may expect a great many so-called species of minute life will be found to be only different stages, or different conditions of the same thing.

Concurrent with improvements in microscopes and apparatus,

which have enabled objects more and more minute to be discerned and studied, we find the researches of physicists and mathematicians, investigating the molecular structure and conditions of solids, fluids, and gases, show that the ultimate atoms of such bodies are so prodigiously smaller than the smallest germs known, that the space they occupy might contain them by billions and trillions. Taking a mean of various calculations, Mr. Sorby found sixteen figures necessary to describe the number of atoms probably present in and comprising one cubic thousandth of an inch of water. Chemists suppose that all substances are composed of molecules, and those molecules of atoms, and the properties of the substances depend on the nature of the atoms and the mode or pattern of their aggregation. A molecule is the smallest particle of any substance capable of individual existence, and to reduce its dimensions would be to take it to pieces and destroy it as effectually as we should destroy a wall by reducing it to separated bricks. We may gain more knowledge about these molecules and the various patterns they can build up, but there is no chance of our ever seeing them, even if microscopes should be increased in power to the utmost limits which the constitution of light prescribes. Our smallest visible object is as great a monster when compared to one ultimate molecule, as the great globe of the earth is to its own tiny mass. The microscope cannot therefore realise some of the expectations of old times. We cannot see, as some observers fancied, that vinegar is sharp to the taste because it is composed of pointed particles, and sugar is sweet because its ultimate particles are round and smooth. Such explanations are as imaginary as another memorable reference of the quality of vinegar to the so-called "eels" it sometimes contains, and the flapping of their tails upon the tongue was supposed to cause its sour taste.

HENRY J. SLACK.

TABLE TALK.

IT is amusing to see the flutter that is caused in remote parts of the Continent by the enquiry after curiosities and objects of vertu that a certain section of the travelling English public has commenced. Everybody who owns a cracked jar or a ramshackle chest brings it to the English collector and offers it at a price that would be extravagant in the case of a genuine specimen of the best workmanship. If you explain to the bearers of these objects that they are valueless, they answer you with remonstrance, "They are old—what would you more?" It is not only in remote countries ignorance of this class exists. An old lady not many years ago travelled from Cornwall to London for the purpose of making her fortune by a "breeches" Bible, for which, when she arrived, she could get no more than seven shillings and sixpence. I remember being asked in Dublin a hundred pounds for a copy of Stapylton's "Juvenal," which fetched five shillings at the Heber sale and was priced a guinea in the "Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica." The bookseller, however, would not take less. He told me, what was quite true, that Mr. J. O. Halliwell—now Mr. Halliwell-Phillips—had bought a quarto *Hamlet* for very little money in the very street in which we were, and had sold it for a hundred pounds. "Why," he demanded, "should the book not be worth as much, and why should you not be Mr. Halliwell?" Pondering over questions a full answer to which would carry one deep into metaphysical speculation, I departed;—without the Stapylton's "Juvenal."

WE have not yet learned satisfactorily the lesson how to treat lunatics. Physicians may insist that kindness is the best, and indeed the only method to be employed; the vulgar mind will none the less persist in seeing in them beings who are helpless and are accordingly proper subjects for any amount of ill-usage that may commend itself as amusement or exercise. I see an account of an inquest on a lunatic at the Gloucester County Asylum, in which the medical evidence showed that four ribs had been broken in the right side of the body, and five on the left, and that the breast-bone had

been fractured. I should like to ascertain to what extent the practices of kneeling and jumping upon lunatics prevail in English asylums. I am afraid they would be found to be more prevalent than is ordinarily supposed. What advantage, if any, is supposed to be derived from pounding upon the breast of an unfortunate of the class is not evident, but the practice has long commended itself to the wardens of lunatic asylums. It does not seem much more merciful than the systems formerly in vogue. What was the nature of these may be seen from the treatment of Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*. A curious proof of the kind of plan adopted with regard to such men is afforded in a story of Poggio Bracciolini, 'De medico qui dementes et insanos curabat.' I will translate a few lines of this for the benefit of readers of the *Gentleman's*. "'There was once,' said Paulus Florentinus, 'a Milanese, a mad doctor who undertook to cure within a fixed period those entrusted to his care. This was his treatment. He had in his house a courtyard in which was a pool of filthy and fetid water. He kept in this, stark naked and fastened to posts, the lunatics put under his care, some up to their knees, others to the haunches, and others yet higher, according to the intensity of the evil. He left them thus motionless rotting in the water until they returned to reason.'" Both systems, Italian and English, are certain to cure the patients in the end; the remedy in each instance being about as effective as cutting off a patient's head as a cure for toothache.

MANY grim stories are preserved concerning men who, in Swift's sad words, have "died a-top." I know few more curious or suggestive than the following, which, I believe, has never found its way into print. A medical man, formerly in good practice, came to a country surgeon and confided to him his conviction that he was losing his reason. Though met with incredulity, he persisted in the assertion, and made a proposal that he should pay a certain handsome stipend to the recipient of his confidence for the privilege of living in his house and under his care. The bargain was struck. For some years the self-proclaimed madman lived in this fashion, assisting his guardian in his professional work and betraying no sign of mental alienation. One morning, however, he sprang out of bed on a female domestic, who, after a custom long observed, brought him a cup of tea, and cut her head off. From that time forth he was a raging lunatic.

AMONG the things which "they manage better in France" than in England may be counted matters of libel. If the English

Parliament would frame a law, simple and direct as that of France, making the publication of any purely private and personal matter, true or false, harmful or innocent, an offence, a class of writing which is a disgrace to English letters and a species of terrorism which is a bane to English life would be got rid of, and our Law Courts would be relieved from an almost interminable series of cases. A private individual has a right to regard as absolute offence anything which floods a peaceful and obscure life with the light of publicity.

READING the "Reminiscences of Gustave Courbet at La Tour," in the *New Quarterly*, I was struck with the apology there afforded for the destruction of the Napoleon Column in the Place Vendôme. A genuine love of art and a warm desire for a reign of peace and brotherhood dictated the action of Courbet. Still it is scarcely convenient to allow a precedent to be established of destroying the monuments of past times at the caprice of one man. What would become of London, we may well ask, if ever one set of artists or one too zealous artist should obtain power enough to deprive us of our national monuments? How humbled should we feel if some one pulled down half a dozen statues of the Duke of Wellington, or taking the Albert Hall for a bride cake and the Memorial for its appropriate ornament, placed one on the top of the other!

NOW that our Asiatic subjects and allies are to aid us in our European wars, special interest attends those Oriental potentates who from time to time make their appearance at the Court of their Empress. The latest star that has swum "into our ken" is the so-called Maharajah of Johore, who, besides appearing at royal entertainments, has been a guest at many private festivities. Though bearing a Hindu title, our new visitor is a Mohammedan. His correct designation is the Tumongong of Johore. He is a Malay feudatory, wholly independent within the limits of his country, and especially well-affected to the British Government, by whom, as I understand, his title was granted. The resources of his principality are largely developed by Chinese immigrants, for whom the Rajah has a keen appreciation. Unlike the Americans, who find constant exercise for their ingenuity in inventing new restrictions upon the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire, he welcomes their arrival and encourages them to settle in his dominions. In appearance our ally is a thorough Malay. His dress on State occasions is very quaint and eccentric in its blending of Oriental and Western fashions. He talks freely about his own affairs and the prospects of his

Government. An interesting experiment has of late been made in **Johore**, in the shape of laying down railways. The rails of these are of wood, Johore teak, and not of iron. These are said to prove both strong and durable, and allow of a speed of ten miles an hour.

IN the Green Park, the other day, I was stopped by a pretty and very modest-looking young lady who presented a printed card about a Sunday-school, and asked for a contribution towards its "Treat." Of course I gave her a shilling—and should have done so, I hope, if it had been my last one. I afterwards saw her stop half-a-dozen other men, and with the like success. But is it right that the fair Highwaywoman should ply this calling? I don't grudge her the shilling, but if the Sunday-school in question have commissioned her to thus levy subscriptions, they ought to be ashamed of themselves, for it is manifest she does so at some personal risk. I know more than one publishing house that issues serial works and employs young-lady "travellers" in this same fashion; they push their way into places of business, and rarely fail in obtaining subscriptions from the young gentlemen employed therein. But though a very "nice" way of doing business in one sense, it is not a creditable one to the firms in question, and the sooner it is discontinued the better.

THE inconveniences of an increasing family with a fixed house are well known to many a Paterfamilias. While children are small they can be amalgamated, but as they grow up they require more room, and especially more sleeping accommodation. In the country, if you have the money for it, you have only to "throw out" a new wing, like a lobster that has lost its claw, or put on another story, as a man exchanges his "all-rounder" for a "pot-hat;" but in London it is different. You cannot throw your "wing" into your neighbour's tenement (without serious remonstrance), and if you ventured on another story, such is the roguery of London builders, that you would probably bring the house down about your ears. And yet there *is* a way—though upon my life I hesitate to disclose it. It is such an excellent one, and *so* simple, and yet one that nobody would guess: and I *know*, directly it has left my pen, how ungratefully every one will requite me for the information. "Oh, there's nothing in that; it's a good plan of course, but one that anybody could have hit upon, &c., &c." That's what everyone has the impudence to say to my friend Jones, who was the first, I believe, to put it into effect. Jones is a physician, living in a fashionable street, with a little garden

on one side of his house, which you can walk miles in, he says, backwards and forwards,—but in a straight line you can only take a few steps in it for an obvious reason—his neighbour's wall.

The doctor has a large family (it is necessary, he says, and he puts their “keep” under the head of advertising expenses, for he is an accoucheur); he requires a consulting-room, of course, in addition to all the usual apartments, and was therefore, until lately, much inconvenienced for want of space. I took dinner with him last summer. I noticed that the savoury smell of it so pervaded the house beforehand that a *menu* was rendered unnecessary; whereas when I dined with him last week, I did not detect a whiff. Moreover on the latter occasion, I heard him say he had put a billiard-room into the basement, where his boys could play and smoke, so that there should be less temptation for them to go out o' nights.

“But how did you find space for the billiard-room?” inquired I.

“Oh, have you not heard?” said he. “Come into the garden, and see for yourself.”

The dining-room opened upon the garden, and we stepped out. At first I noticed nothing strange, but presently found myself walking on ground glass instead of gravel.

“I dug up all this garden since you were here last,” he said, “and built a kitchen and servants' offices in the excavation; then I put the garden back again. The ground-glass walk—it is most appropriately termed *ground glass*—gives light to the underground inhabitants; hidden in the blossoms of that flower-bed is a ventilating apparatus, through which fresh air is communicated to them. If you look through that bed of roses, you may catch a glimpse of our cook, herself a peony.”

“But the fires!” said I; “where does the smoke go to?”

“Oh, the chimneys are put back to back with those of the house; or, where that cannot be managed, we use a stove-pipe. I have thus added four or five rooms to the extent of our household accommodation. It was no dearer than ordinary building, since no scaffolding was requisite, and to a man of my profession much cheaper than moving. A doctor can never afford to remove to other premises; if his patients do not find their Jones where he used to be, they go to another Jones. We are creatures of habit. By the by, there's John kissing the kitchen-maid; he is not quite accustomed to the new arrangements; I must plant those anemones thicker.”

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER 1878.

CUPID.

AN EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF PROFESSOR
MacPELVIS.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

PART II.

“THE Misses Deerfoot will be proud and honoured to make the acquaintance of Professor MacPelvis.” Thus Basil Ruthven, in his tragedy voice.

“And Miss Florry Deerfoot,” made haste to add one of the young ladies, “not only feels proud and honoured, but delighted, overjoyed, *enchanted* to have the opportunity for which she has so long sighed.” Upon which the eldest Miss Deerfoot, who was tall and slender, dropped the loveliest of curtsies to the Sage of Cenotaph Square.

“To which let me add,” quoth the second and youngest sister, who was *petite* and plump, “that Miss Topsy Deerfoot—that’s me, you know; and people who like me call me ‘Top’—feels not only enchanted, but ——” here she broke down, and stammered forth, “I’ve been dying to know you this ever so long, and Basil Ruthven says you’re an Old Dear, and I’m sure you are.” In concluding her little speech, Miss Topsy, for shortness and sweetness called Top, did more than curtsy. She positively bent on one knee; seized the large and long right hand of the Philosopher—“his rugose, corrugated, and not too perfectly cleanly paw,” Sproutly Pimples was wont to call it—and, bending forward, imprinted on it a playful kiss. “I’ve been presented at Court,” she said gaily, looking upwards—“at the Court of Rasselas, Prince of

Abyssinia." Then, quite unembarrassed, this sprightly young damsel sprang to her feet as deftly as though the turf of the enclosure had been a spring board; turned a pirouette, and then extended her hands, the palms outwards, just as the acrobats do when they have accomplished a feat, and invite applause from the audience. Miss Topsy's performance was greeted with three distinct rounds of plaudits from the admiring spectators.

"Real jam, by Jove!" cried the youthful and comic lord (he studied the paragraphs in the *Sporting Times* intently). "Two eighteen on a plank road, by Jove!"

"Mons'ous charming, mons'ous charming," quoth the ancient Viscount, who was deaf, and with whose teeth there was something the matter. Reminds me of Déjazet. Stop, Jenny Vertpré. No, Mrs. Honey I mean. What's her name? Deerfoot? Isn't that the name of a horse? No, the Indian who swam a thousand miles in a thousand hours against Captain Barclay—Weston, I mean, and he was an Indian. His lordship's memory was getting shaky, and he was not quite certain about anything.

"She must get a stunning salary," murmured Claude Cashless to himself. "Fifty pounds a week, p'raps, and no end of tick. I wish I'd been brought up to turn over head and heels and sing patter songs. After all, tights and spangles are not much more absurd than jack-boots and buckskins, and a dish cover for a waistcoat, and a German silver pot on your head on a hot day. I wish I was out of it." By "it" the gallant officer may have meant debt, or the garden party, or the Household Brigade, or this transitory life. Affairs were going badly with him; and he was disposed to take a gloomy view of things.

"Hardened creature!" ejaculated in the distance the grim-visaged Miss St. Angula. She meant Topsy Deerfoot, not Claude Cashless.

All this time, not Leviathan of old, not the Hippopotamus at the Zoo, not the recent Beluga, the white whale at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, not Mr. Yellowbarr, M.P. and soapboiler, in his maiden speech in the House of Commons, not Sproutly Pimples, when trying to write a leading article of which the subject was beyond his grasp (he tried to write such an essay about four times a week), could have been floundering more painfully and more desperately than Professor MacPelvis. The Philistines had come upon him unawares; there were two Dalilahs, instead of one; and already he fe as a billiard-ball. He turned all kinds of colours; he th hands into all his pockets; he asked himself dreamily the proper thing to do would be to propitiate Miss Florry De.....



Miss Topsy Deerfoot.



by the gift of a snuff-box, or with the caudal vertebræ of a choice lizard (which he chanced to have about him, handy, in a pill-box), or whether he should ask Miss Topsy to adjourn to the tent and have some champagne cup.

"Strawberries and cream, I mean," he stammered at last, with the desperation of the Timid Man. "Let's have some strawberries and cream, ladies." And it is an absolute fact that Professor MacPelvis, giving an arm to each of the fascinating professional ladies to whom Basil Ruthven had introduced him, did there and then escort them to the refreshment marquee. The young and comic lord preceded them as a kind of herald, chanting a merry *Lied* about somebody, who, whatever may have been his little shortcomings, "Always Came home to Tea."

"Hooked him, begad!" chuckled the ancient Viscount, hobbling after the party. "Wish I wasn't quite so stiff on the pins. Wish I'd half his chance. Very nice poppets—very nice little poppets, indeed. He can't have much change out of sixty-five. Game old man; very game old man, indeed."

"Deplorable and Infatuated Dupe!" groaned Miss St. Angula in the distance. She might have played chorus in a Greek tragedy. Don't be impatient. Don't be in a hurry. There *is* a tragedy coming: a drama more terrible than Orestes Pursued by the Eumenides.

Of course Mr. Basil Ruthven had not forgotten to present the Professor to Mrs. Deerfoot, sometimes called the Mother of the Modern Burlesque Gracchi; but really, when there are a pair of young ladies—and remarkably pretty young ladies too—in question, a mamma, especially a theatrical mamma, does not count for much.

"More's the pity and more's the shame," moralists of the rigidity of Miss St. Angula might say. *C'est pourtant la vérité*. Nobody minded Mrs. Deerfoot—she was the mother of both Gracchi and Gracchæ—much. She was a homely little body, who ever so many years ago, as Mrs. Chubbley, the singing chambermaid (a tremendous favourite in the "Little Jockey" and other "breeches" parts), had been well favoured. She espoused Deerfoot, (excellent as a low comedian when he had not had too much gin-and-water, and superlatively good *when* he had had too much of that stimulant,) and had assumed very contentedly the rôle of Second Old Woman. The Deerfoots had been country managers; they had made a brief adventure on the "public" line; they had experienced the usual ups and downs of theatrical life; but they had always succeeded in maintaining their irreproachable respectability. They were *sans peur et sans reproche*

from a moral point of view. Since his sons and daughters had begun to distinguish themselves in the theatrical profession the paternal Deerfoot had not been very solicitous about obtaining engagements for himself. It may be said of him, indeed, that he had virtually retired into the bosom of private life. The family resided at Kentish Town; and Mr. Deerfoot *père* was the life and soul of a little dramatic club called the Junior Irvingites, who were wont to meet thrice a week in the first floor front of a tavern in the Carlton Road. There, as everywhere else, the elder Mr. Deerfoot was looked up to as a highly respectable man.

Of the eight olive branches that the Mother of the Gracchi had presented to her spouse six survived. They were all in the profession. Harry was in the States, travelling with an "Our Boys" company; Jack was in Australia, with a "Caste" troupe; Tom was playing walking gentlemen in the provinces; Frank, the "Little Pickle" of his band, who had given his family much trouble, had been trained by his father—an extremely well-read man, with a most sonorous delivery—with a view to the boy becoming the First Tragedian of the Day. Early and late did his papa see him hard at work, reciting, gesticulating, fencing, and even dancing. "The Tragedian," observed his instructor, "should know something of everything." Franky was taken to the great Mr. Swallowhilt, that tragic artist with the unearthly voice who used to make your flesh creep as Iago, and your blood run cold as Manfred. "Promising—highly promising," was the great man's verdict; "and all I can say in addition, my dear Mr. Deerfoot, is 'Culture, Culture, Culture!'" "The little beast," the candid Swallowhilt subsequently observed to a friend, "ranted 'Is this a dagger?' till he was black in the face, and my ears were splitting. I gave him half-a-crown to get rid of him. There's not an iota of the making of a tragedian in him." Oddly enough, Swallowhilt's prophecy was in the long run verified, although not in the manner contemplated by the actor. One fine morning Franky ran away and went to sea. *Qui a bu boira.* Happening to touch at San Francisco he made haste to run away from his ship; and, some months afterwards, was discovered by his elder brother (travelling with an "Our Boys" company) officiating as call-boy at the Great National Clambake Opera House, Sincamisa City, Colorado. Sent home at the paternal expense, the fugacious Franky subsequently ran away from the shipbroker's counting-house, the attorney's office, and the pawnbroker's shop, in which his family (thinking that he might have an aptitude for commercial pursuits) had successively obtained employment for him. His real vocation had yet to be discovered. After serving

for a time as a potboy at a Liverpool public-house, a waiter at a Manchester music-hall, a dentist's page, a photographer's operator, and an assistant to a cheap Jack, he suddenly astonished the world, his friends, and his relatives, by his appearance as a full-blown and excruciatingly droll Clown to a Circus. He has been wise enough not to sully the unimpeachable respectability of his family by tumbling and grimacing in his real name. His professional appellation is Tommy Todd; and he was last heard of at Bologna in the kingdom of Italy as "*Il celebrissimo Tommi, comico Inglese.*" He makes, it is said, forty pounds a week, and is married to one of the most distinguished Female Lion Tamers (one of her sisters was eaten) of the age. The wayward Franky's name is not often mentioned—and when it does arise, it is repeated with a sigh—at Kentish Town. "There fell a bright star from the firmament," the elder Deerfoot is wont to say moodily. "What a Jaques, what a Sir Giles Overreach, he would have made!" "And I wouldn't have so much minded," good Mrs. Deerfoot remarks, with a slight tremour in her voice, "if he'd taken to the legitimate; if he'd gone in for pantomime. The only successor of Grimaldi. The modern Tom Matthews. The New Flexmore—that would have sounded well. But the ribaldry of the ring and the rough sounds of 'Houp-la!' It is dreadful to think of."

"Yes, ma, it's very shocking, isn't it?" Miss Florry Deerfoot acquiesced on the last occasion when the fate of the misguided young man (he was his mother's pet and his sister's darling, delight, and tyrant) was discussed. "To think of our Franky becoming what those rude horse-riding people call a 'Sawdust Bloke.' To think of his having to hold a hoop for Miss Silverhoof—you remember the Silverhoof at Sanger's?—to jump through, and having to get out of the way of the riding-master's whip, and stand on his head on a pyramid of champagne bottles. It is indeed truly painful to contemplate."

"Stuff and nonsense," suddenly cried out Miss Topsy. "Poor little Franky only had to find out what he was fit for; and when he found it out, he did it with all his might and main. What am I fit for? Only to dance cellarflaps and breakdowns in a Tom-fool's dress, to be ogled through the opera-glasses of the dandies in the stalls. Pa thought I had a voice, and was for sending me to the Royal Academy. A pretty thing I should have made of it in Tenterden Street, Hanover Square. Fancy my singing 'Casta Diva,' or 'Son Vergin Vezzosa.' I can bring the house down by singing Mr. Plantagenet Filbert's comic ballads to the tune of 'Kafoozum' &c

'Down among the Coals.' Don't tell me! Do what you think you *can* do, and do it as well as ever you can. Doesn't the press say that I rival Lydia Thompson in 'Cupid?' Didn't Mr. Ledger tell me so in the greenroom only last week? Hasn't Mr. Clement Scott asked me for my *carte de visite*? And I was to be a second Louisa Pyne, wasn't I? Just as Flo here, according to Pa, was to be a second Adelaide Kemble. If I were in Flo's place, I'd sooner be a second Mrs. Keeley. Wouldn't you, Flo? And, upon my word," concluded this irrepressible young professional, "if the burlesque business falls off, I'll turn Clown in a circus myself. I will. I'm sure I could stand on my head if I tried. Hou-p-la."

This conversation took place on the eve of Mr. Ben Amos's garden-party in Sarcophagus Square; and the Misses Deerfoot were busily occupied in completing two peculiarly ravishing costumes for the occasion:—Princess robes, white cashmere trimmed with sky blue silk if you please; lace *fichus* over the shoulders, everything neat, sparkling, *piquante*, but not unduly demonstrative. The bonnets were in Mrs. Deerfoot's special department. She was an old hand at the confection of graceful head-gear; and the two *chapeaux* which she turned out for the momentous festival might have drawn tears of envy from the artistic eyes of an Elise or a Parsons. What do you think of a Lionardo da Vinci *berette*, with blue feathers to match the trimmings of the dresses? "And," quoth the mother of the Gracchi (and Gracchæ) when, with an old paper knife she had finished curling the last blue feather, and had stuck the plume triumphantly in its proper place, "if Regent Street can turn me out such bonnets as these for thirty shillings the pair, all I can say is, that Regent Street had better begin at once." For my part I think that Regent Street would have confidently charged a couple of guineas apiece for those ravishing Lionardos.

"The jerked feather, swaling in the bonnet," Story of Rossini, Leigh Hunt," observed the elder Mr. Deerfoot, that well-read man.

"Bother Leigh Hunt! wasn't that Mr. Boucicault's name when he was a young man?" returned the practical Mrs. Deerfoot. "There's somebody at the door. One of you young girls run downstairs and open it. It can't be Jane; she's gone to High Street, Camden Town, to fetch some snuff for your Pa. It must be the baker's man with the sucking-pig."

This was but a slight yet suggestive illustration of the modesty and simplicity of manners engendered by true respectability. The town was full of the fame of Florence and Topsy Deerfoot; the greatest dandies in London were talking about them at their clubs;

the mightiest theatrical critics of the daily and weekly press were re-echoing their praises ; their photographs were in every shop window, by the side of those of the Countess of Blueblazes, the Bishop of Bosfursus, Dr. Darwin, and Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands ; yet here we find this blameless family sitting down in the refined, albeit unadorned privacy of their home to their frugal meal—a baked pig. When Jane, the unique handmaiden, returned from the snuff-shop, she went to the Hero of Redan round the corner for the beer. It was “cooper.” Could anything be more patriarchal? Sometimes they had Irish stew.

I fancy that by this time you will have arrived at an inkling of the fact that Miss Topsy was the head of the family ; in the way of genius, that is to say. That was universally acknowledged. She was fascinatingly pretty, and as graceful as a mermaid (I never saw one, but am ready to take my affidavit that all mermaids—if there are any mermaids—are models of grace): although the lines of her figure slightly tended to *embonpoint* of the apple dumpling order. Her hair was naturally curly, as Cupid’s should be ; but as regards its hue I intend to maintain a resolute silence. Who knows anything about the real colour of a lady’s hair nowadays? Whether her complexion was her own or the perfumer’s it is no business of mine to enquire. It always looked fresh and rosy, even at rehearsal ; and that is quite enough for me. I can state, however, with certainty, that she had a delicious dimple in each cheek, and that her ears were not much bigger than Whitstable oysters at half-a-crown a dozen.

The girl was, from a scholastic point of view, almost wholly uneducated. She was born before Compulsory Education laws had been enacted for the squandering of the ratepayers’ money, and the harassing of the poorer classes of her Majesty’s subjects ; and beyond a little intermittent schooling in the provincial towns, where her parents had sojourned in the course of their wandering (although most respectable) career, tutors and governesses had done nothing for Topsy Deerfoot. You see, she had been on the boards ever since she was seven years of age. Mr. Swallowhilt as Rollo in “Pizarro” had held her high aloft as he rushed across the torrent-spanning bridge. Miss Bateman, in “Leah,” had wept floods of passionately maternal tears over her. As little Prince Arthur in “King John,” Hubert had threatened to put her eyes out. She had driven Cinderella’s coach and six. She had played Little King Pippin to crowded and enthusiastic audiences. She had (as she grew older) worn a jacket and knickerbockers, and trundled a hoop as one of the young gentlemen in “To Parents and Guardians.” Oh ! she had been a most in-

dustrious little actress; and, being gifted with a marvellously retentive memory, she had contrived to pick up a very fair stock of notions about things in general. The illustrious John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, was commonly accounted to be the most illiterate nobleman of his day. He was wont himself to own that all he knew of English history had been gathered from the perusal of Shakespeare's plays; yet he managed somehow to become a fluent French, Dutch, and German scholar, and to write very tolerable Latin. In English spelling he was certainly backward, yet the Blenheim Despatch was undoubted in his own hand. He knew nothing of arithmetic beyond simple addition; yet he amassed a colossal fortune and was the most rapacious curmudgeon of the Eighteenth Century. Thus Topsy Deerfoot, without being taught anything, had succeeded in learning a variety of things. She might have blushed and stammered had you asked her suddenly to name the English king who succeeded Henry the Sixth. She might even have replied that it was Henry the Seventh; but she knew all about Anne Boleyn, and had written a capital parody on Wolsey's "Farewell, a long Farewell to all my Greatness." Had you asked her to define the origin of the Wars of the Roses, she would possibly have laughed in your face; but the acts and deeds of Crook-backed Richard, from his first interview with Lady Anne until the occasion of his offering his Kingdom for a Horse, were all familiar to her as household words. I am almost certain that she never studied one page of Murray's grammar (I, the present writer, am equally certain that *I* never did); but she recited blank verse with admirable emphasis and purity of intonation. She could read French a little; and when a French phrase or word occurred in her parts, she stopped short at the crudity of calling "pain" "pang," or "bœuf" "boof." I have heard worse crudities on the English stage. As to her handwriting and her spelling I would rather not be explicit. Those were her weakest points.

This, then, was Topsy Deerfoot, who, in addition to the acquirements I have mentioned above, had learned—she could not remember when or how—to dance with ease and grace, and to sing in time and tune. She had a mellow little mezzo-soprano voice, and a surprising facility of execution, yet she barely knew her notes, and assuredly could not have played "*Quand les poules s'en vont aux champs!*" on the piano. Yet she could play the banjo and the accordion—not precisely like an angel, but like a versatile dear little creature as she was. This was the young lady whom Mr. John Fortinbrass, of the Royal Phanjingo Theatre, London, W.C., had fortunately discovered when she was playing Little Bo-Peep, in a Christmas pantomime at the

Liverpool Amphitheatre. The manner in which, with a gilt needle and thread, she sewed on the long-missing tails of her errant flock, at once decided Mr. John Fortinbrass to offer her an engagement. "That's the party for Filbert's new burlesque," said that practical manager to himself, buttoning his great-coat on his manly chest. Five minutes afterwards he was at the stage door.

Ten minutes afterwards he had got the elder Mr. Deerfoot comfortably by the buttonhole in the bar-parlour of the Vampire Tavern. "What's it to be, my boy?" asked the practical Mr. John Fortinbrass. "Six of Irish, hot? Three years' engagement certain for Little Bo-Peep at ten, fifteen, and twenty pounds a week. You come round to me at the Adelphi to-morrow morning. No, my boy, we don't want a Shakespearian low comedian; and I'd rather not read what the late Mr. Westmacott said of your Second Gravedigger in the *Age* in the year 1832. We shall be very happy to see you at the Treasury on Saturdays; but not on the boards, my boy, not on the boards." It is worthy of curious remark that among theatrical managers there existed a strong disinclination to witness the performance in low comedy of the elder Mr. Deerfoot. They preferred to regard him as a retired comedian and as an honour to the profession. An analogous reluctance exists among publishers to regard me as an actual and valid writer of books—of books, at least, worth paying for. "No, no, my boy," they say. "Stick to your own line. Write us (in the papers) some genial reviews, or some of those racy paragraphs of yours about other people's books."

Of little Bo-Peep's—I mean, Topsy Deerfoot's—fortunes until the occurrence of that memorable garden-party in Sarcophagus Square there is little more to be said. Her Sister Florry (of whom I could write an immensity, but whom I here merely mention incidentally, seeing that she is in no wise concerned with the present tragedy) was engaged, at a remunerative but less splendid salary than Topsy's, to play Mars in Mr. Plantagenet Filbert's extravaganza. Mr. F. writes nothing but five-act tragedies now, of the very gloomiest character; but "Cupid" was unanimously declared by the entire world of theatrical journalism to be his comic masterpiece, the completest "screamer" that had ever issued from his prolific and facetious pen. All the songs and dances in the piece were rapturously encored every night, and Topsy was half smothered at the close of the piece under showers of bouquets. The burlesque was now in the sixth month of its triumphant career. Mr. John Fortinbrass, it was rumoured, had invested largely in Turks from the profits accruing from "Cupid"; but, however that may have been, the manager, to his honour, in the fourth month of Topsy's engage-

ment, raised her salary to twenty pounds a week. Prior to that he had sent her, on more than one occasion, a cheque for a handsome amount. "But no more rises till the three years are out, my boy," the practical manager remarked to the elder Mr. Deerfoot, who had suggested that perhaps it might be as well to cancel Topsy's engagement altogether, and retain her at the rate of so many pounds a night, or allow her a share of the receipts of the house. "It's hit or miss in theatricals, you know," continued the equally practical and candid *entrepreneur*. "Cupid's a hit; but Filbert won't write any more burlesques, and at Christmas I'm thinking of bringing out an adaptation of Chenapan's opera bouffe, 'La Petite Gueuse.' Of course I shall want Topsy to play 'La Petite Gueuse.' Chenapan's music is rather difficult, and she may make a mess of it. Perhaps we shall have the cholera, or a war with China, or an earthquake, or a millennium, or something else to crab our Pitch and spoil our Show. No, no, my boy; it's hit or miss, I tell you, and I'll stick to the twenty pounds a week till our time's up. If I hadn't thought so much of Topsy, I wouldn't have engaged her for three years. I generally engage my actresses for three weeks. But I'll see her through even if I have to make her play Tom Thumb or Hamlet; and in that case, you know, you could come as your 'Gravedigger.'"

"A greedy crew! a race of extortioners and blood-suckers, these London managers," growled the elder Mr. Deerfoot to himself, as, with his two daughters' salary carefully bestowed in his pocket (the conversation had taken place on a Saturday), he sped modestly homeward by omnibus to Kentish Town.

The box-office list had become, during the "run" of "Cupid," a phenomenon, even in these days of phenomenal "runs." There had been no such *furor* since the early days of Mr. Sothern in *Lord Dundreary*. The West-end libraries which had been shrewd enough to secure boxes and stalls at the Phanjingo at the commencement of the season made small fortunes out of "Cupid." Mr. Pellegrini and Mr. T. G. Bowles were affected to tears because the rules of *Vanity Fair* precluded them from adding the portrait of the enchantress to their gallery of celebrities. *En revanche*, Topsy's effigy, vilely caricatured, appeared in all the comic illustrated papers. Sir Baker Tater, that renowned sporting baronet, christened a light bay filly "Topsy," with a view of entering her for the Oaks; and that well-known lollipop, candied horehound, made an appearance at the sweetstuff shops as the new Deerfoot Rock. That nothing might be wanting to the universality of her acceptance by the public, Sproutly Pimples abused her to the extent of a column and a half of jeering calumny in the columns of the *Gorilla*.

There were yet some more thorns among the roses. The girl **was** as good as she was pretty and clever. The elder Mr. Deerfoot **was** perhaps a trifle too partial to gin-and-water cold, and to Irish **hot**; and if he had another shortcoming, it lay in his alacrity to live **on** the earnings of his children; but he was devotedly fond of them **nevertheless**, and concerning all things in which the father of two young **girls** following such a career as that which was the lot of his daughters **should** be strictly watchful, he had done his duty unexceptionably. **Still**, Topsy's temptations were many and sorely trying. I do not **think** there is a more scandalous blot upon the civilisation of our age **than** that, immediately a young woman begins to distinguish herself **by** the fuller demonstration of her talents as an actress, a singer, or **a** dancer, she should be importuned, beset, pursued, beleaguered **for** the very vilest of purposes by every titled *roué*, every Captain **Fracasso** of the military clubs, every suddenly enriched Hebrew **money-monger** upon town. A young lady paints a picture, or writes **a** book that becomes famous. Does Lord Lackpenny (the Marquis of Soldup's son and heir) venture to tempt the artist or the author (with presents of the jewelry which he has obtained on credit from **Messrs.** Barabbas and Postobit) to adopt a life of infamy? Does Prince Pozzo Birbante, the Baratarian Ambassador, coolly write to her (through his secretary) to propose that she shall sell herself for **so** much money down, and a settlement of so much a year? Does the Baron Israel Wolfgang von Schapzegar, of Capel Court, Behemoth Mansions, S.W., and Jehoshaphat Park, Surrey (his real name is Hirsch, and he was a money-changer and catskin-dealer at Königsberg), send her bouquets with a diamond ring (with a flaw at the back) for a holder, persecute her with scented *billets-doux*, or invite her to dine *en petit comité* at Richmond with the Duke of Dissolute, Sir Rakehell Wildfire, and his precious self? Topsy Deerfoot had never seen the Baron von Schapzegar, save when he **sat** blazing in diamond rings and studs on the stalls of the Phanjingo, or when he passed her in the street, glowering from his brougham with the pair of priceless satin-skinned chestnuts. She had never been introduced to his Grace of Dissolute. She had never heard of his Excellency Count Pozzo Birbante. Why should these lewd men, with their congested money-bags, presume to bid for the virtue of an honest English girl? They were not her only persecutors. Every raw young subaltern in the Guards, every callow little cad of a "city man" who liked to give himself West-end airs, and to brag in the smoking-room of the Junior Jackdaws' Club of the theatrical celebrities with whom he was **—or with whom he said that he was—**on intimate terms, worried.

and pestered Topsy Deerfoot with his more or less villanous advances. The poor little thing wore, as she herself said, a Tom-fool's dress; she sang comic songs, and danced cellar-flaps and breakdowns. That made her everybody's quarry; but she was determined to be nobody's prey. She sent back all the bouquets; she answered none of the invitations; she boxed Sir Rakehell Wildfire's ears soundly when he followed her one November afternoon from the stage door; and as for the rest, the elder Mr. Deerfoot took good care that no harm should come to his daughter. The Dragon that lay sentry in the Garden of the Hesperides, the Cocked-Hatted Beadle of the Bullion Office of the Bank of England, could not have been a more vigilant guardian of valuable property than the elder Mr. Deerfoot was of his daughter's interests.

You will remember that which I said about Lord Eldon and the pantomime of Mother Goose. Mark this! on the morrow following Mr. Ben Amos's garden party in Sarcophagus Square, Professor MacPelvis appeared in the stalls of the Royal Phanjingo Theatre. Twenty-seven times did the Professor witness the performance of "Cupid." "Why," asked Sproutly Pimples in the *Gorilla*, "does not Fortinbrass get up 'The Tempest,'" and let the elephantine one who nightly snorts and plunges in his lair play Caliban?" Malevolent Pimples! your foe was destined to play another part. But I am anticipating. The third and last act of the tragedy is coming. That of Medea will not be more terrific.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SIR AUSTEN LAYARD'S ACCUSATIONS AND INTRIGUES.

IN a despatch from Sir Austen Layard, bearing the date of July 24, and published in the last batch of Parliamentary Papers (Turkey, No. 45, p. 51), I find the following passage :—

The unhappy Mussulmans, without the sympathy or help of Europe, must suffer to the bitter end. Those who denounced "Bulgarian atrocities," and incited, in the cause of humanity, one of the most cruel and unrighteous of wars, are now silent.

In a previous despatch this accusation is expanded by the Ambassador as follows :—

The deeds of the Bashi-Bazouks at Batak¹ and in other Bulgarian villages, immensely exaggerated by thoughtless, designing, or unscrupulous men, and the consequence of a panic which subsequent events have shown to have been justified, were sufficient to arouse public opinion in England to such an extent against Turkey that a war unparalleled for its horrors, and perhaps for its consequences, has been the result. Yet the "atrocities" committed without cause upon an inoffensive and defenceless population, upon old men, women, and children, have passed almost unnoticed, have excited but little public sympathy for the victims, and have not affected the character for religion and humanity of the nation that has been the cause of them. It can scarcely be believed that this indifference should have arisen from the fact that the victims are Mussulmans. Yet when the whole of the European press unites in an outcry against the Turkish Government, and demands justice and vengeance because houses in a Greek village in insurrection are injured, its church plate stolen, or some of its inhabitants killed, and almost passes over in silence the shocking cruelties perpetrated upon the Mahomedans of Turkey, it would seem that public opinion is not altogether uninfluenced by this consideration.

This is a grave accusation against "the European press," coming as it does from a British Ambassador. But I am at present concerned with the accusation only in so far as it touches that portion of the British public which sympathised with the agitation against the atrocities committed by the Turks in Bulgaria in the summer of

¹ I have elsewhere proved out of the Blue-Books that the regular soldiers of the Porte rivalled the Bashi-Bazouks in deeds of horror. Chefket Pasha was not a Bashi-Bazouk, but a lieutenant-general in the Sultan's regular army. See *Three Years of the Eastern Question*, chap. iv.

1875. Sir Austen Layard, in the two paragraphs which I have quoted, commits his credit as an Ambassador to the following categorical accusations:—That the war declared by Russia against Turkey was “most cruel and unrighteous,” and that the responsibility of it rests with those who denounced the Bulgarian atrocities and advocated a policy of European coercion towards Turkey; that the Bulgarian atrocities were immensely exaggerated “by thoughtless, designing, or unscrupulous men;” that the subsequent atrocities charged against the Russians and Bulgarians were “committed without cause or reason, upon an inoffensive and defenceless population;” and that the persons who denounced the misdeeds of the Turks “are now silent” because “the victims are Mussulmans.” Such is the accusation which the British Ambassador considers it decent to make against “the European press” generally, and against the “public opinion” of his own country in particular. But the accusation really goes deeper than this: it cannot reach the object aimed at without passing through the body of the Government which Sir Austen Layard serves. A brief reference to the official declarations of the Government, and to facts for which they have made themselves publicly responsible, will suffice to prove this. And, first, as to responsibility for the Russo-Turkish War.

The Conference of Constantinople was summoned by the British Government, and its programme of reforms originated with the British Plenipotentiary. The principal object of the Conference, so far as the British Government was concerned, was to mediate between Russia and Turkey with a view to avoid an imminent war, according to the provision (VIIIth Clause) of the Treaty of Paris. “What was the position of my noble friend [Lord Salisbury] at Constantinople?” said Lord Beaconsfield in the House of Lords on February 20, 1877. And, answering his own question, he replied, “Why, he was there as a mediator between Russia and Turkey.”

So far the case is clear. There is a quarrel between Russia and Turkey in consequence of the misgovernment of her Christian subjects by the latter Power. The English Government, availing itself of the VIIIth Clause of the Treaty of Paris, proposes a conference of the signatories of that Treaty for the purpose of mediation. The Conference assembles on the basis laid down by England. It accepts, Turkey being the only dissentient, the solution of the quarrel proposed by the English Government. In consequence of the opposition of the Porte, however, the English Government pares down its terms in order to make them more and more favourable to Turkey and less and less palatable to Russia, till at last the

"irreducible minimum" is reached. Russia accepts even that shadow of England's original proposals. Turkey rejects it with studied scorn and insolence; and then Lord Salisbury writes home to his Government, "The principal object of my mission—the conclusion of a peace between Russia and Turkey—has failed." And why had his mission failed? We are left in no doubt on that point. In one of his last speeches at the Conference, Lord Salisbury addressed the following ominous language to the Turkish Plenipotentiaries:—"If," he said, "the Porte rejects this last effort of the Congress to secure peace, the position of Turkey before Europe will be extremely perilous. . . . We can foresee dangers near at hand which will threaten the very existence of Turkey, if she allows herself to be entirely isolated. And the responsibility of the consequences will rest solely on the Sultan and his advisers." This solemn declaration of the British Plenipotentiary was formally sanctioned by the Queen and her Government.

So matters stood at the close of the Conference. The signatories of the Treaty of Paris declared, by the mouth of the English Government, that Russia was in the right and Turkey in the wrong, and that if war broke out in consequence—a war "threatening the very existence of Turkey"—"the responsibility of the consequences will rest solely with the Sultan and his advisers." This is equivalent to saying that it would be a most unrighteous war on the part of Turkey, and that Russia would be free from any share of responsibility for the consequences—the very opposite of Sir A. Layard's assertions as quoted above. "The responsibility of the consequences will rest solely on the Sultan and his advisers." There is no getting over that solemn judgment of the Great Powers of Europe, pronounced by the official representative of Her Majesty's Government.

But who were the Sultan's "advisers?" Primarily, of course, his own ministers. But next to them the chief part of the responsibility rests on Sir A. Layard. The Porte had begun to get alarmed at its own boldness in rejecting the advice of Europe; and Russia, although carrying away from the Conference, as I have shown, the plenary absolution of Europe, still hesitated to declare war, in the hope that the Turkish Government would yet listen to reason and accept the Protocol of London, of which even Midhat Pasha, then in exile, had said that it "had nothing in it compromising the integrity and independence of the [Turkish] Empire." At this critical moment a new "adviser" of the Sultan appeared upon the scene, in the person of Sir Austen Layard, and one of his first acts was to devise a plan for

precipitating a war between Russia and Turkey. My evidence in proof of this assertion has been furnished by Sir A. H. Layard himself in a "Memorandum" addressed by him to the Porte, and published by his Government (Turkey, No. 25, p. 93). In that document Sir Austen Layard coolly asserts that Russia was then endeavouring "to lead Europe to believe that Turkey alone is responsible for the war which may ensue." It would be a stretch of charity, though disposed to "hope all things" even of Sir Austen Layard, to believe that when he wrote this Memorandum he was ignorant that it was not Russia, but his own Government, which declared, in the name of Europe, that "Turkey alone is responsible for the war which may ensue." Starting from this gross misrepresentation, the British Ambassador goes on to inform the Porte that, so long as public opinion in England remains unchanged, "the declarations made by the British Government as to the impossibility of coming to the aid of Turkey in case of a war with Russia remain in full force." Consequently, "it is of vital importance to Turkey that she should seek to change or modify this opinion." And the British Ambassador accordingly suggests a diplomatic *ruse* by which this may be done. He advises the Porte to appeal to the VIIIth Clause of the Treaty of Paris, and solicit the mediation of the signatories. "If Turkey is anxious that the present state of things should cease, *and that Russia should be compelled to declare war*, a proposal for mediation on her part would be more likely than anything else to make Russia come to a decision, and to avoid loss of time." In the event of Russia falling into the trap thus cunningly prepared for her by the Ambassador of a neutral and professedly friendly Power, "she would undoubtedly place herself in the wrong before public opinion," which otherwise "would not support or approve any Government that was prepared to help Turkey in case of a war with Russia."

The Porte acted on the British Ambassador's advice, and solicited the mediation of Europe under the VIIIth Clause of the Treaty of Paris. Lord Derby responded favourably to this appeal, and recommended Russia to agree to it. Russia, with the concurrence of all the other Powers, declined, for the obvious reason that the VIIIth Clause of the Treaty of Paris had been already exhausted by the Conference of Constantinople; and seeing that it was useless any longer to hope for a peaceful settlement of the question, she declared war. And it is the man who contrived this plot, "in order that Russia should be compelled to declare war," who now coolly accuses those, whose policy of European (not simply Russian) coercion would have insured,

as it was intended to insure, peace, of "inciting one of the most unrighteous and cruel of wars."

Nor is this all. Even after the declaration of war, but before a single Russian soldier had crossed the Danube, the Emperor of Russia made another effort to avoid a conflict which, from the nature of the case, could hardly fail to be cruel, and which would too probably result in the total collapse of the Turkish Empire—a result by no means desirable as yet in the eyes of Russian statesmen. The Czar disclosed to the British Cabinet the terms upon which he was willing to make peace with Turkey before blood was shed on either side. The conditions agreed, in the main, with those of the Treaty of San Stefano, and were described by the English Government as "moderate." But on Lord Derby asking Sir Austen Layard to "sound" the Porte on the subject, the Ambassador lectured his chief for presuming to make so unpatriotic and unstatesmanlike a suggestion. Sir Austen added, that he had encouraged the Porte to hope that British interests would force England to take part with Turkey against Russia. The British Ambassador having thus for the second time frustrated a peaceful solution, the war ensued of which he now endeavours to shift the responsibility on those whose policy would have prevented it. This is no mere opinion, however well founded in reason, and in Turkish precedents, that of the Lebanon in particular. Server Pasha, while he was Turkish Minister for Foreign Affairs, publicly accused Sir Austen Layard of encouraging Turkey in an unequal struggle, and of preventing her from accepting peace from Russia after the fall of Plevna. Midhat Pasha also has declared, in his article in the *Nineteenth Century*, that the Turkish Government would not have resisted the will of Europe if it had not calculated on the material support of England; and as he was Grand Vizier at the time, his opinion must be considered decisive of the question. The resistance offered by the Mussulmans of Bosnia to the Austrian occupation has been adduced as a proof that the Porte would have defied any attempt at coercion on the part even of united Europe. I fail to see the relevancy of the argument. At the Congress of Berlin Russia invited the assembled Powers to agree on a common basis of action for enforcing the provisions of the Treaty which they were about to sign. But Russia found no seconder, and the Porte was therefore aware that it had to deal with Austria only; and with Austria, moreover, very seriously handicapped by the intestine jealousies within her own borders, by the difficulties of a campaign in a country like Bosnia, and by the ill-will of Italy, Greece, and the Slav cause generally. To this must be added the fact that the

triumph of Russia has seriously shaken the authority of the Sultan throughout his dominions. So complete and absolute was that authority at the time of the Constantinople Conference, that to coerce the Turkish Government into obedience to the will of Europe was to coerce the Mussulman population throughout the Empire. While the Conference was sitting, Consul Calvert, with a thorough knowledge of the subject, and after consultation with the leading Mussulmans of Bulgaria, reported as follows to Lord Salisbury:—"In a word, nothing can be more complete than the system of centralisation which has been established throughout the Empire. It is a well-recognised fact, which is expressed by the popular saying that 'the fish rots from the head.'" The disastrous defeat of Turkey has broken the spell, and the Central Government no longer wields an undisputed sway over the distant provinces of the Empire. It is illogical, therefore, to argue from the present state of things in Turkey to that which prevailed previous to the war.

Sir Austen Layard's next assertion is that the Bulgarian horrors were "immensely exaggerated by thoughtless, designing, or unscrupulous men." This assertion must be levelled at Messrs. Baring and Schuyler—the former a member of the British Embassy at Constantinople, and a trusted agent of Sir Henry Elliot; the latter the Consul-General of the United States, whose name became known to the public for the first time as an unsparing critic of the Russian administration in Turkestan. To brand those gentlemen as "thoughtless, designing, or unscrupulous men" is as foolish as it is scandalous. But Sir Austen Layard is more Turkish even than the Pashas. He has assured his Government that the whole number of Christians massacred in Bulgaria did not exceed about 3,000. In the beginning of last year, however, the Turkish Government published an official memorandum on the subject in which the numbers given are 5,045.¹ I have elsewhere supplied data which show that this estimate is probably three-fourths under the mark.² The plain truth, however, is that Sir Austen Layard misapprehends altogether the real gist of the indictment against the Porte, though Mr. Baring has been careful to emphasise it. In an elaborate reply to the charge of exaggeration, he says:—

"For my part, I have always considered that the number of persons massacred had very little to do with the actual character of the atrocities, and whether 5,000 persons perished or 15,000, the sanguinary ferocity of those who suppressed the outbreak is not

¹ Turkey, No. 15 (1877), p. 119.

² *Three Years of the Eastern Question*, chap. iv.

diminished. The Bashi-Bazouks seem to have killed everybody they could lay hands on, and those who escaped owe their lives to their own good luck, and not to any particular feelings of clemency on the part of the Mussulmans." "When the insurrection was suppressed, the Mussulmans openly boasted that they had decimated the Bulgarian nation. Ahmed Agha said in this town (Philippopolis) that he had only left forty people alive in Batak, and his statement was received with every mark of approbation by the Mussulman members of the Medjliss (Local Administrative Council). At Constantinople I myself overheard a Turkish officer say, that in Bulgaria 60,000 people had been killed and 300 priests hung."¹ If a sportsman is tempted to exaggerate the amount of his "bag" on the 12th of August, it is because he knows that his reputation in the sporting world will rise in proportion to the number of game he has killed. And to convict him afterwards of exaggeration would hardly be considered a sufficing proof of his tender regard for grouse life. If Turkish officers boastfully exaggerated the number of their Bulgarian victims, it was because they knew that the more they slew the greater would be their credit with the Government and Mussulman population. An incidental confirmation of this is supplied by Consul Reade, from Rustchuk. "A high Ottoman functionary" asked some zaptiehs "if they had profited by the rising to diminish the number of Bulgarians. They replied not, as in their district everything had been quite quiet. He then said, 'You ought to have done so, and you would have rendered a service to the Government.'² After quoting evidence of the same kind, Consul Reade adds: "From what I can make out, I am really inclined to think that the object at this moment, in the lately disturbed districts of Tirnova, is to diminish the number of Bulgarians as much as possible."

After trying to extenuate the Bulgarian horrors by vilifying Mr. Baring and Mr. Schuyler, Sir Austen Layard proceeds to offer a partial justification for them, on the plea that they were "the consequence of a panic which subsequent events have shown to have been justified." As a matter of fact, the foul deeds of the Turks in Bulgaria were not the consequences of a panic among an alarmed population. They were deliberately planned, as those of the Lebanon were planned, by the Turkish Government. They all took place under the direction of Turkish officers after every vestige of the

¹ Turkey, No. 15 (1877), pp. 119, 120.

² Turkey, No. 5 (1876), p. 18.

so-called insurrection had disappeared.¹ The evidence on this point is overwhelming. Let one example suffice. Consul Calvert was commissioned by Lord Salisbury to get the evidence of the Bulgarian Mussulman landowners on this point, and here is the result:—"The Bulgarian Notables (Mussulmans) whom I have questioned here," says the Consul, "agree in laying all the blame of the late excesses in these parts on Akif Pasha, whom they believe to have acted with the approval, if not at the instigation, of the Central Government."² Mr. Schuyler accuses the Porte, in explicit terms, of being privy to the massacres, "if they did not actually order them;" and he names in particular Abdul Kerim Pasha, the Commander-in-Chief, Hussein Avni Pasha, at the time Minister for War, and Midhat Pasha.

Equally contrary to fact is Sir Austen Layard's assertion that the Bulgarian insurrection was sufficiently formidable to palliate the excesses of the Turks in retaliation. Here, again, the evidence is full and conclusive; but it will suffice to cite two witnesses above suspicion. "What makes the act of Chefket Pasha so abominable," says Mr. Baring, "is that there was not a semblance of revolt; the inhabitants were perfectly peaceable, and the attack on them was as cruel and wanton a deed as could well have been committed." Within the last few months an admirable book has been published on "The People of Turkey." It is, I believe, no secret that the talented authoress is the wife of Consul Blunt of Adrianople. Her husband earned long ago the character of a thorough-going Philo-Turk and an uncompromising foe to the cause of the Slavs. The authoress, too, manifests strong prejudices against the Slavs, and equally strong prepossessions in favour of the Greeks. But her book, on the whole, is eminently fair, and displays on every page an anxiety to be moderate as well as accurate. Mrs. Blunt had the advantage of being on the spot, and of enjoying an exceptionally favourable opportunity of getting at the facts. And this is her testimony—published, be it remembered, a year after the date of Sir Austen Layard's wild despatch:—"No organised disaffection existed in Bulgaria at the time the so-called revolt began. The action of a few hot-headed patriots, followed by some discontented peasants, started the revolt, which, if it had been judiciously dealt with, might have been suppressed without one drop of blood."³

Sir Austen Layard's next allegation is that the atrocities now

¹ The reader will find detailed proof of this from official documents in *Three Years of the Eastern Question*, chap. iv.

² *Turkey*, No. 1 (1877), pp. 170-1.

³ *The People of Turkey*, by a Consul's Daughter and Wife, vol. i. p. 10.

imputed to the Russians and Bulgarians have been "committed upon an inoffensive and defenceless population," "one of the most moral populations in the world." Now, the Parliamentary Papers which contain this despatch from the Ambassador contain also consular and other evidence which entirely contradicts his allegation. The reports of our own Consuls prove to demonstration that the atrocities charged against Russians and Bulgarians were all consequent on the ~~mutual~~ ^{mutual} horrors perpetrated by the Mussulman population as they fled before the Russian army. The revenge of the Bulgarians, therefore, assuming the truth of all the stories told against them, were acts of retaliation, not for the historical Bulgarian horrors of 1875, but for horrors recently committed, and of which the wounds were still gaping. The Consuls who have made the most damaging reports against the Bulgarians are Consuls Calvert, Brophy, and Reade. But these very same reports bear witness to the fact that the misdeeds of the Bulgarians were in retaliation for atrocities of every kind just previously committed on them by the Mussulmans. A sample from each of the three Consuls will suffice.

Consul Calvert relates the following facts. When the Mussulmans began to retreat before Gourko, "a band of Circassians and Turks" "massacred sixty people of both sexes and all ages near Philippopolis," "and had prepared to make a descent on the Christian quarter of Philippopolis," for the purpose of massacre. But Mr. Calvert got wind of the plot, and prevailed on Safvet Pasha to send some troops to frustrate it. When the Turkish authorities resolved to evacuate Philippopolis they let loose all the Mussulman prisoners to prey on the Christian population. And as if this were not enough, they massacred in cold blood more than 100 Bulgarian "political prisoners." These prisoners were guilty of no crime beyond being men of influence and some wealth. "Their bodies," says Consul Calvert, "were thrown into a trench and partly covered with earth. I have visited the spot, and saw a number of arms, heads, and legs protruding from the earth. . . . From the clothes scattered about, I should say that the bodies were all those of Bulgarians. . . . Between the scene of this barbarous execution and the railway station I found also in one spot the bodies of twelve Bulgarian waggons, cut and slashed beyond recognition."

Vice-Consul Brophy followed the track of the Mussulmans as they fled before the Russians, and he fills several pages with tales of horrors like the following, committed by the retreating refugees :—

28 men and 8 women and children were killed, 4 men maimed for life, houses burnt, the church plundered, 6,500 sheep, 180 pairs of working

cattle, 1,600 oxen, cows, and calves, 150 brood mares, 50,000 bushels of grain, and everything in the way of copper vessels, bedding, household utensils, &c., were carried off. In the first place, 16 Circassians rode in and began to shoot down everybody they saw; and afterwards 3,800 waggons of fugitives [Turks] stationed themselves in the village, and daily battues were made for the Bulgarians, who had all taken to the mountains. The result of these "drives" was the extortion by torture and threats of death of more than £5,000 in money, and the violation of 16 girls, and a much greater number of married women.

Weary at last of the monotonous tale of rape and murder, burning and robbery, he says:—

I should mention once for all, that wherever these fugitives passed through a Rayah village they invariably carried off all the carts and working beasts, every portable article of value (such as clothes, copper vessels, rugs, &c.), and as much grain as they had conveyance for. Except in the case of some villages whose inhabitants fled to Kirk Kilissa, the Rayahs took shelter in the mountains; but as there was snow on the ground, they were hunted down by Turks and Circassians (generally the latter), and if not murdered, compelled by torture (searing with hot irons on the head or breast, pricking with daggers, &c.) to come back with their captors to the village, and give up their concealed hoards of money.

Sir Austen Layard makes capital of a despatch from Consul Reade, reporting crimes committed by the Bulgarians on the Mussulmans of the Dobrudcha; but he forgot to say that these outrages were subsequent to the date of a Memorandum which Sir Austen Layard himself had addressed to the Porte, and of which the subjoined extract will show the purport:—¹

Mr. Layard desires to call the earnest attention of Safvet Pasha to the reports which he receives from all parts of Turkey in Europe and Asia Minor of the terrible outrages and excesses committed by Circassians and other marauders, apparently with the most complete impunity. A number of official reports to Mr. Layard on this subject have been submitted to his Excellency by Mr. Sandison. As to the general truthfulness of these, there cannot be a doubt. Indeed, his Excellency has frequently admitted it, and has promised that measures shall be taken without delay for the security of life and property in the districts infested by these robbers and murderers. . . . Many villages in the Dobrudcha have been almost deserted, in consequence of these shocking outrages. Even the German colonies in that district have suffered most severely from them. Appeal is made in vain for protection and justice to the Turkish authorities, who are either unable or unwilling to interfere. Mr. Layard is informed that small parties of Circassians are now in the habit of murdering every man, woman, and child that they meet. They return in the morning covered with blood, and boasting of their achievements.

The following is the only instance recorded of Mussulmans befriending Christians. "When the Mussulman fugitives had begun to devastate the Rayah villages," says Vice-Consul Brophy, "the inhabitants of Tchekendje carried with their own carts and cattle 3,000 bushels of corn from Modlesh to their own granaries, in order

¹ Turkey, No. 25 (1877), p. 139.

to prevent its being plundered, and afterwards restored it to its Christian owners." This act of kindness was rewarded by the Christians of Modlesh when their turn came. They protected the Mussulmans of Tchekendje, and got the Russian general to appoint an equal number of Mussulman and Christian zaptiehs to prevent any pillage of their property. If all the Mussulman villagers had remained and behaved like those of Tchekendje, they would doubtless have been treated in a similar manner. Cruelty is not characteristic of the Bulgarian peasantry in normal circumstances. Unprejudiced observers who have lived among them—it will suffice to name the late Lord Strangford, the German Ranke, and the authoress of "The People of Turkey," from among a host of authorities—all bear witness to the sterling quality of the Bulgarians—their sobriety, domestic purity, honesty, industry, and kindness of disposition. Mrs. Blunt admits that "a people demoralised" in the way she describes may, "in some instances, have acted treacherously both towards their late rulers and present protectors. But," she adds, "the vices of rapacity, treachery, cruelty, and dishonesty could not have been the natural characteristic of this unhappy people until misery taught them the lesson."¹ The whole case is summed up by Mr. Baring in the following pertinent observation:—"In these provinces we see a state of things which is unknown in other lands. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the murderer or robber belongs to one class, while the victim belongs to another. The former is sure to be a Mussulman, the latter a Christian. There is no reciprocity in crime, if I may be allowed to use the expression."²

So much for Sir Austen Layard's assertion that the outrages alleged against the Bulgarians were "committed, without cause or reason, upon an inoffensive and defenceless population"—in fact, "one of the most moral populations in the world."

How is it possible to put any confidence in the despatches of an Ambassador who draws on his imagination for his facts, and writes invariably in the tone and temper of a reckless partisan? Who but a reckless partisan would venture to declare, as Sir Austen Layard does,³ that consular reports of outrages committed by "Greeks and Bulgarians" prove that Turkish rule is preferable to Christian! Absurd and preposterous, however, as this inference is, it is not an uncommon one. It is therefore worth while to expose the fallacy which lurks beneath it.

¹ *People of Turkey*, vol. i. p. 9.

² *Turkey*, No. 15 (1877), p. 114.

³ *Turkey*, No. 42 (1878), pp. 7, 98.

The fallacy is the common one of drawing a general conclusion from a particular instance. Crimes committed under great provocation are not necessarily a true index to the character and general policy of a nation or community. The Sicilian Vespers do not prove the people of Sicily unfit for self-government, nor the Reign of Terror, Frenchmen. The Dutch, in the agony of their conflict with Spain, were guilty of atrocities as heinous as any now imputed to the Bulgarians. After giving instances of horrible barbarity on the part of the patriots during the siege of Haarlem, Motley says:—

It is right to record those instances of cruelty sometimes perpetrated by the patriots as well as by their oppressors—a cruelty rendered almost inevitable by the incredible barbarity of the foreign invader. It was a war of wolfish malignity. In the words of Mendoza, every crime within and without Haarlem “seemed inspired by a spirit of special and personal vengeance.” The amount of blood poured out at Mechlin, Zutphen, Naarden, and upon a thousand scaffolds, had been crying too long from the ground. The Hollanders must have been more or less than men not to be sometimes betrayed into acts which justice and reason must denounce.¹

Substitute Bulgaria for Holland, and this passage would be an admirable answer to Sir Austen Layard. But the aptest illustration of all is the case of the Hellenic Kingdom. Assume the absolute accuracy of the outrages reported against the Bulgarians, and multiply them tenfold, yet even then they will not approach in kind or in degree the frightful vengeance which the Greeks wreaked upon the Turks whenever they got the chance in the War of Independence. But the life, property, honour, and religious freedom of the Mussulman are now as secure in Greece as they are in England, and considerably more secure than they are under his own Government. De Quincey does not exaggerate in the following passage the terrible picture of the struggle drawn by the pens of Finlay and Gordon:—

Here are no remarkable contests of generosity; no triumphs glorified by mercy; no sacrifices of interest the most basely selfish to martial honour; no ear on either side for the pleadings of desolate affliction; no voice in any quarter of commanding justice; no acknowledgment of a common nature between the belligerents; nor sense of a participation in the same human infirmities, dangers, or necessities. To the fugitives from the field of battle there was scarcely a retreat. To the prisoner there was absolutely no hope. Stern retribution, and the very rapture of vengeance, were the passions which presided on the one side; on the other, fanaticism and the cruelty of fear and hatred, maddened by old hereditary scorn. Wherever the war raged there followed upon the face of the land one blank Aefeldama. A desert tracked the steps of the armies, and a desert in which was no oasis; and the very atmosphere in which men lived and breathed was a chaos of murderous passions.

“But,” he adds truly, “this is the eternal law and providential

¹ *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, vol. ii. pp. 429-430.

retribution of oppression. The tyrant teaches to his slave the crimes and the cruelties which he inflicts ; blood will have blood ; and the ferocious oppressor is involved in the natural reaction of his own wickedness, by the frenzied retaliation of the oppressed." De Quincey, therefore, does not scruple to characterise the war, so far as the Greeks were concerned, as charged with the highest "heroism ; with self-devotion on the sublimest scale, and the very frenzy of patriotic martyrdom ; with resurrection of everlasting hope upon ground seven times blasted by the blighting presence of the enemy ; and with flowers radiant in promise, springing for ever from under the very tread of the accursed Moslem."¹

Let it be granted then, at least for the sake of argument, that Christian Governments have committed crimes as atrocious as those committed under Mussulman rule. But this is not, as in Turkey, the normal condition of their rule. They have in their religion a power of self-recovery which is lacking to the Mussulman. Their code of morals is always higher than the practice of even the best specimens of human excellence, and in the Divine Founder of their religion they have a Pattern Man, whose precepts and example are the perfection of all that is true and pure, unselfish and just. The consequence is, that the crimes of Christian Governments wound the conscience, if not always of the rulers, at least of some portion of the ruled. Even under the most odious of Christian Governments there is thus a minority who serve to keep alive the seeds of moral regeneration ; and there are, besides, the examples of other Christian nations whose practice is more in accord with their religion. The Turk's practice, on the other hand, is quite abreast of his moral standard, as laid down in his Sacred Law, and exemplified in the life of his Pattern Man. What made the case of the Canaanites of old so hopeless was, that they did their abominations "unto their gods" ; so that there was no hope of amendment, morality being corrupt at the fountain head, without a pure stream anywhere in reserve to draw from. And so it is with the Mussulman. His ideal of human perfection is a man who never hesitated to break all laws, human and divine, which barred his way to the gratification of his passions.² It is not surprising, therefore, that the laws which regulate the Mussulman's domestic life should be what Sir W. Muir has fitly described them—"a mass of corruption, poisoning the minds and morals of

¹ De Quincey's Works, vol. x. pp. 145-6.

² "Il s'abandonna sans mesure à ses passions."—Saint-Hilaire. *Mahomet et le Coran*. Saint-Hilaire writes with a strong bias in favour of Mahomet and his religion. But facts were too strong for him.

every Mahometan student." The consequence is, that in every state which accepts Islam for its portion there is what Amari calls "the germ of premature decay." Islam rests on the principle of immutability, not in the sphere of faith alone, but in its political and social institutions as well. Its immoral code and the baleful example of its Prophet are unchangeable. Reform is absolutely impossible without forsaking Islam, for Islam professes to be, down to its minutest details, the last and perfect expression of the Divine Will.¹ It follows that any attempt at reform, in any matter touching the Sacred Law which rules every Mussulman state, is not only superfluous, but impious in addition.

Now, the relation of the Mussulman to the non-Mussulman is minutely prescribed in the Sacred Law, where, among other precepts, it is laid down that the Christian can never enjoy equality of rights with the Mussulman. He must ever continue to pay his yearly ransom for the right to live outside the pale of Islam, he must not be allowed to bear arms even in self-defence, and his testimony can never be received against a Mussulman. These are precepts of the Sacred Law, and no Sultan or Grand Vizier can ever abrogate them. They may be suspended under coercion from a stronger power. But to repeal or modify them spontaneously would be an act of apostasy on the part of a Mussulman ruler. Does not this show the folly of expecting reforms from the Turkish Government while we continue to respect its independence? The Sultan is bidden by his religion to yield to superior force even in matters which belong to the Sacred Law; but he is forbidden to yield except under coercion. To tell him, therefore, that we shall not coerce him is, in fact, to tell him to reject our advice.

Sir Austen Layard's assertion, then, that Mussulman rule in Bulgaria is "preferable to Christian" displays a marvellous ignorance of the elementary facts of the case. Under Christian rule—or, for that matter, under atheistic rule, however bad—there is at least nothing inherently and eternally antagonistic to natural justice. Improvement is always possible. Under Mussulman rule, on the contrary, and under it alone of all political systems known to history, justice to the nonconformist is eternally impossible. The Mussulman Government has yet to be discovered which granted such a boon, except under compulsion.

¹ "L'ultima edizione de' comandi del Creatore scritta ab eterno; recitata a brani dall' Angiolo Gabriele all' apostolo illiterato, il quale veniva ripetendo la rivelazione, e si chiamolla *Korân*, ossia lettera."—Amari, *Storia dei Mussulmani di Sicilia*, vol. i. p. 51.

I have hitherto said nothing about the atrocities attributed to the Russians, as distinct from the Bulgarians, and the exigencies of space forbid my now doing more than call attention to certain preliminary considerations which seem to me to have been too much lost sight of. The same kind of charges which are now made against the Russian army were made against it during the progress of the war, and in every case in which it was possible to test them by the independent testimony of English correspondents they were proved to have been either errors or the deliberate inventions of the Turks. Mr. Layard, for example, reported the following atrocities: the massacre of the Mussulman population of Kezanlik by Gourko's army, and the horrible torture of the Kaimakam—his eyes and teeth being torn out; the deliberate drowning of the crew of a Turkish merchantman captured by a Russian cruiser; the massacre of the garrison and population of Ardahan by the Russians; and the abduction, for immoral purposes, of a large number of Mussulman women by the army of Gourko in its retreat over the Balkans. All these stories were proved to be inventions pure and simple! Colonel Brackenbury, after experience of both campaigns, declared publicly that "the hand of the Russians was lighter on the Mussulmans than that of the Germans on the French." And he contradicted, on personal knowledge, all the calumnies published against Gourko's army. Captain Norman, the correspondent of the *Times* with the Turkish army in Armenia, and an ardent philo-Turk when he entered on the campaign, was equally emphatic in rebutting the calumnies on the Russian army in Armenia. After investigating on the spot Mr. Layard's report of the alleged massacre at Ardahan, and finding it absolutely false, Captain Norman writes as follows:—

The fugitives spoke in the highest terms of the Russians, who treated the sick and wounded with the greatest consideration and kindness, sending the worst cases to their own hospitals for treatment, and distributing the others among the neighbouring villages. All soldiers of the Nizam, or regular troops, taken prisoners, are to be sent across the border to Russia; but all prisoners of the Redif, or reserve troops, after being disarmed, were supplied with five days' rations and allowed to proceed where they pleased, not even being put on their parole to refrain from serving again. Grain also has been distributed among the frontier villagers, to sow in their fields. This treatment, so foreign to what soldiers and villagers receive at the hands of their own Government, has produced a most favourable impression. . . . Of course Turkish official accounts tell of the atrocities committed by the Russians; pillaging of villages, outrages on women, and slaying of children being freely attributed to the foe. I believe none of those things. I have now for the last week been following in the wake of the Russian army, and can see no traces nor hear any reports of any such misdeeds. On the

contrary, they appear to have behaved with the greatest moderation, and paid for everything they consumed. . . . I hear from all sides of the consideration shown to the sick and wounded, who receive far better nourishment and far more attention in the Russian hospitals than they do in their own.

Again, in a letter dated from "Camp above Sarbartan, fifteen miles east of Kars, July 26th," Captain Norman says :—

I have marched with the Turkish army in the wake of the retiring Russian forces from Zewin to this place, and so far from there being any signs of oppression, it is impossible to believe that we were in a country forming the seat of war. All Mahomedan villages are left untouched, cattle feeding on the pasture land, the crops ripe for the sickle ; and all seems as if smiling peace, not grim war, was around us. . . . There are stories of women being violated, and of men who refused to embrace Christianity being sent to Siberia. These are all false.

Such was the conduct of the Russians to the Mussulmans. How was it rewarded? Captain Norman asserts, towards the close of the campaign, that "the prisoners taken during this campaign in various actions may be counted on one's fingers, and the wounded prisoners by a negative figure." Even the soldiers of the regular army of the Sultan, he declares, "slay all the wounded men found on the field of battle." And worse crimes than cold-blooded massacres were perpetrated on the Russian wounded. The following is far from being a solitary instance :—

Directly it became known in the city of Erzeroum that the fortunes of the day rested with the Osmanli, bands of women trooped up to the field, armed with knives, hatchets, choppers, whatever household weapons came first to their hands, and then commenced a system of mutilations which it does not do to dwell on. Suffice it to say that, from Englishmen who visited the battle-field on the following day, I learn that nearly every Russian found lying on the ground was decapitated and subjected to nameless outrage, and that the appearance of the wounds proved that many of them were inflicted on still living men !

This is bad enough, but the Bayazid massacre was still worse. The author gives the particulars on the authority of Sir Arnold Kemball, the British Commissioner with the Turkish army. The Russian garrison of about 1,600 men, being surrounded by overwhelming numbers, and finding their water supply cut off, arranged written terms of capitulation with the Turkish commander, Faik Pasha, a lieutenant-general in the service of the Sultan. All preliminaries having been arranged, the Russian garrison laid down their arms and began to march out, between files of Turkish regular soldiers. When upwards of 300 of them had passed the gate, the Kurds fell upon them and massacred 236, the regular soldiers looking on. The rest escaped to the fortress and closed the gates. Baulked in their intention to murder the whole garrison, the Kurds, under the leadership of their officers, rushed into the defenceless town :—

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The scene that ensued was one of unparalleled horror. The town contained 165 Christian families, and all of the men, women, and children were ruthlessly put to the sword . . . Including the Russian prisoners, 2,400 people were massacred. In every house small groups of dead were lying shockingly mutilated, and in the most revolting and indecent positions . . . In one church 200 bodies were found. Scarcely one house existed in which there were not two or more corpses; and—shame to Turkey, shame to the name of soldier—Faik Pasha, a lieutenant-general, at the head of six battalions of soldiers—heaven save the mark!—never moved a file into the town to check those bloodthirsty scoundrels in their work of slaughter.

How would an English army deal with an enemy of this sort when it got him within its power? The suppression of the Indian Mutiny supplies the answer. Yet when the Russians got their enemy into their power, far from retaliating on him, they dressed his wounds and ministered to his needs. This is the testimony of a British officer, who avows that he was "a strong philo-Turk" till close contact with the Turks converted him. And his testimony is confirmed by Sir Arnold Kemball. The honour of the Russian army in Bulgaria was vindicated not less satisfactorily. Its magnificent self-control after the massacre of the Shipka Pass was attested by English, German, French, Italian, and Spanish eye-witnesses. At the fall of Plevna, too, not one Russian or Roumanian prisoner was found of all the thousands who had been taken alive, but their mutilated corpses bore witness to the inhuman conduct of their captors. Yet here again it is recorded by independent witnesses that the Russians took no revenge. That Russian soldiers here and there may have been guilty of excesses is probable; but that is no more than might be said of any army in similar circumstances.

Now, suppose there had been no independent witnesses at that time in Europe and in Asia to vindicate the Russian troops from the slanders of the Turks and of Sir Austen Layard? The probability is that these slanders would have been credited. But after the collapse of the Turkish arms there were no independent witnesses to test the credibility of the accusations against the Russians. It ought to be known, however, that these accusations rest on precisely the same kind of evidence that supported the accusations which were so completely destroyed by the testimony of trustworthy Englishmen. Now, which is more probable—that troops who had shown such rare magnanimity under almost intolerable provocation should revel in inhuman orgies long after the indignation had cooled? or that those who had invented calumnies against the Russians before should repeat the experiment when there were no longer witnesses above suspicion to expose them? No fair-minded person can hesitate as to the answer.

But we are not left to rely on probabilities alone. The Correspondents of the *Daily News* have established a world-wide reputation for trustworthiness not less than for their energy and enterprise. One of them has followed in the track of the Rhodope Commissioners, and has refuted by personal investigation, and in some cases by the medium of his own eyes and ears, no small part of the stories sent home by Sir Austen Layard. It is scarcely necessary, however, to go into details. It is known that not only the Russian but the German and Austrian Commissioners have declined to sign the Rhodope Report, and we have yet to learn whether the French and Italian Commissioners will sign it without reservation. What is certain, however, is that the Report rests on evidence which is exclusively Turkish—that is, entirely unworthy of credit. Not in this all. The Correspondent of the *Daily News* asserts that the witnesses were “coached” beforehand in the evidence which they were instructed to give. Colonel Brackenbury and other correspondents vouched for this system of “coaching” in the stories which they themselves were able to dispose. The bias of the Commission was further shown by its dealings with the “Commander-in-chief” of the Rhodope insurgents, whom they addressed as “Excellency,” and whom they allowed to arrange the *modus operandi* of collecting evidence. I happen to know something of his “Excellency,” and this knowledge does not inspire me with much confidence in him. He is the son of a Polish lady who married a Scotch gentleman of the name of Sinclair, or St. Clair. “Colonel St. Clair,” as he now calls himself, entered the British army with his brother at the commencement of the Crimean War, and both brothers went through that campaign. The Emperor Nicholas took umbrage at this, and ordered Madame St. Clair and her husband to quit Poland, and also, I believe, to realise the bulk of her property there. On the conclusion of the war both sons left the British Army. One of them entered the diplomatic service of England. The other led a wandering unsettled life. I believe that he was a British Consul somewhere in Turkey for a while. After the Polish rebellion of 1863 had been entirely crushed, Mr. St. Clair crossed the Russian frontier at the head of a band of rebels, and was speedily captured and imprisoned. Through the intervention of the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, however, he was set at liberty after a short detention. Some time after this, Mr. St. Clair and an Irishman of the name of Brophy settled down together in Bulgaria and tried their luck at farming. In 1868 they published as joint authors a book entitled “A Residence in Bulgaria.” The edition burdened the shelves of the pub-

lisher till last year, when it was republished under a new title and with a few additional observations on the Eastern Question. The animus of the book may be gathered from one quotation :

When you find Bulgarian or Greek villages in close proximity to Turkish settlements, the women are moral, and the men as honest as Rayahs can possibly be. But where there are some villages purely Christian clustered together, the women are Messalinas and the men scoundrels. . . . Turkish rule alone keeps the poison under. Woe to these people if the Turks ever leave them!

This portrait of the Turk as the moral leaven of Christianity is certainly creditable to the originality of Messrs. Brophy and St. Clair. The former is now the Vice-Consul Brophy, whose reports occupy so large a space of the Blue-Books. I think we may at least infer that when he bears witness against the Turks and in favour of the Christians of Bulgaria his testimony is not likely to err on the side of injustice towards the former or partiality towards the latter. Mr. St. Clair, in his own name, commits himself to the following startling statement:—

No atrocities have been committed [*i.e.* in 1875] by Mussulmans. I have evidence to the contrary, and no evidence to prove even Mr. Haring's report to be true. In fact, the whole thing is a cock-and-bull story, upon evidence of the most mendacious nature, and causes the British public to swallow all that pernicious nonsense as if it were official evidence. . . . The only report which tallies with the fact is that of Edib Efendi's!

This is the gentleman who carefully prepared the evidence for the Rhodope Commissioners, and "coached" their witnesses, and I leave the reader to estimate the value of a report based on such evidence. I have no doubt that Colonel St. Clair, late brigadier-general of Circassians by commission from the Porte, would like exceedingly to be the first Prince of the Pomaks of Mount Rhodope; but he is hardly the person whom I should expect to find in indirect but confidential relations with the British Ambassador at Constantinople,¹ "imploing arms, ammunition, medicines." I am still more surprised that the Ambassador should have made this appeal public through the agency of the Foreign Office; and I am most surprised of all that Sir Austen Layard should send home, and that his Government should publish to the world, on the authority of an anonymous libeller, whose disguise it is not hard to pierce, a most foul charge against the Russian army. "Les Russes," says this precious document, "ont inventé un moyen terrible pour décimer la population." The rest is too abominable to be transferred to these pages.

But I have a more serious charge even than this to bring against the British Ambassador at Constantinople. In the Parliamentary

¹ See Turkey, No. 42 (1878), pp. 97-8.

Paper marked "Turkey, No. 42 (1878)," there is on page 98 a short note from Sir A. Layard, enclosing a document entitled "Appel des Musulmans opprimés au Congrès de Berlin." The "Appeal" itself is short enough, but it is supported by a collection of documents which fill nearly the whole of the Parliamentary Papers marked "Turkey, No. 45." One of these documents is headed "Protestation des Habitants de Batoum, couverte de 33,247 signatures ou cachets." It urges various reasons why Batoum should not be annexed to Russia, and expresses a hope that "the European Powers" would oppose the cession, "and especially England, whose solicitude for our rights has been manifested in a particular manner." Then occur the following significant passage:—

C'est donc dans cet espoir que nous avons précédemment adressé deux dépêches télégraphiques au Gouvernement Anglais, et délégué, avec une procuration régulière, douze de nos notables près du Consul Anglais de Trebizonde, afin de lui faire l'exposé verbal de la situation, et de solliciter son concours dans l'œuvre que nous avons entreprise de la défense de nos droits et de nos intérêts.

What answer did the English Consul make to this formal request from the Lazes for English protection and aid? The documents sent home by Sir Austen Layard afford no clue to that question. But a flood of light is thrown upon the matter by two of the documents attached to the original copy of the "Appeal of oppressed Mussulmans," but which Sir A. Layard has apparently neglected to send home with the rest. They require no further explanation than that the first is a letter to the Grand Vizier from Joussouf Zia Pasha, the Governor-General of Trebizond:

I have the honour to transmit a copy of an address from the inhabitants of Batoum, signed by 33,247 of the best-known citizens of that town and its immediate neighbourhood; and also a copy of a letter received by me from five merchants of Batoum.

Letter of the Five Merchants of Batoum.

"Your Excellency is without doubt acquainted with the events which have lately happened here.

"Ali and Osman Pasha came here from Trebizond, having been sent to Batoum by the English consul of your town. Immediately after their arrival there was a general meeting, and a committee was chosen which established an understanding between all the inhabitants, and set to work at once. The arrival of Ali and Osman, furnished with money, has been a happy circumstance. Thanks to their generous zeal and activity, the numerous differences which existed have disappeared, and complete understanding now exists between all parties. The inhabitants of Adjares have armed themselves, and are defending the frontier. The inhabitants of Matchel, Véguié, Matchoul, and other places, are beginning to take up arms. Everything goes on most satisfactorily. Congratulate the consul on our behalf, and tell him that we have made good use of his subsidies. Thanks to our agreement (entente), we reckon upon the success of our undertaking, and upon the moral and material support of England, which has been promised us by the consul."

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The Consul mentioned in this document is Vice-Consul Biliotti. Where did he get the "subsidies" which he sent to the insurgent Lazes? And who authorised him to promise them "the moral and material support of England?" That he acted on his own responsibility is, of course, out of the question. And while these intrigues were going on, Sir Austen Layard was moving heaven and earth to rouse public opinion in England to fever heat against the cession of Batoum to Russia, and this, too, after the cession had already been agreed to by the English Government in the Salisbury-Schouvaloff Memorandum. We hear much of "Russian intrigues." What should we have said during the Indian Mutiny had we discovered that the leader of the Mutiny was an ex-officer of the Russian army in confidential relation with the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, and that a Consul under the jurisdiction of the same Ambassador was organising an insurrection in another part of our dominions, and promising the insurgents "the moral and material support of Russia"? If the Government really desire "peace with honour," they ought to lose no time in removing Sir Austen Layard from Constantinople.

MALCOLM MACCOLL.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

A BRIEF career, marked occasionally by brilliant, but still more frequently by melancholy and erratic episodes, is associated with the author of the "Ballad upon a Wedding." This exquisite poem finds a place in every collection of lyric verse, yet of its writer comparatively little is known. Anticipating the wits and courtiers of the Restoration, we find their idiosyncrasies prefigured in Suckling: like them, he wore his life and his heart upon his sleeve; like them, he spent his substance upon gorgeous apparel and riotous living, while the thunderbolts of a nation's anger were being forged; and like many of the minions of Charles II., he ended a life of extremes by a violent and miserable death. But there was a touch of true chivalry in Suckling's nature absent from those later men, whom Macaulay describes as possessing "foreheads of bronze, hearts like the nether millstone, and tongues set on fire of hell." Suckling fought creditably in the field during the Thirty Years' War. Moreover, by his counsels, he did all that was possible to check the drifting tide of events which ultimately alienated Charles I. from the great body of his people. A letter now extant, written by the poet to his friend Jermyn (afterwards Earl of St. Alban's), is distinguished for its wise political judgment, and its remarkable foresight. To this letter some subsequent references will be made. It is, however, as a poet that Suckling chiefly deserves to be, and will continue to be, remembered. In the course of a chequered existence he had many moments of true inspiration. Recklessness and debauchery could not utterly eradicate the gleams of genius, and in his happiest effusions he touches a point of excellence far beyond the reach of a Sedley or a Rochester.

Suckling was born at Twickenham, early in the year 1609. On both sides he appears to have been well connected. From a memorial of the poet published by one of his descendants some forty years ago, we learn that his mother was sister to Sir Lionel Cranfield, afterwards created Earl of Middlesex and Lord Treasurer. His father, who was returned in 1601 as Member for Dunwich, was subsequently created principal Secretary of State and Comptroller of the Household to

King James I. As an evidence of the efficiency and zeal with which he transacted the duties of these high offices, on the death of the King, Charles I. sustained him in his important posts, and further conferred upon him the dignity of a Privy Councillor. Parliamentary honours appear to have run in the poet's family, for Suckling's father was the youngest son of Robert Suckling, Esquire, of Woodton, in the county of Norfolk, who represented the city of Norwich in the two Parliaments of 1570 and 1585. The ancestors of this gentleman had possessed estates in the village of Woodton from the year 1348. There is a prevalent theory—illustrated by the case of Milton and many other instances—that the mental constitution of men of genius is inherited from the maternal side ; whether this be the case or not, the upholders of such theory may cite Suckling in further illustration of it. A contemporary affirmed that the poet derived his vivacity and his wit from his mother, and that "his father was but a dull fellow." The King's Comptroller, however, must have exhibited more solid, if less conspicuous and dazzling qualities than those which were afterwards developed in his son. A man of genius may squander an estate, but it takes a man of sound judgment, shrewdness, and perspicacity to acquire it. Suckling's biographer, indeed, remarks of the Secretary of State, that he "possesses letters, written by him on matters of family business, in which a solidity of judgment and a knowledge of human nature are displayed, in language of remarkable vigour; nor can it reasonably be imagined that, without qualifications somewhat above an ordinary standard, Sir John (the father) would have been selected by his Sovereign as a Privy Councillor, in times which, verging fast towards turbulence and rebellion, were already marked by increasing difficulties and open dissatisfaction." In 1621, when Lord Brooke resigned the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, Sir John Suckling the elder and Sir Richard Weston were named for the office. Weston was eventually appointed, but the fact that Suckling was his only rival is evidence of his political parts, ability, and influence. It is not uninteresting also to note that the statesman occasionally strayed into that field where his son subsequently gained his laurels—the field of poesy. Amongst the panegyrical verses prefixed to Coryat's "Crudities," published in 1611, is the following Sonnet by the elder Suckling, which is not without a certain incisiveness of expression :—

Whether I thee should either praise or pity,
My senses at a great dilemma are :
For when I thinke how thou hast travail'd farre,
Canst Greeke and Latin speake, art courteous, witty ;

I thee in these, and, wee for them, commend ;
 But, when I thinke, how thou, false friends to keepe,
 Dost weare thy body, and dost leese thy sleepe,
 I thee, then, pittie, and do discommend.
 Thy feete have gone a painful pilgrimage,
 Thou many nights dost wrong thy hands and eyes,
 In writing of thy long apologies ;
 Thy tongue is, all the day, thy restlesse page.
 For shame, intreate them better ; I this crave,
 So they more ease, and thou more wit shalt have.

The poet's mother died in the year 1613, when her son was not yet five years of age. Lady Suckling's mental accomplishments appear to have been an admirable complement to the excellence of her character. Her husband cherished her memory to the last, and amongst the items in his will is the following :—" I give to my oving brother-in-lawe, the Earl of Middlesex, my picture of my late dear wife, hanginge in my country house, amongst other pictures, in the little roome next the great hall ; for the love he bore to my late deare wife, his most lovinge sister." Obscurity envelopes the early years of Suckling's career. At the age of five, being then deprived by death of a mother's care, he left the paternal roof, but nothing definite is known of his history until the year 1623, when he went to Cambridge, and matriculated at Trinity College. At this period he was scarcely fifteen years of age ; and by way of further instance of his precocity it is mentioned that he spoke Latin at ten, and wrote it with fluency and purity at fourteen. Some inaccurate biographers have credited him with these and other acquirements at even a much earlier age.

With regard to Suckling's attainments in the arts and sciences, his descendant concludes that " he was a polite rather than a deep scholar. Music, languages, and poetry were the accomplishments he most cultivated, and in which he was most desirous to excel ; nor is it agreeable to the acknowledged vivacity of his constitution, to imagine that more abstruse or graver subjects could very long engage his attention." He appears to have had a singular quickness of apprehension, but it would be unwarrantable to assume that in the studies just indicated he developed the talents which belong to extraordinary genius alone, seeing that the well-bred youth of both sexes in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries furnished numerous examples of equal devotion to and success in those branches of polite learning which distinguished Suckling.

The character of Suckling had to a large extent manifested itself at the time of his father's death in 1627. The brilliant youth, then

nearly nineteen, had been admitted to Court, had already mingled in its gaieties, and had become infected by its spirit. How this fact impressed a grave and careful man like the father, may be inferred from the circumstance that by his will the latter debarred his heir from entering upon full possession of the family estates until he had attained his twenty-fifth year. Suckling had already become the devotee of pleasure, and was one of her most ardent worshippers. He had a natural aptitude towards the frivolities which distinguished the bulk of the frequenters of the Court, and possessed as well many attractions of person and manner. The gilded butterfly life which was even now a characteristic of fashionable society exactly suited Suckling's temperament and disposition.

So, while Suckling the elder was appointing sermons to be preached, "acknowledging God's mercies and favours towards him," the younger had already begun that career which was to make ducks and drakes of the fortune and estate which had been accumulated and secured with so much labour. The father's early death was a disastrous event as affecting the future of the poet, for it threw him completely adrift upon a world of temptation, without a single check upon his passions and desires. Conspicuous alike by birth, fortune, and person, it was but natural that Suckling's friendship should be eagerly sought by men always ready to welcome a boon companion, of trenchant wit and satisfactory depth of pocket. Two years after the event which left him his own master, Suckling went abroad, travelling through France, Italy, and Germany. One of the old philosophers says that travel is good for youth; and if the wanderer opened his mind only to its legitimate influences, there could be no exception taken to the aphorism. In Suckling's case, however, the reverse happened; while not insensible to the value of the knowledge which might be gained of the various peoples among whom he travelled, he appears to have imitated the follies of those with whom he mingled, and to have exhibited but a transient admiration for their virtues.

In 1631, however, we come upon the poet under nobler auspices. At this time Europe was considerably agitated by the evil fortune which seemed to dog the footsteps of the Prince Palatine of the Rhine. The English sovereign being related to the unfortunate prince—the latter had married the King's sister—a movement began in his favour, and it speedily caught up some of the best spirits in this country. After much persuasion, King Charles granted a commission to the Marquis of Hamilton to take up arms in favour of the Prince Palatine. The troops raised landed in Germany on the 31st July 1631, and amongst others who were immediately attached to

the Marquis's person was Sir John Suckling. He appears to have served with distinction under the Swedish banner in this the Thirty Years' War. The English auxiliaries rendered effectual service to Gustavus Adolphus at the first defeat of Tilly, on the 7th of September 1631, before Leipsic. Suckling was also present "at the sieges of Crossen, Guben, Glogau, and Magdeburg, and obtained considerable military reputation for his conduct in several successive actions, fought during the inroads of Hamilton, in the provinces of Lusatia and Silesia." Writing to one of his friends in England, whose communication he had long left unanswered, the poet says: "We have ever since been upon a march; and the places we are come to have afforded rather blood than ink; and of all things, sheets have been the hardest to come by, especially those of paper." So that while Suckling had been content for some years to earn a reputation for gallantry at Court, he did not shrink, when opportunity offered, from earning his spurs in the more dangerous enterprises of the battle-field. When he returned to his native country, with all "his blushing honours thick upon him," he would seem to have made quite a sensation, his reputation having been considerably enhanced by his achievements. Sir William Davenant wrote: "He was so famous at Court for his accomplishments, and readie sparkling wit, that he was the bull that was bayted; his repartee and witt being most sparkling, when most set on and provoked."

Lord Walpole has left a picture of the Court of Charles I. which serves at least to show the superiority of that unfortunate monarch's tastes over those of his son. "The pleasures of the Court were carried on with much taste and magnificence. Poetry, painting, music, and architecture were all called in to make them rational amusements. Ben Jonson was the Laureate; Inigo Jones the inventor of the decorations; Lanière and Ferabosco composed the symphonies; the King, the Queen, and the young nobility danced in the interludes." This description has the advantage of one which might be drawn of the Court of Charles II., wherein Sedley and Rochester should be penning their lewd love ditties, lords and ladies should be seeking to rival each other in gallantry, and the King should be alternating his amours by such weighty occupations as chasing flies round the drawing-room, in which he should be assisted by the Duchess of Portsmouth. Suckling not only speedily took a high place in the favour of the Court, but he even strove to emulate Royalty itself in the magnificence of the entertainments he provided both at his country seat at Whitton and at his town residence. One of these entertainments appears to have outshone all the rest, and to

have cost many thousands of pounds—an immense sum two centuries ago. Having regaled his guests, we are told, in sumptuous fashion—every court lady of youth and beauty was present—he provided a last course of silk stockings, garters, and gloves. This act gratified his desire for gallantry and his partiality for the *bizarre* and the extraordinary at the same time. He does not appear to have passed his calmer moments in feelings of regret over fortune squandered and health undermined, but rather to have devoted them to the composition of letters to the reigning beauties of the period. Having entered upon the seductive path, he found the descent very easy; any spare moments he had while attending upon the Court he devoted to play, and it is stated that on one occasion his sisters came to the Piccadilly bowling-green, “crying for the feare he should lose all their portions.” Cards and bowls became his infatuation, and the knowledge of his pursuits soon spread over the whole town; so much so, says a contemporary writer, “that no shopkeeper would trust him for sixpence; as to-day, for instance, he might, by winning, be worth £200; the next day, he might not be worth half so much, or, perhaps, *minus nihilo*.” Whether this picture be exaggerated, as declared by other writers, we have no means of judging; but it is only just to Suckling to give the other side, and to say that there were those who believed his indulgence in play could not be very great or deep, seeing that he did not seriously impair his estate thereby. Still, his fondness for play drew upon him remonstrances from several quarters, and, in replying to a lady Mentor on one occasion, Suckling brings into play all his ready and nimble wit. “Though, madam,” he says, “I have ever hitherto believed play to be a thing in itself as merely indifferent as religion to a statesman, or love made in a privy-chamber; yet, hearing you have resolved otherwise for me, my faith shall alter without my becoming more learned upon it, or once knowing why it should do so. . . . And now, since I know your ladyship is too wise to suppose to yourself impossibilities; and, therefore, cannot think of such a thing as of making me absolutely good, it will not be without some impatience that I shall attend to know what sin you will be pleased to assign me in the room of this.” Suckling naturally gravitated towards men of wit and learning, and it was this fact probably which drew forth the charge against him that he was a despiser of the nobility. Davenant—from whom we have already quoted, and who appears to have been one of the great gossips of the age—says that the poet would boast “he did not much care for a lord’s converse; for that they were, in those dayes, damnably proud and arrogant, and the French would say that

my Lord d'Angleterre look't *comme un mastiff dog*." That Suckling neither utterly contemned the aristocracy nor was despised by the best of that order in return, is proved from the fact that two of his most intimate friends were the noble and virtuous Lord Falkland and Roger Boyle, Lord Broghill; while the friendship of Jonson, Shirley, Hall, and others attests the esteem in which he was held by the literary men of the period.

After giving advice to a relative upon an *affaire de cœur*, Suckling himself seems to have fallen a victim to the tender passion. The lady was a daughter of Sir Henry Willoughby, and we learn that she was a lady of great expectations, but that her temper and disposition were revengeful and coarse. She behaved herself in a singular manner towards Suckling, setting him by the ears through the aid of another of her suitors, the brother of Sir Kenelm Digby. The affair led to blows on one side, Digby belabouring Suckling most unmercifully. As the latter did not attempt to retaliate, the stigma of cowardice was affixed on him. The truth seems to have been that Digby was a deadly swordsman, while Suckling could by no means lay claim to equal skill. The former goaded the poet on, hoping that he would draw, and thus fall a victim to his weapon; but Suckling seems to have had no fancy for being "pinked," indulging the common-sense view that the matter of the quarrel scarcely justified him in throwing his life away. The charge of cowardice can scarcely be sustained against him, seeing that on other occasions he did not retreat from the face of danger. Besides which, he was no match physically for Digby, in addition to lacking his strength and skill. For the indignity put upon the poet, Digby was compelled to make an ample and abject apology, by order of the King.

In the year 1635, in consequence of a royal edict requiring those who held places of employment under his Majesty in certain counties of the realm to repair to their several quarters, Suckling retired to his country seat, where he now devoted himself to literature. He shortly produced his "Session of the Poets," an idea which has been worked upon by many subsequent writers. This was followed by a prose effort—generally considered very happy and forcible—entitled "An Account of Religion by Reason." The play of "Aglaura" succeeded in 1638. The King and his court are believed to have witnessed the first representation of this play. In the year 1639 was published the poet's tragedy of "Brennoralt."

Suckling was now attaining that literary position which he had long coveted. The critics praised him, the King honoured him by his friendship, and the world at large admired him. What man, how-

ever, has been allowed for ever to remain upon the pinnacle of success? If Fortune has raised him up, some form of trouble or other is sure, sooner or later, to disturb him in his high estate. The interruption to Suckling's felicity was of a domestic nature. One of his sisters had married Sir George Southcott, a Devonshire knight, who cruelly ill-treated his wife, and finally left her a widow by committing suicide. We can imagine that the affair created no little scandal in those circles where Suckling was desirous to shine; yet he appears to have written a letter to his sister in which he gave her the straightforward advice not to pretend a sorrow which she could not feel. He was not surprised "that a man who had lived ill all his time in a house should break a window, or steal away in the night through an unusual postern." "Nothing," he added, "has a worse mien than counterfeit sorrow: and you must have the height of woman's art to make yours appear other, especially when the spectators shall consider all the story." As Suckling's epistle is perhaps the most remarkable specimen extant of a letter of condolence, we will quote its concluding paragraph, wherein the writer is unable to restrain the flow of his wit:—

I must confess it is a just subject for our sorrow, to hear of any that does quit his station, without *His* leave that placed him there: and yet, as ill a mien as this act has, 'twas à-la-Romansci, as you may see by a line of Mr. Shakspeare's, who, bringing in Titinius after a lost battle, speaking to his sword, and bidding it find out his heart, adds—

'By your leave, gods! this is a Roman's part.'

'Tis true, I think cloak-bag strings were not then so much in fashion; but, to those that are not sword-men, the way is not so despicable; and, for my own part, I assure you, Christianity highly governs me in the minute in which I do not wish, with all my *heart*, that all the discontents in his Majesty's three kingdoms would find out this very way of satisfying themselves and the world.

In the year 1639 the relations between Charles I. and his Scottish subjects had become so strained as to give rise to the most gloomy forebodings. The King ill understood the Scotch temper and character, and he was led on to a policy which in the long run proved most disastrous. The attempt to impose a liturgy upon the northern inhabitants of the kingdom excited the warmest hostility, and the monarch speedily found himself under the necessity of taking active measures against the Scots, for which he was totally unprepared. Rebellion broke out, but Charles could not get the necessary supplies wherewith to combat it. Meanwhile the malcontents advanced to the English borders. Matters having now become critical, several courtiers stepped into the breach and served the King

by raising forces at their own expense. Amongst these friends of his Majesty was Sir John Suckling. To him belongs the distinction of having raised, at his own charge, the finest troop of horse which volunteered service in favour of the King. So richly accoutred was this troop that it is said to have cost Suckling £12,000—an enormous sum of our money. The other portions of the army were likewise so expensively equipped, that Charles humorously remarked, “the Scots would fight stoutly, if it were but for the Englishmen’s fine clothes.” When the army was ready for action, Charles wavered, in accordance with his usual habit, and his soldiers found themselves upon the banks of the Tweed, walking up and down irresolute, yet ready for action. Writing at this time upon the vacillation prevailing in the King’s councils, Suckling says: “We are at length arrived at that river, about the uneven running of which my friend Mr. William Shakespeare makes Henry Hotspur quarrel so highly with his fellow rebels; and, for his sake, I have been something curious to consider the scantlet of ground that angry Monsieur would have had in; but cannot find it could deserve his choler; nor any of the other side, ours; did not the King think it did.” Suckling added that the enemy was not yet visible, which, it may be, “is the fault of the climate, which brings men as slowly forwards as plants.” Neither Suckling nor any other adherent of the King had subsequently reason to complain about the backwardness of the Scots. When the tug of war came, the handsomely-dressed English troops proved no match for the hardy soldiers of the North. Charles’s army appeared at Berwick, sufficiently numerous, but badly generalled. The Scots had Lesly for their leader, and this gallant warrior infused into his troops something of his own valour and enthusiasm. The two armies came within sight of each other at Dunse, when Lord Holland humiliated the King’s troops by ordering a retreat without striking a blow. This event gave rise to a good deal of satire at Suckling’s expense. So much had been made of his troop, and it had attained such celebrity, that this collapse provided an exhaustless source of wit for his opponents. It is now generally confessed, however, that no personal imputation can be cast upon Suckling in the affair, seeing that he was compelled, like others, to carry out the orders of the commander-in-chief. Amongst the lampoons which were hurled at Suckling, Percy has preserved one, a well-known ballad, which was believed by many to be the work of Sir John Mennis, but which others have attributed to Suckling himself—as a kind of good-humoured banter upon the performances in

which he bore a part. This ballad, which is a parody of the older song "John Dory," began thus :—

Sir John he got him an ambling nag,
To Scotland for to ride-a ;
With a hundred horse more, all his own he swore,
To guard him on every side-a.

The remaining verses show that when the time came to fight Sir John suddenly remembered that he had business to transact in his ~~that~~, as Artemus Ward said of the soldiers at the battle of Bull's Run, "who suddenly remembered that they had business in Washington which could not be neglected." So—

To cure his feare, he was sent to the reare,
Some ten miles back, and more-a :
Where Sir John did play at trap and away,
And ne'er saw the enemy more-a.

Perhaps the best proof that no charge of cowardice on this occasion can be sustained against Suckling is the fact that the King retained his old friendship for him. The ludicrous result of the campaign against the Scots is matter of history. A bloodless campaign ended in worthless treaties ; and "posterity must tell this miracle," Suckling himself wrote, "that there went an army from the south, of which there was not one man lost, nor any man taken prisoner but the King." With regard to the actual cause of quarrel, Suckling believed that with the Scots it was rather a question of king or no king than bishop or no bishop. He did not believe in the cry of liberty of conscience, maintaining that they already possessed it—even as Theodoric, the Goth, said to the Jews, "*Nemo cogitur credere invitus.*" Though naturally shrewd and penetrating, the lightness, we might perhaps better say the changeableness, of Suckling's character prevented him from understanding the Scotch. Martyrdom for principle was a matter beyond his comprehension, and this led him to be unjust towards the Scots and their leaders. "Lesly himself," he remarks, without an atom of authority for his assumption, "if his story were searched, would certainly be found one who, because he could not live well there, took up a trade of killing men abroad, and now is returned, for Christ's sake, to kill men at home." There is wit and ingenuity in Suckling's statement of the causes of dissatisfaction amongst the Scots, but these qualities are attained at the expense of truth. "I think their quarrel to the King is that which they may have to the sun : he doth not warm and visit them as much as others. God and nature have placed them in the shade, and they

are angry with the King of England for it. To conclude, this is the case : the great and wise husbandman hath planted the beasts in the out-fields, and they would break hedges to come into the garden."

It is not our purpose to follow the course of public events after the defeat of the King's army. Suffice it to state that the treaties made were but short-lived, and that once more, in the year 1648, Charles again laid his affairs before Parliament, and pleaded the urgency of his military preparations. The breach between King and Parliament, however, had begun to widen, and the Commons proved refractory. The House was dissolved, and Charles again fell back upon the voluntary aid of the Cavaliers. To do them justice, they behaved most generously towards their sovereign, notwithstanding his constitutional *laches*, and in a short time he found himself, owing to their contributions, in possession of an army numbering twenty-one thousand men. Again were the Scots victorious, however, and the King, finding himself harassed and petitioned on all sides, was compelled to call a new Parliament. This is famous in history as the Long Parliament. It assembled on the 3rd of November, 1649, Sir John Suckling having a seat in it as member for Bramber. The condition of the King, and the necessity—now become a matter of the first consequence—of a reconciliation being effected between him and the Commons, to avoid bloodshed, seem momentarily to have endued Suckling with a wisdom and sagacity beyond his years and general character. At this critical period he wrote that letter to Henry Jermyn—afterwards Earl of St. Alban's—in which he evinces his judgment by suggesting means for the healing of the breach between the King and the people. Suckling saw that now or never was the time for mediation, and, though an ardent follower of the King, he gave his Majesty advice which, if faithfully adhered to, might have averted the terrible civil war which immediately ensued. "His allusions to the influence and conduct of the Queen," says Suckling's biographer, "are beautifully expressed, and he points with delicacy to the necessity of her dismissing the Roman Catholic attendants by whom she was surrounded, and to whom was applied, by the fanatics, the origin of the existing evils. Though deploring the injustice, he admits the necessity of removing Laud and Strafford from the King's councils, as the only means of obtaining the services of the other Ministers of State, and of allaying the public ferment." The unwisdom of Charles's policy at this juncture is incapable of defence. In Suckling's epistle we find the following noteworthy passage :—

In going about to show the King a cure now, a man should first plainly show

him the disease. But to kings, as to some patients, it is not always proper to tell how ill they be; and it is too like a country clown not to show the way, unless he know from whence, and discourse of things before.

There was not among all our princes a greater courtier than Richard III., not so much out of fear, as out of wisdom. And shall the worst of our kings have striven for that (a union with his people), and shall not the best? It being an angelical thing to gain love!

There are two things in which the people expect to be satisfied—Religion and Justice; nor can this be done by any little acts, but by royal and kingly resolutions.

Having recommended the King to put from him for the time being those friends against whom the nation was incensed, and counselled the Queen upon a similar course, Suckling proceeds to adduce reasons for his advice:—

The first thing will be, whether, as things now stand (kingdoms in the balance), the King is not to follow nature, where the consummation of the more general still commands and governs the less? As iron by particular sympathy sticks to the loadstone, but yet if it be joined with a great body of iron, it quits those particular affections to the loadstone, and moves with the other to the greater, the common centre. The second will be, whether, if he could preserve those ministers, they can be of any use to him hereafter? Since no man is served with a greater prejudice than he that employs suspected instruments, or not beloved, though able and deserving in themselves. The third is, whether, to preserve them, there be any other way than for the King to be first right with his people?—since the rule in philosophy must ever hold good: *Nihil dat, quod non habet*. Before the King must have power to save, he must have power.

Lastly, whether the way to preserve this power be not to give it away?—for the people of England have ever been like wantons, which pull and tug as long as the princes have pulled with them; as you may see in Henry III., King John, Edward II., and, indeed, all the troublesome and unfortunate reigns. But when they have let it go, they come and put it into their hands again, that they may play on, as you may see in Queen Elizabeth.

It will be perceived from these extracts that at times Suckling could attain a statesmanlike balance of mind. It has been conjectured that the King read the letter, but if he were momentarily convinced by its arguments, evil counsels must again have shortly prevailed. There is no doubt that Suckling saw what was looming in the distance: he read the King's character—that strange compound of vacillation, firmness, and treachery; he also read the temper of the nation as evinced in its representatives, and felt that the time for compromise was rapidly slipping away. Shortly after Suckling's letter had been indited, Strafford was arrested and committed to the Tower. Suckling and others immediately conspired to effect his escape; but the plot was discovered, and Sir William Balfour, lieutenant of the Tower, made known to the Parliament that two thousand pounds had been offered to him to consent to the Earl's escape. Matters did not rest

This occurred at some period of the
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here. It was further revealed that a conspiracy was on foot for bringing over a French army, to coöperate with the Irish troops and the English supporters of Charles. The House of Commons ordered Suckling and his friends to attend at the bar, to be examined as principals in the plot. Deeming discretion the better part of valour in this threatening attitude of events, Suckling resolved upon placing the English Channel between himself and the Parliament. Under these circumstances the Lords in Parliament issued a proclamation against Henry Percy, Henry Jermyn, Sir John Suckling, William D'Avenant, and Captain Billingsley, commanding their attendance at Westminster within ten days, "upon pain to incur and undergo such forfeitures and punishments as the said Lords shall order and inflict upon them." Goring had confessed the whole plot. Percy wrote from his hiding-place to his brother the Earl of Northumberland, admitting that there had been a conspiracy, but exonerating the King from all complicity in it. Percy also denied that he had said a word to Suckling, Carnarvon, Davenant, or any other creature. His confession ran as follows:—

That the Lieutenant (of the Tower) was to have £2,000 for the Earl of Strafford's escape, and to marry his sonne to the Earl of Strafford's daughter; to go over into Ireland, and send the army hither, and to go over into France; to possesse the English army with an ill opinion of the Parliament, and to make them advance to London; to deliver up Portsmouth in Master Jermine's hands, to be a rendezvous for the French and papists, and the bishops to raise one thousand horse for that purpose.

John Hampden read Billingsley's confession to the House, wherein that conspirator stated that he had been "invited to the employment" by Suckling; but this is denied upon good evidence. The poet-conspirator Davenant was taken at Faversham, but effected his escape. He was retaken, but again contrived to escape. Suckling and Jermyn, who probably saw that the King's party would not again be able to hold up its head, fled to the Continent, where they remained. Suckling fell into distress and poverty, and it is impossible to withhold our pity from this brilliant child of fortune, who lost patrimony, position, and liberty at one stroke. There has been much difference of opinion upon the manner of his death, but it is now generally admitted that he committed suicide. Aubrey states that he purchased poison of an apothecary in Paris, and produced death by violent fits of vomiting. His descendants at length admitted that such was the manner of his death. But whatever its mode, the tragedy remains the same. The courtier-poet and wit, after great hardships, and driven to despair by the outlook of public affairs in England, ter-

minated his own existence. This occurred at some period of the year 1642, when Suckling was in his thirty-fourth year.

Before passing from Suckling the man, we may conclude with an extract from the writer of his *Memoirs*: "If he be charged with want of prudence in the direction of his great abilities to his own advancement, they were at least ever exerted in favour of the learned and the deserving. If his earlier years were stained by habits of intemperance and frivolity, he has amply redeemed himself by the exertions of his maturer age. To a kind and amiable temper, he united a generous and a friendly disposition, while the proofs of his patriotism and loyalty have been so fully developed in the progress of this essay, that, with all his imperfections, he is entitled to rank with the most distinguished characters of his day." His talents were unquestionably striking and varied, though not profound. Describing his person, Aubrey says:—"Sir John Suckling was of the middle stature, and slight strength; brisque eie, redish facet, and red nosed (ill liver); his head not very big; his hayre a kind of sand colour; his beard turn'd up naturally, so that he had a brisk and graceful look." Vandyke's portrait of Suckling is more flattering than this verbal description; it presents us with a man the upper part of whose head somewhat resembles that of Milton, and whose face has the delicacy and softness of a woman's.

Quitting the personal part of the subject, and leaving the debatable ground of history and politics, we come now to speak of Suckling as a poet. Here all critics, whatever may be the complexion of their historical views, will be in accord in awarding this unfortunate genius very high praise. Hallam, who was not given to exaggeration, remarks that "Suckling is acknowledged to have left far behind him all former writers of song in gaiety and ease; it is not equally clear that he has ever since been surpassed. His poetry aims at no higher praise; he shows no sentiment or imagination, either because he had them not, or because he did not require either in the style he chose." While it is true that Suckling is devoid of imagination—in the higher sense of that word—it is a little unjust to deny him the presence of sentiment. But when a writer cannot be a great dramatist, it is something to be a true lyric poet, and this distinction Suckling rightfully enjoys. There is no finer poem of its kind than the "Ballad upon a Wedding," while many of the shorter pieces of this writer will compare favourably with the lyrics of Herrick and Waller. Many poets have written lyrics with ease and freedom; but Suckling cut cameos, and some of them are almost worthy of standing alone. Take, for example, these verses:—

I prithee send me back my heart,
 Since I cannot have thine ;
 For if from yours you will not part,
 Why then shouldst thou have mine ?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie :
 To find it were in vain :
 For thou'st a thief in either eye
 Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
 And yet not lodge together ?
 Oh love ! where is thy sympathy,
 If thus our breasts thou sever ?

But love is such a mystery,
 I cannot find it out ;
 For when I think I'm best resolved,
 I then am most in doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
 I will no longer pine :
 For I'll believe I have her heart,
 As much as she has mine.

In stanzas of this class the reader is generally kept on the *qui vive* for some dainty conceit in the last verse, but Suckling abounds in such all through his lines. The following song exhibits ingenuity of idea happily expressed :—

No, no, fair heretic, it needs must be
 But an ill love in me,
 And worse for thee ;
 For were it in my power
 To love thee now this hour
 More than I did the last ;
 I would then so fall,
 I might not love at all :
 Love that can flow, and can admit increase,
 Admits as well an ebb, and may grow less.
 True love is still the same ; the torrid zones
 And those more frigid ones
 It must not know :
 For love grown cold or hot,
 Is lust, or friendship, not
 The thing we have.
 For that's a flame would die
 Held down, or up too high :
 Then think I love more than I can express,
 And would love more, could I but love thee less.

Sprightliness is an especial characteristic of Suckling. His verses to a lover crossed in passion—under which circumstances also George

Wither wrote his admirable lyric, "Shall I, wasting in Despair"—
are as familiar to the reader as anything of more modern date :—

"Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithce, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail;
Prithce, why so pale?
Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithce, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithce, why so mute?
Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
The devil take her!"

The later poets of the Restoration failed to attain this nimble grace, and crisp, sharp expression. Their diamonds were not so clearly and beautifully cut, though in substance they enjoyed the same power of fancy and conceit. In this lighter species of poetry, where elegance and a sparkling fancy are the chief constituent elements, Suckling has had few rivals. His versification is occasionally halting and defective, but on the whole his compositions are remarkable specimens of delicacy of structure, ingenious conceptions, and graceful and harmonious verse. As in the case of many other authors, so with the present writer, it is not always his best lyrics which are the most popular. His stanzas headed "The Invocation" are rarely mentioned amongst the most favourable specimens of his art, and yet it may be doubted whether he has left behind him any more worthy of remembrance :—

"Ye juster powers of love and fate,
Give me the reason why
A lover cross'd,
And all hopes lost,
May not have leave to die.
It is but just, and love needs must
Confess it is his part,
When he does spy
One wounded lie,
To pierce the other's heart.
But yet if he so cruel be
To have one breast to hate;
If I must live,
And thus survive,
How far more cruel's fate!

In this same state I find too late
 I am : and here's the grief :
 Cupid can cure,
 Death heal, I'm sure,
 Yet neither sends relief.

To live, or die, beg only I,
 Just Powers ! some end me give ;
 And traitor-like,
 Thus force me not
 Without a heart to live."

The construction of such lines as the above, with the quick recurring rhymes—setting aside all question of idea at the root of the poem—is a very difficult achievement ; yet it is one which Suckling frequently accomplishes with ease.

The most celebrated of all poems by Suckling, however, is the "Ballad upon a Wedding," and upon the whole it well deserves the preëminence. In no other example has the poet given such a charming description of female beauty. The lines are exquisitely turned, and Suckling surpasses himself in his dainty conceits. The ballad was composed on the occasion of the marriage of Roger Boyle, first Earl of Orrery (then Lord Broghill) with Lady Margaret Howard, daughter to Theophilus, Earl of Suffolk. Tradition states that she was eminently beautiful, and Suckling, in a letter to a friend, says :—"I know you have but one way (to teach me to get into love), and will prescribe me now to look upon Mistress Howard." Where can we find choicer or more felicitous stanzas than these, in which Suckling describes the bride ?—

" Her finger was so small, the ring
 Would not stay on which they did bring,
 It was too wide a peck :
 And to say truth, for out it must,
 It look'd like the great collar, just,
 About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat
 Like little mice stole in and out,
 As if they feared the light :
 But oh ! she dances such a way—
 No sun upon an Easter day
 Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
 No daisy makes comparison
 (Who sees them is undone ;)
 For streaks of red were mingled there,
 Such as are on a cath'rine pear ;
 (The side that's next the sun.)

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin
(Some bee had stung it newly ;)
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thoud'st swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get ;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit."

Of Suckling's four plays, sprinkled as they are with fine passages, we are not able to speak so highly. The poet was, in the first place, unequal to a great or extended conception ; and in the second, lacked the power, which distinguishes the true dramatist, of giving breadth of treatment to such conceptions as he had. "Aglaura" is said to have been the poet's favourite drama. It was produced before the Court under circumstances of much magnificence, but it must yield the palm in almost every intrinsic respect to its successor. The former is a tragi-comedy ; it may be represented as tragedy or comedy by adopting one of two fifth acts. Whether the phrase commonly current, and which describes Satan as a gentleman, originated with Suckling or not, cannot now be traced ; but he certainly has in one of his plays the words "The Prince of Darkness is a Gentleman." "Aglaura" is studded with beautiful lines, and now and then there is even a sustained passage, but on the whole we are obliged to confess that the drama is stilted and unnatural. There is a good deal of love in the play, though in this respect the characters seem modelled after those of Suckling's time, and betray a singular aptitude for effecting rapid transfer of their affections. We have a king in love with Aglaura, and a prince in love with Aglaura ; we have a queen at first mistress to Ziriff, Captain of the Guard, but subsequently enamoured of Ariaspes, brother to the king ; then there is Iolas, a Lord of the Council, a pretended friend of the prince, but really a traitor, in love with Semanthe, while the latter indulges a Platonic affection for Ziriff ; there is also Aglaura herself, in love with the prince, but named mistress to the king ; Orithie, in love with the prince ; and two young lords, Orsames and Philan, who are anti-Platonic. It will thus be seen that the drama is most unconscionably full of warring love-elements, sufficient to gratify the most exacting taste in this respect.

The following passage, which is a soliloquy by Ziriff, affords a

favourable specimen of Suckling's powers ; it also exhibits his defective versification—a common thing with the poet—long and short lines, and occasionally the falling redundant syllable at the end of a line :—

“ Then all my fears are true, and she is false ;
 False as a falling star, or glowworm's fire ;
 This devil, beauty, is compounded strangely.
 It is a subtle point, and hard to know,
 Whether 't has in't more active tempting,
 Or more passive tempted ; so soon it forces,
 And so soon it yields.
 Good Gods ! she seized my heart, as if from you
 She'd had commission to have used me so,
 And all mankind besides—and see, if the just ocean
 Makes more haste to pay
 To needy rivers what it borrowed first,
 Than she to give what she ne'er took ;
 Methinks I feel anger, revenge's harbinger,
 Chalking up all within, and thrusting out
 Of doors the tame and softer passions ;
 It must be so :
 To love is noble frailty, but poor sin
 When we fall once to love, unloved again.”

The poet thus delivers himself upon a theme which has been handled by most poets :—

“ Greatness, thou vainer shadow of the prince's beams,
 Begot by mere reflection, nourished in extremes ;
 First taught to creep, and live upon the glance,
 Poorly to fare, till thine own proper strength
 Bring thee to surfeit of thyself at last.”

Occasionally he is happy and terse in his characterisation of sentiments and emotions :—

“ Fear is the bit that man's proud will restrains,
 And makes its vice its virtue.”

“ I grant you, madam, that the fears and joys,
 Hopes and desires, mixed with despairs and doubts,
 Do make the sport in love ; that they are
 The very dogs by which we hunt the hare.”

“ Love's a chameleon, and would live on air.”

“ His resolution's like

A skilful horseman, and reason is the stirrup ;
 Which, though a sudden shock may make it loose,
 Yet does it meet it handsomely again.”

“ Allegiance in love, like the string of a watch
 Wound up too high, and forced above the nick,
 Ran back, and in a moment was unravell'd all.”

“Leave me! for, to a soul so out of tune
 As mine is now, nothing is harmony:
 When once the brain-spring hope is fall'n into
 Disorder, no wonder if the lesser wheels,
 Desire and joy, stand still; my thoughts, like bees,
 When they have lost their king, wander
 Confusedly up and down, and settle nowhere.”

It has been remarked that Suckling modelled both his style and his dramatic compositions upon Shakespeare. The criticism is not very accurate, for, if this be the case, Suckling has not produced that sincerest kind of flattery, an excellent imitation. Placed beside Shakespeare, indeed, his efforts are as moonlight unto sunlight. He lacks strength, and has only in place of it the humours of a man of society, touched with the poetic temperament. If he had eschewed the more ambitious rôle of the dramatist, and adhered to his love songs, he might have left behind him a still finer legacy than that which he has bequeathed to posterity.

We have glanced at Suckling's “Aglaura,” but his “Brennoralt” is generally regarded as his best dramatic work. The scene of the play is laid in Poland, but the Lithuanians are intended for the Scotch. The play originally appeared with the title of “The Discontented Colonel,” and Suckling chose it as the medium for satirising the Scotch rebels. One prominent character in this drama is Iphigene, a young Palatine lady, “who has been brought up as a man, and whose love doings and sayings are more according to circumstance than propriety.” Steele greatly admired a passage describing the love of Brennoralt and Francelia, and compared the delineation of the latter with one of Eve in Milton's “Paradise Lost.” The lines of Suckling run:—

“Her face is like the milky way i' th' sky,
 A meeting of gentle lights without name.
 Heav'ns! shall this fresh ornament
 Of the world, this precious love-lines,
 Pass with other common things
 Amongst the wastes of time? What pity 'twere.”

The versification of “Brennoralt” is almost as crude and halting as that of “Aglaura,”—though, as a whole, the former must take precedence for its superior dramatic qualities. Yet the lyrics in “Aglaura” are far superior to those found in the later drama. Suckling's comedy of “The Goblins” need not detain us. “The idea of the play is evidently borrowed from Shakespeare; and the same arguments may be adduced in defence of the machinery adopted in it as have been so powerfully adduced by Dr. Johnson in support of Shakespeare's

employment of witches in 'Macbeth.' When it is remembered that so sagacious a man as Sir Matthew Hale believed in witchcraft, we can scarcely wonder that there was a prevalent belief in it in Suckling's time, especially amongst the lower classes. The comedy in which Suckling avails himself of this belief is not noticeable for wit or brilliancy. A very short tragedy, entitled "The Sad One," completes the list of the poet's dramatic works. It is concerned with civil troubles in Sicily. There is a considerable amount of fighting and "running through" with deadly weapons, but the literary vigour of the author is by no means commensurate with the military vigour of the characters.

Suckling is most successful, as we have remarked, in his lyrics; but a word of appreciation and admiration is due as regards his prose writings. All his sprightliness of fancy seems to be called into requisition in many of his letters, which are able, shrewd, and full of worldly wisdom. It is also in these that he shows the extent of his erudition. His discourse entitled "An Account of Religion by Reason," inscribed to the Earl of Dorset, exhibits a good controversial faculty, together with strong powers of reasoning. Suckling is very learned upon his subject, and traces the progress of faith from the earliest times. In one portion of this essay is to be found a simile which, upwards of a century later, was improved upon and expanded by Paley. By way of showing the excellence and the dignity of Suckling's prose, we will extract the following passage, not as expressing belief in its conclusions or otherwise. Suckling is arguing upon the subject of the Trinity:—

"The head of a spring is not a head, but in respect of the spring; for if something flowed not from it, it were no original; nor the spring a spring, if it did not flow from something; nor the stream a stream, but in respect of both: now all these three are but one water; and though one is not the other, yet they can hardly be considered one without the other. Now, though I know this is so far from a demonstration, that it is but an imperfect instance—perfect being impossible of infinite by finite things—yet there is a resemblance great enough to let us see the possibility. And, here, the eye of reason needed no more the spectacles of faith than for these things, of which we make sympathy the cause, as in the loadstone; or antipathy, of which every man almost gives instances from his own nature. Nor is it there so great a wonder that we should be ignorant; for this is distant and removed from sense; these near and subject to it; and it were stranger for me to conclude that God did not work *ad extra*, thus one and distinct within himself, because I cannot conceive how begotten, how proceeding, than if a clown should say the hand of a watch did not move, because he could not give an account of the wheels within. So far is it from being unreasonable because I do not understand it, that it would be unreasonable I should: for why should a created substance comprehend an uncreated? a circumscribed and limited

an uncircumscribed and unlimited? And this I observe in those great lovers and lords of reason, quoted by the fathers, Zoroaster, Trismegistus, Plato, Numenius, Plotinus, Proclus, Aurelius, and Avicen; that when they spoke of this mystery of the Trinity—of which all wrote something, and some almost as plainly as Christians themselves—that they discussed it not as they did other things, but delivered them as oracles, which they had received themselves without dispute.”

The feverish life of Suckling never fulfilled its true issues. Expatriated and disgraced, his sun went down in a foreign land, ere almost it had reached its meridian. He possessed, however, a true and exquisite genius, as his lyrical outpourings abundantly testify. The vicious habits he contracted in early life almost paralysed his talents, except on rare and special occasions, when the brilliancy of his genius forced its way through the clouds of sorrow and humiliation. He remains to us chiefly a name, though there is indicated the outline of a master of lyric verse but little below the first rank. He never carried his genius to such perfection as did Herrick, but he has individual stanzas and poems which are equal to anything that Herrick, Wither, or Waller ever achieved. To the allurements of a court at first brilliant and trifling, then sensual and devilish, we owe in great measure the failure of Suckling's life, and the extinction of his fine genius. But, when all deductions have been made, there still remain substantial reasons for classing the poet honourably amongst the distinguished men of his age.

GEORGE BARNETT SMITH.

ON ETHER-DRINKING AND EXTRA-ALCOHOLIC INTOXICATION.

THOSE who like to find excuses for indulgence in the use of alcoholic drinks are apt to argue that the taste for intoxicants is a part of natural man. Some go further and declare that the said part, more clearly than anything else, distinguishes man from the beast. The beast has no taste for strong drink; the beast never gets drunk of its own will and pleasure; the beast knows nothing of the enjoyment of the wine cup, of wine that maketh glad the heart of man: therefore, the poor beast is a little lower than man, as man is a little lower than the angels.

It is a pity to break this delusion, but it must be broken. Beasts are not so much lower in intelligence than man that they cannot enjoy wine. Man is not so much above the beast that he alone can enjoy it.

With both man and beast the taste for and enjoyment of alcoholic drink are mere matters of education. You can educate either of them to take strong drink, and the world, if it liked the amusement, could train up menageries of drunken beasts that would rival the gin palaces of Liverpool, Manchester, or London itself.

There is a disease common amongst the hard drinkers of the human family which has gained the common name of "gin-drinker's liver," and which the learned members of the Faculty of Medicine call "cirrhosis of the liver." The disease consists of an indurated condition of the liver which impedes, and as a rule fatally impedes, the function of that vital organ, with dropsy as a further condition, and death in due time, which is not often a long time. Amongst my pathological specimens I have the cirrhused liver of a cat. This cat was taught by some young children to drink alcohol. The cat would amuse a company at dessert by taking her share of old port, and by becoming first excited and then very stupid, unsteady, and sleepy. In a few months this feline drunkard became dropsical and soon died. Her liver presented one of the most typical examples of *cirrhosis*.

When I was conducting my researches on the influence of alcohol on animal temperature, I fed pigeons on peas that had been soaked in a solution of alcohol. At first, as is the case with the human subject, objection was taken by the birds to the foreign substance in their food, and in a few instances the wiser birds objected to it altogether. But others, so far from objecting, soon acquired a taste for the foreign substance and became decided alcoholics. They quickly were made sleepy, drowsy, and in short diseased animals, but for that they did not care. The alcoholic constitution once pronounced in them, they were fond of the luxury that led to it. If they could have talked to their abstaining fellows, what arguments they might have used! Happily for the world that feeds on pigeons, they could neither talk nor argue alcoholically.

A horse will learn to drink beer. One day, when I was riding in a hired carriage near to Canterbury, the horse stopped short at a wayside public-house. I asked the driver what that was for. "The horse," said he, "always stops here for his beer; he wouldn't go by on no account; you couldn't whip him by, sir, till he has had his beer. His former master taught him to drink beer and invariably treated him to it at this house, and here he'll stop till he gets it." It was the fact. A large tankard of beer was brought out for that horse, and he disposed of the fluid with as much relish as his master, and then went his way. "It's a shame," added the driver, "but young fellows from London who like a joke, and who also like beer themselves, will sometimes give him a lot and make him very drunk. Then he is awkward to drive, and bad for two or three days afterwards, and we have to give him more beer to keep him up, which costs a lot."

In some parts of the country it is the custom still to feed fattening calves with what are called "gin balls." A portion of barley flour is made into a paste, and to the paste a measure of gin is added. The gin paste is then made up into rolls and the calves are fed with the rolls much in the same way as the traveller Bruce recorded that the Abyssinian lords were daily fed by their faithful wives. After this refreshing meal the calves are for a short time frisky and wild in the darkened and warm cells in which they are placed to fatten. But before long they go down on their knees, get exceedingly drowsy, and do not move again, nor care for anything, until the next meal comes round. "They soon take very kindly to gin balls," a feeder of calves told me. "They soon like them better than anything else, and the gin keeps them so quiet, that they are fattened up in half the time, *in the dark*. If we didn't give them gin, they would

get restive in the dark and wouldn't get fat." The moral of this is very effective when we remember how many human beings get ready to die by gin and darkness.

It is a delusion, then, to suppose that all the pleasures and advantages of the alcoholic existence are confined, by nature, to the higher animal, man. Nature providing for the exercise of free will, lets us learn to partake of what is even foreign to her rule. Man learns to make alcohol and offers it to other men, who take it and like it after they have gone through the nauseous ordeal, which Nature as a warning imposes, of learning to like it. It would be one of the strangest things in all living phenomena if this learning were confined to man. It would be as strange as the special phenomenon of the gift of speech in man, and would really suggest that wine was made for man alone. It happens in this case, however, that the strangeness of the phenomenon in relation to strong drink does not hold good. The lower animals—the cat, the dog, the horse, the calf, the pig, the jackass—nay even the goat which does not ordinarily drink water, can learn to enjoy strong drink equally with man.

All-provident Nature, how wonderful is thy beneficence !

If the day should ever come when, under the extending guidance of man, the alcoholic constitution shall be generally introduced into the ranks of the lower animal kingdom, it is difficult to forecast what developmental changes will take place. There will be new races of the lower animals, and breeds inapproachable. What shorthorns we shall then have ! What a splendid new breed of sheep another Jonas Webb will send to the prize show ! What horses will run for the Derby ! what hounds pursue the flying Reynard ! What trustworthy carrier pigeons there will be ! How much more faithfully and steadily the dog will serve his master ! What fine pathological cats, dropsical and drowsy, will purr on the hearth rugs ! What butcher's meat will hang up in the shambles ! How the lions will roar and the monkeys gabble and chastise their better halves in the Zoological Gardens and travelling menageries ! With what skill the buyer of animals will alter his computations so as to estimate his bargains by the shorter life of that which he buys ! What modifications of tables the accident insurance offices will introduce by way of increased premiums for all travellers on horseback, and by teams on the roads ! How delicious it will be to cross footpaths in country fields where the oxen have so much brandy or beer put into their drinking-water, to keep them up and make them lively ! This truly will not be the day "when the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the

young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them." But what import is that? If it be good that man shall possess of himself the advantages which up to the present time have only been exceptionally possessed by the beast, why should the beast be deprived of the improvement? It is the duty of man to improve the life standard of every useful thing in life that is under his command. Let him be logical, and extend the improvements inflicted by alcohol, assured that they will be reflected back again to himself a thousandfold in proportion as their goodness is extended to the world of creation beneath his own.

The opinion that no animal save man can enjoy the advantage of indulgence in alcoholic drinks so far disproved, there arises a second opinion, that alcohol is an agent unique in its kind for conferring on man the advantages that are sought from its use. Nothing, it is said, could adequately replace alcohol for the purposes it subserves. Here again we come into contact with another delusion, which, like the former, is maintained only because all the facts are not so generally known as they might be; the truth being, that there are a number of agents which answer all the purposes of alcohol, which are less injurious than alcohol, which are more convenient to take, which, when the taste for them is acquired, are equally pleasant and some of which produce a much more ethereal and refined intoxication than any wine or other alcoholic drink that is commonly brought to the table.

To the delight arising from the employment of these agents I apply the term, *extra-alcoholic intoxication*.

The alcohol which enters into our common wines, beers, and spirits is called by the chemists ethylic alcohol, or sometimes deulylic. Not many years ago it was unknown that there was any other alcoholic spirit in existence save and except this one alcohol, which could be distilled over from wine and other common fermented drinks. Now we know that there is a large family of the alcohols, each member of which is constructed of precisely the same elements,—viz. : carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen—with the oxygen element remaining the same, but with the two first-named elements, the carbon and the hydrogen, holding different relative proportions. By accident of discovery the ethylic alcohol, or alcohol of wine, was first brought into use, but all the other alcohols have intoxicating properties, varied only in effect by the difference of their physical qualities, one being lighter and the others heavier than the common and long-known ethylic alcohol. The lightest alcohol, called methylic or wood spirit, is a quick intoxicant. It may be driven easily into vapour, and the

vapour being breathed, men and animals can be made insensible by the mere act of breathing it, just as they can be made insensible or intoxicated by the vapour of chloroform. Taken in water as a drink, methylic alcohol intoxicates in the same way as the ethylic spirit does, and with the same stages of intoxication.

In accordance, however, with the physical character of methylic alcohol, the action of it in all its stages is less intense than is that of the ethylic alcohol. Four stages of action, one of excitement, a second of excitement with some slight failure of mental and muscular power, a third of failure of both muscular and mental power, and a fourth of complete unconsciousness and of actual prostration,—all these four stages are produced by methylic alcohol when it is taken in sufficient quantity, but are brought about more quickly by it than by the heavier ethylic spirit, and they pass away more quickly when they have been inflicted on the living animal. A good third of time for bringing on action as well as for recovery from action is saved by using the lighter alcohol. Those, moreover, who have learned to drink the lighter alcohol in its pure form acquire a taste for it which is as distinctive as the taste may be for gin or whisky or old port, while they tell you that the exhilaration produced is more refined and the after-effect less disagreeable than from other kinds of stimulating drinks.

These are all advantages—the last named, that of the lightness of the after-effect, being the most intelligible. The man who is a drinker of wine and other strong drinks makes it almost a rule, in recommending his own particular favourite drink, not only to praise its goodness while using it, but its comparative harmlessness after it has been used. He knows that even his model liquor cannot possibly be swallowed so as to produce some present effect which he may consider pleasant, without, of a certainty, leaving some after-effect which requires to be apologised for. Of such disagreeables his model causes or produces the least number and the least demonstrative; therefore it is the best. It does not give headache like brandy, heart-burn like gin, giddiness and spots before the eyes like whisky, gout or gouty rheumatism like old port, acidity like claret or cider, or drowsiness and stupor like beer. It does something perchance, but nothing that a man need be pitied for enduring; therefore it is the best. One of my friends always drinks champagne. He does not like champagne so much as he does madeira or rich port, and he does not think it is so “sustaining” as either of those two wines; but then it never provokes a decided fit of dyspeptic gout, never lays *him up* for two or three days, as those fine old wines invariably do: it

produces just a little flatulency, and now and then a slight squeamishness and giddiness, but nothing more. For these reasons he holds by champagne as the wine which, on the whole, suits him best, or does him the least harm. He is a wiser man than many, but not the wisest. The few who drink the pure methylic alcohol hold the same ideas in respect to their model intoxicant, and in so far as their reasoning applies, at all reasonably, they are correct in what they say. Methylic alcohol, lighter than ethylic, causes a quicker sensation of what is thought to be pleasure, and for the same reason its action is more speedily over. In plain words, it escapes from the body affected by it most easily, in which particular it has a decided advantage over all the other members of its family as an agent to be used by the members of the human family for their delectation.

Up to this time methylic alcohol has not been so much used as one would suppose it might have been. The specimens of it in the market are, as a rule, so impure that there has been a prejudice against it. Yet I have met with those who would drink, with relish, even the impure sort, after a little training in drinking it, when it was made sweet and was diluted with water; while one person with whose history I am acquainted took the pure methylic spirit whenever he could get it, and looked upon it as nectar compared with the coarser spirits on which other and less refined mortals were foolish enough to stake their indulgences.

If common ethylic alcohol be treated with strong sulphuric acid,—the oil of vitriol of the ancient chemists,—there is formed a light fluid, which distils over, and which, because of its extreme lightness, has been called “ether.” Pure anhydrous ether, that is to say ether from which all traces of water have been removed, is one of the lightest fluids known. Its weight is 720 as compared with water as 1,000. If into the palm of the hand a little be poured, it begins to bubble with great rapidity, for it boils and passes into vapour at 94° Fahr., that is, at four degrees of heat lower than the temperature of the natural body. It is so much less soluble than the two light alcohols which we have had under consideration, that one part of it only will fairly dissolve in twelve parts of cold water. It has a taste which is very peculiar, and which, to the uninitiated in its use, certainly not pleasant. Any one of the members of the alcohol family, if heated with strong acid, will yield an ether; but different alcohols yield different ethers, according to their kind. The light methylic alcohol yields methylic ether, which under ordinary conditions exists only in the state of a gas, but which is compressible into a liquid. Ethylic alcohol yields the ordinary ether of commerce. The heavier alcohols yield heavier

and very potent ethers, the action of some of which I have studied, but which do not concern us at the present time. Our business is with the two lightest ethers,—the methylic and the ethylic.

The action of the common ethylic ether on man has been carefully studied on the largest scale, owing to the circumstance that it is the fluid used, by the inhalation of its vapour, for the production of insensibility to pain during the performance of surgical operations. The action of the lighter methylic ether has been a subject of special study by myself, and I have reported on it to the British Association for the Advancement of Science. As an ether it is the best and safest of all the anæsthetics, but it is not readily applicable, since it exists only in the gaseous state under the ordinary atmospheric pressure.

When either the methylic ethereal gas, or the ethylic ethereal vapour, is taken into the lungs by inhalation, the effect produced is exceedingly rapid; a full degree of intoxication, with utter unconsciousness and prostration, being producible in a few minutes of time. Still, rapid as the changes induced are, there are presented to the skilled observer four definite degrees or stages of action: (*a*) a stage of excitement; (*b*) of excitement with some confusion of ideas, and imperfect muscular control; (*c*) of loss of mental and muscular control and power; (*d*) of complete loss of consciousness, with entire muscular prostration.

By skill and practice in attaining the art, the fluid ethylic ether, or a mixture of methylic ether dissolved in ethylic ether, can be swallowed as alcohol is swallowed. The art of swallowing it consists in getting such a light and gaseous body down the throat. The feat can be accomplished by the assistance of cold water as an aid to swallowing, and the ether can thus be actually introduced into the human stomach. Once in the body, the ether is taken up by the blood, in the same way as if it had been inhaled by the lungs, but not with such rapidity. Once in the blood, it makes its way over all parts, and produces effects the same in relation to degrees or stages of intoxication as alcohol does.

Ethylic ether has been known to the scientific world for many centuries, and it has performed some of the most useful of purposes to mankind. It was by the discovery of its property of producing insensibility when its vapour is inhaled, that the grand re-discovery of the process of general anæsthesia was made in the present century. It was by taking advantage of the comparative insolubility of ether, and its low boiling point, that I, some years ago, was able to introduce the process of ether spray for local anæsthesia by cold.

In a world given to treating itself with intoxicants as if they were necessities of the living existence, it could hardly escape realisation

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that so potent an intoxicant as ether should be thought of and applied for purposes of intoxication. Very soon after ether began to be used for the relief of pain, it became known that some persons indulged in its daily use. One of the first men I knew who tried it experimentally for the purpose of scientific research, took a liking to the ecstatic condition caused by it, and inhaled the vapour of it as regularly as he imbibed his nightly draught of whisky toddy.

This practice, however, did not gain ground in a general way, and for many years after the discovery of the anæsthetic properties of ether was little heard of. Inhalation of vapour of ether as a mode of habitual intoxication has, in fact, never been generally adopted.

But in another and singular manner the process of *drinking* ether for the object of causing the different stages of intoxication has been established in one part of this kingdom, and has attained such a degree of extension, locally, as to demand public attention. The phenomena produced by the practice of indulgence in ether drinking are indeed very remarkable.

When I was travelling in Ireland last year I was first told the history I am about to relate. I was informed in various towns in Ireland,—in Dublin, in Cork, in Waterford, in Ballymena, in Belfast, and in Coleraine,—that in certain districts of the North of Ireland there was a widespread custom of ether-drinking, and that it behoved me to go and inquire into the subject, the scientific as well as the social bearings of it being singularly important. It was a curious circumstance, but one of many similar, showing how very little the people of Ireland travel about in their own lovely island, that, although many persons could give me second-hand information of the practice of ether-drinking, I could not find a single person who could tell me a word about it from direct personal study or observation. At a place where I was dining with a rather large party of friends, I was told by one of the company that a friend of his had visited a village in the "mountains of the North," where the people drank ether as other people drink whisky, and that the odour of the ether was sometimes so pervading it could be detected at the distance of half a mile from the village. The story created a good laugh, in which I rather rashly joined, and I specially wished to see and interrogate the visitor to the mountains who had observed so strange a phenomenon, but he had left the town, and I was unable to see him. For some days I received accounts of these ether-drinkers with, I must confess, a considerable doubt of mind, yet only to have the fact of their existence again and again enforced upon me. There-

upon I determined to go and see for myself, though not without suspicions, even when I started, that I should find my journey somewhat like a journey that is now and then made, to no satisfactory purpose, on the morning of the first of April.

I was directed particularly to Draper's Town, "a village in the mountains of the North," and accordingly I went there from Ballymena. I passed along the line towards Belfast, until I reached a junction where there was a branch line to Magherafelt, a very pretty market town, a few miles from Draper's Town. On inquiry I found that the ether-drinking practice was not much known in Magherafelt itself, but that round about there were "ether-drinkers," and that at Draper's Town there were plenty of them. We must have a car—I say *we*, because my son accompanied me—and away to Draper's Town. As we journeyed we were taken, or rather mistaken, for two of the members of the Drapers' Company, on a visit to look after our "nate little property in the mountains," and we could not remove the impression, though we did not wish to pass for what we were not. For some reason, which I could not get at, I was believed to be the solicitor to that respectable company, and as such I was carried away in a rough "jaunty" car, drawn by a skeleton of a horse that could go like the wind when guided by a driver who was as silent as the grave, in which, I am sure, that skeleton of a horse must by this time be taking its rest. In my life I have never enjoyed such a drive of beauty as from Magherafelt to Draper's Town. For the first mile or two the road is simple enough, up hill and down, with side fences and fields, and no extensive view. But soon we emerge into a very basin of light; not into a valley, but into a huge plain, with hills, or, as the natives say, "mountains" all around us. The mountains, blue in the distance as the bluest sea, shade away into filmy clouds, which dark in their centres, and tipped at their edges with silvery white, look like monster seagulls floating for a time around the tops of the mountains or from one mountain to another, and then dissolving away. Yet these blue mountains, when you come to them, are seen to be richly cultivated to their highest parts, and their blue colour, as the approach to them draws near, shades into the practical green. In the various movements of the changing shades I forgot for a moment all about ether except the ethereal blue, all about drinkers of every kind except those who can drink in the beauties of Nature. I almost clapped my hands in my delight. Even that silent driver of the skeleton horse seemed for a moment to catch the enthusiasm, for when I pointed out the exquisite greenness of a mountain side he remarked, obviously afraid of admitting so much

to the ogre of a solicitor to the Drapers' Company, "that green shure enough was the colour of Ould Ireland;" after which he subsided for ten minutes at least, and only resumed the conversation to ask me whether when we steamed from Holyhead to Ireland I observed in the distance "Ireland's oye." A brisk drive across this plain in the mountains brought us to an ascent, and once more along shaded lanes until we came to a plateau; then down into a valley not very deep, and up again to another plateau, and so near to our journey's end. On our right, from beneath us, as if from a hollow, rose a body of light blue smoke. "That is the smoke from Draper's Town," said the driver. A little farther on we saw the tops of the houses, and a red flag floating on a high pole or mast. "That's the doctor's flag," says the driver; "the doctor keeps a flag, and he often flies it."

The wind was not in the right direction as we entered the town, so we did not smell ether. Soon we passed a neat hotel on our right hand, and then, turning sharply to the left, we were at the upper end of the town.

We had gathered, from the stories that had been told to us about this "village of the mountains," that it was a rude and straggling place. Instead of this, we found it, to our pleasant surprise, to be one of the prettiest places in the three kingdoms. The row of houses and buildings on the right hand, which look down on a lower part of the village, are good handsome structures. Before them is an open space of large size, like a big square, exquisitely neat and clean, and beyond the square the lower town, with a fine open street leading up a hill into the country, or, as the usual expression is, "into the mountains," on the other side. In the town are some large public buildings; and the parish church, which lies a shade apart on the right as we stand above, looking towards the lower town, is a fine old edifice.

A small market was being held on the day of my visit, and people were very busy and agreeable. They were all neatly dressed and well-to-do. The cars of those who were from the country were waiting for their owners, comfortable and well-fitted cars drawn by first-rate cattle. Making my way to the lower part of the town, where the business was being carried on, sure enough there was the enemy. As certainly as if I had been in the sick-room using spray for an operation, there, in the open space, came over to me the odour of ether. Amongst the people who were buying and selling the odour was prevailing. At the door of a house where ether could be bought the odour was as distinct as from an open bottle containing ether. Passing along so that the wind brought the vapour from the lower part of the town, I easily traced the odour of the vapour several

hundred yards, and the statement of the gentleman who had detected it half a mile from the town came back as one which ought not to have been laughed at, as it was, without any doubt, strictly true.

I was fortunate in carrying with me an introduction which enabled me to obtain the precise information I wanted and which confirmed to the full the fact of the existence of the habit of ether-drinking in Draper's Town and the adjoining district. My informants knew when the custom commenced, and had observed the results of it with the most careful watchfulness. But for this I might have made my journey in vain, for the habit is not proclaimed from the house-tops, and recently, owing to the influence of the Catholic clergy, which influence is strongly used against it, the habit is unpopular. Those who indulge in it are either silent in respect to it, or annoyed if they be questioned in reference to it.

There have been several theories started as to the origin of this practice of ether-drinking. That which comes nearest to the truth, as far as I could make out, is to the following effect.

During the temperance mission of the illustrious Father Mathew, that useful social labourer visited the North of Ireland, and in the course of his labours was so successful in the districts to which I am now referring, that practically he brought the whole of the people over from hard whisky-drinking to total abstinence from alcohol. The change was a social revolution for good; and has been effective for good up to the present hour, though numbers of those who took the pledge from the Father have died, and though no one like him has roused the younger generation to the same enthusiastic zeal for temperance. Father Mathew converted the district to his views. He may be said, in a certain sense, to have converted Ireland, for he lighted a fire which has never died out. But this particular district he converted most effectually. After his visit the whisky bottle and the still fell out of favour altogether, with the most evident signs of improving social progress and happiness. Unfortunately, one day some cunning diabolical spirit brought into Draper's Town the ether bottle. "This," said he, "contains no whisky, nor anything that will do you harm; but a new drink, which you may taste without, in any degree, breaking your pledge. Very little of it, not much more than a thimbleful, is required to cheer your spirits." "The new drink" was thereupon introduced, and has been in operation ever since. It got its introduction about the year 1846-7, and for thirteen years at least it was sold freely. It was never, I believe, sold regularly at spirit stores, or if it were sold, the sale was concealed. A glass of "the new drink" might be permitted to oblige a customer.

but the spirit-seller did not make a trade of it, partly, perhaps, because the sale of it was opposed to his interests, and partly because it might have led to the unpleasant interference of the excise officers, who could not truly have objected to the sale of the ether, since it was all made from methylated spirit, which is exempted from duty, but who might nevertheless have become very troublesome if, on pretext of inquiry into the sale of "the new drink," they had looked into other details which enter into the business of the most respectable seller of older liquors.

As a result, the sale of ether was confined almost exclusively, as it still is, to the shops of the grocer and of other small retailers. I was shown two or three of these shops as the chief depôts where the article is obtainable.

The customer who is given to enliven himself with ether swallows his draught commonly at the place of sale, though some take the drink home. There is an art in swallowing the ether. The drinker first washes out his mouth with water "to cool it;" next he swallows a little water to cool his throat; then he tosses down the glass of ether; finally, he closes in with another draught of water to keep the ether from rising, or, in other words, to cool his stomach, so that the volatile ether may not be lost by eructation of its vapour. In a little time the "trick" is easily acquired by members of both sexes.

The quantity of ether taken at a draught varies with different persons. Mr. H. Napier Draper, who has favoured me with two excellent papers on this subject, which he has published in the *Medical Press*, gives from two to four fluid drachms, that is, a quarter of an ounce to half an ounce, as the usual quantity. Before I personally inquired into the question I should have considered the quantity of half an ounce as a dose of ether impossibly large to swallow at once. I am convinced, however, now, that it is an understatement of the usual dose. A confirmed ether-drinker will toss off a wineglassful of the "new drink" and not be afraid, and a full-sized wineglass will hold three fluid ounces. It is not all who indulge to this extent, but few take less than half an ounce who take any at all; and from half an ounce to three ounces may be put down as the range of potation. Compared with the quantity that can be administered by inhalation this amount is not singular, as an amount. The singular part is that so much can be taken in the form of drink and not be rejected by the stomach.

The ether that is thus imbibed is not actually the pure ethylic ether. It is made from what is commonly known as methylated spirit—the spirit which is used ordinarily for lamps and other every-

day purposes. Methylated spirit is a mixture of ordinary spirit with impure wood spirit, that is, methylic alcohol which has not been carefully distilled, and which in this impure state has combined with it some pyroligneous compounds, small in quantity but very nauseous to the taste. The impure mixture being free of duty, the ether-makers or importers of Belfast and Dublin, who supply the north of Ireland with the "new drink," are enabled to supply it cheaply, namely, at from one shilling and threepence a fluid pint, about five times less than the cost of pure ethylic ether as we buy it "retail" in London.

Mr. Draper very clearly points out that if the ether had not been marketable at the price paid for it in the ether-drinking districts it could never have been introduced as a new stimulating drink. Estimating the consumption of the ether at four thousand gallons annually, he shows that if whisky were taken in the same proportion the excise return from it would amount to £5,666 per annum. The excise authorities are in this way deprived of a considerable income, presuming always that the equivalent of whisky would be taken if ether were not taken. For my part, I do not think that whisky would be taken in substitution to the full extent, but more in all probability would be at this time, when the original effect of the temperance pledge is dying out. The result, in the long run, does not affect the wealth of the community. If more whisky were taken and more excise duty paid, there would be more than corresponding injury inflicted by poverty, loss of useful labour, and increase of crime.

We may now turn to the physical effects of ether-drinking on the life of the drinkers.

It will be gathered from what has been written, that the ether which is consumed is a mixture of ethers and of some other organic substances. It contains two ethers, some of the light methylic ether dissolved in the heavier or ethylic ether; a little ethylic alcohol which has not been separated in distillation, and some organic odorous compounds, or pyroligneous impurities which have also distilled over in the process of manufacture. This impure ether compound does not boil in the hand, as the best ethylic ether does; it requires a temperature of 108° for its perfect boiling until it is all dissipated. It dissolves in water more readily than the purer specimens; one ounce of it will dissolve in eight and a half ounces of cold water, — water at 50° Fahr. In considering the ether which the drinkers imbibe, we have then a compound of two ethers, a little alcohol, and the trace of hydro-carbons which gives the peculiar odour. But I learned that the effects of the fluid are due to the two ethers, methylic and ethylic.

I have already indicated what is the action of these ethers on the body of a living man or animal when their vapours are inhaled by the lungs. The same effects generally are induced when the ethers are swallowed into the stomach of the ether-drinker. The swallowing of a draught of from three to four fluid drachms is followed by quick excitement, flushing of the face, rapidity of the pulse, elevation of the mind, and rapid unsteady motion of the body. The same first and second stages of alcoholic excitement that are caused by wine are developed by the ether, but so rapidly, and running so sharply the one into the other, that the two stages, which are so very distinct in the process of alcoholic intoxication, become hard to distinguish. In these stages the ether-drinker is, as a rule, loquacious and "free of his mind," as one observer very tersely explained to me. "He is free of his mind and sometimes shows his teeth, but, generally, laughter like that of a person in hysterics is the sign of ether-drinking." The pugnacious are often inclined to fight in these stages, and if they do fight, they seem strong, and struggle a good deal, but without much sense or judgment. In these respects, again, the ether-drinker resembles the touchy alcoholic during the first stages of his mania. There is, however, a great difference between the action of alcohol and ether in another respect. Alcohol, steady in its action, soluble and slow of elimination, clings to its man, holds by him, keeps up his excitement a long time and leaves him depressed, melancholic, weary. Ether, on the other hand, rapid in its action, feebly soluble in the blood, quick in being eliminated, escaping in fact by all the emanations—by the skin, the lungs, the kidneys—speedily releases its victim, and, without causing any great strain on his physical powers, leaves him suddenly a sober if not a wiser man. They tell a story in the ether-drinking districts of a stranger coming to visit his brother, and asking his brother, who was suddenly roused into a state of great elevation by a large dose of ether, what nonsense that was! "Nonsense!" stammered the ether inebriate, in self-admiration; "what do you think of being got up to this for threepence?" After which admiration, he seasoned down to his rational state, and was himself again.

The greater part of those who indulge in ether as a drink are content to stop at the first two stages of intoxication: but some go further, and, passing into a third stage, become at first extremely violent, and after a while quite insensible. They fall dead drunk, lie breathing heavily for half an hour or more, and afterwards wake suddenly quite sober. A few exceed this extreme limit and indulge in a poisonous measure. Dr. Morewood, of Draxet's

Town, who gave me a most careful description of the symptoms produced, told me that a short time before my visit he was called to a man who had taken a large dose of ether, probably after having also taken some whisky, and who suddenly fell and ceased to breathe. Before Dr. Morewood reached this man he was dead. In three other instances in Dr. Morewood's practice an all but fatal result followed the taking of a large dose of ether, but by artificial respiration the life was sustained until the ether had time to eliminate from the body; recovery thereupon occurred, but the danger was deathly imminent. Mr. Draper, in his paper, refers to a case in which the vapour of ether, in the breath of an ether-drinker, caught fire. The drinker, in this instance, was reported to be always taking ether, when one day, after swallowing a quantity, he went to light his pipe, and the fire caught his breath. A person near held the burning man down, and poured water quickly into his mouth, by which the flame was put out, and no great harm was done. I did not hear of this escapade myself in the district, but I have no reason to doubt its truth. A medical friend of mine who was using ether spray to extract a tooth late at night, unwittingly brought a lighted candle to the mouth of the patient to examine if the whole of the offending molar had been removed. To the operator's dismay, as the patient exhaled a breath of air from his lungs charged with vapour of ether, the vapour caught fire, and but for prompt attention a serious accident might have resulted. As it was, great alarm and some superficial burning of the lips were experienced by the sufferer.

I gathered from my inquiries that, taken as a whole, the symptoms of intoxication caused by ether-drinking are identical with those produced by alcohol, but are of slighter duration. From the flushing and surface warmth of the first stage of intoxication to the pallor and surface coldness of the last stage, all is the same. I learned also that the taste for ether-drinking is speedily acquired, and that when it is acquired the craving for ether is as strong as ever it could be for alcohol.

It will occur to the reader, perchance, that the action of ether on the animal body is more deplorable than the action of alcohol, and that for the benefit of the sufferers from ether-drinking the practice ought if that were possible to be put down with a firm hand. I should quite agree as to the suppression of the practice; but I am bound at the same time to state the truth that ether intoxication is actually far less injurious socially, morally, and physically than is the alcoholic intoxication.

In the case, the ether-drinker as he comes more readily

under the influence of his indulgence, is the sooner rendered incapable of continuing the indulgence. He falls before he is hurt and before he has much time to hurt others. For a few minutes he does, or, more correctly speaking, he may become a savage, but he never becomes a sot, existing for hours at a time, or even for, days a helpless, morose dog, unable to help himself and determined to help no one else, however rightfully they may claim his assistance. Neither while he is a savage does he retain for any long period the power of doing mischief. His violence of temper is brief and is mingled with outbursts of crying or laughing, like the wildness of the hysterical rather than the furiousness of the mad. Indeed, the intoxication produced by ether may be compared to alcoholic intoxication, as the hysterical representations of some diseases are comparable to the same diseases in their reality. The fury of the ether aberration is therefore fitful, and, better still, it is short. It is a volatile fury, volatile as the fluid which produced it. When a man is raging from strong and fiery alcoholic drink he wanders about, often for hours, exercising a kind of reasoning unreason, irrepressible in what he does as a whole, yet with flashes of directing reason which lead him to carry out evil acts and purposes with a design, skill, and intention which to the bystander may look in every particular like intelligent purpose, but which the drunkard is really doing without being himself fairly conscious, and which when he has become sober he has utterly and absolutely forgotten, if it can be said that what he did was ever implanted on his memory. For a moment the ether-drinker may imitate the alcoholic in some of these respects, but it is only for a moment. Before he has time to plan and carry out his miserable scheme he is liberated from the devil that possesses him, or at the worst falls, for a season, into complete insensibility, harmless, unconscious, and ready soon to return to the realities of life, sober and in his right mind.

I was specially anxious to ascertain whether under the influence of ether intoxication crimes of violence extreme, prolonged and plotted, were carried out, in the affected districts. I could hear of none such. I heard of blows being struck during the short fury, and of foolish things that were half said and done; but the description was tempered by the explanation that under excitement from ether there was not time for continued violence nor for the carrying out of a matured design of evil. This experience tallies precisely with that which I have learned in observing the effects of the administration of ether vapour on men and on animals. When ether was originally introduced as an anæsthetic, and the medical students, to the great

body of which much maligned class I had then the honour to belong, were busy making experiments of administration on themselves, many amusing and short struggles occurred. Nor were the same scenes altogether confined to the students. I remember a grave assembly of learned doctors, with the gravest of its grave in the chair, losing his equanimity. An American student, short, powerful, and excitable, who was made the subject of experiment of ether-intoxication, rose during the stage of his excitement, and after bursting from his captors, and giving, with an eloquence remarkable for its passion and a candour equally remarkable for its completeness, the prevailing student views as to the various professorial and moral qualities of his teachers, finished off by going up to the grave and astounded president, to astound him still more by a deliberate double box on the ears which for many a long day was solemnly remembered. But the excitement was over in a few minutes, in minutes as compared with hours had alcohol been the exciting agent instead of ether.

In the next place, it must be admitted that, as a rule, the dream of the ether-drinker, while he is under the spell of his enchantress, is far more refined and light than the dream of the alcoholic, as that is usually described by those who have felt it. Sir Humphry Davy, in his memorable, perfect and original work on nitrous oxide or laughing gas, strikes a contrast between the action of that gas and of alcohol on mind and body. For the sake of experiment, Sir Humphry subjected himself systematically to an intoxicating draught of alcohol. He drank a bottle of wine in large draughts in less than eight minutes. Whilst he was drinking he felt a sense of fulness in his head and throbbing of the arteries. After he had taken all the wine the sense of fulness in the head remained, objects around him became dazzling, the power of distinct articulation was lost, and he was unable to walk steadily. At this moment his sensations were rather pleasurable than otherwise; the sense of fulness in the head soon, however, increased so as to become painful, and in less than an hour he had lapsed into a state of insensibility, in which situation he remained for two hours or two hours and a half. He was awakened by headache and painful nausea. The nausea continued even after the contents of the stomach had been ejected. The pain in the head every minute increased: he was neither feverish nor thirsty: his bodily and mental debility were excessive, and his pulse was feeble and quick.

In most precise terms the 'acute effects from alcohol are here faithfully depicted by one of the finest observers of natural

phenomena. The description reads in a still more striking form when it is compared with that of an intoxication produced by nitrous oxide gas in the same observer.

The description of the intoxication from nitrous oxide is taken again from a direct experimental and personal observation. Sir Humphry breathed nitrous oxide for a long time in a closed chamber, and felt some effects, which he has chronicled ; but it was not until afterwards that the full realisation of his new life was experienced. After leaving his " box " in which he had been breathing the gas, he began to respire twenty quarts of the pure gas, and thereupon the change of life began. He felt a sense of tangible extension in every limb ; his visible impressions were dazzling and apparently magnified ; he heard distinctly every sound in the room, and was perfectly aware of his situation. By degrees, as the pleasurable sensations increased, he lost all connection with external things ; trains of vivid visible images rapidly passed through his mind, and were connected with words in such a manner as to produce perceptions perfectly novel. He existed in a world of newly connected and newly modified ideas. He theorised : he imagined that he made discoveries. When he was awakened from his semi-delirious trance by his friend Dr. Kinglake, who took the inhaling bag from his mouth, indignation and pride were the first feelings produced by the sight of the persons about him. His emotions were enthusiastic and sublime, and for a minute he walked round the room perfectly regardless of what was said to him. As he recovered his former state of mind, he felt an inclination to communicate the discoveries he had made during the experiment. He endeavoured to recall the ideas, but they were feeble and indistinct : one collection of terms, however, presented itself, and, with the most intense belief and prophetic manner, he exclaimed to Dr. Kinglake, "*Nothing exists but thoughts ! the universe is composed of impressions, ideas, pleasures and pains !*"

In this narrative we have a description of an intoxication refined to the extremest degree, from which recovery was rapid, with pleasurable sensations. It too is an intoxication the habit of which is easily acquired and craved after.

Sir Humphry Davy was a strong-minded man, by nature brave, resolute, wise, self-sacrificing. Yet, after he had become somewhat habituated to the taking of nitrous oxide for experiment's sake, he was led to make confession that " a desire to breathe the gas was always awakened in him by the sight of a person breathing, or even by that of an air-bag or gasholder."

Methylic and ethylic ethers produce effects which contrast with

alcohol and compare with nitrous oxide. Methylic ether when inhaled is to my mind more pleasurable in action than nitrous oxide. I experience a sense of suffocation from nitrous oxide which I do not from methylic ether; and certainly I can never forget the dream which once followed upon inhalation, not to complete but to all but complete insensibility of methylic ether gas. It seemed to me as I came under the influence that periods of time were extended illimitably. It seemed to me that the space of the small room in which I sat was extended into a space that could not be measured and yet could be grasped and threaded; as if my powers, mental and physical, adapted themselves, for the moment, to the vastness of the space. It seemed, to me that every sense was exalted in perceptive appreciation. The light was brilliant beyond expression, yet not oppressive; the ticking of a clock was like a musical clang from a cymbal with an echo; and, things touched felt as if some interposing gentle current moved between them and the fingers. When the inhalation ceased at my own instance,—for, as my friend, the late Mr. Peter Marshall of Bedford Square, who was present, told me, I was sufficiently conscious to know when I had breathed long enough,—when the inhalation ceased, the return to the natural state of existence was imperceptibly rapid. As in a dissolving view I seemed to pass from one state into another by a solution of states; the dreams faded gradually giving way to the realities of the present, so that for an instant I had to ask which was real and which was unreal, until the mind was steadied and was once again fixed in its old abode. They who have felt this condition, who have lived, as it were, in another life, however transitorily, are easily led to declare with Dary that “Nothing exists but thoughts! the universe is composed of impressions, ideas, pleasures and pains!” I believe it is so, and that we might by scientific art, and there is such an art, learn to live altogether in a new sphere of impressions, ideas, pleasures and pains. But stay: I am anticipating, unconsciously, something else that is in my mind. The rest is silence, I must return to the world in which we now live and which all know.

The action of ethylic ether is in some degree similar to that of nitrous oxide and methylic ether, but in a grosser sense. The dream is not so refined, the insensibility is more prolonged after the fluid ceases to be received by the body, and in every stage the state produced more closely resembles that produced by alcohol. Sometimes, indeed, nausea and even vomiting follow on the effect of the ether after the consciousness has been restored. In plain terms, we have in ethylic ether a heavier substance than we have in the two gases.

The nitrous oxide gas and methylic ether are eliminated from the body in the same form as they enter it, as gases. Ethylic ether, condensable in the body into its fluid form, is less rapid in its diffusion and is less easy of extrication from the body. It passes all away as ether, leaving the body free of its presence without combining with any of the tissues, or more than temporarily interfering with the functions of the vital organs; but, as the prolonged odour of it in the breaths of those who have taken it shows, it clings longer than its subtler allies do to the body.

The person under ethylic ether has often a furious dream, or a foolish dream, or a perturbed sleep of the dreams of which he remembers little or nothing when he re-enters the world. He very rarely experiences ecstasy even when he takes ether that is perfectly pure.

The ether-drinkers who imbibe an impure ether, a mixture of methylic and ethylic ethers with a trace of alcohol, and with a trace of the hydrocarbons which are so unpleasant to smell and taste, experience a rapid but not ecstatic intoxication. I have shown already how this intoxication differs, objectively and subjectively, from the alcoholic intoxication in those who take ether by inhalation; that it causes a sharp and intense drunkenness, so sharp that the four stages can hardly be individualised, and so short that recovery is all but immediate. Ether has this luxurious advantage over alcohol as an intoxicant that under it a man may get intoxicated and sober some half-dozen times in the twenty-four hours, and may start off again for the next twenty-four, suffering less than he would suffer from one intoxication, equally deep, induced by alcohol. There are some in the ether-drinking districts who do really consider this to be an advantage, an advantage all the greater because the process is not only brighter and sharper, but very much cheaper. A good threepennyworth of ether is a perfectly satisfactory potation for one luxurious intoxication. The economy of ether-drinking, by those who like it, needs no further exposition.

There is one more advantage from ether-bibbing over wine and spirit-bibbing, which is most important of all. Men and women who steadily indulge in the use of alcoholic drinks quickly and certainly attain one or other stage of the "alcoholic constitution." They may call themselves moderate drinkers, but as soon as ever they begin to feel that alcohol is a necessity and that they cannot abandon it without a struggle, they are under its ban, and are to some extent physically impaired by it. Their blood vessels are easily congested; their digestion is readily deranged; their spirits are quickly depressed; *their muscular power is very rapidly prostrated; and, they grow,* *

without exception, prematurely old, dying in the early years of the third term of life, that is to say, soon after sixty, from kidney disease, heart disease, lung disease, brain disease, or some other of the degenerations of the vital tissues, which in healthier persons need not appear until the closing part of the third term, that is to say, until between eighty and ninety years, according to the present fulfilment of human life.

The ether-drinkers are not subjected to this same strain. Mr. Draper reports that he has heard of some whose minds have become affected under ether after long and free indulgence in it, and he also refers to an example of supposed loss of sight from the same cause. I am unable to confirm these rumours. I do not think anyone could have had a better authority on the subject than I was favoured with, and the testimony I received, drawn from a skilled experience and observation of twenty-five years, was, that in ether-drinking districts the dangers induced by ether are invariably the dangers incident to a sudden over-dose of the agent. The special organic diseases of the body, some of which so invariably follow upon the continued taking of alcohol,—such as gout, fatty degeneration, discolorisation of skin, cirrhosis, phthisis, albuminuria, general or local paralysis,—these, and other conditions of disease, different as affecting different organs, but similar in respect to producing modification of vital function, and all inducible from alcohol, are not induced by ether. It is true that some few ether-drinkers are affected by these diseases as if they derived them from the practice of indulging in that fluid; but on inquiry it is always found that, the indulgence in ether is combined, in these examples, with indulgence also in some form of alcoholic drink, usually in whisky.

The worst physical evils which seem to attend indulgence in ether-drinking are dyspepsia and excitability of mind, producing, in combination, a condition closely resembling true hysteria. When the short intoxication from ether is over, the person who has suffered from it is subject to flatulency, to depression and inactivity, and to hysterical disturbances, for which the remedy, too frequently sought, is another draught of the ether itself, by which the craving for it is much intensified.

The practical experience thus related is fully explained by the physiological readings of the action of ether, and is confirmed by them to the letter. A fluid so comparatively insoluble in the blood and other animal fluids, as ether is, is comparatively negative in its action. It enters into no durable physical combination with any part or structure: it undergoes no chemical decomposition in the body.

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volatile as well as insoluble, it is easily liberated from the body; and, after a short time, it leaves the body without infliction of permanent injury.

We know, however, that it is a part of the physiological action of ether to disturb the stomach even when it has been administered by the process of inhalation; and we know further that in some persons it leaves hysterical nervous states which may, after one prolonged inhalation, remain for several hours. In the case of the experimentalist of whom I have spoken, who learned the habit of inhaling the vapour of ether daily, this hysterical commotion was a marked attendant symptom, and was urged, as is so commonly the case, as a reason for continuing the practice, because of the relief which was so immediately afforded by a few breaths of ether. The same reason, in nearly every instance, is assigned for the use of alcohol by the alcoholic community. The alcohol keeps up a constant malaise, which nothing so effectually removes, at a moment's notice as alcohol. Thus the vicious circle of evil is continued in fatal operation.

Taking it all in all, the history of the ether-drinker compares favourably with that of the alcoholic. We are so accustomed to witness the action of alcohol in our daily life; we see so many thousands making the physiological experiment of its use; we hear so constantly the story of its effects; we have grown up so familiar with the praise of its virtues, and so callous, if not ignorant, of the reality of its vices; we are so imbued with the idea of its necessity, and so ignorant of the fact of its being no necessity at all until it makes the necessity for itself; we are so impressed with the favoured protection it affords, and so blinded to the open secret of the incalculable danger it is ever imposing on the world; we are so disposed towards alcohol in all these points,—that when we hear of a practice of indulgence in some new intoxicant we are led to pity the wretches who are so deluded as to resort to that which seems to us so unnatural.

I doubt not most alcoholic tasters will pity and criticise the ether-drinkers of the north of Ireland. I dare say they will feel that the good priests of those parts are performing a noble work in their endeavours, which are incessant, to exclude the ether bottle from their parishes. With that sentiment I as candidly concur, I rejoice to hear and to know that the efforts of the priests are being successfully rewarded. If, however, by these efforts the whisky bottle begins again to replace the ether bottle; if, instead of indulging in the light delirium of ether, the converts are to resort to the heavy delirium of alcohol, then the conversion will be simply from one evil back to another evil that is greater and more inflicting in its sins and its

penalties both to the individual and to the community. I mean that in proportion to the physiological wrong done by the agent used, the physical and moral wrongs will multiply and increase.

Let not this view, however, be accepted as an apology for ether-drinking, or as an excuse for it. It is a bad practice, though there may be others that are worse. The ether-drinker is recurrently an irrational being incapable of perfect trust, and in so far as his indulgence is indulged, is demoralised. He also is exposed to personal danger, for the dose that proves fatal is easily reached, and if he were to become the representative of the millions of society, sudden death from ether would be an every-day phenomenon.

The grand object of the true reformer should be to suppress all sources of physiological wrong—the lighter as well as the heavier, the whisky bottle and the ether bottle, and all other similar bottles that lead to similar physical and moral inaptitudes for moral and healthy life—with equal promptitude and decision.

I showed at the opening of this article that the lower animals can be taught to drink alcohol, and not only to drink it, but in time to crave for it, and to take it preferentially to natural food. I may add in this place that, in a similar manner, the lower animals can be taught to take ether and to crave for it.

Some years ago, when I was giving lectures on the action of anæsthetic vapours, I had a pigeon which would walk into the anæsthetising chamber of its own accord as readily as it would go into its cage or climb on to its perch, and which would compose itself to the anæsthetic sleep at once with the most perfect equanimity. To the lookers-on this proceeding of the bird was a cause of astonishment and sometimes amusement. The truth, however, was that the animal in question had acquired a liking and craving for the anæsthetic vapours. Like all regular toppers, it had its particular tastes, and preferred the vapour of methylic bichloride to that of ethylic ether or amylene. But in the absence of one vapour it would always put up with another; and whenever it was brought near the etherising box it would fly to it and get into it as quickly as it could, and the more eagerly if any odour of vapour were diffused in it. I give this as one illustration because it was so distinctly marked, and will be so well remembered by many who attended my demonstrations. It is, nevertheless, only one of its kind, and it is not exceptional beyond the novelty of first seeing it or hearing of it. There is no domestic animal, I believe, that could not be taught to acquire the craving for intoxicating vapours and intoxicating fluids.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say that these facts about craving for intoxicants are proofs direct that all the living creation

craves for stimulants, and that stimulants, therefore, are a part of the necessities of life. The argument in its application to men is often used because it is rather a convenient argument than a logical. If the craving were really a natural act, "the interpretation of an instinct," as one wise man has defined it, then it seems to me that natural law in this matter is an exceptionally confused and contradictory law, something nearer human than anything else that can be found in other parts of the domain of nature. If it be natural to crave for these things, why does not the craving begin before the things are known, and why should the craving be extended towards substances which none but persons advanced in knowledge could ever possess? The craving after ether, for example, when it has once been excited, may be as urgent in an unlettered peasant who does not even know that there is such a science as chemistry, as it would be in a learned chemist who knows that in order to produce an ether he must first produce an alcohol, a strong acid, and an elaborate apparatus, for the discovery of which some centuries of research must needs have intervened between the craving and the realisation of it. Nay, the craving when it has been excited may be as urgent in a lower animal as in the unenlightened peasant or the wise philosopher.

All things that are truly natural are naturally provided, and there is not a single natural necessity that is not naturally and bountifully supplied. We can modify all these and create a craving for the modification. We can modify the air so that what we breathe produces a different mode of existence; and for that very modification we can create such a craving, that the greatest of philosophers and the poorest of lower animals may long for the new life, and feel such an irresistible desire to breathe the new life, that whenever the mere means for accomplishing that desire are suggested, even by the sight of the means, the desire is all aglow. To my mind the evidence is conclusive that this craving, whenever it is indicated, is the crucial sign of aberration from nature; that it has no connection with the truly natural life, but is the interpretation of a morbid habit, acquired by man out of his own inventions, and communicable by man to other men and other animals lower than himself; incomparable with the divine schemes which he did not invent, and as far apart from them and out of harmony with them, as it is far apart from his good and out of harmony with it. Whoever craves beyond his wants is aberrant. Whoever makes craving the object of his life is mad and no longer in the ranks of the survivors of the fittest. In fine, to crave at all is to pray for death.

The history of ether-drinking which I have narrated is a singular

phase of social life in this century, and as such alone is worthy of record. It is still more worthy of record as a study of life under aberration ; of the extent to which man can indulge in the freedom of his own inventions ; of the desires he can gratify by his own inventions, and of the end and result of the gratification. It, with much more that is akin to it, tells us that, free as we are when we are running in concert with Nature, we are stopped when we try to go our own way ; that so soon as we strive to make a nature of our own, or to alter the bases of Nature, so soon are we landed on the impossible ; that if we try to invent no more than a change of dreams, fascinating as *may* be the attempt, we must, in the process, either become unintelligible one to the other or sink into the universal silence.

This is an old story. It is a story often told, and day by day illustrated. Yet never was it so well told, after all, as in the oldest of the old chronicles respecting those wise and powerful men who, in the vanity of their desires, said : " Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven,"—and who tried the experiment.

BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON.

BETTING ON RACES.

ABOUT ten years ago, in an article called "The State of the Odds," subsequently reprinted in the first series of my "Light Science for Leisure Hours," I described the meaning of those mysterious columns in the daily papers which indicate the opinion of the betting world as to the probable results of horse races and other contests. I do not propose to go over the same ground at present, though, in order to leave no occasion to refer my readers to that essay, I shall explain, as occasion requires, such technical expressions as might otherwise cause perplexity. My present object is to consider betting in a scientific yet common-sense aspect, pointing out in particular the fraudulent nature of many transactions which are regarded by many as altogether permissible. I do not wish it to be understood that I consider any sort of betting or gambling unobjectionable. Indeed, I shall take occasion to indicate not merely the objections which exist against gambling on the score of the injury to the gambler, but the objection which has been justly described by Herbert Spencer as the fundamental reason for condemning the practice. There is, however, a marked distinction between fair and unfair betting, and I propose specially to consider here unfair or rather fraudulent betting. The subject includes, indeed, nearly all the betting transactions in the so-called sporting world; though many persons of fair and honourable dispositions take part in such transactions without apparently noticing the fundamentally fraudulent nature of many of their proceedings.

It is well to have some convenient standard of reference, not only as respects the fairness or unfairness of betting transactions, but as to the true nature of the chances involved or supposed to be involved. Many men bet on horse races without any clear idea of the chances they are really running. To see that this is so, it is only necessary to notice the preposterous way in which many bettors combine their bets. Leech's sketch, called, I think, "Signs of the Commission," by no means exaggerated the fatuity of inexperienced bettors, that is, of about nine out of ten among all who offer and accept wagers. "The odds are 2 to 1 against So-and-So," says one,

"and 4 to 1 against such another ; what's the betting about the pair?" "Don't know, I'm suah," says the other ; "but I'll give you 6 to 1." I do not say that many, even among the idiots who wager on horses they know nothing about, would lay heavier odds against the winning of a race by one of two horses than he would lay against the chance of either horse separately ; but it is quite certain that not one bettor in a hundred knows either how to combine the odds against two, three, or more horses, so as to get the odds about the lot, or how to calculate the chances of double, triple, or multiple events. Yet these are the very first principles of betting ; and a man who bets without knowing anything about such matters runs as good a chance of ultimate success, as a man who, without knowing the country, should take a straight line in the hunting field.

Now, apart from what may be called roguery in horse-racing, every bet in a race may be brought into direct comparison with the simple and easily understood chance of success in a lottery where there is a single prize, and therefore only one prize ticket ; and the chance of the winner of a race, where several horses run, being one particular horse, or one of any two, three, or more horses, can always be compared with the easily understood chance of drawing a ball of one colour out of a vase containing so many balls of that colour and so many of another. So also can the chance of a double or triple event be compared with a chance of the second kind.

Let us first, then, take the case of a simple lottery, and distinguish between a fair lottery and an unfair one. Every actual lottery, I remark in passing, is an unfair one ; at least, I have never yet heard of a fair one, and I can imagine no possible case in which it would be worth anyone's while to start a fair lottery.

Suppose ten persons each contribute a sovereign to form a prize of £10 ; and that each of the ten is allowed to draw one ticket from among ten, one marked ticket giving the drawer the prize. That is a fair lottery ; each person has paid the right price for his chance. The proof is, that if anyone buys up all the chances at the price, thus securing the certainty of drawing the marked ticket, he obtains as a prize precisely the sum he has expended.

This, I may remark, is the essential condition for a fair lottery, whatever the number of prizes ; though we have no occasion to consider here any case except the very simple case of a one-prize lottery. Where there are several prizes, whether equal or unequal in value, we have only to add their value together: the price for all the tickets together must equal the sum we thus obtain. For instance, if the

ten persons in our illustrative case, instead of marking one ticket, marked three, for prizes worth £5, £3, and £2, the lottery would be equally fair. Anyone, by buying up all the ten tickets, would be sure of all three prizes, that is, he would pay ten pounds and get ten pounds—a fair bargain.

But suppose, reverting to one-prize lotteries, that the drawer of the marked ticket was to receive only £8 instead of £10 as a prize. Then clearly the lottery would be unfair. The test is, that a man must pay £10 to insure the certainty of winning the prize of £8, and will then be £2 out of pocket. So of all such cases. When the prize, if there is but one, or the sum of all the prizes together if there are several, falls short of the price of all the tickets together, the lottery is an unfair one. The sale of each ticket is a swindle; the total amount of which the ticket-purchasers are swindled being the sum by which the value of the prize or prizes fall short of the price of the tickets.

We see at once that a number of persons in a room together would never allow an unfair lottery of this sort. If each of the ten persons put a sovereign into the pool, each having a ticket, the drawer of the prize ticket would be clearly entitled to the pool. If one of the ten started the lottery, and if when the £10, including his own, had been paid in to the pool, he proposed to take charge of the pool, and to pay £8 to the drawer of the marked ticket, it would be rather too obvious that he was putting £2 in his pocket. But lotteries are not conducted in this simple way, or so that the swindle becomes obvious to all engaged. As a matter of fact, all lotteries are so arranged that the manager or managers of the lottery put a portion of the proceeds (or pool) into their pockets. Otherwise it would not be worth while to start a lottery, whether a lottery is started by a nation, or for a cause, or for personal profit; it always is intended for profit, and profit is always secured, and, indeed, can only be secured by making the total value of the prizes fall short of the sum received for the tickets.

I would not be understood to say that I regard all unfair lotteries as swindles. In the case of lotteries for a charitable purpose I suppose the object is to add gambling excitement to the satisfaction derived from the exercise of charity. The unfairness is understood and permitted, just as, at a fancy fair, excessive prices are charged, change is not returned, and other pleasantries are permitted which would be swindles if practised in real trading. But in passing I may note that even lotteries of this kind are objectionable. Those who arrange them have no wish to gain money for themselves; and many

who buy tickets have no wish to win prizes, and would probably either return any prize they might gain or pay its full value. But it is not so with all who buy tickets; and even a charitable purpose will not justify the mischief done by the encouragement of the gambling spirit of such persons. In nearly all cases the money gained by such lotteries might, with a little more trouble, but at less real cost, be obtained directly from the charitably minded members of the community.

To return, however, to our subject.

I have supposed the case of ten persons gambling fairly in such a way that each venture made by the ten results in a single-prize lottery. But, as we know, a betting transaction is nearly always arranged between two persons only. I will therefore now suppose only two persons to arrange such a lottery in this way:—The prize is £10, as before, and there are ten tickets; one of the players, A, puts, say, £3 in the pool, while the other, B, puts £7; three tickets are marked as winning tickets; A then draws at random once only; if he draws a marked ticket, he wins the pool; if he draws an unmarked ticket, B takes the pool. This is clearly fair; in fact, it is only a modification of the preceding case. A takes the chances of three of the former players, while B takes the chances of the remaining seven. True, there seems to be a distinction. If we divided the former ten players into two sets, one of three, the other of seven, there would not be a single drawing to determine whether the prize should go to the three or to the seven: each of the ten would draw a ticket, all the tickets being thus drawn. Yet in reality the methods are in principle precisely the same. When the ten men have drawn their tickets in the former method, three tickets have been assigned at random to the three men and seven tickets to the other seven; and the chance that the three have won is the chance that one of the three tickets is the marked one. In the latter method there are ten tickets, of which three are marked; and the chance that A wins the prize is the chance that at his single drawing he takes one of the three marked tickets. But obviously the chance that a certain marked ticket in ten is one of the three taken at random must be exactly the same as the chance that a certain ticket taken at random from among the ten is one of three marked tickets; for each of these chances is clearly three times as good as the chance of drawing, at a single trial, one particular ticket out of ten.

It will be found that we can now test any wager, not merely determining whether it is fair or unfair, but the extent to which it is

so, if only the actual chance of the horse or horses concerned is supposed to be known. Unfortunately, in the great majority of cases bets are unfair in another way than that which we are for the moment considering, the odds not only differing from those fairly representing the chances of the horse or horses concerned, but one party to the wager having better knowledge than the other what those chances are. Cases of this kind will be considered further on.

Suppose that the just odds against a horse in a race are 9 to 1. By this I mean that so far as the two bettors are concerned, that is, from all that they know about the chances of the horse, it is nine times more likely that the horse will not win the race than that he will. Now, it is nine times more likely that a particular ticket among ten will not be drawn at a single trial than that it will. So the chance of this horse winning is correctly represented by the chance of the prize ticket being drawn in a lottery where there are ten tickets in all. If two persons arrange such a lottery, and A pays in £1 to the pool, while the other, B, pays in £9, making £10 in all, A gets a fair return for his money in a single drawing, one ticket out of the ten being marked for the prize. A represents, then, the backer of the horse who risks £1; B the layer of the odds who risks £9. The sum of the stakes is the prize, or £10. If A risks less than £1, while B risks £9, the total prize is diminished; or if, while A risks £1, B risks less than £9, the total is diminished. In either case the wrong done to the other bettor amounts precisely to the amount by which the total is diminished. If, for instance, A only wagered 18s. against B's £9, the case is exactly the same as though A and B having severally contributed £1 and £9 to a pool, one ticket out of ten having been marked, A to have one chance only of drawing it (which we have just seen would be strictly fair), A abstracted two shillings from the pool. If B only wagered £7 instead of £9, against A's £1, the case would be just the same as though, after the pool had been made up as just described, B had abstracted £2.

Take another case. The odds are 7 to 3 against a horse. The chance of its winning is the same as that of drawing a marked ticket out of a bag containing ten, when three are marked and seven are unmarked. We know that in this case two players, A and B, forming the lottery, must severally contribute £3 and £7 to the pool, and if on a single drawing one of the three marked tickets appears, then A wins the pool, or £10, whereas B takes it if one of the seven unmarked tickets is drawn. If the backer of the horse, instead of wagering £3, wagered only £2, against £7, he would be

precisely in the position of a player A, who, having paid in his £3 to the pool of £10 in all, should abstract a pound therefrom. If the layer of the odds wagered only £5 against £3, he would be in the position of a player B, who, having paid in his £7 to the pool of £10 in all, should abstract £2 therefrom.

Or, if any difficulty should arise in the reader's mind from this way of presenting matters, let him put the case thus:—Suppose the sum of the stakes £10; then the odds being 7 to 3 against, the case is as though three tickets were marked for the prize and seven unmarked; and the two players ought therefore to contribute severally £3 and £7 to make up the £10. If the £10 is made up in any other way, there is unfairness; one player puts in too much, the other puts in too little. If one puts in £2. 10s. instead of £3, the other puts in £7. 10s. instead of £7, and manifestly the former has wronged the latter to the extent of £1, having failed to put in 10s. which he ought to have put in, and having got the other to put in 10s. which ought not to have been put in. This seems clearer, I find, to some than the other way of presenting the matter. But as in reality bets are not made in this way, the other way, which in principle is the same, is more convenient. Bettors do not take a certain sum of money for the total of their stakes, and agree how much each shall stake towards that sum; but they bet a certain sum against some other sum. It is easy to take either of these to find out how much *ought* to be staked against it, and thus to ascertain to what extent the proper total of the stakes has been affected either in excess or defect. And we can get rid of any difficulty arising from the fact that according to the side we begin from we get either an excess or a defect, by beginning always from the side of the one who wagers not less than he should do, at the proper odds, whatever they may be.

As a general rule, indeed, the matter is a good deal simplified by the circumstance that fraudulent bettors nearly always lay the odds. It is easy to see why. In fact, one of the illustrative cases above considered has already probably suggested the reason to the reader. I showed that when the odds are 9 to 1 and only 7 to 1 is laid, in pounds, the fraud is the same as removing £2 from a pool of £10; whereas with the same odds, backing the horse by 18s. instead of £1, corresponded to removing two shillings from such a pool. Now, if a fraudulent gambler had a ready hand in abstracting coins from a pool, and were playing with some one who did not count the money handed over to him when he won, it would clearly be the same thing to him whether he contributed the larger or smaller sum

to the pool, for he would abstract as many coins as he could, and it would be so much clear gain. But if he could not get at the pool, and therefore could only cheat by omitting to contribute his fair share, it would manifestly be far better for him to be the buyer of the larger share of the chances. If he bought nine tickets out of ten, he might put in £7 pretending to put in £9, and pocket £2; whereas if he only bought one ticket, he could only defraud his companion by a few shillings out of the price of that ticket. Now, this is the hardship under which the fraudulent bettor labours. He cannot, at least he cannot generally, get at the stakes themselves; or, which comes to the same thing, he must pay up in full when he loses, otherwise he has soon to give up his profitable trade. Of course he may levant without paying, but this is only to be adopted as a last resource; and fraudulent betting is too steadily remunerative to be given up for the value of a single robbery of the simpler kind. Thus the bettor naturally prefers laying the odds. He can keep so much more out of the larger sum which ought to be laid against a horse than he could out of the smaller sum with which the horse would be backed.

Then there is another circumstance which still more strongly encourages the fraudulent bettor to lay the odds. It is much easier for him to get his victims to back a horse than to bet against one. In the first place, the foolish folk who expect to make a fortune by betting, take fancies for a particular horse, while they are not so apt to take fancies against any particular horse. But secondly, and this is the chief reason of their mode of betting, they want to make a great and sudden gain at a small risk. They have not time, for the most part, to make many wagers on any given race; and to wager large sums against two or three horses would involve a great risk for a small profit. This, then, they do not care to do; preferring to back some particular horse, or perhaps two or three, by which they risk a comparatively small sum, and may win a large one. As Mr. Plyant truly remarks in Hawley Smart's "Bound to Win," "The public is dramatic in its fancies; the public has always a dream of winning a thousand to ten if it can raise the tenner. The public, Mr. Lacey, knows nothing about racing, but as a rule is wonderfully up in the story of Theodore's winning the Leger, after a hundred pounds to a walking stick had been laid against him. The public is always putting down its walking-stick and taking to crutches in consequence. . . . What the public will back at the lists the last few days before the Derby would astonish you; they've dreams, and tips, and fancies about the fifty to one lot you couldn't imagine." *As it to be won*

dered at that the public finds its tastes in this respect humoured by the bookmakers, when we remember that it is from just such wagers as the public like to make that the bookmaker can most readily obtain the largest slice of profit?

But we must not fall into the mistake of supposing that all the foolish folk who back horses at long odds necessarily lose. On the contrary, many of them win money—unfortunately for others, and often for themselves. It would be a very foolish thing to pay £1 for one of ten tickets in a lottery where the single prize was only worth £9. Yet some one of the foolish fellows who did this must win the prize, gaining £8 by the venture. If many others were encouraged to repeat such a venture, or if he repeated it himself (inferring from his success that he was born under a lucky star), they and he would have reason to repent. He might, indeed, be lucky yet again; and perhaps more than once. But the more he won in that way, the more he would trust in his good luck; and in the long run he would be sure to lose, if all his ventures were of the same foolish kind as the first.

We see, however, that the foolish bettor in any given case is by no means certain to lose. Nor is the crafty bettor who takes advantage of him at all sure to win. A man might steal £2 or £3 from the pool, after making up £9 out of the £10, in the case I have imagined, and yet lose, because his opponent might be fortunate enough to draw the single marked ticket, and so win the £7 or £8 left in the pool.

In reality, however, though quite possibly some among the foolish bettors not only win money but even keep what they win, refraining from trying their luck afresh, it must not be supposed that the fraudulent bettor exposes himself to the risk of loss in the long run. He plays a safe game. Every one of his bets is a partial swindle; yet in each he runs the risk of loss. His entire series of bets is a complete swindle, in which he runs no risk whatever of loss, but ensures a certain gain. Let us see how this is to be done.

Suppose there are two horses in a race, A and B, and that the betting is 3 to 1 against B. In other words, the chance of A winning is as the chance of drawing a marked ticket out of a bag containing four tickets of which three are marked, while B's chance of winning is as that of drawing the single unmarked ticket. In this case, as the odds are in favour of one horse, our bookmaker will have to do a little backing, which, preferably, he would avoid. In fact, a race such as this, that is, a match between two horses, is not altogether to the bookmaker's taste; and what he would probably do in this case

would be to obtain special information in some underhand way about the horses, and bet accordingly. Supposing, however, that he cannot do this, poor fellow, let us see how he is to proceed to insure profit. The first thing is to decide on some amount which shall be staked over each horse; and the theoretically exact way—the mathematical manner—of swindling would be as follows:—Suppose that with some person a wager were made at the just odds in favour of A, in such sort that the stakes on both sides amounted, let us say, to £1,200; the fair wager would be £900 to £300 that A will win; our swindler, however, having found some greenhorn, X, whom he can persuade to take smaller odds, takes his book and writes down quickly £800 to £300 in favour of A. He now finds some other greenhorn, Y, who is very anxious to back A, and having duly bewailed his misfortune in having no choice but to lay against a horse who is—so he says—almost certain to win, he asks and obtains the odds of £900 to £200 in favour of A; that is to say, he wagers £200 to £900 against A. Let us see how his book stands. He has wagered—

£800 to £300 with X, that A wins;

£200 to £900 with Y, that B wins.

If A wins, he receives £300 from X, and pays £200 to Y, pocketing a balance of £100. If B wins, he pays £800 to X, and receives £900 from Y, pocketing equally £100.

Take now a case in which there are five horses, A, B, C, D, and E; and let the just odds about these five horses be—

2 to 1 against A,

3 to 1 against B,

5 to 1 against C,

5 to 1 against D,

11 to 1 against E,

(the odds against E are determined from the odds against the other four, in the manner explained in my article above referred to on the "State of the Odds"; it will readily be found that A's chance, B's chance, and the chance of either C or D, are the same as that of drawing one of 4 balls, one of 3 balls, and one of 2 balls out of a bag containing 12 in all; and adding 4, 3, 2, and 2, we get 11; whence the chance of E is equal to that of drawing one ball out of a bag of twelve, or the odds are 11 to 1 against E.)

Now assign for the sum which at these odds should be wagered over each horse, that is, the total stakes in each case, £12,000. Then our bookmaker, laying the odds against all five horses, *ought* to lay £8,000 to £4,000 against A, £9,000 to £3,000 against B,

£10,000 to £2,000 against each of the two C and D, and lastly £11,000 to £1,000 against E. Each wager would be perfectly fair, and owing to the special manner in which the sums are arranged (the sum of the stakes on each horse being the same), not only is each wager fair, but whichever horse might win, the bookmaker would be neither a penny the better nor a penny the worse for his wagering—a result which would by no means suit his book (observe how betting phraseology has become a part of our language, just as betting rascality threatens to affect the character of our nation). All that the bookmaker then has to do, is to find a number of foolish folk and to wager with them (collectively or severally, it matters not which) something considerably short of the sums just named against each horse. Say that he wagers—

£7,000 to £4,000 against A,

£7,500 to £3,000 against B,

£8,000 to £2,000 against C,

£8,000 to £2,000 against D,

and

£8,000 to £1,000 against E.

If A wins, he pays £7,000, and gets £3,000, £2,000, £2,000, and £1,000, or £8,000 in all; pocketing £1,000. If B wins, he pays £7,500, and gets £4,000, £2,000, £2,000, and £1,000, or £9,000 in all; pocketing £1,500. If either C or D wins, he pays £8,000, and gets £4,000, £3,000, £2,000, and £1,000, or £10,000 in all; pocketing £2,000. And, lastly, if E wins, he pays £8,000, and gets £4,000, £3,000, £2,000, and £2,000, or £11,000 in all; pocketing £3,000.

It is easy to see why the bookmaker can get more when a non-favourite than when a favourite wins. He finds it easy enough to lay £8,000 to £1,000 instead of £11,000 to £1,000, but not so easy to reduce the proper wager of £8,000 to £4,000 (whether made up of many separate wagers or few) against the favourite, by anything like the same amount. In other words, he could not well offer 5 to 4 instead of 2 to 1 about the favourite, whereas he finds it easy to get the offer of 8 to 1 instead of 11 to 1, about the outsider E, accepted to the required amount.

We can understand, then, why the success of a favourite is called in the papers a blow for the bookmakers. It is not that they lose; but that they do not gain so much as when an outsider wins. Besides, in the latter case, some remarkably lucky hits must have been made by the backers of horses, and this encourages the gambling spirit. If a favourite wins, backers of the favourite win, but not very

largely compared with what they risked: whereas when an outsider wins, those who have backed him gain a goodly sum. Their good luck is spread abroad, and the news of it induces many more to try their luck.

The bookmaker's path to success, then, so far as it depends on the true chances of the various horses engaged in a race, is at once simple and sure. He has only to arrange matters so that the total stakes on each horse (that is, the sum of the money he and his opponents stake on each horse) would be alike if the just odds were followed; but from each wager of his he must deduct from the correct sum as much as he can persuade his opponent to allow. If he does this, he is sure to win. It does not matter whether he gives or takes the odds, so long as he brings up the total stakes about each horse to the correct amount, when to his own stake has been added what he has deducted for profit. The only disadvantage of taking the odds is, that he can get less out of it, as already shown. So the bookmaker lays the odds, and, as a rule, finds very little trouble in doing so to any amount he may require.

It will be seen that this system has great advantages over the plan formerly adopted at public gaming-houses, and probably adopted still, though less publicly. At the gaming-house the bankers did run some little risk. They were bound to win in the long run; but they might lose for a night or two, or might even have a tolerably long run of bad luck. But a judicious bookmaker can make sure of winning money on every great race. Of course, if the bookmakers like a little excitement—and they are men, after all, though they do make their own providence—they can venture a little more than the nothing they usually venture. For instance, instead of laying the odds against all the horses, they can lay against all but one, and back that one heavily. Then, if that horse wins, they “skin the lamb,” in the pleasing language of their tribe. But the true path to success is that which I have indicated above, and they know it, (or I would assuredly not have indicated it.)

Still, in every depth there is a deeper still. In the cases hitherto considered I have supposed that the chances of a horse really are what the public odds indicate. If they are not, it might be supposed that only the owner of the horse and a few friends, besides the trainer, jockey, and one or two other *employés*, would know of this. But, as a matter of fact, the bookmakers generally find out tolerably soon if anything is wrong with a horse, or if he has had a very good trial and has a better chance of winning than had before been supposed. Before very long this knowledge produces its effect in

bringing the horse to its true price, or near it. In the former case the horse is very diligently "pencilled" by the bookmakers, and recedes step by step in the betting, till he is either at long odds or is no longer backed at any price. In the latter, the horse is as diligently backed, till he has reached short odds, taking his place among the favourites, or perhaps as first favourite.

But in either process—that of driving a horse to long odds, or that of installing him in a position among the favourites, according to the circumstances—a great deal of money is made and lost—made by those who know what has really happened, lost by those who do not. We may be tolerably sure it is not "the public" which gains. It is to "the professional" naturally that the information comes first, and he makes a handsome profit out of it, before the change in the betting shows the public what has happened.

Now here, unfortunately, we touch on a part of our subject which affects men who are not, in a proper sense of the word, "book-makers." It is a singular circumstance—or rather it is not at all singular, but accords with multiplied experiences, showing how the moral nature becomes seared by gambling transactions—that men who are regarded by the world, and regard themselves, as gentlemen, seem to recognise nothing dishonourable in laying wagers which they *know* not to accord with the real chances of a horse. A man who would scorn to note the accidental marks on the backs of playing cards, and still more to make such marks, will yet avail himself of knowledge just as unfair in horse-racing as a knowledge of the backs of certain cards would be in whist or *écarté*.

In one of the daily papers I cited as an illustration the use which Hawley Smart, in one of his novels ("Bound to Win"), makes of this characteristic of sporting men. It has been objected, somewhat inconsistently, that in the first place the novelist's picture is inaccurate, and in the second the use which the hero of that story makes of knowledge about his own horses was perfectly legitimate. As to the first point, I may remark that I do not need to read Hawley Smart's novels, or any novels, to be well assured that the picture is perfectly accurate, and that sporting men do make use of special knowledge about a horse's chances to make profitable wagers. As to the second point, I note that it well illustrates my own position, that gambling has the effect of darkening men's sense of right and wrong. Many sporting men regard as legitimate what should be regarded as manifestly unfair.

Not to go over ground already trodden, I turn to another of Hawley Smart's lively tales, the hero of which is a much more attrac-

tive man than Harold Luxmore in "Bound to Win"—Grenville Rose in "A Race for a Wife." He is not, for a wonder, a sporting hero; in everything but the racing arrangements, which he allows to be made in his name, he behaves much as a gentleman should, and manifestly he is intended to represent an English gentleman. He comes across information which shows that, by the action of an old form of tenure called "right of heriot," a certain horse which is the leading favourite for the Two Thousand can be claimed and so prevented from running. Of the direct use of this information, to free the heroine from a rascally sporting lawyer, nothing need be said but "serve the fellow right." Another use is, however, made of the knowledge thus obtained, and it is from this use that the novel derives its name. To a racing friend of his, like himself, and the villain of the story, a lawyer, the hero communicates the secret. To him the racing friend addresses this impressive response: "Look here, old fellow. Racing is business with me; if you're not in for a regular mare's nest, there's heaps of money to be made out of this . . . don't whisper it to your carpet-bag till you've seen me again. I say this honestly, with a view to doing my best for you." What this best is presently appears. I need not follow the workings of the plot, nor tell the end of the story. All that answers my present purpose is to indicate the nature of the "book" which the gentlemanly Dallison, Silky Dallison as his friends call him, succeeds in making for himself and his equally gentlemanly friend on the strength of the "tip" given by the latter. "We now stand to win between us £10,170 if Coriander wins the Two Thousand, and just quits if he loses; not a bad book, Grenville!" To which Grenville, nothing loth, responds, "By Jove! no." Yet every wager by which this result had been obtained, if rightly considered, was as certainly a fraud as a wager laid upon a throw with clogged dice. For what makes wagers on such throws unfair, except the knowledge that with such dice a certain result is more likely than any other? and what essential difference is there between such knowledge about dice and special knowledge about a horse's chance in a race? The doctrine may not be pleasant to sporting gentlemen who have not considered the matter, but once duly considered there cannot be a doubt as to its truth: a wager made with an opponent who does not possess equally accurate information about the chances involved, is not a fair wager but a fraud. It is a fraud the same in kind as that committed by a man who wagers after the race, knowing what the event of the race has been; and it only differs from such a fraud in degree in the same sense that robbing a till differs from robbing a bank.

It may be argued that by the same reasoning good whist players defraud inferior players who play with them for equal stakes. But the cases are altogether different. Good whist players do not conceal their strength. Their skill is known; and if inferior players choose to play on equal terms, trusting in good luck to befriend them, they do it at their own risk. If a parallel is to be sought from the whist-table, it would be rather derived from the case of two players who had privately arranged a system of signalling; for in such a case there is knowledge on one side which is not only wanting on the other side, but of the possession of which the other side have no suspicion. No one would hesitate to call that swindling. Now take the case of one who knows that, as the result of a certain trial, a horse which is the favourite in a great race will take part in it, indeed, but will only do so to make running for a better horse. Until the time when the owner of the horses declares to win with the latter, such knowledge enables its possessor to accept safely all wagers in favour of the horse; and he knows perfectly well, of course, that not one such wager is offered him except by persons ignorant of the true state of the case. Even if such offers are made by bookmakers, whose profession is swindling, and though we may not have a particle of sympathy with such men when they lose in this way, the acceptance of such wagers is in no sense justified. Two wrongs do not in this case, more than in any other, make a right.

I have said that in every depth there is a deeper still. In the subject I am dealing with there is a deepest depth of all. I will not, however, sully these pages with the consideration of the foulest of the rascalities to which horse-racing has led. Simply to show those who bet on horse races how many risks of loss they expose themselves to, I mention that some owners of horses have been known to bring about the defeat of their own horse, on which the foolish betting public had wagered large sums, portions of which find their way into the pockets of the dishonest owners aforementioned. I may add that, according to an old proverb, there are more ways of killing a cat than by choking it with cream. A horse may be most effectually prevented from winning without any such vulgar devices as pulling, roping, and so forth. So also a horse, whose owner is honest, may be "got at" after other fashions than have been noted yet either in the police courts or in sporting novels.

Let us turn, however, from these unsavoury details, and consider briefly the objections which exist against gambling, even in the case of cash transactions so conducted that no unfair advantage is taken on either side.

The object of "gambling transactions is to win without the

trouble of earning. I apprehend that nearly every one who wagers money on a horse race has, for some reason or other, faith in his own good fortune. It is a somewhat delicate question to determine how far such faith makes gambling unfair. For if, on the one hand, we must admit that a really lucky man could not fairly gamble against others not so lucky, yet, as it is absolutely certain in the scientific sense that no such thing as luck which may be depended upon exists, it is difficult to say how far faith in a non-existent quality can be held to make that fraudulent which would certainly be fraudulent did the quality exist. Possibly if a man, A, before laying a wager with another, B, were to say, "I have won nearly every bet I have made," B might decline to encounter A in any wager. In the case of a man who had been so lucky as A, it is quite probable that, supposing a wager made with B and won by A, B would think he had been wronged if A afterwards told him of former successes. B might say, "You should have told me that before I wagered with you; it is not fair to offer wagers where you know you have a better chance of winning than your opponents." And though B would, strictly speaking, be altogether wrong, he would be reasoning correctly from his incorrect assumption, and A would be unable to contradict him.

If we were to assume that every man who wagered because he had faith in his own good luck, was guilty of a moral though not of a logical or legal wrong, we should have to regard ninety-nine gamblers out of a hundred as wrong-doers. Let it suffice to point out that, whether believing in his luck or not, the gambler is blameworthy, since his desire is to obtain the property of another without giving an equivalent. The interchange of property is of advantage to society; because, if the interchange is a fair one, both parties to the transaction are gainers. Each exchanges something which is of less use to him for something which is of more use. This is equally the case whether there is a direct exchange of objects of value, or one of the parties to the exchange gives the other the benefit of his labour or of his skill acquired by labour. But in gambling, as where one man robs another, the case is otherwise. One person has lost what he can perhaps ill spare, while the other has obtained what he has, strictly speaking, no right to, and what is almost certainly of less value to him than to the person who has lost it. Or, as Herbert Spencer concisely presents the case:—"Benefit received does not imply effort put forth, and the happiness of the winner involves the misery of the loser: this kind of action is therefore essentially anti-social; it sears the sympathies, cultivates a hard egoism, and so produces a general deterioration of character and conduct."

THE LAST KAFFIR WAR.

BORDERING on the eastern extremity of the Cape Colony is a small strip of fertile land, extending eastward as far as the Bashee River, which, little more than a year ago, was peopled by a growing and prosperous tribe of Kaffirs. The Galekas whom it supported were the leading tribe of the Amakosa Kaffirs, who had dwelt there since the year 1865. This tribe had formerly occupied a much more extensive territory in what is now a portion of the British dominion, but it had been from time to time driven back to make room for the white invaders. Under its paramount chief, Kreli, it had taken part in the wars with the English in 1846, 1851-1853, and 1857. Allied to the Galekas was another Kaffir tribe—the Gaikas—which previous to the hostilities in 1846 dwelt in the vicinity of the Keiskamma River. In that year a war broke out, which resulted in the English Government assuming the sovereignty of the country west of the Kei. Smarting under their loss of territory, the Gaikas could not be expected to look upon the intruders with favour, and it was not long before disputes arose between them. To bring matters to a crisis, a “prophet” arose and counselled the Kaffirs to slaughter their dun-coloured cattle, predicting a war which would end in the destruction of the white foreigners, and the enrichment of all who possessed faith enough to put their cattle to death. Soon afterwards, in December 1850, actual hostilities were commenced by Sandilli, the chief of the Gaikas, attacking the English. The war terminated in 1853, and its prime movers, the Gaikas, having been worsted in the contest, were compelled to remove from the Amatola districts, of which they had hitherto been the occupants, to a flatter and more treeless country farther eastward. The region thus vacated was afterwards in large measure settled with Fingoes, in reward for the services which they had rendered to the British during the struggle. In the year 1857 a war broke out between the Cape Government and Kreli, who was supported by other tribes. Previous to this outbreak the Kaffirs were a second time infatuated by the prophecies of a seer, who promised them that, if they destroyed all their cattle and corn, their ancestors and millions of cattle should be restored to

life, while the white men and the Fingoes would be driven into the sea. The sacrifice performed, a frightful famine resulted, which was alleviated by the charity of the colonists and the exertions of the Government. As a punishment for the evil thus accomplished, Kreli was expelled from the country, whereupon he sought refuge in Moni's territory beyond the Bashee. Large tracts of country being thus depopulated, they were filled by the Fingoes and other tribes under British domination. These Fingoes had formerly been subject to the Galekas, by whom they were hardly treated and reduced to a servile position, but, having taken the side of the British in the war of 1835, they were admitted by the Governor, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, into the colony. About 15,000 availed themselves of the offer, and were located in Victoria and to the west of that province. The Fingoes have made great progress in civilization whilst under British protection, and have acquired large flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. They have, mainly by contributions raised by themselves, opened up roads, established schools, and built an industrial mission seminary. Adjoining Fingoland on the east is another district known as the Idutywa Reserve, occupied by a mixed body of Kaffirs, Fingoes, and Tembus, who are there protected by the presence and control of a British magistrate.

Meanwhile the narrow tract between Fingoland and the sea, and extending from the Kei to the Bashee River, was restored to Kreli and his people. In this district of about 1,000 square miles they have, like their late slaves to the north, multiplied and prospered, and last year they were estimated to number nearly 60,000, with a fighting population of from 8,000 to 10,000. Kreli and his tribe were exceptionally averse to Christianity, though they treated the missionaries with respect, and persistently continued under the influence of their old barbarian customs. The great increase in their numbers made them feel cramped in their limited territory, and look with longing eyes on the land to the north from which they had been ousted. Their jealousy of the Fingoes was also increased by the fact that the "dogs" (Fingo is Kaffir for dog), who had been in subjection to them, were now even more prosperous than themselves. After many years of smothered animosity, an explosion was at last precipitated by an accidental squabble, in spite of the influence of the patriarchal chief, which for a long period is said to have been exercised in the cause of peace. At a Fingo marriage feast near Butterworth, in August 1877, a quarrel with some Galekas resulted in a fight in which a Galeka was killed and several more were wounded by the Fingoes. This gave rise to recriminations on the part of the

Galekas ; the war cry was sounded, and in a raid into the Fingo location several head of cattle and a quantity of grain were captured, and blood was shed on both sides. Sir Bartle Frere, Governor and High Commissioner of Cape Colony, was on his way to visit the Transkei, which had recently been formally annexed by Great Britain, when this disturbance occurred. He immediately instructed Mr. Ayliff and Colonel Eustace, the Residents with the respective tribes, to inquire into the affair. The Governor himself also proceeded across the Kei to Butterworth, near the boundary between Fingoland and Galekaland, in order to give Kreli an opportunity of stating his case as well as the Fingoes theirs. The old chief—now nearly seventy years of age—declined to meet Sir Bartle, in spite of the efforts of the missionaries to persuade him. An endeavour was made by the British Resident, with Kreli and the Magistrate of the Fingoes, to stop further hostilities and to arrange an amicable settlement of the quarrel. The Fingoes, on the one hand, were commanded not to provoke the Kaffirs in any way, and were assured that the Government would see that justice was done and compensation was made for their lost cattle ; and, on the other hand, the Kaffirs were told that they must not molest the Fingoes, for they were British subjects, and hostilities towards them would be regarded as hostilities towards the British Government. At the same time, however, they were distinctly told that the fullest investigation would be made, and that if it should be found that the Fingoes were in the wrong, then reparation would be made, and the Fingoes punished. In reply to Colonel Eustace's remonstrances, Kreli confessed his inability to control the impetuosity of his younger subjects. He and his councillors seem to have urged on them the uselessness of attempting to fight the white man, and endeavoured to dissuade them from hostilities. On September 20 Sir Bartle Frere returned to King William's Town, but before doing so he wrote a letter to Kreli calling upon him to assist in putting down the disturbance, and intimating that in the event of his refusal the Government would take the power out of his hands, and itself secure the punishment and control of his people. In reply, Kreli simply desired Colonel Eustace to thank the Governor for his letter, but took no steps to obey his mandate.

The day after Sir Bartle left the Transkei a flagrant case of hostility occurred, which was at once reported to Kreli ; but his reply was so unsatisfactory that Colonel Eustace, together with a number of traders, at once quitted the country. Kreli, however, had no desire for a breach with the British, and asked that the Residents should return to their posts as a pledge of peace. His quarrel was with the

Fingoes, who certainly seem to have been largely responsible for the outbreak; and as open war with that tribe was now inevitable, the missionaries and other Englishmen were conducted by his sons to a place of safety. The Government espoused the cause of its protégés, and warlike preparations were commenced. Bodies of the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police were assembled along the border, and Mr. Griffith, the Administrator of Basutoland, was placed in charge of the main body of the force. Arms were given to the Fingoes, who in the interests of peace had not been permitted to acquire weapons or practise warlike arts. On Sept. 26 the Galekas crossed the border in a large body, and made an attack upon the Fingo army, which consisted of about 1,500 men, and was supported by about 100 of the Frontier Police. The latter had formed a camp at Gwandana, where the attack took place. Severe fighting ensued, in which the police took the chief part; on the disablement of their mounted gun the Fingoes fell back, but the police held their ground, and ultimately the Galekas beat a retreat, with a loss of 200 or 300 men. The next morning some Fingo spies reported that there were about 10,000 Galekas some five miles off, marching to the attack. To encounter such odds would have been certain defeat, so a retreat was ordered to join the main body of the police at Ibeka. At the Ibeka (a stream that runs by Butterworth, distant only about ten miles from Krel's kraal) a good position had been chosen for a camp on the ridge of a hill sloping gently in every direction. A trader's shop and its offices formed the only buildings. The police did what they could to strengthen the position in anticipation of an attack, raising a half-moon bastion of sandbags and mounting a field-gun at one corner. The post was held by about 200 police and 2,000 Fingoes. A determined assault was (September 29) made by a large force of the Galekas—7,000 or 8,000 strong—and the Fingoes soon began to give way before them. Three times the Kaffirs pushed forward to within forty yards of the earthworks, but each time were they driven back. The superior arms of the police made the assailants turn, and after an action of about four hours they withdrew from the field at dusk. Their loss is said to have been considerable, while of the assaulted party only six Fingoes were killed. The Kaffirs exhibited a boldness of attack not experienced in previous wars with the British. Instead of sheltering themselves, as in former years, in the impervious bush, and playing a hide-and-seek game most harassing to the troops employed against them, they came out into the open ground, advancing in dense columns, and sometimes extending in skirmishing order.

They were doubtless emboldened to this course by their increased use of firearms. Many of them possessed good rifles, and were fair marksmen, though in this respect they were vastly inferior to the colonists. The following day a dense fog prevented any further immediate attack.

After the numbers and determination displayed by the Galekas, it was deemed advisable to strengthen the colonial force in the Transkei. All the available detachments of the Frontier Police were sent to the front, their places being taken by the troops, who were moved from King William's Town and Cape Town. A call was also made for volunteers, and at once met with a hearty response. Volunteers from King William's Town, Queen's Town, Graham's Town, Port Elizabeth, Cape Town, &c., were rapidly concentrated in and around Butterworth. H.M.S. *Active* conveyed a portion of the 88th Regiment to East London, and General Sir Arthur Cunyng-hame was appointed to the command of the Imperial and Colonial forces. A force of 3,000 friendly Tembus, under Major Elliot, was marched into the Idutywa Reserve, and the Fingoes there were concentrated under Mr. Patton, the magistrate in Fingoland. The Tembus, Amatembu or Tambookies—for all these names seem to be variations of the name of the same people—occupied an important position along the north-eastern border of the colony extending from the Gaika location to Basutoland, and from the Kei and Indwe to the Bashee. There was a deadly feud between the paramount chief, Gangelizwe, and Krelî, in consequence of Gangelizwe's ill-treatment of the Galeka chief's daughter, to whom he was married, and of the murder under his order of Krelî's niece. The whole tribe was subject to Great Britain, that portion of it which occupied the frontier having submitted to annexation within the last few years, while other sections have for the last quarter of a century been settled in colonial locations adjoining the districts of Queenstown and Wodehouse.

Fears were aroused lest the adjacent tribes might seize the opportunity for a general rising against the British, but fortunately the majority of the Kaffir tribes held aloof from this disturbance of the peace. The Gaikas, who since the last war had become subjected to the Colonial Government, were regarded as the chief cause of uneasiness, from their naturally having strong sympathies with their hereditary paramount chief, Krelî. Some of them, indeed, crossed the boundary under cover of darkness and joined him, and it was feared that any Galeka victory would stir up the blood of the restless and reckless, and that they might try to take possession of their

former haunts in the mountain fastnesses of the Amatola and Waterkloof. Sir Bartle Frere had an interview with Sandilli, the Gaika chief, who said he hated the sound of war, and only wanted to go to sleep. The Kaffirs of the T'Slambie tribe were likewise suspected of more or less sympathy with the Galekas, and there was for a little time some panic and excitement among the neighbouring colonists; but the chief, Siwani, gave his word that there was no danger, for he would be true and faithful to the Government. Further, he said, it would be most foolish for the Kaffirs to go to war against the English. "Who build ships on the sea, bringing on their troops? Who build the railways? Who make the guns and cannon? Who make the gunpowder and bullets? Not we, but the English. What can a people with assegais do against the English? Therefore, I say it would be foolish for the Kaffirs to think about war with the Government." Moni, the chief of the Bomvanis, to whose country in former times Krelis had had recourse, and the Pondos, a powerful tribe to the north, expressed themselves well disposed towards the Government. Even of Krelis's own people, Mapassa, a cousin of the chief, and the most powerful chief under him, made overtures to Sir Bartle Frere, and asked to be allowed to remain with his family and his cattle under British protection until the war should be over. He was accordingly permitted to settle down for a time within the colony at Impetu.

Commandant Griffith having now a considerable force of police, volunteers, and Fingoes, commenced to act on the offensive. A combined movement was (Oct. 9) made into Krelis's country by Griffith with the Police, Captain Grey with the Gonubie and King William's Town men, and Major Elliot with the Tembu and Fingo levies. Krelis's Great Kraal was burnt, together with those of several of his subordinate chiefs, and about 80 Kaffirs were killed. With the exception of two mounted policemen who were wounded, there was no casualty on the side of the assailing party. Much loot—grain, ploughs, &c.—was obtained by the native allies. On the same day a party of volunteers at the Springs, 20 miles from Ibeka, made an attack upon the Galekas, killing about 70. A few days after, Sir Bartle Frere issued a proclamation declaring Krelis deposed, and his territory confiscated and annexed to the Colony, and appointing Commandant Griffith to the temporary administration of the country. This hasty and high-handed proceeding received the sanction of the then Foreign Secretary, the Earl of Carnarvon. Although Krelis was at first apparently unwilling to fight, his younger and more impetuous followers succeeded in drawing him into the

movement ; but he seems to have been actuated chiefly by fear, and rather than seek a collision with the troops to have kept out of the way. As it usually happens in such cases, the English colonists and their Government seem to have thrust themselves into what was merely a tribal quarrel, and to have taken the side of one party against the other without regard to the justice of either cause, thereby forcing one tribe unwillingly into war with themselves. Kreli had suffered much in previous years from the influx of the white men, and may therefore fairly be said to have owed them a grudge ; but his conduct—except in one instance—did not evidence any animosity towards the Colonial Government. His refusal to meet Sir B. Frere, the one unfriendly act, was probably due merely to his mistrust of the Governor's intentions, and yet now, through a war originated by the misdeeds of a rival tribe, his dominions were taken from him, and he became a fugitive in his own land.

By the middle of October there were enough men under arms to warrant a forward movement, and on October 18th the whole colonial force, consisting of 800 Europeans (police and volunteers), 3,000 Fingoes, and 1,300 Tembus, simultaneously advanced in four divisions, all converging towards the coast, where Kreli was supposed to have taken shelter in the rugged bush and forest tract near the mouth of the Bashee. The main body under Griffith traversed the south part of the territory between the Kei River and Bowker's Bay, meeting with very little resistance. The centre column, consisting of 255 mounted police and burghers and about 2,000 Fingoes, with one 9-pounder gun, commanded by Inspector Hook, had not such an easy task. Proceeding in the direction of Mazeppa Bay, when near the Manubi Forest, it was hotly attacked by the Galekas, who tried to outflank it, but were beaten back at all points, leaving 67 dead on the field. Hook's loss was 2 Europeans and 9 Fingoes killed, and 22 wounded. He captured 150 cattle, 1,000 sheep, and 50 horses. Major Elliot, with Gangelizwe and the Tembus, took the left and reached the mouth of the Bashee, occupying the drifts to prevent the passage of the enemy into Moni's territory, and killing 50 Galekas without loss to his own side. The division under Inspector Chalmers advanced on the extreme right. The four columns effected a junction near the Bashee, but were then delayed by two or three days' heavy rain. The country on the banks of the river, where Kreli was supposed to be hiding, is difficult of access ; it is a series of deep thickly wooded "kloofs" (ravines) and steep rocky ridges, admirably suited to the military tactics of the Kaffirs.

The Galekas had reached the river in advance of the colonial

army, and with their women and children, and a large quantity of cattle, succeeded in crossing it at the ebb and flow drifts. At the instance of Mr. Fynn, the British Resident, with the chief, Moni, the Bomvanis made some sort of pretence of attempting to prevent the crossing of the fugitives, but without materially affecting their progress. The pursuers captured 12,000 cattle, and women and children in great numbers surrendered and were passed to the rear. Some Galekas were seen and shot. The troops seem to have looked upon it as their duty to destroy, without mercy, all Galekas they came across, for General Cunynghame subsequently found it necessary to issue a "general order" impressing upon them that, in all cases where it was possible, prisoners of war should be made, rather than that the enemy should, even in battle, be put to death without necessity. It was soon reported that the Galekas had passed through Bomvani territory, and had crossed the Umtata and Umzimvoobo (St. John) Rivers, into Pondoland, where they had taken shelter with Umquikela, the chief of the Pondos. Commandant Griffith followed them as far as the Umtata River, but did not go much beyond, for the horses were knocked up, the native levies were footsore and disinclined to advance farther, the weather was extremely wet and inclement, and they were almost entirely out of provisions. He therefore sent a message to Umquikela, asking him to take up the pursuit from this point, and telling him he might keep all the cattle he could capture from the Galekas; and on November 19 he set out on his return.

This was indeed a heavy punishment to the Galekas for their supposed offence. They had been driven from their country, and had lost at least 700 men killed, among whom were several chiefs, and they had lost besides more than 13,000 cattle, as well as horses, sheep, and goats, of which large numbers fell into the pursuers' hands. Where the old chief was all this time was very uncertain. Sometimes he was said to be with his people fleeing across the Bashee and Umtata, while other reports were to the effect that he was still in his own country. He evidently did his best to keep out of the white man's way. With needless and unwise haste, the Government proceeded to parcel out their territory, even whilst the Galekas were fleeing before Commandant Griffith, and without regard to the injustice of appropriating the land, of which the limited area that the Galekas had been allowed to retain had been one of the ultimate causes of the outbreak, on November 13th a Government notice was issued inviting applications from colonists wishing to settle in Galekaland. Within a month, the *still unsettled* state of the country compelled the Govern-

ment to rescind this abortive notice, and postpone the occupation of the annexed territory.

The "little war" in which the colonists were engaged was yet by no means over, and trouble was now brewing in another quarter. Mapassa, on his defection and entry into the colony, was accompanied by a minor chief named Mackinnon, son of the late Umbala, with 300 persons under him. The colonists in the King William's Town and East London districts raised an outcry against these natives being located in their neighbourhood, where the Kaffirs already largely predominated over the white population. After the dispersion of the Galekas, the Government resolved to disarm these refugees, and send them back across the Kei. At the same time Mapassa was required to pay a fine of cattle for the share his people had taken in the raids against the Fingoes which commenced the disturbances. The Secretary for Native Affairs, Mr. Brownlee, was appointed to see these requirements carried out. He found Mapassa collecting cattle to pay the fine, but some difficulty was raised about the disarmament, the chief complaining that to send himself and his people into Galekaland at that time without arms would be to send them to destruction, as Kreli's scattered hordes would at once attack them for their desertion of him during the war. Mackinnon also raised a difficulty, stating that he was a British subject, and had originally gone into Galekaland as such; but he was not now disposed to cross the Kei again. Some of his people at once made a move towards the location of his brother Dimba, who was with the Gaikas under Sandilli, near the Kabousie River, and there later on Mackinnon and the rest of them followed with their cattle. A detachment of the F.A.M. Police was at once sent to intercept the stock, their instructions being that they were not to touch them if the Galekas had passed the Gaika boundary. The police came across some cattle in Dimba's location, outside, as they supposed, the Gaika boundary, and drove off 150 of them. In securing them they were fired upon, and returned the shots, and four of the Kaffirs are said to have been shot. It was found that the place whence the cattle were taken was within the Gaika location, and they were accordingly returned. Mr. W. B. Chalmers, resident magistrate at Fort Beaufort, and Mr. Wright, special magistrate with the Gaikas, were appointed to meet Sandilli and see to the payment of the fines. After some days' delay Mr. Chalmers obtained from Mackinnon his arms and cattle. The chief said that he wished to live in peace with the Government, and that was why he left *Kreli*; that he was sorry for what had happened; that it was the

result of fear, and he hoped the Government would forgive him. Mapassa also gave up his arms and paid the fine of cattle, and then returned across the Kei in compliance with the Government's orders.

After the little brush between the police and Mackinnon's followers it was thought necessary to strengthen the police at Draaibosch, and 120 men of the 24th Regiment were accordingly sent there from King William's Town, with instructions to act simply as a corps of observation. This measure seems to have alarmed the Gaikas, who assembled in large numbers, and showed a disposition to fight, supposing that an attack on them was contemplated.

Meanwhile affairs in Galekaland were in a very unsatisfactory state. Large bodies of the Galekas recrossed the Bashee into their own territory, and secured the remnants of their cattle in places of safety. On Sunday, November 2, a body of 800 or 900 of them made a spirited attack on a patrol of police, volunteers, and Burghers at Umzitzani, near Ibeka. After a fight which lasted two hours, and in which the assailants killed one man and wounded seven, they succeeded in carrying off several horses and oxen. The colonists now commenced an outcry against the course the Government was allowing affairs to take. Public meetings held in King William's Town, Port Elizabeth, Graham's Town, East London, &c., declared life and property insecure, called on the Government to adopt a more prompt and energetic policy, and expressed their belief in the necessity of summoning a special session of Parliament. Stock stealing prevailed as it had never prevailed before, except preceding a war; one farmer alone, whilst acting as a volunteer in the front, lost 1,100 sheep and some oxen. The policy of allowing Mapassa and Mackinnon to go free was interpreted to show the Government's fear of the Gaikas; the Tembus and Basutos were reported to be unsettled; trade on the border was at a standstill, and the farmers were daily expecting an attack. Reinforcements were accordingly brought out. Detachments of the Royal Artillery and Engineers were sent to the front, and H.M.S. *Active* landed at East London 160 men with a battery of 7-pounder guns and two Gatling guns. Simultaneously with the movement of Her Majesty's troops across the Kei and their occupation of the camp at Ibeka (December 10), Sir A. Cunynghame issued a "general order" appointing Colonel Glyn to the command of the combined forces in the Transkei, with Lieutenant Morshead as his District Adjutant, and appointing Colonel Bellairs, Deputy Adjutant and Quartermaster-General, to the command of the combined forces on the eastern frontier. Commandant Griffith was still in charge of the F.A.M. Police. In reply

to the petitions presented to him, Sir Bartle Frere also appealed for increased aid from the colonists themselves, and the result was the enrolment of a Burgher infantry force and a cavalry force. The Governor attributed the failure of the late campaign mainly to the inexperience and want of discipline of the volunteers. They were brave, but wholly untrained men, who willingly devoted their services and lives for the cause of the colony. They had indeed to "rough it." For three weeks they were without tents to shelter them from the weather, and at the end of a hard day's march they had to make their own bread and perform other necessaries.

The appearance of the British troops in the Transkei and the guns of the *Active* on the coast caused many Galekas to submit. On December 19, Botman, Krelis chief councillor, surrendered himself at Ibeka, saying that he did so in the name of the tribe by order of Krelis who was hiding in the forests. Wapi, another councillor, accompanied him. Botman said that Krelis was prepared to give himself up too, but was frightened. Colonel Eustace, in reply, said that the submission of the Galekas could only be accepted upon the unconditional surrender of the chief and his son and the disarmament of the warriors. Three days were given for Krelis to decide, and at the expiration of the time a negative answer was given. The armistice was therefore declared at an end, and on Thursday, December 27, a combined movement was organised to make a clean sweep of Galekaland, and by narrowing a ring around the Kaffirs compel them to submit. As in the previous campaign the troops were divided into four columns, the headquarter column being under the command of Colonel Glyn, the left under Colonel Upcher, the right under Major Hopton, and the Bashee column under Major Elliot. The Galekas being reported to be in the Udweassa Forest near the Bashee, the forces advanced to enclose them on three sides. On the 29th Glyn had a skirmish with the natives, and captured 910 cattle. None of the detachments succeeded in engaging the Kaffirs in any large numbers. The latter had changed their tactics; although seen in large numbers, in no one place were they in great strength. They occupied kloofs, bushes, long grass, and any cover they could find, always ready to decamp on attack. The only way to come into contact with them was by rapid movement, and even then they would accept or reject battle at their own option. If pressed, they quickly dispersed, to reassemble at some other point in a wonderfully short time.

While the negotiation with Krelis was going on, Kiva, Krelis general, with 200 men, managed to elude the guards at the

river drifts, and crossed the Kei near the Kabousie junction into the Gaika location. This immediately brought about a change in the aspect of affairs, and kindled into flame the smouldering discontent of the Gaikas. Unfortunately some of the Gaikas living in close proximity to the Fingoes were already engaged in disputes with their neighbours about cattle; and on December 28 they made a raid into Fingoland, reaching within six miles of Blytheswood, burning down several Fingo huts, killing six Fingoes, and assegaing a colonist who was in charge of a trading station at Keneka and had gone to see the fight. The Fingoes attempted reprisals, but only burnt a few Gaika kraals and captured some horses. This occurrence supplied the occasion for raising the war cry. The excited Gaikas assembled in masses, burnt an hotel at Draaibosch, and other buildings, and fired upon the post orderlies on the Kei road, between Komgha and King William's Town. More than one effort to get the mails through having been made without success, Major Moore with thirty-two policemen went out to guard them. Five miles from Komgha they came across a number of Gaikas, who fired upon them, and after a running fight compelled them to return to Komgha. Next day, December 30, Major Moore took forty men of the 88th Regiment and twenty policemen to escort the post. On the way they were met by a body of Gaikas, variously estimated at from 600 to 1,000, whom, however, they repulsed after a very sharp attack.

The day following this occurrence three Europeans, one of them (Mr. Richard Tainton) a respected magistrate over the natives, were cruelly murdered. Several farmhouses and stores near Komgha and the Kei were set on fire, and flocks of sheep and cattle were scattered and destroyed, while men, women, and children fled for protection to the towns and camps. On the first day of the new year an official announcement was made that a large section of the Gaikas had risen, martial law was proclaimed in the border districts, and European residents on isolated farms in the neighbourhood were warned to move at once to the nearest camps and places of rendezvous for protection. The Governor called on the colonists for a large addition to the volunteer force, and at the same time wrote for troops from home. General Cunynghame dispatched Colonel Glyn to the scene of the new outbreak, in order to coöperate with the force moving against the Gaikas. Near the Quintana mountains he surprised a large force of the Gaikas which was threatening Major Owen's column. The natives were estimated to number from 1,200 to 2,000, while Glyn's and Owen's united forces consisted of 500 Europeans and 400

Fingoes. After an engagement of two hours, the Galeka were repulsed with a loss of fifty.

Large numbers of the Kaffirs having taken up their position in the Chichaba, a densely wooded and very extensive kloof west of the Kei, a general plan of offensive operations to attack and disperse them was set in motion. Colonel Lambert, 88th Regiment, reinforced by a large number of Fingoes and Captain Brabant's volunteers, advanced on the Chichaba from Komgha to meet Colonel Glyn's column coming from the east side of the Kei. Hunted out of the Chichaba bush, the Kaffirs managed to elude the forces sent against them; one body made for the fastnesses of the Kabousie (an affluent of the Kei), and the other escaped eastwards into Bomvaniland. Of the former Commandant Frost engaged and put to flight a large number, over 100 dead being afterwards counted on the field.

The revolt still continued to spread. Towards the end of January Gongabele, a Tembu chief, rose, and was soon joined by Umfanta, a brother of Gangelizwe. In a desperate encounter with 600 Burghers sent against him, Gongabele suffered a severe reverse, and lost 100 of his followers. He then took his stand in a strong position at the junction of the White and Black Kei Rivers, which the Kaffirs had held in the last war in spite of the gallant attacks made on them. Here the Burghers tried to dislodge him, but without success. On February 4 Commandant Griffith advanced to attack him with a force of 1,200 men, which he divided into four columns, and, assailing the rebels on all sides, dislodged and routed them. Gangelizwe, the paramount chief of the Tembus, still remained true to the colonists. The fighting now proceeded in a wearisome manner, small engagements occasionally taking place, with almost invariable loss to the rebels, who were dispersed only to assemble again. They did not seek open engagements with the troops, but kept moving from place to place in their mountain fastnesses, where it was almost futile to endeavour to dislodge them. The Government officials were greatly embarrassed by Kaffir women and children surrendering in large numbers. Relying on the well-known humanity of the white man, the Kaffirs regarded this as a convenient method of ridding themselves of the burdensome portion of their population. They knew that, being helpless, the weaker and non-fighting members of their tribes would be well treated, and, judging from former experience, handed back to them at the conclusion of the war. Moreover, by this means they were enabled to secure to themselves supplies for a more prolonged period. The women also have on several occasions been found to act the part of spies, and to convey food apportioned

to them for their own needs to the men of their tribes against whom the Government has been fighting.

Much of the non-success in the endeavour to put down the revolt arose from a difficulty which prevented the effectual coöperation of the Imperial and colonial forces. Through the action of the Ministry all the colonial forces were suddenly removed from the command of the general, Sir A. Cunynghame. There were thus two commanders working at cross purposes, and a want of unity which greatly crippled the power of the troops. General Cunynghame accordingly went to King William's Town to meet the Governor and endeavour to place the matter on a more satisfactory footing. The Cabinet, however, insisted upon keeping the colonial Burghers independent of the military control of the commander of the forces. As the Governor could not accept this decision, which tended so much to add to the difficulties of the war, the Ministry was dismissed, and a new one was formed with Mr. Gordon Sprigg as Premier.

As if taking a hint from Sir Bartle Frere's and General Cunynghame's efforts to place the whole of their troops in conjunction, Krelî and Sandilli effected a junction of their men, and on February 7 their combined forces ventured to attack Captain Upcher's column at Quintana. With an army numbering from 4,000 to 5,000 men they advanced in three divisions, and made a most determined onslaught. The attack was, however, unavailing, and proved most disastrous to the attacking party. The battle was about the most decisive that had been fought during the war, and resulted in the Kaffirs being put to flight with a loss variously estimated at from 200 to 600 men. Some days later a body of them was met by a patrolling party farther to the south; and, after an engagement in which they met with a small loss, the Kaffirs escaped across the Buffalo River.

A change was made in the latter part of February in the supreme command of the forces in the colony. Sir A. Cunynghame's tenure of command having lapsed, Major-General the Hon. F. A. Thesiger was appointed by the Imperial Government commander-in-chief. He arrived at Cape Town on February 26, and immediately assumed the responsibilities of his position. In the neighbourhood of Fort Beaufort the chief Tini Macomo (son of the Macomo who gave so much trouble in previous wars) had now joined the revolt with 1,000 followers, and taken up his position in the fastnesses of the Waterkloof. Colonel Palmer, of the 90th Regiment, with 400 men and an artillery force, was sent to Fort Beaufort, together with the special magistrate Chalmers, to conduct operations against him. Although he failed to capture Tini Macomo, Colonel Palmer's operations resulted, in

clearing the rugged and bushy ridges known as the Schelmkloof and Waterkloof, and in securing the occupation of these important native strongholds. In the war of 1857, the Kaffirs made these their *points d'appui*, and it was not until three weeks had been spent in arduous operations by the Imperial troops, attended with the sacrifice of valuable lives, that they could be dislodged. On the present occasion the force arrayed against them, numbering altogether over 1,000 men, was so formidable that the insurgents were utterly unable to withstand them, and fled almost without resistance. Opportunity was given them to surrender and lay down their arms, Mr. Chalmers, the Special Commissioner, promising that if they did so he would guarantee Government protection to themselves and their cattle. Three days were given them, but they did not comply, saying that they were unable to trust the promise of the white man. It was then decided to surround and make a combined attack upon them. The Kaffirs opened fire upon the troops as they advanced, but were soon silenced. The war cry was raised, but no response was given. In a panic they broke up and retreated into the kloofs and ravines, abandoning their cattle, to be captured by the enemy. The kloofs were shelled by the artillery, while the infantry searched them with volleys of musketry. The country was scoured, but without coming across the Kaffirs in any large numbers. Several were shot down like hares while fleeing before their pursuers. The shelling of the bush brought out about 200 women and children, who were marched off to Fort Beaufort. Colonel Palmer, having stationed strong patrols at various points to guard the approaches to these fastnesses, and prevent the re-occupation of the country by the natives, returned to Fort Beaufort.

Simultaneously with these operations, a large force was concentrated in the neighbourhood of the Black Kei, for the purpose of operating against Sandilli, his son Mantanzima, and Gongabele, who were believed to be hiding in that part of the country. Messengers were received from Sandilli saying that he was willing to make peace, and asking upon what terms he would be allowed to surrender, but the same discouraging reply was sent to him as had on like occasions been vouchsafed to Kreli, that no conditions whatever would be made. It is doubtful whether this stereotyped reply was the most politic that could be made, to say nothing of its unmerciful character; and it is probable that, had their lives at least been guaranteed, the war, which in the strictest sense of the word was scarcely a war at all, the fighting being nearly all on one side, might have been brought to a more speedy and happy termination. As it was, the course pursued was to

systematically shoot or capture (and the shooting seemed most in favour) the Kaffirs as they came across them, whether in large bodies or small, whether they attempted to defend themselves or fled precipitately before their implacable enemies. A combined movement of the colonial forces under Commandant Griffith was made to attempt the capture or dispersion of Sandilli and his followers, but its only effect was to induce the Gaika chief to change his position. By a clever manœuvre he outwitted them, and made an unexpected backward movement farther into the colony, with the object of taking shelter in the mountains and forests of the famous Amatola Range. Griffith and his troops scoured the surrounding country, meeting as usual with "little or no resistance." They, however, managed to kill about 70 of the Kaffirs, and captured 1,200 cattle, and found hundreds of women and children hiding in the kloofs and kranzes. Eluding the troops stationed at Stutterheim and Grey Town, Sandilli and his people reached without resistance the Izeli and Perie bush, and took up their position in their old and familiar strongholds of the wars in 1846 and 1851. The Perie bush is a dense and almost impenetrable forest situated at the southern extremity of the Amatolas, not more than 12 miles from King William's Town.

Immediately it was known that the Gaikas were in the Amatolas, Mr. Lonsdale, the magistrate at Keiskamma, went out with a Fingo contingent, but had to retire, his force not being sufficient. A second attempt to dislodge them having proved futile, two companies of the 24th Regiment were despatched from King William's Town, together with various volunteer corps, and special messengers were sent to Griffith, instructing him to move down with his force as speedily as possible. Major-General Thesiger undertook the personal superintendence of the attack, and, after having inspected the country, commenced operations on March 18. By a series of forced marches the troops had succeeded in arriving at the Perie before Sandilli had had time to scatter his men in the more remote and inaccessible portions of the Amatolas, and a line of posts was established to prevent his retreat in that direction. In addition to the imperial forces, the commander-in-chief was supported by fully 1,200 colonial men, chiefly mounted volunteers. With this vastly superior array the attack was now commenced to dislodge the 1,000 natives who had taken refuge in the fastnesses. For some time their efforts were unavailing. Indeed, the natives seemed to be improving in fighting ability and gaining increased precision in shooting, for many important losses are recorded on the side of the colonists. Captain Donovan, Lieutenant Ward, and Captain Bradshaw, were

shot during the first few days ; and Commandant Brabant, at the head of 150 mounted volunteers, fell into an ambush and had to beat an ignominious retreat. The cordon drawn round Sandilli's position was not sufficiently strong to prevent his being joined by large bodies of Seyolo's, Delima's, and Jali's tribes, as well as by Tini Macomo and his people. These people had been reported "disaffected," their disaffection being doubtless caused by fear and increased by the preparations for the defence of the colonists, which they interpreted to be means for their own destruction ; troops were immediately sent to arrest or disperse them ; they accordingly took to flight, and sought shelter in their familiar mountain fastnesses. Thus did the very measures which the colonists adopted to prevent any further outbreaks tend to further increase the "insurrection," by intimidating the natives, whose confidence in their oppressors' intentions was by no means great. Some of the bodies of fugitives to the mountain strongholds took up their position in the bush between the Debe Nek and Tabindoda mountain, a little to the west of Perie. An attack made on these by Lieut.-Colonel Warren resulted in their being chased farther into the bush, which became too thick for pursuit to be practicable.

For more than a month were the operations around the Perie continued without any success in the dislodgment of Sandilli and his followers, and it was found that, in addition to the troops and volunteers employed, a large force of native allies and more mounted men were required for the work. For a week or two there was a lull while some of the colonial auxiliaries, whose time of service had expired, were retiring and others were coming forward to take their places. Reinforcements now flowed in, and brought the force under Major-General Thesiger up to 5,500 Europeans, and 3,700 natives, with 2,000 horses and 19 guns. With these the operations were energetically recommenced. At daybreak on the 30th of April the troops, volunteers, and Fingo allies were all in motion. In the various engagements that followed, the Kaffirs were shot down in large numbers, but the losses on the side of the attacking party were very slight. The most serious losses were experienced in a force under Colonel Wood, which was attacked in the bush path whilst advancing from Burnshill. One of Wood's subordinate officers, Lieutenant Saltmarsh, was killed ; and another, Captain Stevens, was dangerously wounded. The Kaffirs were driven back, however, and left many slain upon the field. During the fight 400 women came out of the bush and threw themselves between the troops and the Kaffirs, thus enabling the latter to escape. Day after day the operations were renewed, with similar results.

Three or four times did Sandilli send messengers to the hostile camp to sue for peace. Each time was the invariable answer returned—that nothing less than unconditional surrender could be accepted. This surprised and puzzled him, as he had on previous occasions been met with merciful promises. As he was unable to put trust in the intentions of his enemies, he resolved to hold out to the last, although his men were greatly disheartened, and supplies of food were getting short. The troops occasionally came across the dead bodies of Kaffirs who had evidently died of starvation. The besiegers continued daily to harass and hunt down the Kaffirs, gradually reducing their numbers. Many of the latter were forced to take to marauding to obtain food. At last, in an engagement at Isidengi, in the early part of June, both Sandilli and Dukwana, his best marksman, were killed, the body of the former being afterwards found and identified by Mr. Wright, who had been the resident magistrate with the late chief. The old chief dead, the Gaikas had lost the head around whom they could rally, and their defeat was now virtually accomplished. One by one the subordinate leaders were killed or fell into the hands of the forces arrayed against them. Seyolo was killed fighting against the volunteers; Tini Macomo, Somta and Edmund Sandilli, brother and son of the late chief, and Mapotis, Tini Macomo's brother, were captured, and incarcerated in prison to await their trial for sedition, as were also Gongabele and Umfanta; and Bisset, Sandilli's third son, voluntarily surrendered. Another chief, Stokwetyali, who had been reported as "disaffected," was attacked and taken prisoner by a force under Major Elliot. The extent of his revolt may be gathered from the fact that, whilst the Kaffirs lost 60 men in the engagement, the only casualty on Major Elliot's side was one man wounded. Gradually the work of disarmament among their remaining divided and disorganised followers was carried on, and the Gaikas as a tribe may be said to have been utterly broken up. Without a chief they could not hope to retain their exclusive tribal character or hope to attain to any degree of independence. As they were disarmed, the natives were scattered about in different settled parts of the colony, to prevent the chance of their making any organised attempt at further disturbances. The troops and colonial forces were as rapidly as was consistent with the safety of the disturbed districts withdrawn and dispersed.

The campaign was being conducted in a similar way in the Transkei. The troops there traversed the country, occasionally meeting and dispersing small straggling bodies of the Galeka tribe. Information reached Ibeka in the middle of March that Kiva,

Kreli's general, had taken refuge in one of Kreli's hiding places. Colonel Glyn, the officer in command, at once sent Commandant Prattle in pursuit, and the latter accomplished his commission in so short a time as to take the wily Galeka leader entirely by surprise, and to succeed in killing him, with his three brothers and two uncles. On receiving the news of his general's death, Kreli sent a messenger to Ibeka to say that he intended to surrender in a few days. His fear of the fate which would meet him prevented him from doing so, and up to the time of writing this no news has been received of his surrender or capture. The work of disarmament here has not proceeded so quickly as was the case with the Gaikas, and a considerable force has been maintained in the neighbourhood, and, according to a recent ministerial statement in the Cape Parliament, would probably continue to be maintained for some time yet. Still, on the whole, the "war" in this part of our South African dominions has come to an end, and by sheer force the native tribes have been stamped out and rendered powerless. Looking back over the whole course of the disturbance, much fault may be found with the policy or policies by which the action of the Government has been dictated. The war was caused by a dispute between two of the border tribes, aggravated by the restricted and insufficient space in which the one was confined, and the fact that the other was an intruder established in the country by the English. Had the Government maintained a neutral attitude in endeavouring to settle this quarrel, and seen that justice was rendered to the aggrieved tribe, instead of adopting warlike measures and espousing the cause of one of the parties to the dispute, the Galekas would not have been forced into fighting against the colonists. Their desire to remain on a peaceful footing with their powerful and aggressive neighbours is evidenced by their wishing for the return of the Residents, their consideration in removing the missionaries and traders to places of safety when actual hostilities were inevitable, and their subsequently forbearing to injure or destroy the white men's houses. Very different indeed was this conduct from the ruthless manner in which their invaders burnt down their villages and destroyed their provisions. The general result, however, seems to be an inevitable one: wherever the English come across a fertile land peopled with savages they take possession, constantly interfere in the affairs of the natives, make war with them, and then, having by their superior weapons and organisation defeated them, appropriate their territory, and drive them to less fertile regions.

FREDERICK A. EDWARDS.

THE LAW OF SURNAMES.

THE law of surnames may be concisely stated : there is none at all. But nevertheless, though there is no positive law on the subject, it may not be uninteresting to inquire into the usages which have arisen during the course of time, and which stand in the place of legal enactment. The use of surnames is an institution which has grown up so gradually, and has fulfilled its purpose so unobtrusively and well, that it has entirely escaped the attention of the legislature. There is one positive enactment only concerning the assumption of surnames, and it refers to a very limited district. In the fourth year of Edward IV. an Act was passed compelling every Irishman that lived within the English pale to "go like an Englishman in apparel and shaving of his beard above his mouth ;" to "be within one year sworn liegeman of the king ;" and "to take to him an English surname of a town, as Sutton, Chester, Trim, Skyrne, Corke, Kinsale ; or colour, as White, Blacke, Browne ; or art or sciences, as Smith, Carpenter ; or office, as Cooke, Butler ; and that he and his issue shall use this name under pain of forfeiting his goods yearly till the premises be done." With this exception, surnames originally were assumed by, or became attached to, individuals at their own pleasure, as soon as the insufficiency of the Christian name to mark a person's identity became recognised. In olden times the Christian name was all-important ; surnames did not come into general use until the middle of the fourteenth century. In Wales, indeed, even until the seventeenth century many of the highest families retained a system of patronymics which formed a complete genealogy without containing any surname at all. The indexes to our old historical books, such as the Chronicles and Dugdale's "Monasticon," are by Christian names. This importance probably arose from the fact that it was the name conferred at the religious rite of baptism, while the surname was a chance designation which might be given on account of a great variety of reasons, and which might or might not prove permanent, and be handed down to a man's family. "Special heed," says Coke, "is to be taken to the name of baptism, as a man cannot have two, though he may have divers surnames." Camden

mentions the instance of a knight in Cheshire, William Belward, lord of Malpas in the time of Richard I., each of whose sons took different surnames, while their sons in turn also assumed names different from those of their fathers ; in point of fact, in three generations from William Belward, his descendants had rejoiced in no fewer than ten different surnames, some taken from their estates, and others from their mental or bodily qualities. Many a man, indeed, had two or more names ; one, it might be, taken from his possessions or habitation, another allotted to him on account of his appearance or employment, and another perhaps a mere nickname ; in course of time one of them, which probably a matter of chance, became the hereditary surname of his family, and was handed down to his descendants. It is clear that no law regulated the matter ; the name of the father was adopted by the son if he pleased, or he assumed or obtained a new name for himself.

This uncertainty was checked in some measure by a statute called the Statute of Additions, passed in the first year of Henry V., which enacted that not only the name of the individual should be inserted in every writ or indictment, but that his calling and the place also of his abode should be given. In course of time also Cromwell, the secretary to Henry VIII., established parish registers, which, by causing the name of every man to be entered at his baptism, marriage, and burial, served to perpetuate a surname in each family and to secure its transmission with regularity from father to son. When a new name was taken from any cause, it was the custom to retain the former name as an alias, and instances of this are frequently met with in early registers and documents of that period ; even then it seems to be a matter of chance which name survived. At the present day surnames have become a far surer mark of identity than Christian names. Of the latter not more than six or seven hundred are in common use, while the London Directory contains at least 20,000 surnames. Still more accurately is an individual now described by the addition of a second or third Christian name, an usage that has sprung up in comparatively modern times. To our old law writers the possibility that a man could use two different Christian names as members of one appellation never seems to have occurred.

Though it has become universal in all civilised countries for children to take the name of their father, there is nothing in the law of England to prevent any man assuming any name he thinks fit. There is no penalty of any kind for so doing, except that in forsaking *his old name* difficulties may in some cases arise in proving his *identity*. There are numerous cases in the Law Reports to the effect

that if a man enters into a contract in any particular name, he may be sued in the name he used, whatever his real name may be; and to support the validity of any act it may be shown that about the same time he was known by the name he used, without regard to the name he was baptized in. All that the law looks to is the identity of the individual, and when that is clearly established, all acts done by him are binding. There is no legal right to a name. No one can find fault with a person for calling himself Plantagenet, or Howard, or anything else, but it does not follow that everybody will promptly recognise the new name. A man's name is that one which is given to him by general consent, without any regard to the mode in which he acquired it; he may shuffle off an old one he dislikes, and clothe himself with one more to his taste, if he can induce other people to acquiesce in the change. In France, however, it is otherwise. Laws were passed in the second and sixth years of the first Revolution forbidding any citizen to use any name or surname which was not entered in the register of his birth, or to add any surname to his proper name; and in 1858 another law was enacted against the assumption of additional names, under which proceedings have been taken and the penalty enforced. In America change of name requires an act of the State Legislature, though this requirement does not seem to extend to the translation of a surname into a word of similar import in another language, as Carpenter for Zimmerman, Pike for Snook, or Street for La Rue.

The Christian name has always been considered immutable; the law is that it must remain as it was given in baptism. In former times they might be changed at confirmation; for example, the name of Henry III. of France was changed at that rite from Edward Alexander. Laxity in this matter has gradually arisen, especially in America, where Christian name and surname are changed together by the Acts passed for the purpose, which are carried through the legislatures in a very perfunctory manner. In England, too, advertisements have from time to time appeared in the papers announcing change of both Christian name and surname, though, perhaps, there is no instance of a change of Christian name alone. Of a different character, of course, are names assumed for literary purposes or other professional reasons. With actors this proceeding is common; and many play their parts and die without their real names becoming known to the public. Jews, too, have frequently modified their names; Braham has been taken instead of Abraham, Slowman for Solomon, and Moss for Moses.

Royal licenses for change of name were first granted in the reign of

Charles II., and were enrolled in the books of the Heralds' College; and the practice has been continued to the present time, 398 of such licenses having been registered between 1850 and 1863. During the last century the machinery of Parliament was used for change of surname, and Acts were obtained for that purpose; but at present the usual course is to obtain a Royal license. The person desirous of making the change presents a petition to the Home Secretary, who refers the same for consideration to the Kings of Arms as the fittest persons to examine into the truth of its allegations. If they find that the applicant is a representative of the family whose name he wishes to assume, or has married the heiress of such family, or has received property under a will in which he was desired to change his name by the testator, the fact is reported to the Home Secretary, the Royal license is issued, and it is then usually published in the *London Gazette*; but such publication is optional. With regard to the effect of the Royal license, it has been laid down that it merely gives publicity or notoriety to the change, and that the name is assumed by the act of the person who adopts it, and is not conferred by the Royal license. In fact, the obtaining a license to change a surname is more useful as the fulfilment of a condition under which property is taken, than as imparting any validity to the change itself. In some instances even this may be unnecessary, for in a case where a devisee, as a condition of taking an estate, was ordered to change his name for the testator's by Act of Parliament or in some other effectual way within three years after his coming of age, when it was argued that he had forfeited the bequest by not having procured the Act as desired, it was held that he had sufficiently satisfied the conditions by being known by the testator's name, since he had been let into the possession of the estate. "A name," said Chief Justice Abbott, "assumed by a young man at the outset of life, adopted by all who knew him, and by which he was constantly called, becomes for all purposes that occur to my mind as much and effectually his name as if he had obtained an Act of Parliament to confer it upon him." In Scotland, since all Scotchmen are subject in matters of surname and arms to the authority of the Lord Lyon King of Arms, a patent from the Lyon Office stands in the stead of a royal license. It also does not empower a change of name, but merely certifies that such change has taken place on reasonable grounds, and is received everywhere as of equal importance as a license under the Royal Sign Manual itself.

Change of name by deed enrolled in Chancery is a practice that

has arisen within the last thirty years ; and the effect of the deed, like that of the royal license, is merely to give wider notoriety to the change and to establish the identity of the person using the two names. Perhaps the announcement of this kind, which occasioned most amusement at the time, and which, though afterwards discovered to be a hoax, has since become proverbial, was the advertisement that appeared in the *Times* of June 26, 1862, to the effect that one Joshua Bug had taken to himself, in lieu of his former patronymic, the name of Norfolk Howard, and had duly recorded the same in a deed enrolled in Chancery. The motive of the change in such cases is not enquired into. Practically any deed may be enrolled for which the fees, which are very moderate in amount, are paid. In the case of instruments not directed by Parliament to be enrolled, the *fiat* of the Master of the Rolls is required, but this is given as a matter of course upon application. The enrolment, when not by law, gives no increased validity to the deed, but is for safe custody only. Harmless, however, as the enrolment of such deeds may be, a practice not by any means so unobjectionable has sprung out of it, since by these deeds armorial bearings also have been assumed. Lax as the practice with regard to armorial bearings is, and deplorable as it must appear to any true herald, it is undoubtedly a fact that the right to an ancestral coat of arms is strictly limited to the descendants of the first grantee. So that, although it is quite open to any man to take any name he likes, he cannot assume the arms belonging to the name, unless he is a blood relation of the family, without purloining that to which he has no shadow of a right. Of course we know that, in these degenerate days, arms are assumed on strength of a similarity of name only, but it is a practice that merits unqualified condemnation, and when it follows upon, and is a consequence of, an assumption of the name in question by a stranger in blood, the condemnation it merits is, if possible, still greater. But the halcyon days of true heraldry have departed, it is to be feared, for ever ; though, while protection is afforded by law to mere trade-marks of commerce, it seems an anomaly that the trade-marks, so to speak, of ancestry should go unprotected.

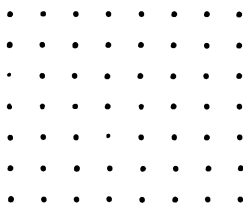
Finally, the present usage with regard to surnames may be thus summed up. A man may assume any name he likes, and the law will recognise the new name, if it is assumed publicly and *bonâ fide*, even if the Christian name as well as the surname be changed. No Act of Parliament or Royal license is needed to sanction a change, unless some donation of land or money is liable to be forfeited if the change of name is not effected in the manner specified in the gift.

Moreover, when any person has legally assumed a name by his own act, it is compulsory on the Courts of law to recognise such legal act. So that, in fact, nothing remains to prevent the wholesale assumption of other people's surnames but common sense and the ridicule that would attach to an ill-judged change. But while the temper of the English people remains as it is, no general attempt to take advantage of the license the law allows is to be feared ; and individual extravagancies are best looked upon with that contempt which the circumstances of the case may call forth. It is frequently said that "what is not reason is not law ;" unfortunately this is not strictly true in all cases, but in the matter of surnames at least an affirmative version of the saying holds good, that "reason is law."

JOHN AMPHLETT.

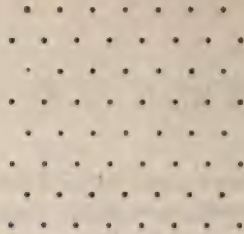
TABLE TALK.

THE question has been raised in the *Times* whether bees reason in making their cells, or whether their skill is purely instinctive. I should have thought the evidence collected by Darwin in the eighth chapter of his "Origin of Species" would be quite decisive on this point. The subject is too wide for discussion in "Table Talk," but a curious thought strikes me in connection with it. It is certainly not more important for bees to be saving of wax than it is for men to be saving of the fruits of the earth, and therefore to be saving of the earth itself when they plant fruit trees in it. Now, it is strange that man with his reasoning powers should not have solved a much simpler problem in surface-saving than that which the bees have so successfully mastered. The bees not only arrange their cells so as to have as much room in as small a place as possible, but also to use as little wax as possible, which is a more difficult problem. Not only so, but where the ends of the cells meet they use the least possible amount of wax, which is a far more difficult problem than saving wax where the sides of cells adjoin. Now, a man who has to plant an orchard has only the simplest of the three problems to deal with. All he requires is to arrange his trees so that each shall have sufficient space all round. If each several tree had to be walled round the problem would resemble the second of those which the bee solves; but that problem the orchard-planter is not troubled with. It is well for him he is not, for he fails, in nine cases out of ten, with the simplest problem of the three. He sets his trees in rank and file, or this way:—



whereas he would save a considerable extent of ground and shorten

the distance he would have to travel in looking over his orchard, if he arranged them thus :—



So also with heaps of oranges, apples, and so forth, in fruiterers' windows, piles of shot on square or rectangular bases, and the like, the second arrangement is the proper one for the lowest tier, not the first arrangement, which is nearly always adopted. The triangular pyramid is as saving of space, for piles of shot &c., as a pyramid on a square or oblong base arranged as in the second group above ; but the triangular pyramid, *as a whole*, is not so convenient a form as the pyramid on a square base, or the ridged pyramid (not properly called a pyramid at all) on an oblong base.

I REMEMBER an instance when mathematicians, and some of no contemptible power, failed to solve the simplest of all the problems which the bees solve by instinct. At the Cambridge examination for the Mathematical Tripos of 1859 a question in the following form was asked (I forget the exact numbers, but they do not affect the question). "From a piece of leather six inches long and three broad as many circular wads as possible, each half an inch in diameter, were cut ; how many were there ? And how many from a piece of leather eight inches long and four broad ?" Many, including the senior wrangler of the year, answered 72 from the first piece, which was right, and 128 from the second, which was wrong. By arranging the wads as a bee would arrange them, if he had to cut wads, at any rate, and if his instincts did not abandon him when engaged in a task so unfamiliar, five rows of 16 wads and four of 15 can be cut from the larger piece, or 140 wads in all, twelve more than by arranging the wads as orchard-planters set their trees.

WHEN I went out of town this summer, a friend wrote to me from the Club, mentioning among other little matters that one of the members had shot himself. "Poor old Drawley was not *nice*, was he ?" (that was how he put it), "but we are all quite sorry

about it." Of course I was sorry about it, too, though if it had been fated that anyone of my acquaintances must needs have put an end to his existence, I should have preferred it to have been Drawley. He was said to be a very rich man, and certainly gave himself, all the airs of one; while his conversation was of that character that I could only hope, for the sake of his future companions, that in whatever state of existence he should now find himself, he would be dumb. He was the bore of our smoking-room, and had shortened the lives of several of its frequenters to my knowledge. He would tell us how he made his money, and his difficulties about disposing of it, and how he had recently lost his partner—it was popularly supposed, from gold on the brain; with much more of the same kind.

Well, I came back to town two weeks ago and found nobody in it. The club was a Sahara—a mausoleum—with no one but the hall porter, five-and-twenty waiters, and myself in it. I was sitting in the vast smoking-room after my lonely dinner, and woke up from an unrefreshing nap to find that I had got a companion—in the very next armchair—and as sure as I write this, it was old Drawley.

I looked at him as Scrooge in the *Christmas Carol* tried to look at the ghost of Marley, and quite as unsuccessfully. I said to myself, "You are a humbug; you are an undigested piece of cheese; and I do not believe in spirits." But still Drawley was there. He said, quite in his old style, "How do? We are quite alone here. I have got more money than you ever saw in your life—made it myself, sir, every penny of it—and I want your advice how to dispose of it." It was dreadful; but still I had the common sense and presence of mind to say, "Give it to me." "Pooh, pooh," he said; "you are joking, and it's not everybody who can afford to joke, sir. I can't, for one, and yet I am pretty warm."

This I thought, considering where he probably was now in the daytime, was likely enough.

"I hate jokes," he went on. "That fool Smiler has played a joke upon me lately. Somebody was asking here why I had not gone out of town, and it was answered, very justly, that having now no partner I could not do it. 'He keeps the shop himself,' was the way they put it. 'Shot himself!' cries Major Paulet, who is as deaf as a post. 'Yes,' says Smiler, without moving a muscle, 'Drawley has shot himself.' And the Major, who is the greatest gossip in town, has been going all over London with that absurd intelligence. I believe half the Club think I'm dead."

AMONG the *Cosas de España* which governments are powerless to repress is the Bull-fight. I have recently made acquaintance with this profoundly barbarous and altogether detestable form of cruelty, the effect of which must be to keep the Spaniard what he really is—an African in heart. Fresh from the horror and disgust caused by these bloodthirsty and cowardly proceedings—both adjectives are merited—I yet see that the people are so wedded to the entertainment that a revolution would probably be the consequence of an attempt to repress it. If ever the Spaniard is to be reclaimed, it must be by a long course of educational influences which shall gradually arouse a public sentiment in favour of mercy. Meanwhile, strong as such a measure would appear, I think the Governments of Europe should decline to accept Spain as one of their number so long as the stigma rests upon her. I don't know whether it was Thiers or Guizot that said that Europe terminated at the Pyrenees. The statement is certainly accurate.

In order to take part with a clear conscience in a system of Ostracism such as I have indicated, England should first purge herself of a similar offence, and should put down such proceedings as take place at Hurlingham. To those who bid us cleanse our own stable before we proceed, nose in hand, to rate others, I would say, however, that pigeon-shooting is not like bull-torturing—a national pastime in which all classes participate. English Mohocks are only of one class. Unfortunately, that is a class from which we draw our legislators, and there is consequently a difficulty in giving the public sentiment the force of law. If ever monarchy and aristocracy in England give way to a pure republic, the cause of revolution will be found in the outrage on public sentiment involved in such proceedings as an aristocracy has started and royalty has sanctioned at Hurlingham.

I HAVE been rather surprised at the long silence of the earth-flatteners—Parallax, Hampden, and the rest. They usually make themselves heard at intervals of a few months at the outside, just as comets of one sort or another are generally seen at intervals not exceeding two or three years. I had not, however, expected the honour of a personal communication from one of the earth-flatteners. Mr. Hampden writes offering to sign a bond for £50, payable to my friend Mr. Proctor, if he will supply Mr. Hampden, through the columns of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "with any authentic record of the proved premisses or data on which Newton's solar system or globular theory was originally based." I believe the wager (£500)

which Mr. Hampden subsequently lost to Mr. Alfred Wallace was originally proffered to Mr. Proctor: and doubtless Mr. Hampden is well assured that the wager would have been accepted by Mr. Proctor, but that astronomers know how baseless is the whole system of Newtonian astronomy. I doubt whether Mr. Proctor will accept the present wager, which has been duly forwarded to him. I know that he will never win the earth-flattener's money. He could not, this time, even if he would. For, as De Morgan long since pointed out, "proof requires a person who can give and a person who can receive," and in this case one of the two—I do not say which—is wanting. De Morgan wrote some doggerel which is rather to the point; it is not worse verse than that which some of the earth-flatteners have written, and is infinitely better sense:—

A blind man said, As to the Sun,
I'll take my Bible oath there's none;
For if there had been one to show,
They would have shown it long ago.
How came he such a goose to be?
Did he not know he couldn't see?

Not he!

But Mr. Hampden ought not to talk of Newton's solar system or globular theory. The globular theory was already ancient in Newton's time; and he never offered an argument to prove that the Copernican theory is the true one. Hampden should attack Copernicus or Kepler, not Newton, still less anyone in our own time.

A MATRON of title who had reason to expect that she would gladden her lord with an addition to his family this autumn, provided for the occasion a certain court physician. His fee never took into account the blessings that are conferred upon the community by the birth of more lords and ladies, and when, as on this occasion, he gave up his holiday, which he generally spent abroad, to dance attendance upon her ladyship in Scotland, it was, of course, very considerably increased. Moreover, her ladyship took a shooting-box for him close to her own ancestral residence, and having got him there among the grouse—to the slaughter of which he was devoted—she awaited the event (or, as it turned out, the events) with calmness. Unhappily, however, the grouse grew scarce, and a sporting friend who dwelt some fifty miles away having asked the doctor to visit him for a few days, he was unable to resist the temptation. The lady was going on admirably, and was likely to do so for the

next three weeks. He was surely running no risk—so he ventured to say to himself, in ignorance of the designs of the goddess Lucina; and off he went. The next morning her ladyship had to send rather suddenly for the parish doctor—a gentleman in the official enjoyment of £40 a year, and 7*s.* 6*d.* for accouchements—and presented her husband with twins.

THE above story was narrated to me by a rival physician with every mark of enjoyment (he “wondered whether the parish doctor got 15*s.* for his attendance, as usual, or had something out of the other man’s fee”); and perceiving my high appreciation of his story, he told me another, in connection with the same subject.

A lady in the Isle of Wight had seven daughters born to her, not all at once, of course, but in succession. When the seventh was born she meekly observed to her nurse, who was a very “wise woman,” “What, another daughter?” “Yes, ma’am,” she replied, “and so it always will be while you live here; it is the chalk as does it.” No attention was paid to this geological explanation of a mystery that has puzzled the faculty, and everybody else, for ages; but in time a circumstance happened that corroborated her theory. The lady went to live in Sussex, and had seven other children of the other sex. As her husband used rather ruefully to observe, “It seemed to have ‘set in’ boys.” When the seventh boy was born, the old nurse exclaimed with triumph, “Now, didn’t I tell you so, ma’am? a boy again! It’s the gravel as does it.” Of course she may be mistaken, but I am bound to say that I have known many startling theories advocated of late years upon much less specious grounds.

WHY do not our astronomers strive to find out the cause of the unparalleled amount of electrical disturbance the present summer has witnessed? In the month of August London had as many thunderstorms as would constitute a reputable average for a summer. A few hundred miles further south the lightning continued incessantly for three days. Such lightning, too, has seldom been seen. The earth and the sea have been not less agitated than the sky. Friends of mine residing at Wiesbaden tell of church bells set ringing at midnight by earthquake; and in the very height of summer weather, ships have been afraid to set forth from port on account of the danger of hurricane and tempest.

I HAVE always held that the invention of the balloon has retarded the science of aërostation by directing the energies of

scientific men down a wrong channel. So huge a bulk as that of the balloon must always be unmanageable in such violent currents of air as are to be expected in the upper atmosphere. In spite of the ridicule which has been lavished on the idea of fitting man for flight, I believe it practicable. If intelligence from America may be trusted, a very distinct advance towards the result has been made. A public exhibition of the powers of a flying machine has been given at Hartford, Connecticut. I shall not weary my readers with a description of the mechanism of the strange instrument employed, but will simply state that, if the accounts that are furnished are to be trusted, the inventor steered his course through gusts and in face of an opposing wind, landing on two occasions near the spot whence he started. These results are said to be very encouraging. I do not want to look too far ahead or to anticipate the consequences to England of a discovery which, when perfect, if it should ever become so, will render the empire of the air, rather than that of the seas, the object of desire. Still I will just ask, if ever we are able to employ air-ships for the conveyance of troops, and the advantages of our insular position are forfeited, what shall we think of our guarantee of the integrity of Turkey in Asia? Such speculations are of course, and will long be, *mots pour rire*. It would not, however, be a laughing matter if ever Northern despots were to be able to turn their huge armies to account for such invasion of civilised regions as the possession of aërial machines would afford. Can anything in the way of scientific advance be regarded as wholly preposterous to a generation that has seen what the present generation has seen? I scarcely think so.

THE "scientists" who are always discovering something or another, which it turns out a week or two afterwards has been known to the world about two centuries ago, have just found out that the jelly-fish has nerves. Who ever doubted it who has seen one wobble? Once grant that the thing is alive, and not a sort of marine blancmange, and the rest follows. Why, the very phrase "I'm all of a twitter," signifying an extreme disorganisation of the nervous centres, is what the jelly-fish has been saying since the first one found itself ashore, and exposed to the parasol points and wooden spades of our population.

A RESULT of frequently renewed observations in France is to impress me with the power of assimilating themselves to their surroundings possessed by the French. Everywhere on the borders of

various nations the French towns seem to have taken a large amount of what I may call colouring from their neighbours. In the case of Germany, this was, of course, confusion of race. The Strasburgher used before he was absorbed into Germany to profess his ignorance of German if you addressed him in that language, and two minutes afterwards would let you hear him speak to his assistant in the very tongue he repudiated. On the Italian borders, too, what is called France is geographically and ethnographically Italy. Belgium and France are so nearly identical, that it requires more power of perception than I possess to tell the difference. Dunkerque is, however, far more Flemish than Ostend, while Boulogne is almost as cockney as Margate. I have sometimes wished that the Boulogne shopkeeper, in place of the superfluous announcement of "English spoken," would put up a notice, *Ici on parle Français*. Quite the same is it on the borderland between France and Spain; Perpignan and Bayonne are more Spanish than such places as San Sebastian on the other side of the frontier. In Bayonne more of the signs and advertisements appear to be in Spanish than in French, and there is scarcely one of the inhabitants who is not acquainted with both languages. As many of the Spanish visitors with whom the streets swarm know no French, the former language is the more common in the streets. The appearance of the houses with their carefully guarded balconies is also decidedly Iberian.

MR. PROCTOR stated in his paper on the transit of Mercury, (*Gentleman's Magazine* for May last, p. 570) that there is as yet no recorded case in the history of astronomy of three planets being visible at the same time on a space so small as that covered by the moon's disc. A correspondent points out that in Chambers's "Handbook of Astronomy," Venus, Jupiter, Mars, and Mercury are said to have been in the same field of the telescope on March 17, 1725. My correspondent thinks that the same field of the telescope would represent a smaller portion of the sky than would be covered by the moon's disc. This, however, was certainly not the case. The four planets can only have been brought into the same telescopic field of view by using a telescope of very large field—from a rough computation, it appears that the field must have been two or three degrees in diameter. I do not recollect any description of what was observed on March 17, 1725; but it is quite certain the four planets were not so close as my correspondent supposes.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1878.

AN OLD MEERSCHAUM.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER I.

THE market-place at Trieste lay in a blaze of colour under the June sunlight. The scent of fruits and flowers was heavy on the air. A faint-hearted breeze which scarcely dared to blow came up from the harbour now and again, and made the heat just bearable. Mr. William Holmes Barndale, of Barndale in the county of Surrey, and King's Bench Walk, Temple, sat in shadow in front of a restaurant with his legs comfortably thrust forth and his hat tilted over his eyes. He pulled his tawny beard lazily with one hand, and with the other caressed a great tumbler of iced beer. He was beautifully happy in his perfect idleness, and a sense was upon him of the eternal fitness of things in general. In the absolute serenity of his beatitude he fell asleep, with one hand still lazily clutching his beard, and the other still lingering lovingly near the great tumbler. This was surely not surprising, and on the face of things it would not have seemed that there was any reason for blushing at him. Yet a young lady, unmistakably English and undeniably pretty, gave a great start, beholding him, and blushed celestial rosy red. She was passing along the shady side of the square with papa and mamma, and the start and the blush came in with some hurried commonplace in answer to a commonplace. These things, papa and mamma noted not—good, easy, rosy, wholesome people, who had no great trouble in keeping their heads clear of fancies, and were chiefly engaged just then with devices for keeping cool.

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Two minutes later, or thereabouts, came that way a young gentleman of whom the pretty young lady did seem a refined and feminine copy, save and except that the young lady was dearly and daintily demure, whilst from this youth impudence and mischief shone forth as light radiates from a lantern. He, pausing before the sleeping Barndale, blushed not, but poked him in the ribs with the end of his walking-stick, and regarded him with an eye of waggish joy, as who should say that to poke a sleeping man in the ribs was a stroke of comic genius whereof the world had never beheld the like. He sat on his stick, cocked Mr. Barndale's hat on one side, and awaited that gentleman's waking. Mr. Barndale, languidly stretching himself, arose, adjusted his hat, took a great drink of iced beer, and, being thereby in some degree primed for conversation, spoke.

"That you, Jimmy?" said Mr. Barndale.

"Billy, my boy," said the awakener, "how are you?"

"Thought you were in Oude, or somewhere," said Mr. Barndale.

"Been back six months," the other answered.

"Anybody with you here?"

"Yes," said the awakener, "the Mum, the Pater, and the Kid."

Mr. Barndale did not look like the sort of man to be vastly shocked at these terms of irreverence, yet it is a fact that his brown and bearded cheeks flushed like any schoolgirl's.

"Stopping at the Hotel de la Ville," said the awakener, "and adoing of the Grand Tower, my pippin. I'm playing cicerone. Come up and have a smoke and a jaw."

"All right," said Mr. Barndale languidly. Nobody, to look at him now, would have guessed how fast his heart beat, and how every nerve in his body fluttered. "I'm at the same place. When did you come?"

"Three hours ago. We're going on to Constantinople. Boat starts at six."

"Ah!" said Barndale placidly. "I'm going on to Constantinople too."

"Now that's what I call jolly," said the other. "You're going to-night of course?"

"Of course. Nothing to stay here for."

At the door of the hotel stood Barndale's servant, a sober-looking Scotchman dressed in dark tweed.

"Come with me, Bob," said Barndale as he passed him. "See you in the coffee-room in five minutes, Jimmy."

In his own room Barndale sat down upon the bedside and addressed his servant.

"I have changed my mind about going home. Go to Lloyd's office and take places for this evening's boat to Constantinople. Wait a bit. Let me see what the fare is. There you are. Pack up and get everything down to the boat and wait there until I come."

The man disappeared, and Barndale joined his friend. He had scarce seated himself when a feminine rustling was heard outside. The door opened, a voice of singular sweetness cried "Jimmy, dear!" and a young lady entered. It was the young lady who blushed and started when she saw Barndale asleep in front of the restaurant. She blushed again, but held her hand frankly out to him. He rose and took it with more tenderness than he knew of. The eyes of the third person twinkled, and he winked at his own reflection in a mirror.

"This," Barndale said, "is not an expected pleasure, and is all the greater on that account. By a curious coincidence I find we are travelling together to Constantinople."

Her hand still lingered in his whilst he said this, and as he ceased to speak he gave it a little farewell pressure. Her sweet hazel eyes quite beamed upon him, and she returned the pressure cordially. But she answered only—

"Papa will be very pleased."

"Isn't it singular," said the guilty Barndale with an air of commonplace upon him, "that we should all be making this journey together?"

"Very singular indeed," said pretty Miss Leland, with so bright a sparkle of mirth in those demure hazel eyes that Barndale, without knowing why, felt himself confounded.

Mr. James Leland winked once more at his reflection in the mirror, and was discovered in the act by Barndale, who became signally disconcerted in manner.

Miss Leland relieved his embarrassment by taking away her brother for a conference respecting the package of certain treasures purchased a day or two before in Venice. The lone one smoked, and lounged, and waited. He tried to read, and gave it up. He strayed down to the harbour, and, finding his servant solemnly mounting guard over his luggage on board the boat, he himself went aboard and inspected his berth, and chatted with the steward, in whom he discovered an old acquaintance. But the time went drearily; and Barndale, who was naturally a man to be happy under all sorts of circumstances, suffered all the restlessness, chagrin, and envy with which love in certain of its stages has power to disturb the spirit. He had made up a most heroic mind on this question

of Miss Leland some three months ago, and had quite decided that she did not care for him. He wasn't going to break his heart for a woman who didn't care for him. Not he.

If she be not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be?

She made fun of him in her own demure way. He ventured once on a little touch of sentiment, which she never neglected to repeat, when opportunity offered, in his presence. She repeated it with so serious an air, so precisely as if it were an original notion which had just then occurred to her, that Barndale winced under it every time she used it. His mind was quite made up on this matter. He would go away and forget her. He believed she liked him, in a friendly sisterly sort of way, and that made him feel more hopeless. There were evidences enough to convince you or me, had we been there to watch them, that this young lady was caught in the toils of love quite as inextricably as this young gentleman; but, with the pig-headed obstinacy and stupidity incident to his condition, he declined to see it, and voluntarily betook himself to misery, after the manner of young men in love from time immemorial. A maiden who can be caught without chasing is pretty generally not worth catching; and cynics have been known to say that the pleasure of stalking your bride is perhaps the best part of matrimony. This our young Barndale would not have believed. He believed, rather, that the tender hopes and chilling fears of love were among the chief pains of life, and would have laughed grimly if any one had prophesied that he would ever look back to them with longing regret. We, who are wiser, will not commiserate but envy this young gentleman, remembering the time when those tender hopes and chilling fears were ours—when we were happier in our miseries than we have now the power to be in our joys.

The Lelands came at last, and Barndale had got the particular form of love's misery which he most coveted. The old gentleman was cordial, the old lady was effusive, the awakener was what he had always been, and Lilian was what she had always been to Barndale—a bewildering maddening witchery, namely, which set him fairly beside himself. Let it not be prejudicial to him in your judgment that you see him for the first time under these foolish circumstances. Under other conditions you would find much to admire in him. Even now, if you have any taste for live statuary, you shall admire this upright six feet two inches of finely-modelled bone and muscle. If manly good nature can make a handsome sun-browned

face pleasant to you, then shall Barndale's countenance find favour in your eyes. Of his manly ways, his good and honest heart, this story will tell you something, though perchance not much. If you do not like Billy Barndale before you part with him, believe me, it is my fault, who tell his story clumsily, and not his. For the lady of his love there might be more to say, if I were one of those clever people who read women. As it is, you shall make your own reading of her, and shall dislike her on your own personal responsibility, or love her for her transparent merits, and for the sake of no stupid analysis of mine.

Do you know the Adriatic? It pleases me to begin a love story over its translucent sapphire and under its heavenly skies. I shall rejoice again in its splendours as I hover in fancy over these two impressionable young hearts, to whom a new glamour lives upon its beauties.

Papa and Mamma Leland are placidly asleep on the saloon deck, beneath the flapping awning. Leland Junior is carrying on a pronounced flirtation with a little Greek girl, and Lilian and Barndale are each enjoying their own charming spiritual discomforts. They say little, but, like the famous parrot, they think the more. Concerning one thing, however, Mr. Barndale thinks long and deeply, pulling his tawny beard meanwhile. Lilian, gazing with placid-seeming spirit on the deep, is apparently startled by the suddenness of his address.

"Miss Leland!"

"How you startled me!" she answers, turning her hazel eyes upon him. She has been waiting these last five minutes for him to speak, and knew that he was about it. But take notice that these small deceits in the gentle sex are natural, and by no means immoral.

"I am disturbed in mind," says Barndale, blushing a little behind his bronze, "about an incident of yesterday."

"Conscience," says Lilian, calmly didactic, "will assert herself occasionally."

"Conscience," says Barndale, blushing a little more perceptibly, "has little to do with this disturbance. Why did you laugh when I said that it was singular that we should be making this pleasant journey together?"

"Did I laugh?" she asks demurely. Then quite suddenly, and with an air of denunciation, "Ask James."

Barndale rises obediently.

"No, no," says the lady. "Sit down, Mr. Barndale. I was only

joking. There was no reason." And now the young lady is blushing. "Did I really laugh?"

"You smiled," says the guilty Barndale.

"At what?" inquires she with innocent inadvertency.

"Oh!" cries the young fellow, laughing outright, "that is too bad. Why *did* you laugh when I said it was singular?"

"I am not prepared," she answers, "to account for all my smiles of yesterday."

"Then," says Barndale, "I'll go and ask Jimmy."

"You will do nothing of the kind."

"Why?"

"Because you are too polite, Mr. Barndale, to pry into a lady's secrets."

"There is a secret here, then?"

"No."

"You are contradictory, Miss Leland?"

"You are obtuse, Mr. Barndale. If there be a secret it is as open as —"

"As what?"

"As your door was yesterday when you spoke to your servant."

"Then you —?"

"Yes," responds Miss Leland severely. "I know you gentlemen. You were going home and you met that idle and dissolute James, by accident. Then you suddenly change your mind, and go out to dinner-table." There for a moment she pauses and follows up her words over the now crimson Barndale with a terrible whisper. "On the spot — Oh, you need scarcely look surprised. I have learned your vulgar terms from James."

"Alas! I am not so criminal as you fancy," says Barndale, feeling the weight of his guilt fall less heavily than he had feared.

"If you were once so criminal, this is not the tribunal," and she waves her hand toward the *bar*, "at which the felon should be tried."

"But, Miss Leland, it is very odd because I met your brother when I came out here — if there were another reason!"

"If there were another reason I confess my smile out of time was *not* proper for it." And then with she shot him through and through with another smile. "It was fatal to both, for he in falling sought to wish him. These things have a habit of occurring all at once, or in something rather than the meditated fashion."

"I don't see the young Scythian, inwardly delicious at his own victory, and the supreme beauty of her smile, but on the outside of

him quite calm and assured, and a trifle masterful, "I came because I learned that you were coming. If you are displeased with me for that, I will land at Corfu and go home. And bury my misery," he added in a tone so hollow and sepulchral that you or I had laughed.

Miss Leland sat quite grave with downcast eyes.

"Are you displeased?"

"I have no right to be displeased," she murmured.

Of course you and I can see quite clearly that he might have kissed her there and then, and settled the business, murmuring "Mine own!" But he was in love, which we are not, and chose to interpret that pretty murmur wrongly. So there fell upon the pair an awkward silence. He was the first to break it.

"I will land at Corfu," he said, with intense penitence.

"But not—not because of my displeasure," she answered; a little too gaily for the gaiety to be quite real.

"Ah, then!" he said, catching at this ark of perfect safety, which looked like a straw to his love-blinded eyes, "you are not displeased?"

"No," she answered lightly, still playing with him, now she felt so sure of him, and inwardly melting and yearning over him; "I am not displeased."

"But are you pleased?" said he, growing bolder. "Are you pleased that I came because you came—because I——?"

There he paused, and she took a demure look at him. He burst out all at once in a whisper—

"Because I love you?"

She did not answer him; but when next she looked at him he saw that the tears had gathered thickly in her lovely eyes.

"You are not pained at that," he said. "I have loved you ever since that day you were at my place in Surrey, when you came down with Jimmy, and my poor old dad was there."

"Yes," she said, looking up again, and smiling through the dimness of her eyes, "I know."

And so it came about that, when Leland Senior awoke, Barndale held a conference with him, which terminated in a great shaking of hands. There was another conference between Lilian and her mother, which ended, as it began, in tears, and kisses, and smiles. Tears, and kisses, and smiles made a running accompaniment to that second conference, and tender embraces broke in upon it often. It was settled between them all—papa, and mamma, and the lovers—that they should finish the journey together, and that the marriage should be solemnised a year after their arrival at home. It goes without saying that Barndale looked on this delay with very little approval. But

Leland Senior insisted on it stoutly, and carried his point. And even in spite of this the young people were tolerably happy. They were together a good deal, and, in the particular stage at which they had arrived, the mere fact of being together is a bliss and a wonder. Leigh Hunt—less read in these days than he deserves to be—sings truly—

Heaven's in any roof that covers
On any one same night two lovers.

They went about in a state of Elysian beatitude, these young people. Love worked strange metamorphoses, as he does always. They found new joys in Tennyson, and rejoiced in the wonderful colours of the waves. I am not sneering at them for these things. I read "In Memoriam" when I was in love, and liked it, and understood it a great deal better than I have been able to do since I came out of Love's dear bondage. To be in love is a delicious and an altogether admirable thing. I would be in love myself to-morrow if I could. You should be welcome to your foolish laugh at my raptures. Ah me! I shall never know those raptures any more; and the follies you will laugh at in me will be less noble, less tender, less innocently beautiful than those of young love. But to them, who were so sweet to each other, the moonlight was a revelation of marvellous sanctity, and the sea was holy by reason of their passionate hearts that hallowed it.

CHAPTER II.

INCIDENTAL mention has been made of the fact that Leland Junior engaged in a pronounced flirtation with a little Greek girl aboard the vessel wherein Barndale made love so stupidly and so successfully. It was out of this incident that the strange story which follows arose. It would not have been easy to tell that story without relating the episode just concluded; and when one has to be tragic it is well to soften the horrors by a little love-making, or some other such emollient. I regret to say that the little Greek girl—who was tyrannously pretty by the way—was as thorough-paced a little flirt as ever yet the psychic philosopher dissected. She had very large eyes, and very pretty lips, and a very saucy manner with a kind of inviting shyness in it. Jimmy Leland's time had not yet come, or I know no reason why he should not have succumbed to this charming young daughter of Hellas.

As it was, he flirted hugely, and cared not for her one copper half-penny. She was a little taken with him, and was naturally a little indiscreet. Otherwise surely she would never have consented to meet James at the Concordia Garden on the evening of their arrival at Constantinople. He had been in Constantinople before, and was "down to the ropes," as he preferred to say. He made his appointment with the young lady and kept it, slipping out from Misserie's, and leaving the other members of his party trifling with their dessert at that dreary *table d'hôte*, and lost in wonder at the execrable pictures which are painted in distemper upon the walls of that dismal *salle à manger*. He strolled down the Grande Rue de Pera, drank a liqueur at Valori's, and turned into the Concordia in the summer dusk. He sat down at one of the little wooden tables, and aired his Turkish before the waiter by orders for *vishnap*, *limoni*, and *attesh*. Then he crossed his legs, lit his cigar, and waited and watched for the little Greek lady. The little Greek lady came not; but in her stead, as he watched the entrance place, appeared the manly form of his chum Barndale, clad in loose white serge. Barndale caught sight of Leland almost at the moment of his own entrance, and took a seat beside him.

"Lilian has gone to bed," said Barndale, "and I came in here by accident. Glad I found you."

He looked about him with no great interest. The stream of people flowed round and round the little circle, and repeated itself once in five minutes or thereabouts, until he got to know nearly all the faces in the crowd. He noted one face especially, where many were notable. It was the face of a Greek of a very severe and commanding type, shadowed in some strange way by a look which made the owner of the face absolutely irritating to Barndale. There are some opposites in nature—human nature—which can only meet to hate each other. These two crossed glances once, and each was displeased with what he saw in the other. The Greek saw a handsome, good-natured, bronzed face, the thoughtful eyes whereof looked at him with an expression of curiosity and analysis. The Englishman saw a pair of languid eyes, which flashed instantaneous defiance and anger back to scrutiny. The Greek went by, and in his after passages looked no more at Barndale, who continued to watch him with an unaccountable, disliking regard. The crowd had completed its circle some half score of times, and Barndale missed his Greek from it. Turning to address Leland, he missed him too. He rose and mingled with the circling procession, and listened to the music of the band, and speculated idly on the people who surrounded him, as lazy

and unoccupied men will at times. Suddenly, in the shadow of the projecting orchestra, he caught sight of a figure which he fancied was familiar to him. Scarcely had he noticed it when it was joined by another figure, recognisable at once even in that deep shadow—Mr. James Leland. And the other personage was of course the pretty little Greek girl. "No affair of mine," said Barndale, who was slow to meddle, even in thought, with other people's doings; "but neither wise nor right on Jimmy's side." He walked round the little circle discontentedly, thinking this matter over with deepening displeasure. When he came to the orchestra again the handsome Greek was there, with an expression so devilish on his face that Barndale regarded him with amazement. Demetri Agrypoulo, salaried hanger-on to the Persian embassy, was glaring like a roused wild beast at these two shadowy figures in the shadow of the orchestra. The band was crashing away at the overture to "Tannhäuser," the people were laughing and chattering as they circled, and not an eye but Barndale's regarded this drama in the corner. The Greek's hand was in his bosom, where it clutched something with an ugly gesture. His face was in the sideway glare of the footlights which illumined the orchestra. Leland, all unconscious of observation, stooped above the girl and chatted with her. He had one arm about her waist. She was nestling up to him in a trustful sort of way. Barndale's eye was on the Greek, and every muscle in his body was ready for the spring which he knew might have to be made at any minute. Leland stooped lower, and kissed the face upturned to his. At that second the band gave its final crash, and dead silence fell. Out of that dead silence came a shriek of wrath, and hatred, and anguish from Demetri Agrypoulo's lips, and he leaped into the shadow with a hand upraised, and in the hand a blade that glittered as he raised it. One impulse seemed to shoot forth the jealous Greek and his watcher, and before Demetri Agrypoulo could form the faintest notion as to how the thing had happened, a sudden thunderbolt seemed launched against him, and he was lying all abroad with a sprained wrist. The stiletto flew clean over the wall, so swift and dexterous was the twist which Barndale gave the murderous hand that held it.

"Get the girl away," said Barndale rapidly to Leland. The crowd gathered round, alarmed, curious, eager to observe. Barndale helped the Greek to his feet. "Are you hurt?" he asked. Demetri glared at him, felt his sprained right wrist with his left hand, picked up his hat, shook off the dust from his disordered clothes, and went his way without a word. Barndale went his way also. The band

crashed out again, and the crowd once more began its circle. When a torpedo is lowered into the sea, the wound it makes in the water is soon healed. But the torpedo goes on and explodes by and by, with terrible likelihood of damage.

Barndale came down heavily on Leland, in the latter's bedroom at the hotel, that night.

"Well," said Jimmy, in sole answer to his friend's remonstrance and blame; "there's one thing about the matter which may be looked on as a dead certainty. The beggar would have had my blood if it hadn't been for you, old man. It's only one more good turn out of a million, Billy, but I sha'n't forget it."

With that he arose and shook Barndale's hand.

"What did you do with the girl?" asked Barndale.

"Took her home. The Bloke who had such strong objections to me is her sweetheart. He's engaged to her; but she says she hates him, and is afraid of him. She'll be more afraid of him now than ever, and with better reason. I suppose I shall have to stop here a time, and see that she isn't murdered. Suppose I went to that Greek sweep, Billy—I've got his address—and explained to him politely that it was all a mistake, and that I'm sorry I went poaching on his manor, and told him that if he liked to have a pot at me he'd be quite welcome! Dy'e think that would be of any use, old man?"

"Leave ill alone!" said Barndale, pulling solemnly away at his pipe.

"I can't," answered Leland. "That Cove's likelier to murder her than not, if he hasn't got me to murder. Look here, Billy, I'll marry the girl."

"Don't be a fool," said Barndale. "What do you know about the girl?"

"Lots," answered the imperturbable James. "Highly connected. Lots of tin. Character irreproachable. That elderly Bulgarian party, the Kesanlyk Attar of Roses man, knew all about her. The fat Bloke aboard the boat. You know."

"He won't hurt her," said Barndale, thinking of the Greek lover, "and you're well out of it. Why should you marry the girl? There's nothing worse than I know, is there?"

"There's nothing at all in it but that confounded meeting at the Concordia."

"Keep out of the way of the man in future," Barndale counselled his friend, "and leave him and his ladylove to make this matter up between them. That'll all blow over in time." With

that he said good night, and rose to go. At the door he turned and asked—

“Who is the man?”

Leland produced his pocket-book, searched for a page, found it, and handed it over to Barndale. There, in a delicate but tremulous hand, was written, “Demetri Agrypoulo, Hotel Misserie, Grande Rue de Pera.”

“He lives in this house,” said Barndale gravely. “Lock your door before you go to bed.”

Leland took his advice.

The next morning at *table d'hôte* they met the Greek. He was evidently well known at the table, and was popular. His right wrist was bandaged, and, in answer to many friendly inquiries, he said it had been sprained by a fall. He never looked at either Barndale or Leland, but chatted with his friends in a free and unembarrassed way which extorted the admiration of the two Englishmen, who were both somewhat silent and uncomfortable. But in Lilian's society it was not possible for Barndale to be gravely thoughtful just now. The business of the day was a trip to the Sweet Waters of Europe. Jimmy, who had been caught by that charming title on a former visit, proclaimed the show a swindle, and the Sweet Waters a dreary and dirty canal; but Lilian and her mother must needs go and see what everybody else went to see; and so an open vehicle having with infinitude of trouble been procured, and George Stamos, best of dragomans and staunchest of campaigning comrades, being engaged, Barndale and Leland mounted and rode behind the carriage. Papa Leland, in white serge and a big straw hat with a bigger pug-garee on it, winked benevolent in the dazzling sunlight. The party crawled along the Grande Rue, and once off its execrable pavement took the road at a moderately good pace, saw the sights, enjoyed the drive, and started for home again, very much disappointed with the Sweet Waters, and but poorly impressed with the environs of Constantinople on the whole. On the return journey an accident happened which sent grief to Barndale's soul.

Five or six years ago, wandering aimlessly in Venice, Barndale had an adventure. He met a sculptor, a young Italian, by name Antoletti, a man of astonishing and daring genius. This man was engaged on a work of exquisite proportions—“Madeline and Porphyro” he called it. He had denied himself the very necessities of life, as genius will, to buy his marble and to hire his studio. He had paid a twelvemonth's rent in advance, not daring to trust hunger with the money. He lived, poor fellow, by carving meerschaum

pipes for the trade, but he lived for "Madeline and Porphyro" and his art. It took Barndale a long time to get into this young artist's confidence; but he got there at last, and made a bid for "Madeline and Porphyro," and paid something in advance for it, and had the work completed. He sold it to a connoisseur at an amazing profit, handed that profit to young Antoletti, and made a man of him. "What can I do for you?" the artist asked him with all his grateful Italian soul on fire, and the tears sparkling in his beautiful Italian eyes. Barndale hesitated awhile: "You won't feel hurt," he said at length, "if I seem to ask too small a thing. I'm a great smoker, and I should like a *souvenir* now I'm going away. Would you mind carving me a pipe, now? It would be pleasant to have a trifle like that turned out by the hands of genius. I should prize it more than a statue." "Ah!" said Antoletti, beaming on him, "ah, signor! you shall have it. It shall be the last pipe I will ever carve, and I will remember you whilst I carve it." So the pipe was carved—a work of exquisitely intricate and delicate art. On the rear of the bowl, in view of the smoker, was a female face with a wreath of flowers about the forehead, and with flowers and grapes hanging down in graceful intermingling with flowing bands of hair. These flowers ran into ragged weeds and bedraggled-looking grasses on the other side, and from these grinned a death's head. In at the open mouth of the skull and out at the eyes, and wrapped in sinuous windings at the base, coiled a snake. The pipe was not over large, for all its wealth of ornamentation. Barndale had hung over it when he smoked it first with the care of an affectionate nurse over a baby. It had rewarded his cares by colouring magnificently until it had grown a deep equable ebony everywhere. Not a trace of burn or scratch defaced its surface, and no touch of its first beauty was destroyed by use. Apart from its memories, Barndale would not have sold that pipe except at some astounding figure, which nobody would ever have been likely to bid for it. The precious *souvenir* was in his pocket, snug in its case. In an evil hour he drew it out, tenderly filled it and lit it. He and Leland were riding at a walk, and there seemed no danger, when suddenly his horse shied violently, and with the shock crash went Barndale's teeth through the delicate amber, and the precious pipe fell to the roadway. Barndale was down in a second, and picked it up in two pieces. The stem was broken within an inch of the marvellous bowl. He lamented over it with a chastened grief which here and there a smoker and an enthusiast will understand. The pathos of the situation may be caviare to the general, but the true amateur in pipes will sympathise with him. X

have an ugly old meerschaum of my own which cheered me through a whole campaign, and, poor as I am, I would not part with it or break it for the price of this story.

Barndale was displaying his mangled darling to Papa Leland in the *salle à manger*, when Demetri Agryopoulo came in with a friend and went out again after a stay of two or three minutes. Barndale did not notice him, but Jimmy met him point blank at the door, and made way for him to pass. The two friends crossed over to Stamboul and went to the bazaar with their dragoman, and there chattered with a skilled old Turkish artificer who asked just ten times what he meant to take for the job, and finally took it at only twice his bottom price. A silver band was all it needed to restore it, and it was promised that the work should be done and the pipe ready to be called for at noon on the morrow. It chanced that as the friends left the bazaar they ran full against their Greek enemy, who raised his hat with well dissembled rage, and stalked on. The Greek by ill hap passed the stall of the man to whom the precious pipe had been entrusted. Barndale had smoked this remarkable pipe that morning in the Greek's view in the reading-room, and Demetri knew it again at a glance. It lay there on the open stall in its open case. Now Demetri Agryopoulo was not a thief, and would have scorned theft under common circumstances. But, for revenge, and its sweet sake, there was no baseness to which he would not stoop. The stall's phlegmatic proprietor drowsed with the glass mouthpiece of his narghilly between his lips. The opposite shops were empty. Not a soul observed. Demetri Agryopoulo put forth his hand and seized the pipe. The case closed with a little snap, the whole thing went like lightning into his breast pocket, and he sauntered on. He had heard Barndale's lament to Leland Senior. "I wouldn't have done it," said Barndale, "for a hundred pounds—for five hundred. It was the most valued *souvenir* I have." So Agryopoulo Bey marched off happy in his revengeful mind.

There was quite a whirlwind of emotion in the old Turk's stall at noon on the following day. The precious wonderful pipe, the *souvenir* of dead Antoletti, greatest of modern sculptors, had disappeared, none could say whither. The old Turk was had up before the British Consul; but his character for honesty, his known wealth, the benevolence of his character, his own good honest old face, all pleaded too strongly for him. He was ordered to pay the price set on the pipe; but Barndale refused to take a price for it, and the old artificer and tradesman thereupon thanked him with flowing and beautiful Oriental courtesy. It was settled that the pipe had been

stolen from the stall by some passer-by, but, as a matter of course, no suspicion fell upon the Greek. Why should it?

When the time came for the little party to leave Constantinople, and to take the boat for Smyrna, Barndale and his friend went first aboard with packages of Eastern produce bought for Lilian; and Lilian herself with her father and mother followed half-an-hour later, under the care of the faithful George, whom I delight to remember. The Greek was aboard when the two young Englishmen reached the boat. To their surprise he addressed them. Lifting his hat formally he said, in admirable English:

"Gentlemen, our quarrel is not over, but it can wait for a little time. We shall meet again."

With that he bowed and turned away. Leland ran after him, and, uncovering, stood bareheaded before him.

"I owe you an apology," he said. "I am extremely sorry and very much ashamed of my part in the quarrel."

"I care little for your shame," said Demetri Agrypoulo, with his voice quite low and calm and his eyes ablaze. "I do not care about your shame, but you shall live to be more sorry than you are."

He went down the ladder by the side of the boat, and was pulled away in a caique. As he went he laughed to himself, and pulled out Barndale's pipe—remembrancer of his mean triumph, since repaired by his own hands. He filled and lit it, smoking calmly as the sturdy caiquejee pulled him across the Golden Horn. Suddenly the caique fouled with another, and there came a volley of Turkish oaths and objurgations. The Greek looked up, and saw Miss Leland in the other boat. Her eyes were fixed upon him and the pipe. He passed his hand lazily over the bowl and took the pipe indolently from his lips, and addressed himself to the caiquejee. The boats got clear of each other. Lilian, coming aboard the boat, could not get speech with Barndale until the steamer was well under way. By then, she had time to think the matter over, and had come to the conclusion that she would say nothing about it. For, womanlike, she was half jealous of the pipe, and she was altogether afraid of two things—first, that Barndale would leave her to go back to Constantinople; and next, that the Greek and he would enter on a deadly quarrel. For she had a general belief that all Orientals were bloodthirsty. But the meerschaum pipe was not yet done with, and it played its part in a tragedy before its tale was fully told.

CHAPTER III.

THE English party reached London in the middle of July, and made haste out of it—Lilian and her elders to peaceful Suffolk, where they had a house they visited rarely; and her lover and her brother to Thames Ditton, where these two inseparables took a house-boat, aboard which they lived in Bohemian and barbaric ease, like rovers of the deep. Here they fished, and swam, and boated, and grew daily more and more mahogany coloured beneath the glorious summer sun. They cooked their own steaks, and ate with ravenous appetites, and enjoyed themselves like the two wholesome young giants they were, and grew and waxed in muscle, and appetite, and ruddiness until a city clerk had gone wild with envy, beholding them. Their demands for beer amazed the landlord of the historic "Swan," and their absorption of steaks left the village butcher in astonishment.

But in the midst of all this a purpose came upon Barndale quite suddenly one day as he lay beneath the awning, intent on doing nothing. He had not always been a wealthy man. There had been a time when he had had to write for a living, or, at least, to eke a not over-plentiful living out. At this time his name was known to the editors of most magazines. He had written a good deal of graceful verse, and one or two pretty idyllic stories, and there were people who looked very hopefully on him as a rising light of literature. His sudden accession to wealth had almost buried the poor taper of his genius when the hands of Love triumphant took it suddenly at the time of that lazy lounge beneath the awning, and gave it a chance once more. He was meditating, as lovers will, upon his own unworthiness and the all-worthy attributes of the divine Lilian. And it came to him to do something—such as in him lay—to be more worthy of her. "I often used to say," he said now within himself, "that if I had time and money I would try to write a comedy. Well then, here goes. Not one of the flimsy Byron or Burnand frivolities, but a comedy with heart in it, and motive in it, and honest, patient labour."

So, all on fire with this laudable ambition, he set to work at once. The plot had been laid long since, in the old impecunious hard-working days. He revised it now and strengthened it. Day after day the passers by upon the silent highway came in sight of this bronzed young giant under his awning, with a pipe in his mouth and a vast bottle by his side, and beheld him enthusiastically scrawling,

or gazing with fixed eye at nothing in particular on the other side of the river. Once or twice being caught in the act of declaiming fragments of his dialogue, by easy-going scullers who pulled silently round the side of the house-boat, he dashed into the interior of that aquatic residence with much precipitation. At other times his meditations were broken in upon by the cheery invitations and restless invasions of a wild tribe of the youth of Twickenham and its neighbourhood who had a tent in a field hard by, and whose joy at morning, noon, and night, was beer. These savages had an accordion and a penny whistle and other instruments of music wherewith to make the night unbearable and the day a heavy burthen. They were known as "The Tribe of the Scorchers," and were a happy and a genial people, but their presence was inimical to the rising hopes of the drama. Nevertheless, Barndale worked, and the comedy grew little by little towards completion. James, outwardly cynical regarding it, was inwardly delighted. He believed in Barndale with a full and firm conviction; and he used to read his friend's work at night, or listen to it when Barndale read, with internal enthusiasm and an exterior of coolness. Barndale knew him through and through, and in one scene in the comedy had drawn the better part of him to the life. Hearing this scene read over, it occurred to the genial youth himself that he would like to play the part.

"Billy, old man," said he, "I think Sir What's-his-name there's about my style of man. Before you put that immortal work upon the public stage you'd better try an amateur performance carefully rehearsed. You play George Rondel. I'll play Sir What's-his-name. Easily fill up the other characters. Ladies from London. Week's rehearsals. Bring it out at your own place at Christmas."

Barndale caught at this idea so eagerly that he sat down that evening and wrote to a London manager requesting him to secure the services of three famous actresses, whom he named, for the first week of the next year. He stipulated also for the presence of a competent stage manager through the whole week, and promised instructions with respect to scenery, and so forth, later on. In his enthusiasm he drew up a list of critics and authors to invite, and he and Leland straightway began to study their respective parts. It was getting near the end of August now, and the evenings began to close in rapidly. The river was quite deserted as a rule by eight o'clock, and then the two friends used to rehearse one especial scene. There was a quarrel in this scene which, but for the intervening hand of the *deus ex machinâ*, bade fair to be deadly. When, after repeated trials, they warmed to their work, and got hold of something like the

passion of their part, a listener might have acquitted them of all play-acting, and broken in himself to prevent bloodshed. For they both started from the assumption that the tones of the stage must be gradually built up into power from those used in ordinary speech, and so they avoided the least taint of staginess, and were on their way to become rather better actors than the best we have just now.

Leland's temperament was not of a nature to persuade him to perpetual effort in any direction ; and so, whilst Barndale worked, the other distinguished amateur relieved vacuity with billiards. It got into a settled habit with him at last to leave Barndale nightly at his comedy, and to return to the house-boat at an hour little short of midnight. He would find Barndale still at work writing by the light of a lamp grown dim with incrustations of self-immolated insects. Moths fluttered to this light in incredible numbers, and literal thousands of lives were thus sacrificed nightly at the drama's shrine. It was nearly midnight, and as black as a wolf's mouth, when Leland sculled up from the "Swan" to spend his last night but one aboard the house-boat.

"Billy, old man," he cried, bursting in suddenly ; "look here ! Ain't I in for it now ? Read this !"

He handed to his friend a letter which Barndale read in silence.

"This is awkward," the latter said after a long, grave pause.

Leland sat in constrained solemnity for awhile, but by-and-by a genial grin spread over his features, and he chuckled in deep enjoyment.

"It's a lark for all that, Billy. We shall have the noble Demetri here next, I suppose. Let's hire him for the great Christmas show. 'Signor Demetri Agryopoulo will appear in his great stiletto trick, frustrated by Billy Barndale, the Bounding Brother of the Bosphorus.'"

"What is to be done ?" said Barndale, ignoring his companion's flippancies.

"Yes," said Leland, sitting down and growing suddenly grave. "What's to be done ? Read the letter out, Billy, and let's consider the thing seriously."

Barndale read aloud.

"My very dear Friend,—At what time you was at Constantinople, when trouble came, you made promise that you would not forget me if my poor Demetri should trouble about you. When you last wrote to me this was made again—the promise. My life for not one moment is safe. My aunt is dead and my possessions are now mine,

but there is no friend in all the world. Demetri is mad. Of him I know not when I am safe. I fly then to London, where all is safe. But there it is not possible that I should be alone. If there is any lady in the circle of your knowledge who would be kind with me, and permit that I should live with her, it will have for ever my gratitude. I shall go as of old to the Palace Hotel at Westminster. Two days beyond this letter I shall be there.

“Always your friend,

“THECLA PERZIO.”

After the reading of this epistle, the friends sat in silence, regarding each other with grave looks. In the silence they could hear the river lapping against the bank, and the rustling of the boughs on the roof, and the moaning and sighing of the wind. But they could not hear the suppressed breathing of Demetri Agrypoulo where he stood knee-deep in water below the house-boat window, listening to their talk. Yet there he stood, not knowing that he was not on dry land; drunk with rage and jealousy; with murder plainly written in his heart and eyes, and all his blood on fire. He threw his soul into his ears, and listened.

“This letter has been a long time on its way, surely,” said Barndale, referring to the date. “It can’t take three weeks to bring a letter from Constantinople.”

“Where’s the envelope?” asked Leland. “Look at that, and see what the London date is.”

The home stamp made it clear that the letter had reached England ten days back.

“My man brought it down this afternoon, the lazy scamp!” said Leland. “He has never been near those blessed chambers since I left till now. A pile of letters came together, but I took no notice.”

“Listen to me,” said Barndale. “You have done harm enough in this matter already, Jimmy, and you must do no more. You must keep clear of her. I will send her down to my sister for a time. Sophy is a good girl, and will be glad to have a companion whilst I am away. I will go up to town to-morrow and see Miss Perzio. You stay here. I shall either wire to you or come back in the evening.”

The weather had been hot and clear for weeks together, and the traditions of English summer were preparing to enforce themselves by the common thunderstorm. The wind moaned in swift and sudden gusts, and the distant thunder rumbled threateningly. The listener *outside* misheard this speech thus:

"You will be glad of a companion whilst I am away. I will go up to town to-morrow and see Miss Perzio."

He ground his teeth, and clenched his hands, and held himself in resolute silence, fighting against the instinct which prompted him to cry aloud and dash in upon the two, and either slay them both, or sell his own life, then and there. But reflecting on the certainty of defeat, unarmed as he was, and dreading to declare himself too soon, and so put his enemy upon his guard, he fought the instinct down. Yet so strong was it upon him that he knew that sooner or later it would master him. He waded to the shore and crept along the field in the thick darkness, groping his way with both hands. Turning, he could see the dull gleam of the river, and the house-boat bulking black against it. He stood watching, whilst within and without the storm swept swiftly up. Dead silence. Then a creeping whisper in the grass at his feet and in the trees about him, but no wind. Then the slow dropping of heavy rain—drop, drop, drop—like blood. Then a fierce and sudden howl from the wind, like some hoarse demon's signal, and the storm began. But what a puny storm was that which raged outside could one have seen the tempest in this murderous soul! Not all the tones of great material nature's diapason could find this tortured spirit voice enough. Yet to find the very heavens in tune with his mood brought the Greek to a still madder ecstasy of passion.

At such times the mind, fearful for herself, catches at phrases and fancies, as drowning men catch at straws. So now, with terrible irrelevance, his mind caught at the simple couplet:—

Nenni, nenni, vattienne, non me stà chiù' à seccar
Sta rosa che pretienne non la sto manco à gardar!

There was nothing for the mind to hold to here except that it was the last song the runaway Thecla had sung to him. He did not remember this, and had only a half consciousness of the words themselves. But in this mad whirl of the spiritual elements the mind was glad to cling to anything, and turned the refrain over, and over, and over.

Nenni, nenni, vattienne, non me stà chiù' à seccar
Sta rosa che pretienne non la sto manco à gardar!

Rain, and wind, and thunder, and lightning, had their time without and within. Peace came to the summer heavens, and the pale stars took the brief night with beauty. But to the firmament of his soul no star of peace returned. There dwelt night and chaos. If his passion were blind, the blindness was wilful. For he saw clearly the *end* of what he meant to do, and chose it. Whatever his love might

have been worth, he had been robbed of it, and for him life ended there. He was but an automaton of vengeance now.

So having set resolve before him, and having done with it, he went his way. His plan was long since laid, and was simple enough. Demetri Agrypoulo was not the man to perplex himself with details until the time came for them to be useful. When that time came he could rely upon himself for invention. And so his plan was simply to take James Leland alone, and then and there to put an end to him. He had taken a room in a river-side public-house near Kingston, and thither he walked. He made some grim excuse for the lateness of the hour and his bedraggled garments to the drowsy ostler who had sat up for him, and calmed the drowsy ostler's grumbles by a gift of half a crown. Then he drank a glass of neat brandy, and went to bed and slept like an innocent child.

Next morning he was up early, ate a cheerful breakfast, delighted his host with foreign affabilities, paid his bill, and went away by train to London. Leaving his luggage in a cloak-room at the station, he took a stroll about town, dropping into public-houses here and there, and drinking terrible brandy. At home he drank *mastica*, as Englishmen drink beer, and brandy was insipid as water to his palate, and had just now almost as little effect upon his head. Demetri Agrypoulo had discovered the one secret of the true dissembler, that he who controls his features controls his mind. A man who can put a smile on his face while torments rack him, can thereby calm the torments. The resolute will which arrests the facial expression of grief or rage, allays the grief or rage. He went about with an aspect of calm *insouciance*, and therefore with a feeling of calm and ease within. Yet he was like one who walks with a madman, knowing that, if his own courage should for one instant seem to waver, the maniac will be upon him. In his journey to town he had been alone, and between one station and another he had opened his portmanteau and had taken therefrom a small breech-loading revolver and a stiletto. He laid his hand upon these now and again, and smiled to himself.

The afternoon grew into evening. He took train to Wimbledon, and thence struck across country in the direction of the house-boat. He skirted the village with its straggling lights, and made his way across the fields to the river side. Nearing the boat cautiously, he ensconced himself in the bushes on the bank, and watched and listened. There were two voices audible. Barndale and Leland were engaged in serious and indeed in angry talk. There was a woman in the question apparently, and it would seem that the friends were quarrelling concerning her. But the Greek soon heard enough to

convince him that this woman was not Thecla Perzio. The voices grew louder, and some open breach of the peace seemed imminent. The friends were rehearsing their own especial scene in Barndale's comedy.

It becomes necessary to this history at this point to set forth the fact that one Hodges, resident in the village, had within an hour of this time received intelligence of the straying of a cow. This man was a yokel of no interest to us, apart from this one episode in his career. He had supplied the inmates of the house-boat with new milk and fresh butter from the time of their first coming. And it was he who had set afloat a report, not unknown at the historic "Swan," to the effect that "for all so sweet as them two young gents did go about wⁱ one another, they was a naggin' like blazes every night." He came by now, driving his recovered cow before him, and passed within a foot of the Greek, who lay as still as death in the brushwood. The quarrel, when at its height, ceased suddenly, and the voices fell so low that neither Hodges nor the Greek could hear anything more than a murmur. The amateurs were criticising the dialogue and its rendering over pipes and beer.

"Well," said Hodges, addressing vacancy, "if theer ain't murder afore long, it *is* a pity."

Then the bovine Hodges went his way. Events supplied him with an excitement which lasted him for life; and the younger Hodges, who has succeeded to his father's cows and remembrances, will not willingly let die the story of his progenitor's association with this tragic tale.

The Greek lay hidden in the bushes, and listened to the soft retreating steps in the field and the murmur of voices in the boat. By-and-by the door opened, and the friends appeared.

"I shall not come back by the late train now, Jimmy," Barndale said, as he placed a small portmanteau in the dingy. "You had better come down with me to the 'Swan' and scull up again."

"No," said Leland, unconscious of the impending fate, "I'll walk down for the boat to-morrow. If I get down there to-night I shall stay, and I want to write some letters. Good-bye, old fellow. Send us a line in the morning."

"All right," said Barndale. "Good-bye."

The sculls dipped, and he shot into the darkness. For a few minutes we follow Barndale. He pulled down stream rapidly, for the train by which he intended to reach town was already nearly due. There was nobody at the landing place. He fastened the boat, and, seizing his small portmanteau, dashed at full speed into the road, ran

all the way to the station, and threw himself into the train panting, and just in time. At the bottom of the station steps he had spilt a countryman, to whom he threw out a hurried apology. The countryman was Mr. Hodges.

The Greek listened until the measured beat of Barndale's sculls had lost itself in silence. Then he crept forward from the bushes, stepped lightly to the margin of the stream, laid both hands on a sturdy branch which drooped above the house-boat, and swung himself light as a feather to the after deck. The door of the rear room, which served the inmates as a kitchen, was unsecured and open. He passed through, pistol in hand, and trod the matted floor stealthily, drawn and guided by the tiny beam of light which issued from the interstice between it and the doorway. With the motion of the boat the door beat idly and noiselessly to and fro, so that the beam was cut off at regular intervals, and at regular intervals again shone forth, keeping time with the Greek's noiseless footsteps, and his beating heart and his bated breath, and altogether taking to itself that importance and force which trifles always have in moments of intense passion or suffering. Even yet he would not let the madman within him loose. Even yet he would hold him back until he saw the object of his hate and rage, and then——

The door swung to and fro gently, and the Greek approached it with his hand, when suddenly the unconscious Leland from within banged it to noisily and fixed the hasp. Then with one resolute action Demetri threw it back and stepped into the doorway, pistol in hand. Leland rose and turned. He saw the Greek, and read murder in his face, and dashed himself upon him. But the murderous hand was quick and true. One shot rang out, and Leland, with outcast arms, fell backwards. The Greek, with a hand on the table, looked down upon him. Not a struggle or a groan stirred the prone figure. Demetri threw the revolver through the open window, and heard the splash with which it fell into the water. He drew the stiletto from his bosom, and threw that after it. Then closing the door lightly, and stepping still on tiptoe as though he feared to wake that prone figure from its awful sleep, he swung himself on shore again.

"Our rustic friend," he said to himself as he stood and looked upon the boat, bulking black against the dull gleam of the river, like some uncouth animal standing at the bank and peering landward with fiery eyes, "our rustic friend may not forget his prophecy."

Therewith he went his way again, and the darkness shrouded him.

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT should bring fashion, and wealth, and beauty in one charming person up to London from the country at the latter end of August? The town house long since dismantled for the grand tour now finished—the charms of the season abandoned for peaceful Suffolk—why should Lilian care to return thus at the fag end of London's feast of folly? Has the bronzed and bearded Barndale anything to do with it? Lady Dives Luxor gives a ball; and Lady Dives, being Lilian's especial patroness and guardian angel and divinity, insists on Lilian being present thereat. This ball is designed as the crowning festivity of a brilliant year; and to Lilian, blest with youth and beauty and high spirits, and such a splendid lover, shall it not be a night to remember until the grey curtain fall on the close of the last season, and nothing is any more remembered? But a cloud of sadness settles on Lilian's charming face when she misses the bronzed and bearded. Lady Dives knows all about the engagement, and is enthusiastic over it; and, when Lilian has a second's time to snatch an inquiry concerning the absent one, she answers, "He has never been near me once. I wrote him a special note, and told him you were coming. He will be here." So Lady Dives strives to chase the cloud. Barndale does not come, having never, in point of fact, received that special note which Lady Dives had despatched to him. So the ball is a weariness, and Lilian goes back with mamma to the hotel with quite drooping spirits. She makes excuses for the absent Barndale, but fancies all manner of things in her feminine fashion, preferring to believe in fevers and boat accidents and other horrors rather than think that a valet has been lazy or a postman inaccurate.

Papa Leland, who is here to take care of his womankind, has ideas of his own on some matters.

"Hang your swell hotels," says Papa Leland; "I always stop at the Westminster. It's near the House, and quite convenient enough for anywhere."

It was thus that Lilian found herself under the same roof with Thecla Perzio, who lived there with a sore and frightened heart, waiting for that shallow lover who had caught her in love's toils, and broken up her life for her, and who now left her poor appeal unanswered.

Poor indiscreet little Thecla had a suite of rooms on the first

floor, and lived alone within them with her Greek maid, and agonised. She was for ever peering furtively through the door when any manly step sounded in the corridor, but she never saw the form she waited for. But it chanced, the morning after the ball, that she opened her door and looked out upon the corridor at the sound of Papa Leland's footstep. Papa Leland went by briskly; but Lilian caught sight of her and knew her in a moment, and stayed to speak. The two girls had been too closely engaged with their respective love-makings to form any very close acquaintance with each other; but during a week's imprisonment on board ship the friendships of women, and especially of young and gentle-hearted women, advance very rapidly. They had parted with a great deal of mutual liking, and met again now with mutual pleasure. In a minute Lilian was seated in the poor little Greek's big and dreary parlour. She was a proud creature was little Thecla, and would not chatter with her maid. She had given nobody her confidence; and now, having once confessed that she was unhappy, she broke out, with her pretty head on Lilian's lap, and had a grand, refreshing, honest cry. That over, she set forth her story. She told how Demetri was madly, foolishly jealous; how he had tried to murder the gentleman of whom he was jealous; and how at last, finding herself alone in the world, and being afraid of Demetri, she had sought an asylum in England. She did not say of whom Demetri was jealous, and Lilian had not the remotest notion of the truth. It very soon came out, however; and then Lilian was sore afraid for Thecla Perzio's happiness. She had no great belief in her brother. She loved him very much; but she was dimly afraid that James was an impracticable and unmarriageable man, a person who could set all the wiles and all the tenderness of the sex at calm defiance—a born bachelor. And, besides that, being, in spite of her many charms and virtues, an Englishwoman, she had a natural and ridiculous objection to the marriage of any person whom she valued to any other person of foreign blood, excepting in the case of British royalty, in whose foreign matches she felt unfeigned delight—wherefore, Heaven, perchance, knoweth. But then Lilian was not a woman of a logical turn of mind; she was inconsistent and amiable, as good girls always are; and, being strongly opposed to marriages of this kind in general, determined to lay herself out, heart and soul, for the prosperity of this particular arrangement. So she kissed Thecla vivaciously, and went to mamma, and persuaded that estimable lady to a visit to Thames Ditton in search of James. Mamma, having regard to the missing Barndale, and being in some matronly alarm for him, consented, and the two set out together.

Barndale in the meantime had gone to his own chambers, and had there smoked many deliberative and lonely pipes. When he came near to the enterprise he had so readily undertaken in his friend's behalf, he began to feel signally nervous and uncomfortable about it. Of course he did not for one moment think of resigning it; but he was puzzled, and in his bewilderment retired within himself to concoct a plan of action. Having definitely failed in this attempt, he resolved to go off at once without preparation, and ask at the hotel for Miss Perzio, and then a round, unvarnished tale deliver. This resolution formed, he started at once and hurried, lest it should break by the way. Lilian and he were within twenty yards of each other, neither of them knowing it, when his cab dashed up to the door of the hotel.

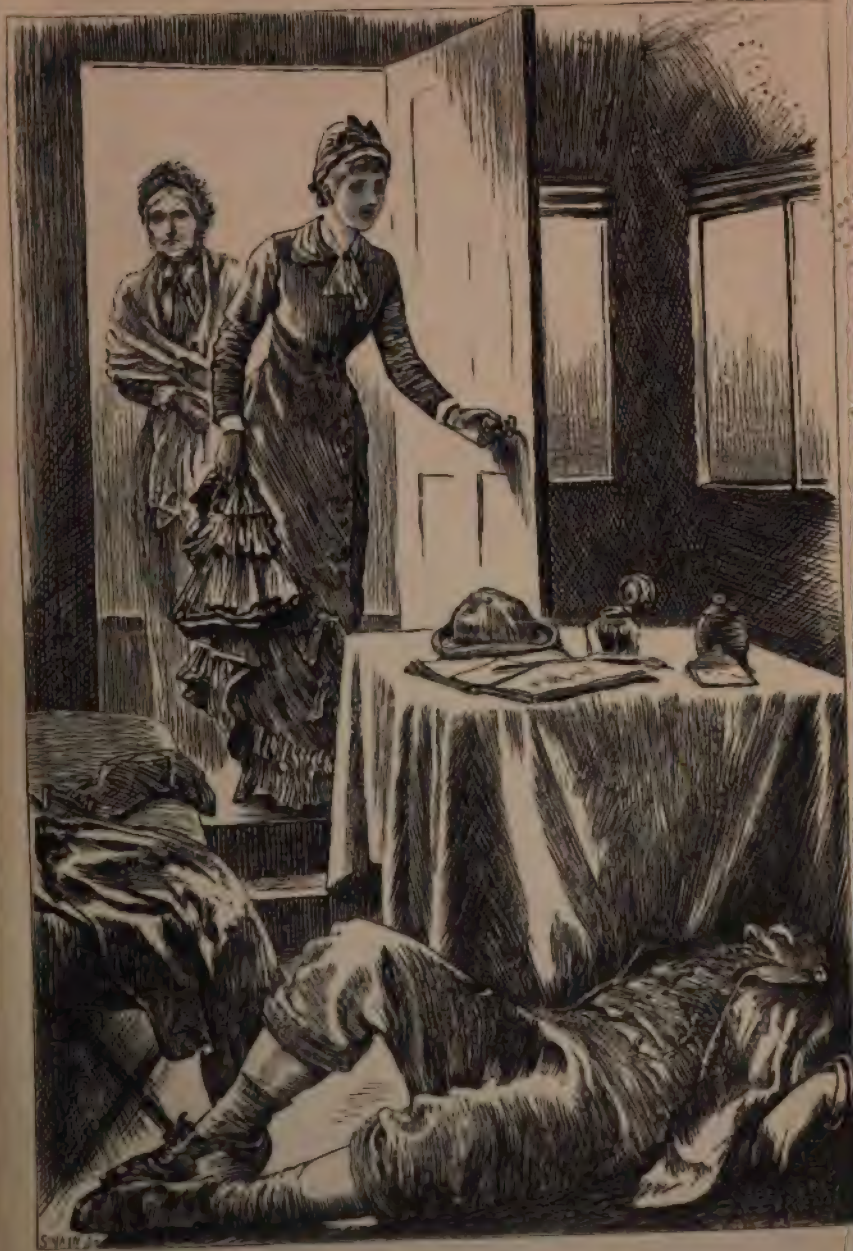
Lilian knew the house-boat and its ways. One of the Amphibia of Ditton conveyed the two ladies in a capacious boat to the aquatic residence of the two friends. Lilian stepped lightly to the fore deck, and assisted mamma from the boat.

"They are both away," said Lilian, smiling and blushing. "And the careless creatures have left the doors open. We will wait for them and give them a surprise."

The two women, full of fluttering complacency, entered the living room. Lilian went first, and fell upon her knees with a sudden shriek, beholding the prone figure on the floor; the mother darted to her side, saw and partly understood, whipped out a vinaigrette, seized a caraffe of water, and applied those innocent restoratives at once. Neither mother nor daughter had time to think of anything worse than a fainting fit, until Lilian, who had taken her brother's head upon her lap, found blood upon her hands. Then she turned white to the very lips, and tore open the blue serge coat and waistcoat. The white flannel shirt beneath was caked with blood. The two women moaned, but not a finger faltered. They opened the shirt tenderly, and there, on the right breast, saw a dull blue stain with a crimson thread in the middle of it. A gunshot wound looks to unaccustomed eyes altogether too innocent a thing to account for death or even for serious danger. But the cold pallor of the face and body, the limp and helpless limbs betokened something terrible.

"Take his poor head, mamma," cried Lilian; and she darted from the cabin to the deck. The boatman was lounging quietly in the boat some thirty yards down stream. She called to him aloud—

"Go for a doctor. My brother is dying here. Be quick, be quick, be quick!" she almost screamed as the man stared at her. Understanding at last, the fellow snatched up his sculls and dashed through the water. Lilian flew back to her brother; and while the two women,



'They are both away,' said Lillian.



not knowing what to do further, sat supporting the helpless head together, a man leapt aboard.

"You called for a doctor, madam," he said quietly. "I am a surgeon. Permit me to assist you."

The women made way for him. He was a youngish man, with a sunburnt complexion and grey hair, a gentleman beyond denial, and beyond doubt self-possessed and accustomed to obedience. They trusted him at once. He raised the recumbent figure to a couch, and then looked at the wound. He turned over the lappel of the coat and glanced at it. He had a habit of speaking to himself.

"Pistol shot," he muttered. "Close quarters. Coat quite burned. Decimal three-fifty or thereabouts I fancy from the look of it. Ah, here it is! Have you a penknife or a pair of scissors, madam? That small knife will do. Thank you."

A dexterous touch, and from the little gaping lips carved by the penknife's point in the muscle of the back rolled out a flattened piece of lead with jagged edges like a battered shilling, but a trifle thicker.

"Yes," said the surgeon, laying it on the table; "decimal three-fifty. What's this? Wound on the head. Your handkerchief, please. Cold water. Thank you."

His busy and practised hands were at work all the while.

"Now, ladies, wait here for a few moments. I must bring help."

"Stop one minute!" cried the mother. "Is he in danger?"

"Grave danger."

"Will he die?"

"Not if I can help it." And with that the stranger leaped on shore, and ran like a racehorse across the fields and into the nearest house, where he turned out the residents in a body, and made them unship a five-barred gate. There were plenty of cushions in the boat, and he wasted no time in getting others. The helpers beaten up by the doctor worked with a will; and one ran off in advance and seized upon a punt belonging to the Campers Out, and set it at the end of the house-boat, towards the shore. Over this they bore Leland, and laid him on the cushions which the doctor had arranged upon the gate. Then they carried him into the "Swan" and got him to bed there.

Lilian and her mother, trembling and struggling with their tears, followed the bearers. The crowd which always accompanies disaster, even in a village, made its comments as the melancholy little *cortège* went along, and Lilian could not fail to overhear. Hodges was there.

"I know'd what it ud come to," proclaimed Hodges loudly

"They was a naggin' every night, like mad, they was. I told you all what it ud come to."

"So a did," said others in the crowd. Then some one asked "Where's t'other chap?" and in the murmur Lilian heard her lover's name again and again repeated.

She knew well enough—she could not fail to know—the meaning of the murmurs; but she started as though she had been struck when Hodges said aloud, so that all might hear—

"They was a naggin' again last night, an' then ther was a shot; and then ten minutes arterwards that Barndale bolts and knocks me over at the bottom o' the station steps. What's all that pint to?"

"Oh," said another, "there can't be no mortal shadder of a doubt who done it!"

For a moment these cruel words turned her faint; but the swift reaction of certainty and resolve which followed them nerved her and braced her for all the troublous times to come. She waited calmly until all had been done that could be done. Then when the doctor had left his patient, she took him apart.

"My brother has been wounded by a pistol shot?" she asked him very bravely and steadily. The doctor nodded. "I must find out who did it," she went on, looking him full in the face with her hazel eyes.

"The people here seem to suspect a Mr.——"

She snatched the word out of the doctor's mouth.

"My brother's dearest friend, sir. Why, sir, they would have died for each other."

"As you would for one of them," said the doctor to himself.

"You have experience in these matters, sir. Will you help me to examine the boat? There will surely be something there to help us to track the criminal."

The doctor had but the poorest opinion of this scheme. "But, yes," he said, he would go, and then fell to thinking aloud. "Poor thing. Wonderfully plucky. Bears it well. Brother half killed. Lover suspected. Go! Of course I'll go. Why the devil shouldn't I?" And he marched along unconscious of his own utterances or of the heightened colour and the look of momentary surprise in Lilian's face. "Pretty girl, too," said the doctor, in audible thought. "Devilish pretty! Good girl, I should fancy. Like the looks of her. Hard lines, poor thing—hard lines!"

They reached the bank and walked across the punt into the house-boat. As she entered the door Lilian gave a cry, and dashed at the table; then turned and held up before the doctor's eyes a

meerschaum pipe—the identical Antoletti meerschaum stolen in the Stamboul Bazaar by Demetri Agryopoulo.

“This is it!” she gasped. “The clue! Oh, it is certain! It is true! Who else could have wished him ill?”

Then she told the doctor the story of the pipe. She told her tale in verbal lightning. Every sentence flashed forth a fact; and in sixty seconds or thereabouts the doctor was a man convinced.

But meantime where was Barndale? Poor Leland could tell them nothing. For many a day he would bear no questioning. Could her lover, Lilian asked herself, have started for the ball last night, and come to any damage by the way?

“Here is a letter,” said the doctor, quietly taking up something from the table. “A lady’s handwriting. Postmark, Constantinople.”

He drew the letter from its envelope and read it coolly as if he had a right to read it.

“The story is clear enough,” he said. “The lady is in London. Your brother knew of her presence there. The Greek you speak of has followed her. The pipe proves his presence here. But how did he find out with whom the lady was in correspondence?”

“That I cannot guess,” said Lilian.

It had been late in the afternoon when Lilian and her mother reached the house-boat first. Twilight had fallen when the doctor and the girl started to walk back together. Lilian, turning to look at the house-boat as they went, seized the doctor by the shoulder. He turned and looked at her. She pointed to a figure in the fields.

“The Greek!” she whispered.

She was right. Demetri Agryopoulo had come back again with twilight to the scene of his crime, drawn by an impulse, passionate, irresistible, supreme.

The doctor ran straight for him, leaping the hedge like a deer. Lilian, mad with the excitement of the moment, followed she knew not how. Demetri Agryopoulo turned and awaited the arrival of these two onward-rushing figures calmly. The doctor laid a hand upon him.

“I arrest you on a charge of murder,” he said, gasping for breath.

“Bah!” said Demetri Agryopoulo quietly, and threw the doctor’s hand aside.

The doctor seized him again, but he was spent and breathless. The Greek threw him off as if he had been a child.

“Are you mad?” he asked. “What murder? Where? When?”

“My brother’s murder, here, last night,” panted Lilian, and flung herself, a mouse against a mountain, on the Greek, and grappled with

him, and actually bore him to the ground. But before the doctor could lend a hand to aid her, Demetri was on his feet again, and with one bound sprang into a little skiff which lay with its nose upon the bank. He swung one of the sculls about his head, and shouted, "Stand back!" But the doctor watched his time, and dashed in upon him, and before he knew it was struggling in the water, whilst Demetri in the skiff was a score of yards away tugging madly for the further shore. The doctor scrambled to the bank and ran up and down the riverside looking for another boat. But he found none, and the Greek was already growing dim in the twilight mist. And again Demetri Agryopoulo went his own way, and the darkness shrouded him.

CHAPTER V.

THECLA PERZIO received Barndale with much shyness and embarrassment; and he, seeing that she was a good deal afraid of him, plucked up courage and treated her rather wilfully. He insisted on her going down to his sister at his own house in Surrey and staying there under the old maid's chaperonage, at least until such time as she should be able to find another suitable companion. The more Thecla found herself overpowered by this masterful son of Anak, the more she felt resigned, and comfortable, and peaceful, and safe. Barndale, like the coward he was, felt his power and took advantage of it. He would have no "nay" on any grounds, but exacted immediate obedience. To make things smoother he set out that afternoon for Surrey, saw his sister, talked her into a great state of sympathy for little Thecla, and brought her back to town by the next morning's train. Then, having introduced the ladies to each other, he left them and went to his own chambers in King's Bench Walk. Arrived there he stooped at the keyhole, finding some trifle or other there opposing his latch-key. The key-hole was half filled with putty. Barndale never lost his temper. "Some genius takes this for a joke, I suppose," he murmured philosophically, and proceeded by the aid of a pocket corkscrew to clear the key-hole. He had just succeeded when a hand was laid familiarly upon his shoulder. He turned and saw a stranger clean-shaven, calm, and in aspect business-like.

"Mr. Barndale, I think?" said the familiar stranger.

"Yes," said Barndale, looking down at him in a somewhat stately way, in resentment of the familiar hand upon his shoulder.

"We'll do our little bit of business inside, sir, if you please."

Barndale looked at him again inquiringly, opened the door, walked in, and allowed the stranger to follow. The man entered the room and stood before Barndale on the hearthrug. He had one hand in the breast of his coat; and somehow, as Barndale looked at him, he bethought him of the Greek who had stood with his hand at his breast in the Concordia Garden glaring at Leland.

"I hope you'll take it quietly," said the clean-shaven man, "but it's got to be done, and will be done whether you take it quietly or not. I'm an officer, and it's my duty to arrest you."

There passed rapidly through Barndale's mind the remembrance of a disputed wine-bill, and the service of some legal document which he had thrown into the fire without reading. He connected the clean-shaven stranger with these things, and was tickled at the idea of being arrested for some such trifle as a hundred pounds. He was so far tickled that he laughed outright.

"Come," said Barndale, still smiling, "this is absurd. I'll give you a cheque at once. Are you empowered to give a receipt?"

The clean-shaven stranger regarded him with a cool, observant, wary eye.

"It's my duty to arrest you," he said again quietly, "and I hope you'll come quietly and make no fuss about it."

"My good man," said Barndale, "you can't arrest me if I pay the money."

"Come, come, come, sir," said the official, with calm superiority in his tone; "that's all very well and very pretty, but it's Mr. Leland's affair that I want you for, sir."

"Mr. Leland's affair?" said Barndale.

"That little attempted murder the night before last, that's all. Now, take it quiet; don't let's have any nonsense, you know."

The clean-shaven stranger's lips pressed close together with a resolute look, and his hand came a little way out of the breast of his coat.

"Will you have the goodness to tell me what you mean?" asked Barndale, bewildered, and a little angry to find himself so.

"Well, if you *won't* know anything about it, Mr. James Leland was found yesterday in a house-boat at Thames Ditton, with a pistol bullet into him, and he ain't expected to recover, and that's my business along with you, and I'll trouble you to come quiet."

The tension on the official nerves made hash of the official's English. Barndale smote the mantel-piece with his clenched hand.

"Great God!" he cried. "The Greek! Where is Mr. Leland?" he asked the official eagerly.

"In bed at the 'Swan,' abeing doctored. That's where *he* is," replied the official curtly. "Now, come along, and don't let's have no more palaver."

Barndale discerned the nature of the situation, and remained master of himself.

"I will come with you," he said, with grave self-possession. "I am somehow suspected of having a hand in the attempted murder of my friend. Now, you shall arrest me since you must, but you shall not tie the hands of justice by preventing me from tracing the criminal. The man who has committed this crime is Demetri Agryopoulo, a Greek, attached to the Persian Embassy at Constantinople. You look like a shrewd and wary man." Barndale took out his cheque-book and wrote a cheque for one hundred pounds. "When you have done with me, cash that cheque and spend every penny of it, if need be, in pursuit of that man. When it is gone come to me for more. When you have caught him, come to me for five hundred pounds. Wait a moment."

He sat down and wrote in a great, broad hand: "I promise to pay to Bearer the sum of Five Hundred Pounds (£500) on the arrest of Demetri Agryopoulo, attaché to the Persian Embassy at Constantinople.—W. HOLMES BARNDALE." He appended date and place, and handed it to the officer.

"Very good, sir," said he, waving the papers to and fro in the air to dry the ink, and keeping all the while a wary eye on Barndale. "I know that my opinion goes for nothing, but if I was a grand jury I should throw out the bill, most likely. We'll make it as quiet as we *can*, sir; but there's two of my men outside, and if there should be any need for force it'll have to be used, that's all."

"I shall go with you quietly," said Barndale. "I have two things to impress upon you. Let no apparent evidence in any other direction throw you off the scent on which I have set you. Next: send a smart man to Thames Ditton and let him collect evidence of all the grounds on which I am suspected. Now I am ready."

Thus torn with grief for his friend, and sorrow for his lover, but moved to no upbraiding of Fate for the cruel trick she had played him, this British gentleman surrendered himself to the emissary of Public Gossip and went away with him.

The officer, having ideas of his own, got into a cab with Barndale and drove straight to Scotland Yard. On the way Barndale set out the evidence in favour of his own theory of the crime and its motive. Inspector Webb's experience of criminals was large; but he had never known a criminal conduct himself after Barndale's fashion,

and was convinced of his innocence, and hotly eager to be in pursuit of the Greek. When the cab drew up in the Yard a second cab drew up behind it, and from it emerged two clean-shaven, quiet-looking men in inconspicuous dresses, whom Barndale had seen in King's Bench Walk as he had gone that afternoon to his chambers. Scarcely had they alighted when a third cab came up, and from it dashed a mahogany-coloured young man with grey hair, and assisted a lady to alight. Catching sight of Barndale, the lady ran forward and took him by the arm.

"Oh, Will," she said, "you have heard this dreadful news?"

"My poor child!" he answered.

"This," said Lilian, pointing out her companion, "is Dr. Wattiss, who saved James's life."

"Hundred and Ninety-first Foot," said the medical man. "I've had considerable experience in gunshot wounds, and I don't think Mr. Leland's case at all desperate, if that's any comfort to anybody." There the doctor smiled. "You are Mr. Barndale, I presume. Miss Leland has evidence of the name and even of the whereabouts of the scoundrel who inflicted the wound, and we are here to hunt him up."

"May I ask who's the suspected party?" asked Inspector Webb with his eye on the doctor.

"Demetri Agrypoulo," said Lilian, "a Greek——"

"Attached to the Persian Embassy at Constantinople," said Inspector Webb. "All right. Come with me, ma'am. This way, gentlemen." And the inspector marshalled them all upstairs. There he gave a whispered order to an officer who lounged to the door, and placed his back against it, and there picked his teeth *insouciant*. The inspector disappeared. In two minutes he was back again.

"This way, ma'am. This way, gentlemen." And he ushered all three before him up a set of stone stairs, down a set of stone stairs, and into a carpeted apartment, where sat a gentleman of military aspect, behind a business-looking table overspread with papers.

"You have a statement to make to me, I believe," he said to Lilian with grave politeness.

Lilian told her story without faltering and without superfluous words. When she mentioned the pipe Dr. Wattiss drew a packet from his pocket and unwound it carefully, and laid the precious meerschaum on the table.

"What is this statement of a nightly quarrel between the two residents in the house-boat, Webb?" Thus spoke the superior officer behind the business table.

"Man named Hodges, sir," responded the inspector, "states that he overheard violent rows after dusk."

In spite of all his grief and anxiety Barndale laughed, and was about to speak in explanation when Lilian rose and laid a letter on the table.

"Will you kindly read that, sir, and then ask Mr. Barndale to explain?" she said simply.

The military-looking official took the letter and read it through. It ran thus :—

"On the Roaring Deep,

"Thames Ditton.

"Dear Lil,—

"Billy has struck ile. He's at work on an amazing comedy with which he intends to fire the Thames next first of April. He and I are both going to appear in it at Barndale in the Christmas week. Meantime we rehearse a terrific combat nightly.

While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amaze the wondering rustics gathered round.

A genial idiot, Hodges yclept, has persuaded the whole village that a murder is on the carpet, and that Billy and I are at daggers drawn. Don't tell him this in any of your letters. It's a great tribute to our acting that even Hodges takes us to be in earnest. I can't call to mind any stage row I ever listened to that I shouldn't have spotted the hollowness of in a brace of shakes. At this minute Author summons Actor to Rehearsal. I close up. This scrawl to tell you I haven't forgotten you. Would have written more, but authority's voice is urgent.

"Your affectionate brother,

"J."

"I think you had something to say, sir," said the military official turning to Barndale, and handing the letter back to Lilian.

"The supposed quarrel between poor Leland and myself is easily explained. We were rehearsing for amateur theatricals, almost nightly, in a somewhat animated scene, and I can only suppose that we were overheard, and that our play was taken for earnest."

"Have you any clue to the whereabouts of this Greek?" the officer asked Lilian. The doctor broke in—

"Miss Leland was describing the Greek to me this morning with a view to his identification, when a man walked into the room, said he had overheard the lady through the open window, and had seen the man she described two hours before. He was the boots of an

hotel at Kingston. We came here at once, after sending an officer to look after him."

"That will do, Mr. Webb," said the superior official. "There can be no necessity for detaining this gentleman."

Lilian and the doctor read this last sentence in its most superficial light, but Barndale rose and turned with a feeling of vast inward relief—

"Our bargain holds good still," he said to the inspector, as they went downstairs together.

"Yes, sir," said the inspector, and bade the trio adieu with great politeness.

They three took train for Thames Ditton at once, and by the way Barndale told the story of his arrest.

Arrived at the historic "Swan," they settled down to their separate avocations—Lilian and the doctor to nurse Leland, and Barndale to do all that in him lay to track the Greek. My story nears its close; and I may say at once, without word-spinning, that Demetri Agrypoulo disappeared, and was no more heard of. He was too wily to speak the English described in the advertisement of his peculiarities. He spoke German like an Alsatian, French like a Gascon, and Italian like a Piedmontese, and could pass for any one of the three. By what devices he held himself in secrecy it matters not here to say. But again, and for the last time in this story, he went his way, and the darkness shrouded him.

On the day following Barndale's arrest and release, Lilian sat by her brother's bedside, when the door of the bedroom opened noiselessly, and two women stole in on stealthy tiptoe. One was Barndale's maiden sister, and the other was poor little Thecla Perzio.

Lilian kissed them both; and Thecla said, in a tearful, frightened whisper—

"It is all my wicked, wicked fault. But O, mademoiselle, may I not help to nurse him?"

"Not mademoiselle, dear—Lilian!" was Lilian's sole answer.

So the three women stayed, together with mamma Leland, and nursed the invalid in couples. And it came to pass that the indiscreet little Thecla won everybody's heart about the place, and that everybody came to be assured that no lack of maidenly honour had made her indiscreet, but only a very natural, unsuspecting, childlike confidence. It came to pass also that when Leland Junior began to get better he saw good and sufficient reasons for setting a term to his bachelor existence. And with no great difficulty Thecla Perzio was brought to his opinion,

By Christmas time Leland was well and strong again. The chase after the Greek was dismissed from the official mind by this time ; and Barndale, being reminded of Inspector Webb by the receipt of the promissory note for five hundred pounds, wrote to that official to offer him a week or two in the country. The inspector came, and brought the marvellous pipe with him. It had been detained until then to be put in evidence in case of the Greek's arrest and trial.

The inspector heard the comedy, and told Barndale, later on, that he regarded the quarrel scene as a master-piece of histrionic art.

"I don't wonder that bumpkin took it all for earnest," he said. "I should ha' done that myself. No, thankee, sir. I don't care about mixing with the lords and swells up stairs. I'll have a look in on the butler. Smoking the old pipe again, I see, sir. Not many old meerschaums knocking about 'ere with a tale like that attached to 'em."

It pleases me to add that Doctor Wattiss officiated at Leland's wedding, and married the maiden sister.

THE MIGRATION OF ANIMALS.

THE peculiar instincts which lead certain kinds of animals, and most notably certain groups of birds, to leave one country or region and to pass to another on the arrival of certain seasons, has long formed one of the best known facts of the natural history knowledge of ordinary life. The migratory habits of animals, indeed, could hardly escape the notice of even the most casual observer of the phenomena of life at large ; and it is not surprising to find the accuracy of ancient zoologists and philosophers well exemplified in the chronicles they have left us regarding the seasons of migration of the birds with which they were best acquainted. The "appointed times" of birds were a subject of remark with observers even before the era of the classic naturalists ; and on the regularity with which certain species appeared and disappeared, a very natural argument respecting the wisdom which presides over and regulates natural phenomena was founded. As our knowledge of other groups of animals advanced, the habit of migration was seen to be represented in fishes, in insects, and in other classes of lower animals, and amongst mammals or quadrupeds as well. The habits of birds, however, naturally attracted the largest share of attention, because of their conspicuous nature ; and, indeed, the explanation of migration and its causes is chiefly drawn from what has been observed regarding migrating birds and "the time of their coming." The interest attaching to this subject has, moreover, largely increased within recent years, from the relationship it possesses to the alteration of the physical universe around us. Cases of migration and instances of the alteration of land-surfaces become mutually explanatory, as we shall endeavour presently to show ; and a study in natural history may thus be shown to relate itself in a very important fashion to matters of the deepest interest to all who recognise in the history of our universe and its living beings a legitimate and absorbing theme for thought.

Some of the more prominent cases of migration in animals may be first glanced at, by way of preliminary to the discussion of the nature and causes of the instincts which prompt this curious habit.

There appears to be little doubt that the habit is possessed by certain kinds of insects, although, obviously, the exact nature of the journeyings of these animals is more difficult of determination than that of the migrations of higher forms of life. The swarms of locusts which from time to time visit regions in which they are total or comparative strangers, probably follow some law or habit of the kind under consideration. Travellers have placed on record the interesting fact that hordes of butterflies occasionally pass from one district or region to another; this insect stream, numbering its gaudy members by thousands, pursuing its course for days without cessation. In such a case, the cause of migration is utterly unknown; and, as in other cases of animal journeyings, the somewhat irregular and erratic nature of the habit only tends to render its elucidation the more difficult. The little beetles well known under the name of lady-birds, valued by the gardener as the enemies of the plant-lice, are known occasionally to appear in some districts in immense swarms, and to disappear as suddenly and as mysteriously as they appear. Regarding the journeyings of insects from one country or region to another, there is an obvious difficulty of accounting for their movements when we consider that neither considerations connected with food and its scarcity, the breeding habits of the animals, or other conditions of life, will account for their migration. Probably it might be the more warrantable course to regard such journeyings as accidental to a large extent, and as therefore partaking less of the true nature of migration than instances where a regular and periodically recurring journey is made from one country to another.

Cases of migration which have been, and still are, determined by the recurrence of the breeding season and reproductive habits of the animals concerned, are exemplified by certain fishes. Of these the salmon and herring are the best known, but the list might be augmented by the addition of the mackerel, pilchards, cod, and other of our food-fishes. The migrations of the salmon are thus perfectly ascertained to correspond not merely with its gradual growth towards maturity, but with the deposition of its ova or eggs. These fishes ascend rivers to spawn, and then migrate once more to the sea. They alternate in this way between fresh and salt water, not merely during adult life, but also during their earlier stages of existence. As the "parr," or form in which it leaves the egg, the young salmon inhabits fresh water; whilst as the silvery "smolt," which succeeds the parr-epoch, it seeks the sea. So thoroughly necessary for the growth and life of the smolt is the seaward migration, that the "grilse"-stage, or subsequent epoch of salmon-growth, is completely delayed unless the

smolt is allowed to pass to the briny deep; whilst the "parr," on the other hand, languishes and dies if placed in sea water. Rapid growth succeeds the seaward journey; the fish migrating, "as the grilse," to fresh water to spawn, and year by year repeating this latter journey as the salmon. That such migration is something more than a casual habit appears to be proved by the fact that the salmon rarely, if ever, feeds whilst in the rivers—a case of abstemiousness from food apparently paralleled by that of the fur seals, which are currently believed to abstain from food during their breeding season—a period extending over three months. The skill of the salmon-fisher, indeed, is taxed by the care with which he has to prepare the bait for the fishes whilst they inhabit the rivers, and the remarkable habit of voluntarily depriving themselves of food, correlates itself in a very singular fashion to the instinct which primarily leads the salmon to seek a change of abode.

The migration of birds introduces us to instances of habit, not only of regular and definite kind, but which moreover present a basis for the exercise of that reasonable speculation which in its most valued aspect leads us towards an appreciation of the "causes of things." The periodical and for the most part regularly-timed flights and disappearance of many birds from one land to another, were noticed by the early observers of natural phenomena. So marvellous, indeed, did the disappearance of many birds appear to their minds, that theories which accounted for their absence on the idea of their lying torpid at the bottom of lakes, or within the kindly shelter of caves, were gravely discussed. And amongst the thoughts concerning the causes of the flights of birds which were ventilated, may be mentioned that of the Scandinavian poet, who maintained that they migrated in the search for "light." However poetic the fancy that birds sought "more light" may be, it is unfortunately dispelled by a reference, not merely to the facts of migration, but to those connected with the ordinary variation and changes of the seasons. The southward flight of many birds begins, or may even be ended, before the autumnal equinox; the migrants in such a case actually flying towards shorter days than towards "more light." Similarly, many birds fly northwards before the spring equinox, and thus find themselves in a land of shorter days and "less light." Temperature is no doubt a very prominent and important condition for consideration in connection with migration; but this subject has to be regarded in the light of other conditions, and in any case is but one cause amongst many others which have operated in producing and perpetuating the habits under discussion.

The cuckoo is probably one of the most curious of migratory

birds, as well as one of the most familiar. It presents the well-known habit of depositing its eggs in the nest of another bird, and departs immediately, after it has thus secured foster-parents for its young. Northern Africa appears to be the principal home-centre of the cuckoo, and from its Ethiopian residence it flies northward to Britain in March or April. Some three months altogether are spent in the north, and the cuckoo then flies southwards in the early autumn to its African home. This bird, it must be noted, deposits its eggs, at short intervals, in different nests, and the young are thus born at different periods, a circumstance which favours the unimpeded home-flight of the birds. The swallows and swifts are migratory birds of world-wide fame. The swallows arrive in Britain at the end of March or beginning of April, and appear to cross the Channel either singly or in small groups. Two broods are produced in each year by the swallow, and it has been occasionally observed that the young of the second brood have been left to perish, owing to their immature state when the period for flying southward arrived, the migratory instinct thus overruling the parental affection of the birds. The swifts arrive in Britain at the end of April, leaving their home in Northern Africa at a period when a genial climate prevails, and when their insect food is plentiful. By the end of May the young are hatched, and at the beginning of July parents and progeny are circling rapidly in their graceful evolutions, as if preparing for their southward flight, which occurs shortly after the date just named. Amongst our common and smaller birds which present us with more or less typical examples of migration are the skylarks, redbreasts, song thrushes, blackbirds, and many other birds not usually regarded as migrants. It is a well-ascertained fact, however, that these birds fly southwards to the shores of the Mediterranean Sea and to Southern Europe generally in winter, and the causes of their southward movements are by no means clear, if we consider that the conditions of existence in Britain during winter are by no means of hard or unbearable nature to such species. The quails present examples of migrants belonging to a group of birds widely different from those which include the examples just mentioned. These birds leave the North African and Mediterranean coasts in spring, and fly to Europe in large numbers; their plump condition at the migratory period forming a quality of disadvantageous character to the species, on which a constant war is made in the interests of gastronomy at large.

Amongst more peculiar features in connection with the migration of birds may be mentioned the attachment which many species exhibit

for their former habitations. Swallows are known to dwell year by year in the same places, and the water-wagtail will select the same spot annually for its nest. An instance is related of such attachment being exemplified by two stone curlews (*Edicnemus crepitans*)—a species of bird inhabiting the open country—which year by year repaired to the same nest, and this, although the character of the surroundings had become entirely altered. The nest had originally been situated in a rabbit warren, and in the lapse of years the warren had been gradually replaced by a flourishing plantation of young trees; the curlews, however, remaining steadfast to their annual quarters, despite the altered character of their home. The fact that many birds will repair year by year to the same spot is of extreme interest, if we consider that the migratory habits must have yearly led them on journeys of many hundreds or thousands of miles in extent from their British nests. The possession of a very decided and definite faculty of “locality” is thus apparently possessed by many birds. In virtue of this faculty, and the memory and affection they retain for their habitations, such migrants will fly unerringly from the Mediterranean coasts to the northern parts of our land or of Europe at large; or may even rest in their old homes after a flight which had its beginning in regions lying beyond the equator. Dr. Jenner's well-known experiment on the swifts fully confirms the accuracy of the ideas regarding the return of migrants to their old resting-places. The famous physician having procured several Gloucestershire swifts, cut two claws from a foot of each specimen, and thereafter liberated the marked birds. The nests were examined annually, and for three successive years the marked swifts were found each in its own nest; one of the marked specimens being actually found in its accustomed locality after a lapse of seven years. Even if it should be suggested that it is difficult or impossible to identify the birds of each successive year as the veritable occupants of the nest during the preceding years, or that possibly the birds arriving each year to occupy a given nest were different individuals of the same species, the circumstances become more puzzling and extraordinary on account of these very suggestions. For then we should have to explain how birds communicate with each other, and the nature of the mysterious bond which would thus be presumed to link together the different individuals in an affection for a particular home. Even on the supposition that the young in course of time might occupy the nest of their parents, we should also have to postulate a wonderful accuracy of instinct and a tenacious memory of locality.

In connection with such instances of memory and affection for

particular localities, we must take into account the distances over which birds have to travel—a feature casually alluded to in the preceding remarks. It is also worthy of note that the extreme length and magnitude of the journeys of many migrants bear an important relation to the nature and causes of the migratory habit. The idea of a simple adaptation to surrounding conditions would fully explain the migratory habits of animals, did we find that they moved backwards and forwards within a limited area, and according as the seasons and food were respectively favourable and plentiful. But so far is this from the true state of matters, that one of the chief puzzles of the zoologist is to account for the apparently needless extent and magnitude of the journeys of many migrants, their change of area being inexplicable, as already noted, on the supposition of seeking a genial temperature or a favourable feeding ground alone.

No consideration of the latter nature, for instance, would satisfactorily explain why swallows or swifts should leave the genial climate of Northern Africa for the less genial north, at a period when their insect food is as plentiful, if not more abundant, at home than in Europe. The ruby-throat, one of the prettiest and smallest of the humming birds, flies annually from Mexico to Newfoundland, as a summer migrant to the south. It thus apparently exchanges a land of plenty for a comparatively unsatisfying Egypt, and in its extensive flight certainly passes over lands better suited for its support than the terminal area in which it rests. One of the most interesting points in connection with the migration of birds naturally consists in the determination of the rate or speed at which the migrants fly. On the whole, surprising results may be said to follow the most cursory inquiry into this subject. The common swift is said to wing its flight at the rate of some 275 miles per hour; a speed which, if maintained for six or seven hours, would suffice to transport it from its summer to its winter quarters, or *vice versa*. The speed of the swallow is said to average ninety miles per hour, and the famous passenger pigeon of America can make its thousand miles per day with ease. Of this latter bird it is recorded that pigeons have been killed near New York having their crops filled with rice, the nearest rice-fields to New York being those of Carolina and Georgia. These fields are distant between 300 and 400 miles, and as digestion is tolerably rapid in the pigeons, six hours may be regarded as a fair average period for food to leave the crop. Within six hours, it may therefore be calculated, these birds must have flown the distance between New York and the rice-fields, the rate of speed being equal to that of an express train.

The carrier-pigeons are equally notable for their speed, and for the unerring accuracy with which they return to their haunts: this latter faculty being apparently a special modification of that whereby migrants return to their summer and winter quarters, and depending, firstly, upon a knowledge of landmarks or some mysterious "flight-faculty;" and, secondly, upon the faculty of memory and locality. A carrier-pigeon has been known to fly from Rouen to Ghent—a distance, "as the crow flies," of 150 miles—in an hour and a half. Recently a pigeon flown from the window of the Continental mail train as it left Dover pier, was found in its home in the City long before the arrival of the train in London. From the *Country* we extract the following details of a remarkable pigeon-flight from Reading, Berkshire, to Brussels, a distance of 238 miles. In July 1878, Mr. Barker, of Brussels, sent to Reading some young pigeons, accompanied by five adults, the latter being intended to fly back to Belgium. The birds arrived in Reading at midday on Thursday, the 25th of July, and were duly inspected by many of the members of the local Ornithological Society, each bird being duly marked with the Society's official stamp. On Friday morning, at ten o'clock, says the account from which we quote, in favourable weather, the five birds were started. They dashed from the basket without hesitation, and disappeared from sight in about one minute. A telegram was received in Reading the same evening, announcing that all the birds had reached home before four o'clock, the information also remarking the official marks of the Reading Society, by way of sure identification of the pigeons. Three of the five birds, it may be mentioned, belonged to Mr. Barker, and two to a friend. The latter were found in their loft at Brussels shortly after half-past three o'clock; Mr. Barker, on reaching home a little before four o'clock, finding his three pigeons there. The birds were feeding quietly, as if they had been reposing at home throughout the day. The account adds that the pigeons in question had "done a lot of work in other directions," but that their only journey before being sent to Reading was one "toss" of about forty miles in extent. The pigeons, we are further informed, are now at Reading, whence ornithologists may hope to hear details of future performances of these curious birds. Allowing fifteen minutes for difference of time, the duration of the flight from Reading to Brussels was five hours fifteen minutes, the flight being at the rate of 1,329 yards per minute.

The instincts or faculties in virtue of which birds are enabled to fly over many hundreds of miles of land and sea, naturally bear the closest possible relationship to the habit and means of migration.

What explanation can be given of the wondrous powers of guiding flight possessed by birds at large ; and through what special sense or senses is the "flight-faculty" exercised? Any attempt which may be made towards the solution of these questions may fitly be prefaced by a confession of our almost complete ignorance of the means whereby extensive flights alluded to are directed. A high authority on matters ornithological has remarked that we are unable even to approach the solution of the question. Carrier pigeons possess the "homing" faculty, as it has been termed, in a typical degree, but when inquiry is made regarding the nature of this faculty, the answer that these birds are guided by a knowledge of landmarks is made. Admitting, however, that the "homing" faculty is so founded, the admission demands the exercise of a sense of sight keener far than that possessed by ordinary animals, and of a memory for locality which almost excels our ideas of instinct as distinguished from reason—although, indeed, there are not wanting numerous examples of a "memory sense" in dogs, which find their way back to their homes, and by paths unknown to them, with an instinct which may be described as literally unerring. But the "homing" faculty of the pigeon resting, as is maintained, on a knowledge of landmarks, will hardly suffice to explain the flight of birds over large tracts of sea where guiding marks are non-existent. Then, again, many birds pursue their journeys by night, when the sense of sight is either practically unavailing, or may be regarded as being of comparatively little use. The discussion of this subject may only be profitably carried on in the light of higher knowledge ; but, as will presently be noted, the consideration of the determining causes of migration leads us to believe that the unerring flight of migratory birds, as well as the exactitude of their arrival in their summer home, and of their departure for their winter haunts, are regulated by the force of long continued "habit," and by the influences of "inherited instinct."

No two factors are of greater import, or exercise a more despotic power over the fortunes of lower life, than "habit" and "instinct." By their aid animals accomplish unerringly, and it may be unconsciously, acts and labours which the educated experience of human kind would perform but imperfectly, in which experience would altogether fail. Witness in proof of this statement the perfection of the acts and duties in which the bee, wasp, or ant engages from the first moment of existence. The very perfection of the act as performed by these unreasoning creatures is, as Dr. Carpenter has remarked, a proof of the non-intelligent and purely instinctive nature of the beings which perform it. Otherwise, indeed, the perfection of their

labours must be held to surpass that attained by the human reasoner. And so is it, we opine, with birds, with the guidance of their flight, and with the exactitude of their seasons. Admit the influence of inherited habit, and we find a mysterious power of guidance supplied by instinct to the migrating bird, just as the young worker-ant, liberated from its swaddling-clothes, proceeds, without any training other than the directive force of instinct and habit inherited from its predecessors and progenitors, to discharge its duties with the punctuality and perfection of the mature and adult insect. How the habits which instinct directs, and which heredity, or the law of "like parent, like child," propagates, have been acquired is a matter for after consideration. Once, however, admit the acquirement of the habit, and its continued performance by the species, and the laws of descent and likeness will accomplish the rest. It is true that a wider range of senses and faculties than that of which physiologists are as yet cognisant in man, may be the property of many of the lower animals. Sight and memory in their special phases of development—as applied to the guidance of a carrier-pigeon, for example—must be of a character much more acute and strong than we are accustomed to regard these faculties as represented in human existence. And if to acute senses we add the idea of the unconscious, but unerring, direction of instinct and habit, strengthened by transmission through extended epochs of time, we may perchance discover a rational means of approaching the solution of the mystery whereby the bird directs its way in the air, and passes unerringly to its destination through the illimitable azure.

Allusion has been already made to the exactitude with which migratory birds may arrive and depart from any given region, and this punctuality has been cited in support of the exact regulation, through instinct and habit, of the life of the birds. A bird almanac might, indeed, be constructed through the observation of the "appointed times" of certain species, on the principle of constructing a "floral clock" by watching the times of the opening and closing of flowers. The vast majority of the migratory sea-birds and water-fowl arrive punctually a day on our coasts from the far north. Amongst such birds none appear with greater exactitude than the puffins; and despite contrary winds and delaying storms, many allied species of sea-birds arrive at their particular stations with almost clockwork regularity. So also the periods of return to their foreign quarters, or of departure from our shores, appear to be fixed and adhered to with an undeviating punctuality which bespeaks a regulation by unconscious instinct and automatic will. That the

periods of departure from our shores are in particular regulated by the influence of such unconscious habit and inherited instinct is clearly proved by two very notable circumstances, calculated to attract the notice alike of the reflecting naturalist and of the unskilled observer of birds and their history. The first of these circumstances has already been referred to in the case of the swallows, the migratory instinct in which is so strong, that the unfledged young contained in the nest when the day of departure arrives have been left to die by the retreat of their parents. In such a case a more powerful incentive—that of inherited and obdurate instinct—has triumphed over parental affection itself. Then, also, a curious and perhaps more notable feature of bird life than the preceding circumstance is found in the fact that the caged young of migratory birds exhibit a decided restlessness at the period of migration when their free neighbours are leaving our shores. Such confined migrants, which themselves have never migrated, will beat their wings against the bars of their cages, and will show by every symptom and indication that they participate, by nature and instinct, in the movement of migration, of which they have had no previous experience of any kind. This latter fact is in itself a powerful argument in favour of the idea that true migration is in itself instinctive and acquired by heredity; and the fact tells also in favour of the acquirement and perpetuation of the migratory habit under circumstances to be presently detailed.

The manner in which migration is performed varies with the group of birds which exemplifies the habit. The best example of a bird which leaves Britain *en masse* is the swallow, whilst the cranes, storks, wild ducks, wild geese, and many other species also migrate in bands. The cranes and storks fly in a vast triangular cloud, guided by a leader, who retires periodically, and whose place is successively filled by other members of the band. Of birds which present peculiarities in their mode of journeying, the skylarks may be cited. These latter birds arrive on the Norwegian coast in "a straggling stream" at first, whilst a little later enormous flocks appear. In the case of many species of birds flying northwards in spring, the males are the first to arrive, and precede the females by several days, or, it may be, by several weeks. Such a peculiarity is not noticeable in the southward migration taking place in autumn. It is likewise interesting to note that many birds appear to wait for "favouring gales." The quails select a favourable wind for their flight, although it happens that these birds are annually drowned in large numbers in the passage of the Mediterranean Sea. This sea is, in truth, the great Rubicon

of the migrants. It is crossed, by way of Greece and Cyprus, at Sicily, at Malta, or from the South of Spain. By crossing at these points, land is necessarily kept more or less constantly in sight. The young birds of each year frequently migrate alone, their parents having preceded them in their southward flight. It is a well-ascertained fact that the young of some birds which spend the colder season in the North of Africa may pass the first winter of their lives in the South of Europe—this latter feature presenting us thus with probably a recent modification of the migratory habits of the species. The old birds lead the way in cases where the young brood accompany their parents to the warm and autumnal residence. We may lastly note that migratory habits, as just remarked, are themselves susceptible of modification. Although human observation serves but as a "brief chronicle" of a brief time, we yet know sufficient of the alteration of the habits of certain species of birds to warrant the assumption that, under favourable conditions, the journeyings and range of habitat of birds may be altered. Mr. A. R. Wallace cites a typical instance of this kind in the case of a Mexican swallow. This bird first appeared in Ohio in 1815. Its range of habitat gradually increased in extent, since the year 1845 found this bird in Maine and Canada; whilst at present it is found as far north as Hudson's Bay. The cliff swallow of North America is regarded as having extended its distribution eastwards from the Rocky Mountains to the eastern coast of the Continent within the past century or so. Similarly a species of wren has extended its range northwards in America in past years; and the rice-bird, originally confined to a few districts, has extended its range of distribution as its food was more widely cultivated, and is now found wherever rice is grown.

The facts relating to migration which occupy the preceding part of this article may be regarded merely as a somewhat extended introduction to the question, "How have migratory habits been inaugurated and perpetuated in birds?" It is needless to say that any answer which can be given to this query must be speculative in its nature. No direct evidence of the beginning of this habit in any animal is at hand, nor, from the very nature of the case, can such testimony be procurable. Hence we have to correlate facts, to marshal them in relation to one another, and to string them together by aid of generalisation and theory. Such is the true relation of theory to fact—a relationship which not only permits but demands, firstly, the correspondence of facts and their connecting hypothesis; and, secondly, the ability and desire to modify the theory according as new facts or higher interpretations dawn upon us. One or two

features in the case of birds seem in some degree to aid us in forming a natural theory of migration. This habit, it should be remembered, occurs in very varied and different groups of birds. Species, genera, and families widely separated in structure, food, and habits, exhibit the like instinct of periodically passing from one country to another at certain seasons. Through such a fact the zoologist points out that migration is an acquired habit, and not one originally or from the first affecting uniformly great groups or large classes of birds.

The observation that widely separated birds exhibit the same habit further warrants the inference that the varied species have acquired migratory habits through exposure to *like conditions*. Now, what were these "conditions"? Suppose that, as in America, a species of bird was presented with a continuous land-surface running north and south. Such a bird, subjected, it might be, to increasing cold from the north would pass easily and readily southwards. An alteration of the temperature in favour of a more genial climate, and the retreat of the cold would be followed, on the other hand, by the northward return of the birds. If we suppose the bird to have been an insect-feeder, the case is presented still more feasibly to view, inasmuch as the failure of the food supply from cold, and its revival during the returning heat and geniality of climate, would constitute a sufficiently powerful incentive to migrate southwards, and an equally powerful inducement to the northward return. But is this case of alternation of hot and cold epochs, or of cold with genial climates, anything more than supposition? The geologist's reply bears that in comparatively "recent" times, and in the Miocene period, Europe, and the northern parts of the world generally, possessed a climate which, if not exactly tropical, was the reverse of rigorous. Succeeding the genial Miocene epoch, with its subtropical flora and fauna, the great Ice Age slowly but surely dawned, blighting the plants which had formerly flourished in plenty beneath a kindly sun, covering hill and dale with a great ice-sheet, and filling the valleys with its glaciers and snows. Geology has no historical or absolute chronology, and the duration of the Ice Age may not be set down in years. That it was a period of extensive kind, however, there is no reason to doubt, and when it passed away it was succeeded in due time by the temperate climate we now enjoy. The effect such alternations of climate would have upon animal life may readily be conceived. Retreat from north to south, as the Ice Age advanced its chilly snow-sheet, would be the order of the day, and the extent of the southward journeying would be determined conjointly by the rate of

advance of the ice-fields and by the failure of food. The renewal of the genial climate would result in the northward journeying of the birds, which, having become accustomed through long ages to a larger area of habitation, would naturally journey to and fro within that area—a region of habitation in the case of our own migratory birds extending from the North of Europe to Central Africa, and possibly further south still. Geology, it is true, does not prove much to us from the fossil history of birds, for the remains of birds are few and far between as compared with those of most other animals. But if quadrupeds once denizens of European forests are now extinct therein, and are found represented by living species only in southern and warmer areas, we may readily enough conceive that birds would similarly be driven southwards, and with greater powers of movement and of dispersion by flight would more readily seek and regain their ancient home when the genial climate of to-day succeeded the Ice Age of the geological yesterday.

Nor is this all. The instinct which prompts and directs birds to fly from one land to another may be thus regarded as being inaugurated by the alternation of cold and warm climates, and as having been inherited and promulgated in some birds, and altered or extinguished in others. We may, however, learn from geology the plain reason why this instinct had, so to speak, an easier task before it at the beginning of the habit of migration than apparently lies before it now. Before, during, and after the Ice Age, the boasted independence of Britain, as far as its isolation from other lands is concerned, had no status or existence. Britain was then part of the European continent, and although the broad basin of the Mediterranean was probably sketched out, Europe and Africa were one, and were locked together by connecting land. With succeeding years, however, subsidence of land had done its work, and had broken up Europe in the north, and dissociated Ethiopia from Europe in the south. The birds, however, began their migrations over continuous land surfaces, such as exist in the New World of to-day, and the habit and instinct of flight overland thus came to serve the turn of the animal when that land was here and there broken up and when the deep rolled over the sunken world. The instinct acquired in the former land flights is thus seen to operate in the after ages as an unerring guide over the changed aspect of affairs, and to lead the migrants safely and securely over the pathless deep. In the case of the carrier-pigeons we probably witness a high development of the same instinct, associated with a special faculty of memory and with a wondrous perfection of sight.

Inherited habits, induced by changes of food, and these latter in turn produced by alterations in climate and accompanied by changes in the distribution of land and sea, are thus noted to constitute the factors in inaugurating the habit of migration. It seems admissible, however, to suggest, by way of conclusion, the fashion in which another and different set of circumstances in the life of birds might give rise to the adoption of migratory habits, and cause a species to assume a place in the list of migrants. Let us imagine a number of birds to be carried—as some species not unfrequently are—by contrary winds into an area differing as widely in climate from their native haunts as Britain does from Northern Africa. The result to the birds, should such an event happen in winter, would be of the most untoward description; but if the northward and forced flight were taken in summer, the birds finding abundance of insect-fare in Britain, might find in the latter fact, and in the genial climate, an inducement to prolong their visit. Imagine, further, that the breeding season of these birds arrived in due course—an event which the plentifulness of food might and probably would expedite—and we should find the young to be born in the new land; the production of more than one brood (as in the swallows) being determined probably by the amount of food and the continued geniality of the climate. The fact of the young being reared in any particular locality possesses of itself a sufficient and powerful effect in inducing a close association between the bird and the locality. Hence the production of the young in the new home would unquestionably tend to impress the birds in favour of the new locality. The returning cold of autumn and the scarcity of insect food would serve as a sufficient cause accounting for the southward migration. And if to the condition of temperature we add the consideration that land may have prevailed where the Mediterranean Sea now exists, the original home of the birds might readily enough be found. Admitting, as before, that of the “finding instinct” of birds we know literally nothing, the idea of a continuous land surface is geologically both possible and probable. The arrival of the young brood, led by their elders, in Africa, would conclude the preliminary conditions for the establishment of the migratory propensity. Then comes the consideration of the *force of habit and instinct*. The instinct of having bred in the northern land would serve as a sufficient incentive on the part of the old birds to cause them to leave their native area once again, and this time as willing emigrants. Not less strong would be the instinct of the young brought up in the north, and thus with the returning season of spring the birds would fly northwards, and repeat

the procedure of the previous year. Admitting these circumstances and the undeniable force of habit, the theory that migration is the strengthening of a chance and favourable association with a new land becomes of likely and feasible kind. That young birds which have *never migrated* participate by nature and instinct in the migratory tendencies of their parents is proved by one of the most extraordinary facts already mentioned in connection with this subject, namely, that caged birds of a migratory species become restless, flap their wings against the cage, and exhibit every sign of excitement at the time when their free neighbours are flying homewards. And this being so, the idea that the instinct of the first emigrants of a species would be sufficient to guide them to their new home after a sojourn in the native area of their species, is rendered by no means improbable.

The migrations of animals is thus seen to be a subject which relates itself to the geographical distribution of living beings on the one hand, and to the geological or past history of our globe on the other. It also concerns the acquirement of new habits, and the modification of the old habits of a species, and is thus calculated to teach us some valuable truths concerning the modification of the ways of life at large. To the more evident bearings of the subject on the geographical distribution of animals and on geological change we hope shortly to return. The present topic is, however, not the least worthy or interesting of the lessons, regarding our universe which Nature, from her outspread pages, is continually inviting us to peruse.

ANDREW WILSON.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

ON a bright autumn morning in 1768 the somewhat gloomy streets of Bristol were dressed for a pageant. The mayor and corporation of that ancient borough, arrayed in their official robes, marched through the town with appropriate pomp, for the purpose of opening a new bridge across the Avon. All those who were able to induce their employers to grant them a temporary respite from their several labours were to be found in the surging crowd, while their less fortunate fellow-citizens contented themselves by snatching furtive glances at the procession from their desks, their counters, or their anvils. Among the latter was a thin, pale-faced boy, by name Chatterton, articled clerk to Mr. Lambert, an obscure attorney, who, unable to quit his drudgery, was fain to content himself with a peep at the gay procession as it passed his windows. But he saw enough. The ceremony touched the chords of a mute lyre, and filled his soul with lofty aspirations. A few days later *Farley's Bristol Journal* was published; and under a faithful record of the late proceedings appeared the following highly interesting account of a somewhat similar ceremony, said to have been enacted at Bristol in the fifteenth century. The authorship of this record was attributed to Thomas Rowley, a secular priest, at that time residing in the monastery of St. Mark:—

On Friday was the time fixed for passing the new bridge. About the time of tolling the tenth clock, Master Gregory Danberry, mounted on a fergreyne horse, informed Master Moore all things were prepared, when two beadles went first, strewing fire. Next came a man dressed up as follows:—Hose of goatskin crinepast outwards, doublet, and waistcoat; also, over which, a white robe, without sleeves, much like an albe, but not so long, reaching but to his hands. A girdle of azure over his left shoulder, reached also to his hands on the right and doubled back to his left, buckling with a golden buckle, dangled to his knee, thereby representing a Saxon alderman.

In his hands he bore a shield, the masterpiece of Gille à Brogton, who painted the same, representing Saint Warburgh crossing the ford; then a mickle strong man in armour, carried a huge anlace; after whom came six clarions and six minstrels, who sang the song of Saint Warburgh. Then came Master Mayor, mounted on a white horse, dight with sable trappings wrought about by the nuns of Saint Kenna, with gold and silver, his hair braided with ribbons, and a chaperon

with the ancient names of Bristol fastened on his forehead. Master Mayor bore in his hand a golden rod, and a congean squire bare in his hand his helmet, walking by the side of the horse. Then come the aldermen and city brothers mounted on sable horses dight with white trappings and plumes and scarlet caps and chaperons, having thereon sable plumes; after them, the priests and friars, parish, mendicant, and secular, some singing Saint Warburgh's song, others sounding clarions thereto, and others some citrualles. In this manner reaching the bridge, the man with the anlace stood on the first top of a mound raised in the midst of the bridge, then went up the man with the shield, after him the minstrels and clarions; and then, the priests and friars all in white albes, making a most goodly show, the Mayor and Aldermen standing round, they sang to the sound of clarions the song of Saint Baldwyne, which being done, the man on the top threw with great might his anlace into the sea, and the clarions sounded an ancient charge and forloyne. Then they sang again the song of Saint Warburgh, and proceeded up Xt's hill to the cross, where a Latin sermon was preached by Ralph de Blunderville, and with sound of clarion they again went to the bridge and there dined, spending the rest of the day in sports and plays, the friars of Saint Augustine doing the play of "The Knights of Bristol," making a great fire at night on Kinslate hill.

The appearance of this quaint description at a moment so opportune excited general curiosity at Bristol, and many inquiries as to its authenticity were made at the office of the journal, and also for the name of the person who furnished the copy. From descriptions given by one of the under clerks, Mr. William Barrett, the well-known historian of Bristol, was induced to suspect Chatterton, so to the office of his employer that gentleman accordingly went. He found Chatterton overwhelmed with work and decidedly uncommunicative. But Mr. Barrett was unabashed, and after much persuasion elicited the following statement:—"Yes," said the lad, "it is true. I furnished the copy to Mr. Farley, and am indebted to an old chest in a room over the chapel of St. Mary Redcliff, not only for that description, but for many other valuable manuscripts." On being further questioned, he stated that he had inherited them from his father, who, though fortunate in their discovery, apparently did not know their value. Shortly after this interview Mr. Barrett introduced his friend Mr. Catcott to Chatterton, with a view, as he said, to enable the latter to turn his treasures to the best advantage. But Chatterton appeared unwilling to part with his manuscripts, and so the matter ended for a time. It seems to have been a subject of deliberation in the mind of this extraordinary youth whether he should dispose of his treasures outright either to Mr. Barrett or to Mr. Catcott, or whether he would not be wiser to assume the task of editor, and offer them to the world in a collected form. To the latter course he for some time decidedly inclined, until one or other of his literary acquaintances enlightened him as to the certain cost

and probable failure of such a venture. In due course the monotony of his uncongenial avocation and the poverty of his situation told heavily upon him; thus, in order to relieve his embarrassments, he finally sold to Mr. Catcott copies in his own hand of some highly curious compositions for a ridiculously small sum of money. The copies of which that gentleman thus became possessed comprised poems and "tragical interludes," supposed to have been written in the fifteenth century by one Thomas Rowley, a priest.

Chatterton, who was at this time barely sixteen years old, may be said to have possessed just so much education as he had thought proper to superadd to the scant teaching of a local charity school, of which his late father had been one of the principal teachers. That the learning imparted by this school was of a primitive nature we have on the high authority of Mr. Catcott himself, who, in an early edition of Chatterton's works, states that instruction at St. Augustin's Back was limited to "reading, writing, and accounts." But his taste was versatile and his studies various. Whatever he adopted he entered upon with almost unexampled enthusiasm. Before he was twelve years of age he wrote out a catalogue of the books he had read, to the number of seventy, consisting, according to his sister, principally of history and divinity. It was a favourite maxim with him that God had placed man into the world with arms long enough to reach whatever he chooses. As a boy he fell in love, to use the words of his sister, with the illuminated capitals of an old musical manuscript in French, from which he learnt his alphabet. His first reading lessons were from an old black-letter Bible, whence probably arose that taste for ancient writing which he subsequently so strongly developed. That Chatterton was an extraordinary child no one can doubt, and the following circumstance would lead one to suppose that he intuitively felt his future fame. When very young, a manufacturer promised to make Mrs. Chatterton's children a present of some earthenware. On asking the boy what device he would have painted on his, he looked up into the man's face and exclaimed enthusiastically, "Paint me an angel with wings, and a trumpet, to trumpet my name over the world!" He seems to have lacked the charming levity of childhood, and to have possessed the gravity, thoughtfulness, and sadness of maturer life. His school days were passed in contemplation, and his friends were always those of a serious cast of thought. His diet was that of an anchorite; and even to the last day of his life he was a total abstainer.

The star of Chatterton's genius began to rise towards the close of 1779. In the intervals of business—during the long hours of night—

he gave himself up to laborious composition, and created works of great power and beauty. That he was gifted with a restless energy, which enabled him to override fatigue, is fortunate for his fame. In the brief life which terminated so suddenly he produced an astonishing quantity of verse, the merits of which, if weighed against his years, will bear comparison with the productions of the greatest poets of any age. In order to set Chatterton before the world in his true light, I will endeavour, without reference to those pieces which he attributed to Rowley, Canyge, and others, to examine his own acknowledged productions as nearly as possible in the order in which they were written. Chatterton made his first public appearance at the age of sixteen, when he addressed the following lines to Miss Rumsey, a Bristol beauty, whom he appears to have loyally admired :—

Revolving in their destin'd sphere,
The hours begin another year
As rapidly to fly.

Ah ! think, Maria (e'er in grey
Those auburn tresses fade away),
So youth and beauty die.

Though now the captivated throng
Adore with flattery and song,
And all before you bow ;
Whilst unattentive to the strain,
You hear the humble muse complain,
Or wreath your frowning brow.

Though poor Pitholeon's feeble line,
In opposition to the Nine,
Still violates your name ;

Though tales of passion, meanly told,
As dull as Cumberland, as cold,
Strive to confess a flame.

Yet when that bloom, and dancing fire,
In silver'd rev'rence shall expire,
Ag'd, wrinkl'd, and defac'd :

To keep one lover's flame alive,
Requires the genius of a Clive,
With Walpole's mental taste.

Though rapture wantons in your air,
Though beyond simile you're fair ;
Free, affable, serene :

Yet still one attribute divine
Should in your composition shine ;
Sincerity I mean.

Though numerous swains before you fall ;
'Tis empty admiration all,

'Tis all that you require :
How momentary are their chains !
Like you, how unsincere the strains
Of those, who but admire !

Accept, for once, advice from me,
And let the eye of censure see
Maria can be true :

No more for fools or empty beaux
Heav'n's representatives disclose,
Or butterflies pursue.

Fly to your worthiest lover's arms,
To him resign your swelling charms,
And meet his gen'rous breast :

Or if Pitholeon suits your taste,
His muse with tatter'd fragments grac'd,
Shall read your cares to rest.

Chatterton's reverence for poetry was almost equalled by his attachment to heraldry; thus we find him, so to speak, writing with one hand amatory verses to an obdurate beauty, and with the other letters to the editor of a magazine on the subject of Saxon heraldry and dress in mediæval times. Having given a specimen of his verse, I may perhaps be excused for offering two specimens of his prose:—

To the Printer of the TOWN AND COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

Bristol, Feb. 4, 1769.

SIR,—Being a little curious in antiquities, I have found that the Saxon heralds had these three tinctures, Heofnas, Weal, and Ocyre. Heofnas (that is, in Saxon, heaven), I take to be azure. Weal (that is, strange or foreign), purple, tenne, or any other colour brought from foreign countries; and Ocyre may be the same with oker, a yellow fossil, and signifies or.

If any of your ingenious correspondents (whether heralds or antiquaries) do not approve of my conjectures, I should be glad to know their opinion of the above.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

D. B.

The other letter to which I have referred was written a few days later, and addressed also to the Editor of the *Town and Country Magazine*:—

SIR,—As you mention that Henry II. introduced the dress called court-mantle, the following copy of a manuscript, written three hundred years ago by one Rowley, a monk, concerning the same dress, may not be unacceptable:—
“Brighbrike¹ haveinge ymade Seyncte Baldwynnes² chapele ynto a house, Kyngs Harrie secundus, in his ynge daies was there taughte. Yn the walle of sayde house, was an ymagerie³ of a Saxonne Ab-thane,⁴ crabbatellie⁵ ywroughtienne, with a mantille of estate, whyche ynge Harrie enthoghten to bee moke⁶ syner dresse thanne hys. Causeynge the same to be quaintissen⁷ yn elenge⁸ selke and broderie,⁹ thus came courte dresse from a Brystoe ymagerie.”

And in another manuscript written by Rowley it is said:—

Richardus abbatte¹⁰ of Seyncte Augustynes dyd wear a mantelle of scarlette, frenged with bighes¹¹ and plated sylver after courte fashyon.

D.

Chatterton's next composition was of a more ambitious character. Thus in March 1769 he produced “Ethelgar,” a Saxon poem, much in the style of the then popular Ossian, a performance which appears to have kindled his imagination and prompted him to attempt its imitation. At the risk of wearying the reader with quotations, I venture to offer some portions of this marvellous composition as examples of the whole. The poem opens with the following words:—

’Tis not for thee, O man! to murmur at the will of the Almighty. When the thunders roar, the lightnings shine on the rising waves, and the black clouds sit on the brow of the lofty hill, who then protects the flying deer, swift as a sable cloud, tossed by the whistling winds, leaping over the rolling floods, to gain the hoary wood; whilst the lightnings shine on his chest, and the wind rides over his horns? When the wolf roars; terrible as the voice of the Severn; moving

¹ An Anglo-Saxon earl.

⁴ Earl.

⁷ Devise or imitated.

⁸ Embroidery.

² In Bristol.

⁵ Elegantly made.

¹⁰ In 1149.

³ Statue.

⁶ Much.

⁹ Foreign.

¹¹ Jewels.

majestic as the nodding forests on the brow of Michelstow; who then commands the sheep to follow the swain, as the beams of light attend upon the morning? Know, O Man! that God suffers not the least member of his work to perish without answering the purpose of their creation.

Here follows a description of Oriental fertility, and in equally high-flown language of Ethelgar the glory of Exanceaster :¹—

He sung the works of the Lord; the hollow rocks joined in his devotions; . . . He saw Egwina of the Vale; his soul was astonished. . . . She was tall as the towering elm; stately as a black cloud bursting into thunder; fair as the wrought bowels of the earth; gentle and sweet as the morning breeze; beautiful as the sun; blushing like the Vines of the West; her soul as fair as the azure curtain of heaven. She saw Ethelgar; her soft soul melted as the flying snow before the sun.

Their courtship was brief—and

The shrine of St. Cuthbert united them. The minutes fled on the golden wings of bliss. Nine horned moons had decked the sky, when Elgar saw the light; he was like a young plant upon the mountain side, . . . he felt the strength of his fire; and, swift as the lightnings of heaven, pursued the wild boar of the wood. The morn awoke the sun; who, stepping from the mountain's brow, shook his ruddy locks upon the shining dew; Elgar arose from sleep; he seized his sword and spear, and issued to the chase.

He "raged" through the wood, and slew a wild boar, when

From the thicket a wolf arose . . . hunger made him furious . . . Elgar darted his spear through his heart. The wolf raged like the voice of many waters, and seizing Elgar by the throat, he sought the regions of the blessed. The wolf died upon his body! Ethelgar and Egwina wept. They wept like the rains of the spring; sorrow sate upon them as the black clouds upon the mountains of death: but the power of God settled their hearts.

The golden sun arose to the highest of his power; . . . Ethelgar and Egwina bent their way to the mountain side, like two stars that move through the sky. . . . They sought the sacred shade, the bleak winds roared over their heads, and the waters ran over their feet. Swift from the dark cloud the lightning came; the skies blushed at the sight. Egwina stood on the brow of the lofty hill, like an oak in the spring; the lightnings danced about her garments, and the blasting flame blackened her face: the shades of death swam before her eyes; and she fell breathless down the black steep rock: the sea received her body, and she rolled down with the roaring water.

Ethelgar stood terrible as the mountain of Maidip; the waves of despair harrowed up his soul, as the roaring Severn ploughs the sable sand; . . . horror sat upon his brow; like a bright star shooting through the sky, he plunged from the lofty brow of the hill, like a tall oak breaking from the roaring wind. Saint Cuthbert appeared in the air. . . . The saint, arrayed in glory, caught the falling mortal; he bore him to the sandy beach, whilst the sea roared beneath his feet. Ethelgar opened his eyes, like the grey orbs of the morning, folding up the black mantles of the night. Know, O Man! said the member of the blessed, to submit to the will of God; He is terrible as the face of the earth,

¹ Exeter.

when the waters sunk to their habitations; gentle as the sacred covering of the oak; secret as the bottom of the great deep; just as the rays of the morning. Learn that thou art a man, nor repine at the stroke of the Almighty, for God is as just as He is great. The holy vision disappeared as atoms fly before the sun. Ethelgar arose, and bent his way to the college of Kenewalcin; there he flourishes a hoary oak in the wood of Arden.

The success of "Ethelgar" induced him to continue in that strain of composition; thus we find in the short space of two months his signature attached to "Kenrick," "Cerdick," and "Godred Crovan"—poems written in much the same style as "Ethelgar," equally florid and fantastical, and professing to be of Saxon origin. The facility with which Chatterton's genius alternated between poetry and heraldry is nowhere more conspicuous than at the period of which we are speaking. In the magazine which contained the poems above-named, he inserted ideal drawings of six achievements of Saxon heraldry, of an inedited coin of Queen Sexburgess, wife of King Kinewalch, and of a Saxon amulet; with explanations which have been pronounced, by competent judges, as equally fantastic and arbitrary. But the versatility of his genius knew no bounds. He had evinced his poetic power and the depth of his heraldic knowledge. He now determined to show his ingenuity as a retailer of anecdote; and it is to this propensity for proving himself master of every form of composition that we are indebted for the following historic incident, which Chatterton assures us may be found among the records of the Inner Temple:—

After Chaucer had distributed copies of the tale of "Piers Plowman," a Franciscan friar wrote a satiric mummery upon him, which was acted at the monasteries in London, and at Woodstock before the Court. Chaucer, not a little nettled at the poignancy and popularity of the satire, meeting his antagonist in Fleet Street, beat him with his dagger, for which he was fined two shillings.

There also appears in the same magazine an anecdote of the famous Judge Jeffries, which is too lengthy for transcription. Weary of prose, and indefatigable in his efforts to maintain his aged mother and sister, he once more turned his thoughts to poetry. In the *Town and Country Magazine* for May 1769 appeared "Elinoure and Juga." This poem, as far as I have been able to gather from a careful investigation of his various compositions, is absolutely the first of the Rowley series which appeared to public view. Under its title occur the following words: "Written three hundred years ago by T. Rowley, secular priest." That Thomas Rowley had nothing whatever to say to this poem there can be no reasonable doubt. There are in almost every line the strongest evidences of Chatterton's hand; and I may perhaps be pardoned by anti-

quarians for regretting that its sentiments should have been clothed in such uncouth orthography, a system which Chatterton was unhappily compelled to adopt in order to insure respect for his wonderful creations. That there are numbers of persons who have neither the leisure nor the inclination to wade through Chatterton's arbitrary spelling must be my excuse for modernising, without altering, his words; and in thus placing the boy poet frankly before his readers, I am conscious of no injustice to the memory of Thomas Rowley. The scene of this poem opens on the banks of the Rudbourne (in Saxon, red water), a river near St. Alban's, famous for the battles there fought between the rival Houses of York and Lancaster :—

On Rudborne bank two pining maidens sate,
Their tears fast dropping to the water clear;
Each one lamenting for her absent mate,
Who at St. Albans shook the deadly spear.
The nut-brown Elinoure to Juga fair
Did faintly speak, with languishment of eyne,
Like drops of pearly dew glistened the quiv'ring brine.

ELINOURE.

Oh! gentle Juga! hear my sad complaint,
To fight for York my love is cased in steel;
Oh! may no sanguen stone the White Rose peyncle,
May good Saint Cuthbert watch Sir Robert wele.
Much more than death in fantasy I feel;
See! see! upon the ground he bleeding lies;
Infuse some juice of life, or else my dear love dies.

JUGA.

Sisters in sorrow, on this daisied bank,
Where melancholy broods, we will lament;
Be wet with morning dew and even dank;
Like blasted oaks in each the other bent,
Or like forsaken halls of merriment,
Whose ghastly ruins hold the train of fright
Where deadly ravens croak, and owlets wake the night.

ELINOURE.

No more the miskynette shall wake the morn,
The minstrel dance, good cheer, and morris play;
No more the ambling palfry and the horn
Shall from the forest rouse the fox away;
I'll seek the forest all the live-long day;
All night among the graved chure hyard we'll go,
And to the passing sprites relate my tale of woe.

JUGA.

When dark'ning clouds do hang upon the beam
Of waning moon, in silver mantels dight;

The tripping fairies weave the golden dream
 Of happiness, which flyeth with the night;
 Then (but the saints forbid!) give to a sprite
 Sir Richard's form is lyped, I'll hold distraughte
 His bleeding clay-cold corse, and die each day in thought.

ELINOURE.

Oh! woe lamenting words; what words can show!
 Thou glassy river, on thy bank may bleed
 Champions, whose blood will with thy waters flow,
 And Rudborne stream be Rudborne stream indeed!
 Haste, gentle Juga, trip it o'er the mead
 To know, or whether we must wail again,
 Or with our fallen knights be mingled on the plain.

So saying, like two lightning blasted trees
 Or twain of clouds that holdeth stormy rain;
 They gently moved across the dewy mees
 To where Saint Alban's holy shrines remain.
 There did they find that both their knights were slain;
 Distraught they stray'd to swollen Rudborne's side,
 There cried their own death knell, sank in the waves, and died.

Chatterton, who was born in November 1752, celebrated his seventeenth birthday, much as Byron subsequently marked his thirty-sixth, by a composition which is not only a proof of the maturity of his genius, but also of the state of melancholy to which, by poverty and want of sympathy, he had become reduced. If taken as a composition, irrespective of the period of life at which it was written, Chatterton's beautiful elegy will bear the closest scrutiny and most stringent criticism. His youth and poverty, added to the imperative commands of an intolerable avocation, to which he appears to have been chained as firmly as Ulysses was once bound to the mast, combined to fill his soul with sorrow bordering on despair; thus it is not without strong feelings of pity for their author that we peruse the following lines, which are only a portion of the original:—

Joyless I seek the solitary shade,
 Where dusky contemplation veils the scene,
 The dark retreat (of leafless branches made)
 Where sick'ning sorrow wets the yellow'd green.

The darksome ruins of some sacred cell,
 Where erst the sons of superstition trod,
 Tott'ring upon the mossy meadow, tell
 We better know but less adore our God.

* * * *

The bubbling brooks in plaintive murmurs roll,
 The bird of omen with incessant scream,
 To melancholy thoughts awakes the soul,
 And lulls the mind to contemplation's dream.

A dreary stillness broods o'er all the vale,
 The clouded moon emits a feeble glare ;
 Joyless I seek the darkling hill and dale ;
 Where'er I wander sorrow still is there.

Dean Swift once said that satire would always be popular, even in an age when other kinds of poetry fail to command attention, from the fact that it is a mirror wherein beholders discover everyone's face but their own ; and Chatterton, no doubt, was duly sensible to the truth of that remark when at this period he disdained the smiles of Polymnia and courted the frivolous Thalia. It is, I think, much to be regretted that a youth so highly gifted with poetic instincts, and so essentially romantic, should have lowered himself to a style of composition more suited to splenetic natures, and those who have an ill opinion of their fellow-creatures. But the dæmon of poverty and the thirst for fame appear to have dominated over his better nature ; hence, in the early part of 1770, he wrote the "Consuliad," an heroic poem of extraordinary force and bitterness. Of this poem it will be sufficient to say that the pretext for satire presented itself, and Chatterton proved himself equal to the occasion. In the same month he also produced "The Hirlas," and indited an epistle to the editor of the *Town and Country Magazine* under the *nom de plume* of Astrea Brokage. In the following month he wrote "February," an elegy, which, like the "Consuliad," bristles with satire. The following lines on Dr. Johnson, who had recently received a well-merited pension at the hands of his sovereign, are a fair sample of the whole :—

The pension'd muse of Johnson is no more !
 Drown'd in a butt of wine his genius lies :
 Earth ! Ocean ! Heaven ! the wond'rous loss deplore,
 The dregs of Nature with her glory dies.

What iron Stoic can suppress a tear :
 What sour reviewer read with vacant eye !
 What bard but decks his literary bier !
 Alas ! I cannot sing—I howl—I cry.

Chatterton now, after mature deliberation, resolved to quit his native city, and try his fortunes where Titans of literature had almost starved. The money he had received from his Bristol patrons, though wholly insufficient for his future wants, sufficed to defray the cost of his journey to London, and thither he went with a full heart, a large store of hope, and an empty pocket, in April 1770. The circumstances under which he quitted Mr. Lambert's service have been variously stated, but the real cause of their parting may be found in the fact that, having received from various London book-

sellers most tempting offers of employment provided he came to town, he accordingly resolved to commit suicide unless released from his apprenticeship. On being questioned by his friend Mr. Thistlewaite as to his expectations, and the mode of life he proposed to pursue on his arrival, Chatterton made the following characteristic reply: "My first attempt shall be in the literary way. The promises I have received are sufficient to dispel doubt; but should I, contrary to my expectations, find myself deceived, I will, in that case, turn Methodist preacher. Credulity is as potent a deity as ever, and a new sect may easily be devised. But if that, too, shall fail me, my last resource is a pistol."

A few days after his arrival in London he wrote a most cheerful and highly entertaining letter to his mother, recounting the incidents connected with his journey, concluding with the following words:—

Called on Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Fell, Mr. Hamilton, and Mr. Dodsley. Great encouragement from them; all approved of my design; shall soon be settled. Call upon Mr. Lambert; show him this, or tell him if I deserve a recommendation he would oblige me to give me one —; if I do not, it will be beneath him to take notice of me.

It has been supposed that Chatterton had no relations in London, but this is a mistake. Immediately upon his arrival he called upon a Mrs. Ballance, a relative of his mother, who persuaded him to take up his quarters at a Mr. Walmsley's, a plasterer in Shoreditch, where Mrs. Ballance was at that time lodging; and the following extract from a letter he wrote to his mother on the 6th of May will show that he was by no means disappointed with his reception, as some writers have asserted:—

DEAR MOTHER,—I am settled, and in such a settlement as I could desire. I get four guineas a month by one magazine; shall engage to write a history of England and other pieces, which will more than double that sum. Occasional essays for the daily papers would more than support me. What a glorious prospect!

On May 14 he wrote again in the same spirit, but fortune did not remain long at his side. The smiles of favour lit on loftier heads; perchance on some of those men of genius whose acquaintance he was so proud to make at the Chapter Coffee House. If ever a man deserved to command the sympathy of those who reward merit, that one was Chatterton. But, though indefatigable in his exertions, of surprising mental activity, prolific of execution wholly beyond parallel, he yet was neglected; and so deeply grieved was Mrs. Ballance that she once had the temerity to urge him to try and get into a mercantile office, which would insure him a certain, however humble, emolument. Chatterton's eyes brightened in an instant; he

sprang to his feet, and in a loud voice alarmed the good old lady by telling her that he hoped by the blessing of God very soon to be sent to the Tower, which would make his fortune. It is true that he was on the high road to incarceration, for he had written a variety of political satires; but his obscurity sheltered him from their consequences. The struggles of a lofty spirit against a pitiless world are always terrible. In this instance a consciousness of power, and a certainty of failure, only served to incite Chatterton to accomplish something worthy of his genius. He had hope of triumph, even beyond the grave, and faith in the justice which posterity would extend to one who, in his lifetime, had craved in vain for sympathy. He moreover well knew that, by leaving imperishable verses behind him, he would sooner or later hurl back upon his heartless contemporaries the full measure of their scorn. Thus, early in May, about a fortnight after his arrival in London, Chatterton began to lay the foundation for future fame. In his scantily furnished lodging at Shoreditch, almost friendless, wholly forsaken by the literary world, overwhelmed, like his "pale children of the feeble Sun," by "all the vicissitudes of woe," he sang the loves of Narva and Mored:—

Long shall their attributes be known in song,
Their lives were transient as the meadow flow'r,
Ripen'd in ages, wither'd in an hour.

It is well known that previous to his departure from Bristol he had entered deeply into politics, and, whether from inclination or by accident, had embraced the cause of the "patriotic" party. Chatterton now resolved upon the dangerous expedient of writing for both parties indifferently. He accordingly addressed a letter to Lord North, on May 26, 1770, signed "Moderator," which opens with the following words: "My Lord,—It gives me a painful pleasure," &c., and contains, according to Horace Walpole, an encomium on the administration for rejecting the City Remonstrance. On the same day he wrote a most respectful letter to Lord Mayor Beckford, soliciting the honour of an audience, and at the same time he enclosed a composition in prose, containing virulent invectives against the Government for rejecting the Remonstrance. The letter begins: "When the endeavours of a spirited people to free themselves from insupportable slavery," &c., &c. But in consequence of the Lord Mayor's death, which occurred shortly afterwards, this ambidextrous policy was never made public, and Chatterton humorously states that he thereby forfeited 31s. 6d., a loss which was, however, more than retrieved by sale of an elegy which he composed on that occasion.

Although Chatterton contributed to a number of London magazines, these efforts brought him so little money that he was soon reduced to real poverty. In the pocket-book which he took with him to London he carefully entered his private cash accounts, and it stands on record, to the eternal shame of the booksellers, that for nine months' labour this hapless youth received only £4 15s. 9d. Nor is that all that can be charged against the memory of his employers. In his own hand, shortly before his death, he has recorded that the various publishers by whom he was employed owed him £10. 19s. 6d. ! The price paid by Mr. Fell for "The Consuliad," a poem of over 270 lines, was half a guinea; from Mr. Hamilton, for two contributions which that gentleman thought good enough for insertion in his magazine, Chatterton received exactly *two shillings!* But Mr. Hamilton was a worthy patron, and had the goodness to give publicity to no less than sixteen songs, for which he remunerated the starving poet with the princely sum of 10s. 6d.

Under these circumstances none can be surprised that Chatterton should have sunk, almost at once, from the highest elevation of hope and illusion to the very depths of despair, or that he should have cast about him for more profitable employment. Having been unsuccessful in several attempts, Chatterton, as a last resource, applied to Mr. Barrett for a certificate which would enable him to get a berth as surgeon's mate on board a ship bound for the Coast of Africa. How full his thoughts were of this project may be gathered from the lines he at this time addressed to Miss Bush, and from his African Eclogues. To Miss Bush he says:—

Before I seek the dreary shore
Where Gambia's rapid billows roar,
And foaming pour along;
To you I urge the plaintive strain,
And though a lover sings in vain,
Yet you shall hear the song.

Ungrateful, cruel, lovely maid,
Since all my torments were repaid
With frowns or languid sneers;
With assiduities no more
Your captive will your health implore,
Or tease you with his tears.

Now to the regions where the sun
Doth his hot course of glory run,
And parches up the ground:
Where o'er the burning cleaving plains
A long external dog-star reigns,
And splendour flames around:

There will I go, yet not to find
 A fire intenser than my mind,
 Which burns a constant flame :
 There will I lose thy heavenly form,
 Nor shall remembrance, raptur'd, warm,
 Draw shadows of thy fame.
 &c., &c., &c.

Once more Chatterton was repulsed, and this time by his best friend, who, with a courage highly commendable, declined to recommend a young man of no medical experience nor even qualification to the charge of a ship's company. This circumstance, in all probability, filled his cup of sorrow to the brim, and induced him to move from his lodgings at Shoreditch, where he was known, to Mr. Angel's, a sack maker, in Brook Street, Holborn, who, being wholly ignorant of the lofty aspirations he had formed, would be unable to sneer at his failure. At this crisis, while he was perhaps almost starving, he still remembered his mother. He bitterly recalled all the assurances he had made her ; the bright pictures of future glory which he had drawn ; the promise of presents to her and to his sister, which in the first flush of his excitement he had made ; and, though hungry and friendless, he kept his word ! With the few shillings doled out to him by his literary patrons he purchased little gifts for those whom he loved at home. Seldom has self-denial been carried to such extremities ; never have promises been fulfilled at greater cost. He who cheerfully gave with one hand resolutely denied himself the means of subsistence with the other, and we have it on the unimpeachable evidence of a Mr. Wolf, who knew Chatterton at this time, that he would frequently pass three days consecutively without food. Perhaps the most prominent feature in the character of this extraordinary youth was courage. He was not crushed by the coldness nor humiliated by the reverses he encountered. In the month of June, the darkest period of his life, he wrote no less than seven essays, besides the beautiful African Eclogue known as "The Death of Nicou." These essays and this poem were eagerly accepted by his patrons, who recompensed the friendless starving genius with empty flattery. His short unhappy life was, however, drawing to a close. In July he published, in the *Town and Country Magazine*, the "Ballad of Charity," a poem which only too faithfully reflected his own position :—

Beneath an oak, close to a pathway side,
 Which did unto Saint Godwin's convent lead,
 A hapless pilgrim begging did abide,
 Poor in his aspect, shabby in his weed,
 Inur'd to all the miseries of need.

Where from the hailstorm could the beggar fly?
He had no cottage there—nor any convent nigh.

Look in his clouded face, his aspect scan;
How woe begone, how wither'd, sapless, dead!
Haste! haste thee to thy grave, accursed man!
Haste to thy coffin, 'tis thy fittest bed,
Cold as the clay which will rest on thy head
Is charity and love among high elves;
Since knights and barons live for pleasure and themselves.

The gathered storm is ripe; the big drops fall;
The sunburnt meadows smoke, and drink the rain;
The coming tempest doth the cattle pall,
And the full flocks are driving o'er the plain;
Dash'd from the clouds the waters fly again;
The heavens ope; the yellow light'ning flies;
And the fiery vapour in the wide furnace dies.

List! now the noisy thunder's rattling sound
Moves slowly on, and then embolden'd clangs,
Shakes the high spire, and lost, dispended, drown'd,
Still on the frighten'd ear of terror hangs;
The winds are up; the lofty elm tree swangs;
Again the light'ning and the thunder pours—
And then the full clouds burst, and shed their stony showers.

Spurring his palfrey o'er the watery plain, the abbot of St. Godwin's convent approached the pilgrim, and took shelter under the self-same tree. "His cloak was all of Lincoln cloth so fine," with a gold button fastened near his chin.

"An alms! Sir Priest," the weary pilgrim said;
Oh! let me wait within your convent door
Till the sun shineth high above our head,
And the loud tempest of the air is o'er.
Helpless and old am I, alas! and poor;
No house, no friend, nor money in my pouch,
All that I call mine own in this my silver crouch."
"Varlet," replied the abbot, "cease your din;
This is no season alms and prayers to give;
My porter never lets a beggar in;
None taste my fare who not in honour live."
And now the sun with the black clouds did strive,
Full shedding on the ground his glairie ray;
The abbot spur'd his steed, and quickly rode away.

&c., &c., &c.

Shortly afterwards, Chatterton published an essay entitled "The Unfortunate Fathers;" and the following words with which it concludes initiate us with terrible force into the dread secrets of his scul:—

Suicide is sometimes a noble insanity of the soul, and often the result of a mature and deliberate approbation of the soul. If ever a crime, it is only one to society; there indeed it always appears an irrational emotion: but when our being becomes dissocial, when we neither assist nor are assisted by society, we do not injure it by laying down our load of life. It may seem a paradoxical assertion, that we cannot do wrong to ourselves, but it is certain we have power over our own existence.

On August 24 Mrs. Angel entered his bedroom, determined if possible to persuade the starving boy to share her dinner. But on entering the room a terrible scene presented itself, and the kindly words withered on her lips. There, on his rude pallet, lay all that was mortal of a heaven-gifted, world-forsaken boy, cruelly neglected during life, and in death surrounded—not by relatives and friends, but by fragments of his own creations.

Some writers have ascribed Chatterton's death to arsenic; but this Mr. Barrett assures us is a mistake. According to that gentleman, he died from the effects of an overdose of opium, a drug which latterly he had been in the habit of taking to appease the pangs of hunger. Strange to relate, the death of this extraordinary youth attracted little or no attention; and in due course the body of one whose virtues during life far exceeded the catalogue of his faults was consigned to a nameless grave in the churchyard of St. Andrew's, Holborn.

Let us hope that his bright soul soon found that peace for which on earth he craved in vain. At eighteen he died! When the earth closed over him, and not till then, the world awoke to a sense of his glory; and the following words, reverently spoken over his grave by Dr. Knox, arose like the wail of the contrite, to find an echo among those who had been most heartless and unjust.

“Unfortunate boy! in return for the pleasure I have received from thy poems I pay thee the trifling tribute of my praise. Thyself thou hast emblazoned; thine own monument thou hast erected: but they whom thou hast delighted feel a pleasure in vindicating thine honours from the rude attacks of detraction.”

RICHARD EDGCUMBE.

*NATION-MAKING:**A THEORY OF NATIONAL CHARACTERS.*

IN order to avoid the slightest suspicion of appropriating the ideas of others without due acknowledgment, I shall begin this paper by stating that its title is taken from a chapter in the late Mr. Walter Bagehot's work on "Physics and Politics." I know of no other term equally expressive and well-chosen to describe the subject with which it deals.

Having discharged my soul of this initial obligation, I may go on to say that, beyond the simple name, I owe nothing whatsoever to Mr. Bagehot's book. His views upon the process of Nation-Making appear to me diametrically opposed to the real truth—certainly, they represent the opposite pole from that which will be exhibited in the present essay. And as there is often no easier way of advancing new opinions than by combating old ones, I cannot do better, I think, than give a brief *résumé* of Mr. Bagehot's method; after which I may proceed to contrast it with that which seems to me the more truthful and probable view of national evolution.

But first let me just begin by explaining what is the general object and scope of our ultimate inquiry. In a late number of this Magazine¹ I endeavoured to sketch in a brief and simple manner the causes which led to the rise of the great Hellenic culture among the islands and peninsulas of the *Ægean*. I then took for granted the general principle that every national character must necessarily be due to the special physical characteristics of the country in which it is developed. Proceeding upon this premise as a basis for the deductive interpretation of history, I attempted to apply it to the particular instance of Hellas, and to show that the geographical features of the *Ægean* basin, acting upon the given material of a rude undifferentiated Aryan colony, must inevitably produce that special form of civilisation which we actually find to have existed among the historical Hellenic states. I knew, of course, that the doctrine thus postulated could hardly be

¹ See an article on "Hellas and Civilisation" in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August 1878.

expected to meet with universal acceptance, especially when advanced as a known datum, without any attempt to demonstrate its substantive truth. I thought it best, however, for purposes of exegesis, first to display the principle in one of its concrete applications, and then to return at a later time to the establishment of the abstract formula itself. The latter object I now propose to attempt.

But let not the timid reader be frightened by the somewhat awesome phrases which I have been compelled to employ in this formal exordium. I shall endeavour in the sequel to say what I have to say without transgressing the limits of the Queen's English, and without any further technicalities than the nature of the subject absolutely demands. Suppose we begin, then, by putting the general proposition which we desire to prove into rather simpler language than that employed above.

Our object must be to show that the differences between one nation and another, whether in intellect, commerce, art, morals, or general temperament, ultimately depend, not upon any mysterious properties of race, nationality, or other unknown and intangible abstractions, but simply and solely upon the physical circumstances to which they are exposed. If it be a fact, as we know it to be, that the French nation differs recognisably from the Chinese, and the people of Hamburg differ recognisably from the people of Timbuctoo, then the notorious and conspicuous differences between them are wholly due (it is here contended) to the geographical position of the various races. If the people who went to Hamburg had gone to Timbuctoo, they would now have been indistinguishable from the semi-barbarous negroes who inhabit that Central African metropolis: and if the people who went to Timbuctoo had gone to Hamburg, they would now have been white-skinned merchants driving a roaring trade in imitation sherry and indigestible port.

And here, at the very outset, a *caveat* must be entered against a possible misconstruction which almost every reader will put at once upon the preceding paragraph. I do not mean that if you were *now* to transplant a generation of Central African negroes, even from their very cradles, into the modern city of Hamburg, they would grow up exactly like the civilised Teutons who at present adorn that Fatherland of shams. The Teuton has had the advantage of ten thousand years continuous development, hereditarily transmitted from father to son, and he comes into the world at the present day with some odd ounces of extra brain tissue beyond the amount which the negro derives from his idle, unintelligent ancestors. Those odd ounces imply an enormously-increased ability for literature, &c.

science, for art, and for the manufacture of artificial wines. All that I really mean is this—if the ancestors of the negro had gone to Hamburg when they actually went to Timbuctoo, the people who are now denizens of the African huts would have been by this time average subjects of the German Empire. Average subjects, not merely in the political sense, but in their intellectual, moral, æsthetic, and practical capacities.

Still a further *caveat*, lest the previous one should again be misunderstood. I do not mean if the negro had gone to Hamburg *after* he became a negro; or if the Teuton had gone to Timbuctoo *after* he became a Teuton. The negro in America, especially when he has two or three generations of Americanised negroes at his back, is not exactly the negro of the West Coast; but he is none the less at bottom a negro still. He cannot catch up in a century the Aryan who took a hundred centuries' start. He is so heavily handicapped now in the race for life that I doubt whether he will ever overtake the foremost runners. But once more, what I am trying to say is this:—If the ancestors of the negro and the Aryan, *before* they had become either one thing or the other, and when both were just alike, had decided to part company, and had tossed up whether they should go to Africa or to Western Europe, then whichever won the toss to take Western Europe would become the progenitor of the Western European whom we know; and whichever won the toss to go to Africa would become the parent of the negro with whom we are only too familiar.

Not only so, but I will go further. I believe that the race which went to Africa would necessarily and inevitably develop (or retain) woolly hair, black skin, broad nostrils, and all the other well-known negro features, as well as the peculiar mental and moral characteristics which go to make up our picture of the African as he is; while the race which went to Europe would in like manner necessarily and inevitably develop (or perhaps in some trifling matters retain) lank hair, light skin, a prominent nose, and all the other well-known Aryan features, as well as the peculiar mental and moral characteristics which go to make up our picture of the Western European as he is.

Observe, I mean all this in the strictest sense, and not if you interpolate some other factor not included in the terms of my hypothesis. All this will only happen, as I say, *provided* the two races start from an original similar stock, and are afterwards placed in certain definite situations. If you alter some one of the original characteristics, or if you make some difference in the subsequent

treatment of these races, then the ultimate result will be to a corresponding extent disturbed. But I shall put the hypothetical case in the naked form of a mathematical proposition, and the reader will then be able to see exactly the end at which I am driving.

Suppose we take a body A, composed of several separate but exactly similar units, *a, b, c, d,* and so forth; and suppose we divide it into exactly like portions, B and C, whereof B comprises the units *a, b, c,* &c., while C comprises the units *o, p, q,* &c.; and suppose, further, that we place the part B in position X, and the part C in position Z; then, whatever differences the two bodies may at any time thereafter exhibit, those differences must be due to forces acting at X which do not act at Z, or *vice versa*.

In other words, unless we imagine these differences to have arisen without any cause at all (which is impossible), we must believe them to have arisen from local causes.

Of course, the naked case, as here put hypothetically, is hardly likely to occur in nature with any such perfect simplicity. We cannot exactly say that the whole human race was at any time absolutely homogeneous, composed throughout of exactly similar individuals. Even among the veriest savages there must be minor distinctions of appearance, tastes, and habits. Still, we do know that the earliest men were much more like one another than those now living, and that there has been a constant differentiation going on into more and more dissimilar groups. Of course, also, the very fact that members of a particular race have gone in one direction rather than another, shows some probable original dissimilarity between them. When the little nomad party, of which Abraham and Lot were Shaikhs, found it necessary to separate, it was not mere accident but diversity of character which made them choose each his own region. When the Pilgrim Fathers sailed for the shores of Massachusetts, it was not mere haphazard selection but similarity of aim and belief which decided what Englishmen should go to the New England beyond the ocean, and what Englishmen should remain in the Old England on this side the seas. Nevertheless, neither the Yankee nor the Britisher of to-day is the Puritan or the Royalist of the Stuarts, and it is America and England respectively which have caused the greater differences we now see between them.

Our problem, then, is most simply put as follows. Given a certain original relatively-homogeneous body of men, placed under different physical conditions; then whatever heterogeneity may thereafter arise between them must be due to the diverse action of these different conditions. Or, to put it conversely, if at any

particular moment we find any two races, originally derived from a common stock, exhibiting certain diversities of appearance, intellect, or character, then those diversities must be ultimately due to the different geographical situations in which they and their ancestors may have been placed at various times since the date of their first separation.

So much for definite statement of the propositions which we wish to establish. Let us proceed next to inquire how they may be established.

There are three conceivable modes in which the differentiation of an originally homogeneous race into two or more heterogeneous branches might theoretically take place. The first mode is by pure accident: that is to say, we might imagine that the various branches developed differences of intellect and character through simple causeless chance. But this idea, though theoretically conceivable, is not practically believable at the present day. Indeed, the more advanced among our philosophers would go so far as to say that when we imagine we are conceiving such a possibility, we are really deceiving ourselves by mistaking a hazy unrealisable notion for a conceivable thought. However, to waive this technical point, we can at least agree that nobody would now suppose any process to be entirely uncaused. The universality of causation may be regarded as a fixed certainty for all modern thought. Hence we are reduced to the two alternative suppositions, that such a differentiation takes place through the action of internal or of external causes respectively.

The first of these two theories was advocated by Mr. Bagehot. Put in a simple form, his belief amounted to this. A race, originally one and similar throughout, becomes differentiated into various sub-races, eventually forming separate and unlike nations, by the mere varied caprices of its constituent masses. In one place one tribe sets a special value upon one quality, say bravery: in another place another tribe places a higher estimate upon some other trait, say cunning or (what is the same thing) intellect. Here cheating is the fashion, there honesty. This little group patronises nascent art; that displays a taste for rude poetry; the other expends itself on athletic exercises. Spontaneous merchants cross the sea in the east; accidental agriculturists till the land in the west. Natural selection, picking out the better-suited among these ever-shifting peculiarities, preserves those variations which are in adaptation to the circumstances, and allows those which are out of adaptation to go to the wall.

Now this theory has some truth in it, as far as it extends: but I

must say it seems to me to extend a very little way indeed. For *how* are these spontaneous variations set up? Apparently, in Mr. Bagehot's view, by mere causeless accident ; and so we are landed once more in the inconceivable or unbelievable notion of uncaused changes, which we thought we had carefully avoided. Of course Mr. Bagehot would answer (were he here amongst us still to do so) that these minor variations were set up by surrounding circumstances. So far, good. But then he seems to regard those surrounding circumstances as of little importance, mere fugitive collocations of petty causes, varying from moment to moment, and only worthy of note because of the effects which they conspire remotely to produce. To me it seems rather that the differentiating agency must be sought in the great permanent geographical features of land and sea, and that these have necessarily and inevitably moulded the characters and the histories of every nation upon earth.

Or, once more to illustrate the difference between the two theories by a concrete instance, Mr. Bagehot seems to suppose that particular nations have derived their special characteristics in many cases from simple mimicry of some fashionable type, set by a popular chief or a primitive warrior ; while to me they appear rather to have derived them from the reactions of the great physical features by which they were surrounded. Even if it were granted that one nation followed the caprices of one leader, and another those of a second, the paramount question remains—what differentiated chief from chief and taste of people from taste of people? Until this ultimate problem has been solved, we seem to me hardly any nearer the origin of nation-making than when we began.

Nor does that earlier writer, our fussy, conceited, inconsequential old friend Buckle, get any deeper towards a solution of the question than Mr. Bagehot. It is true he suggested the belief that geographical position has everything to do with civilisation, the only problem with which he attempted directly to deal ; but the moment he came to apply his theory to a particular case, he at once destroyed all its real significance by abandoning its applicability to Europe, where he believed in the intervention of certain abstruse metaphysical entities, denominated Moral Laws. Even where he attempted strictly to carry out his principles in a concrete case (say that of India), he descended at once to such a set of fanciful generalities and far-fetched analogies, that his work possesses no real scientific value in any part. For example, he accounted for the infinite epochs and gigantic families of Hindu mythology by the simple and imaginative explanation that the minds of the dwellers in little alluvial villages or

the Ganges were overawed by the vastness of the Himalayan mountain system, as though we should account for the genius of Burns by his close proximity to the Alps and the Great Geysers.

Mr. Bagehot's view is an immense advance upon such a crude and ill-digested system; but still it cannot be said to go very deep into the ultimate difficulty. He enjoyed the enormous advantage of writing after Mr. Darwin had given us the master-key of the natural selection theory; and so of course his feet could not fail to go right in many byways where earlier writers lost themselves hopelessly. His treatment was a very natural application of the Darwinian hypothesis to the question of nation-making; it was, indeed, an inevitable step: but it was only a first step, and a step very much in the dark. Let us try back once more, and see to what results a stricter application of evolutionist principles will finally conduct us.

When Mr. Darwin's great discovery was first heralded to the world, we were all content to accept it as a sufficient account of the *modus operandi* whereby variations once set up were strengthened and developed; but we did not at first endeavour to explain the particular causes of these variations themselves. It was usual to speak of them as "spontaneous," and though Mr. Darwin himself always laid much stress upon their natural origin, as results of unknown laws, it yet seemed at first as though we must leave the action of these laws in complete obscurity, merely accepting their results as so many known facts. As time went on, however, biologists began to perceive that in many instances we could actually show the particular law upon which the primitive variation depended; and now we are every day filling up the gaps in our knowledge by the discovery of such initial causes, and reducing the "spontaneous" variations to comprehended cases of acknowledged laws.¹

For example, we once could only account for the colours and sweet secretions of flowers or fruits by saying that *if* such a tendency were fortuitously set up (that is to say, resulted from the operation of unknown causes), then it would be strengthened and increased by the selective action of insects and birds; but nowadays we are able

¹ Mr. A. R. Wallace has been particularly successful in pointing out the origin of such variations, and his admirable explanation of the genesis of colour in the animal integuments, contained in his late volume on *Tropical Nature*, forms one of the best examples that could be given of this later stage in the evolutionist doctrine. In saying this, however, I ought to add that I cannot wholly agree with Mr. Wallace in supposing that his explanation supersedes Mr. Darwin's doctrine of sexual selection. I regard it rather as supplementary and preliminary to selective action—affording the groundwork of variation upon which that action can be exercised.

positively to show that such colours necessarily present themselves wherever certain chemical processes are taking place, which must take place in flowers and fruits, while we are also able to show that sweet juices are inevitable concomitants of the selfsame processes. In short, we can now remove these original variations from the category of hypothetical occurrences to that of known results : instead of postulating a primitive tendency towards the development of colours and sweet secretions, we can prove that such a tendency must naturally exist, and so form a groundwork for the selective action which we now see taking place around us.

An individual analogy will make my meaning clearer still. The animals and plants of the Galapagos Islands are all noticeable for their total want of bright colouring. The flowers are mostly small and inconspicuous ; the birds and insects mostly dull grey or dingy black. Why is this? I think the geographical peculiarities of the island supply us with a sufficient answer. They stand at a considerable distance from any mainland, and their fauna and flora, like those of other oceanic isles, consist of such waifs and strays as Mr. Darwin and Mr. Wallace have taught us to expect on these isolated archipelagos. Now, among the accidental plant denizens, wafted by winds and waves to the solitary group, ferns hold a conspicuous place ; for their small spores are much more easily carried about than the relatively large seeds of flowering plants. - Of course, these ferns have no blossoms, and so they contribute nothing to the general brilliancy of any local flora. Again, among the flowering plants, all those with bright corollas, like buttercups or roses, depend for fertilisation upon insects, for whose allurement these brilliant adjuncts have been developed ; while those with inconspicuous greenish blossoms, like grasses and forest trees, depend generally upon the wind, and are destitute of such attractive organs. Consequently, bright-blossomed plants can only exist where insects fit for fertilising them have previously or simultaneously settled themselves. But oceanic islands like the Galapagos group seldom possess any bees or butterflies capable of performing this necessary task for the brilliant flowers ; because these winged insects cannot fly over such enormous distances, and are not likely to reach the island alive. As a rule, only the creeping kinds, which adhere to logs of wood or floating objects, succeed in colonising such isolated spots. Conversely, if a stray bee or butterfly *did* manage to reach the islands in safety, he would necessarily starve for want of proper food. Accordingly, only the wind-fertilised plants which accident brought to the Galapagos group could thrive and propagate ; while the insect-fertilised species

either died out in the first generation, or adapted themselves to the altered circumstances by assuming the opposite habit. Hence there are no bright flowers on the archipelago.

But how does this account for the absence of brilliantly-coloured animals? Simply thus. Speaking roughly, we may say that all the bright-hued birds or insects are flower-feeding or fruit-eating species. Only these species have acquired that taste for pure colours which shows itself in the sexual selection of beautiful mates. Now, we have seen already that there are no red or blue flowers on the islands, and also that there are no butterflies. For a like reason there can be no humming-birds or honey-suckers. Similarly there are no yellow or pink fruits, and no bright birds which feed on them. In brief, there is nothing in the circumstances of the group to produce colour, and so there is no colour there.

If we knew more about the habits and food of each species, as well as about its natural enemies and the means of protection which it adopts against them, we should probably see even more clearly that all the peculiarities of fauna and flora in such a case depend upon the presence or absence of such food-stuffs, enemies, or means of protection. For example, it has been shown that the beetles which inhabit oceanic islands are generally either very strong-winged or absolutely wingless. Now, on such small isolated lands, a winged insect is very apt to be blown out to sea with the prevailing wind. Those individuals which happened to possess unusually powerful wings would succeed in battling against the breeze and holding their own in spite of it; those with very weak wings would not suffer from this difficulty, because they would fly very low and little, or not at all; but those with only moderate powers of flight would be carried out unresistingly and finally drowned. Hence, the medium individuals would always be weeded out from generation to generation, while the strong-winged would develop more and more powerful organs of flight, and the weak-winged would gradually lose theirs altogether by continued disuse. So we can see how in a thousand minor ways the geographical circumstances must influence the differentiation of new species.

What we have to inquire in such a case falls under two heads: first, what was the original stock from which the particular species was primarily derived? and, second, what variations have been produced by the geographical peculiarities of its new situation, either directly through change of climate, food, and so forth, or indirectly through special modes of natural and sexual selection? Those who would wish to see these two questions completely answered with

reference to a single species, or group of species, should turn to Mr. Wallace's interesting account of the humming-birds of Juan Fernandez. Mr. Wallace there shows, with all his usual acuteness and ingenuity, how these birds were originally stray individuals of a much plainer Chilian species; and how the abundant food and freedom from competition in the new habitat produced the various differences which mark off the existing descendants of these colonists from the parent stock. It should be remembered, too, that the particular country from which the colonising individuals come is itself determined in the main by geographical conditions, such as actual proximity, intervention of seas, straits, lakes, rivers, and mountains, with their comparative depth, height, and width, or like circumstances; so that in the end the whole complex set of correlated facts with regard to the fauna and flora may be said ultimately to depend simply and solely upon physical features.

And now let us proceed to apply these analogies to the case of man.

In the first place, it will be quite clear, I think, in the light of the preceding facts, that we cannot regard any nation as an active agent in differentiating itself. Only the surrounding circumstances can have any effect in such a direction. To suppose otherwise is to suppose that the mind of man is exempt from the universal law of causation. There is no caprice, no spontaneous impulse in human endeavours. Even taste and inclinations *must* themselves be the result of surrounding causes. We know now that the human preference for sweets over bitters, for perfumes over stench, for bright hues over dingy messes, has its origin in facts of our nervous structure, which are themselves the product of our descent from early frugivorous ancestors. If one race shows slight diversities in these respects from another, we can only account for them as we would account for any other phenomenon, by the action of surrounding circumstances. And though in an individual we can seldom or never really discover all the conditions, personal and hereditary, which have gone to form his individuality, yet when we examine a whole nation or race the case is widely different, for here we need only take into account those special traits which are common to the average of its component members, and these must necessarily be due to the circumstances which are also common to them all, namely, the geographical environment in which they live.¹ Hence I think we

¹ Those readers who have looked at my previous essay on "Hellas and Civilisation," need not be reminded that I always include in the term "geographical environment," the various other countries and races with which the nation under consideration is brought into relations.

may at once dismiss Mr. Bagehot's theory of caprice or spontaneous taste as a differentiating agency in Nation-Making.

As regards the original undifferentiated stock from which the various races of mankind are derived, we cannot be said to know much about it. Nor can we obtain any such definite information about the earliest homes of the great divisions—Aryan, Semitic, Turanian, and so forth—as would enable us to show what were the peculiar circumstances which gave rise to their deeply-engrained hereditary differences. But when we come to the minor subdivisions into which each of these originally homogeneous groups splits up, we can, I think, on the whole, trace the causes which influenced their subsequent development. Thus, while the Laplander and the Chinaman exhibit many traits in common, which they derive from their common Turanian ancestry, we may safely say that the traits in which they differ are due to the geographical position and physical features of Lapland and China respectively. So, too, while the Indian Brahman, the Hellene, and the Englishman all exhibit many reminiscences of the primitive Aryan, we may yet with confidence set down their differentiating peculiarities to the special position of India, Hellas, and Britain. In the whole of human history we may see nothing but the perpetual action and reaction of these two primary factors, *the Organism* (including, of course, the nervous system, and therefore the character and intellect), handed down by heredity from previous generations as a relatively-fixed existence, and *the Environment* (including, of course, the surrounding organisms), whose various portions play for ever upon the organism, producing minor variations, which in turn are handed down to posterity as part of the hereditary possessions of the race.

It will be obvious, therefore, that if we wish to trace out the differentiation of any particular nation—say the Hellenic—or, what comes to the same thing, if we wish to account for the special national characteristics, we must inquire, first, to which of the great human families does it belong by descent; and, secondly, what are the physical features by which it is surrounded. Clearly, Hellas would have had a somewhat different history had she been occupied some two or three thousand years before the Christian era by a Semitic or a Turanian race—not, perhaps a history essentially unlike in its main features of commerce and civilisation, but still a history differing in a thousand minor points of personal and general detail. On the other hand, equally clearly, the undifferentiated or little differentiated Aryans who went to Hellas must have been rendered more and more *unlike those other Aryans who went to India or to Ireland by the peculiar conf* and surroundings of the island coasts on which

they settled. This, that, or the other Hellene may have differed from his neighbours through the special conditions in which he himself and his ancestors for ever had been placed ; but so far as the Hellenic race, *in its totality*, differed from the pure Hindu or Erse races *in their totality*, the difference must be due to that which the whole mass of individuals had in common, namely, the physical position of Hellas. To doubt this seems to me equivalent to denying the universality of causation.

Finally, in every case, we must make due allowance for the time-element. The earliest humming-birds which went to Juan Fernandez, as Mr. Wallace tells us, found the field unoccupied, and were able to develop into increased strength and beauty through the abundance of food and the absence of enemies. But when, at a later date—these original colonists having meanwhile firmly established themselves and populated the island—a second immigration of like individuals took place from the coast of Chili, the new comers found the field already occupied by the island species, and consequently, having no superabundance of food, and having to compete with the older inhabitants in the struggle for life, they have never developed any extra size or beauty, but still remain as a comparatively plain species by the side of their more gorgeous brethren. Here, all the circumstances are exactly the same, except the time-element. The immigrants belonged to one original form, and they came to one and the same island ; but time had introduced one more feature into the totality of that island, namely, the differentiated local species. This one altered feature of course sufficed to prevent the second colony from running through exactly the same evolution as the first.

It is just the same with nations and races. Hellas was great in B.C. 400, because at that particular epoch of time navigation had just extended to the Ægean basin, with a few outlying ports. Italy was great in A.D. 100, because navigation and internal communications had extended over the whole Mediterranean basin. England is great in A.D. 1878 because steam has made her the centre of the Atlantic system. New factors arise from time to time by the interaction of the old, which really make the conditions other than they were ; and so the picture changes before our eyes from day to day. But in the main I believe we can now point out the principal causes which have influenced the evolution of history ; and in some future papers I hope, with the kind permission of editor, readers, and critics, to attempt the deductive explanation of one or two leading instances—China, Egypt, India, Italy, and Western Europe—by the light of the general principles here laid down.

MR. CRABTREE.

THE first scene of "The School for Scandal," as everyone knows, represents the dressing-room of Lady Sneerwell. She is discovered at her toilet, in colloquy with her confidential agent, Mr. Snake, who sips chocolate as he discusses the family affairs of the Teazles and the Surfaces. Presently her ladyship, the widow of a city knight with a good jointure, holds a kind of reception, much after Lady Squanderfield's manner, as represented by William Hogarth some thirty years before in the fourth of the "Marriage à la mode" pictures. In the foreground people of fashion and quality assemble and gossip; at the back are plainly visible her ladyship's bed and dressing table. Mr. Joseph Surface appears; whereupon Mr. Snake departs. Then Maria enters, to be followed by Mrs. Candour. The servant next announces "Mr. Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite;" and forthwith the Wasp and Butterfly of the comedy buzz and flutter about the scene.

The first personator of Mr. Crabtree was William Parsons, a valued actor of the old men as distinguished from the old gentlemen of comedy. He did not pretend to an air of fashion; his aspect was somewhat unrefined; his manner perhaps lacked polish and elegance. He was seen at his best in strongly delineated characters, to which some grossness of humour, some violence of colouring, was permissible. A suspicion of low comedy attended his efforts in the loftier paths of the drama. But he was distinctly an artist in the completeness and conscientiousness of his impersonations. It is ascribed to him as a peculiar merit that he fully possessed the art of *immersing* himself in the characters he assumed. He paid "a happy attention," we are told, to all the minutiae of representation; portrayed in the most finished manner the infirmities, mental and physical, of age, the passion of avarice, the folly of dotage: the "tottering knee, the sudden stare, the plodding look, nay, the taking out of a handkerchief," all proclaimed him a consummate actor in his own particular line. When he appeared as Foresight in "Love for Love," and was addressed by Sir Sampson Legend as "Old Nostradamus," and described as "poring upon the ground for a crooked pin or an

old horsenail with the head towards him," there could not be, a biographer asserts, a finer illustration of Congreve's character—"an illiterate old fellow, peevish and positive, superstitious and pretending to understand astrology, palmistry, physiognomy, omens, dreams, &c."—than Parsons afforded at that time in face and attitude. As Crabtree, of course, the actor had a very different task to accomplish. Crabtree, prominent among the scandal-mongers who give the work its title, is, with his compeers, but slightly connected with the real plot of the play. Yet in the hands of a competent performer Crabtree always figures entertainingly upon the scene. He is so busily malicious, he has so reduced spitefulness to a system, detraction and calumny are such joys to him: even the pride he takes in introducing and encouraging his nephew, Sir Benjamin, in demanding an exhibition of his pretty wit, a repetition of his absurd epigrams and charades, is but an excuse for more and yet more mischief-making. Moreover, Crabtree is entrusted with certain of the best passages in the tattle of the scandalous college; he tells the ridiculous story of Miss Letitia Piper and the twins; he relates the dealings of Charles Surface with the Jews; and he describes in the most detailed manner the duel which did not occur between Charles and Sir Peter, when—"Charles's shot took effect, as I tell you, and Sir Peter's missed; but, what is very extraordinary, the ball struck against a little bronze Shakespeare that stood over the fire-place, grazed out of the window at a right angle, and wounded the postman, who was just coming to the door with a double letter from Northamptonshire!" A fable more convincingly circumstantial could not be.

William Parsons was born on the 29th February, 1736, the son of a carpenter in Bow Lane, Cheapside, whose circumstances were far from affluent. The father, however, was bent upon giving his boy a good education, and accordingly placed him at St. Paul's School, in which "garden of emulative genius," as a biographer superfinely describes it, young Parsons exhibited intelligence and acquired some learning. He won the approval of his masters on account of his diligence and docility, while he was esteemed by his schoolfellows because of the kindness of his disposition, his unflagging drollery and good nature. Already he discovered a certain taste for the drama; he invested his pocket-money in the purchase of plays, and greatly indulged in poetical recitations and elocutionary exercises; the schoolroom often resounded with his rehearsals of "the pleadings of Antony, the oratory of Brutus, and the rage of Richard." At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to Sir Henry Cheese, a well-known surveyor.

During the last century there flourished in London various 'spouting clubs,' as they were called. These were assemblies of young men—apprentices for the most part—and among apprentices were then classed the pupils of professional men—held in the larger rooms of taverns, for the promotion of conviviality, speechifying, recitations, and amateur theatricals. Parsons had become a member of a society of this description, meeting now at The Bird Cage, in Wood Street, and now at The Horns, in Doctors' Commons. He had made the acquaintance of Powell and Holland, young men of his own standing, already inclining towards that histrionic profession of which they were presently to become distinguished ornaments. In truth, Parsons had become "stage-struck." It was in vain that Sir Henry Cheese complained of his pupil's idleness and negligence. It was in vain that old Parsons expostulated, warned, and scolded. The youth declined to be advised; soon abandoned his desk in the surveyor's office, and enrolled himself, a raw recruit, in the army of the players. "Though I run from Cheese, I fear not meeting with bread," he cried, with a light heart, and the pleasantries were much applauded by his friends of the "spouting club."

He shared the delusion to which comic actors seem invariably subject: he believed himself a tragedian; and among his fellow-apprentices he strutted for some time as Romeo and Richard. In 1756 he first appeared before the public, on the occasion of a benefit, at the Haymarket Theatre; he essayed the part of Kent, his friend Powell impersonating Edmund. At this time Parsons was thought to be the better tragedian of the two. He was wont to say in later life that it took seven years to perfect Powell in tragedy, and about the same time to convince himself that in comedy lay his own best chances of success. He obtained an engagement at York and won much applause at Southampton in the tragedy of "The Earl of Essex;" he was subsequently entrusted with the leading characters in tragedy and in genteel comedy. From York he removed to Edinburgh upon the offer of liberal terms and a long engagement. The discovery of his comic powers seems to have been very much a matter of accident. In consequence of the departure for Dublin of one Stamper, a comedian much admired on the Edinburgh stage, Parsons was required to assume, at a very short notice, the character of Lovegold in Fielding's "Miser." "The audience," we read, "expected little more than a reading; but, to their surprise, he sustained every scene with increasing excellence, and when the curtain fell, Stamper was no longer regretted, nor would his appearance, after this evening, have been welcomed, had he returned to the part." Parsons' skill in portraying

the characters of old men soon obtained further demonstration, and a severe attack of asthma which now first afflicted him, and which recurred frequently throughout his life, probably confirmed him in this line of impersonation. His vocal infirmity was even an aid in his assumption of elderly characters. He remained some four or five years in Edinburgh, marrying there; his wife enjoyed considerable reputation as an actress of saucy chambermaids, romps, and hoydens. His fame attracted the attention of Garrick, always eager to strengthen his company, and careful, by the introduction of new actors, to control the more established performers.

Parsons first appeared at Drury Lane, on the 21st of September 1762, as Filch in "The Beggar's Opera," his wife personating Mrs. Peachum. It was said that at this time Garrick entertained no great opinion of the abilities of Parsons, but engaged him chiefly for the sake of his wife; he hoped that Mrs. Parsons might rival Mrs. Clive in popularity, and that the pretensions of the elder actress might be subdued by the presence of the new-comer. In this respect he was disappointed: Mrs. Clive was not to be so easily opposed, still less surpassed. "Mrs. Parsons' abilities were very tiny, indeed," writes Charles Dibdin; "in nothing but the size of her person was she superior to Mrs. Clive." Garrick, however, seems to have protected his own interests very sufficiently. He had secured Parsons' services upon very moderate terms, awarding a larger salary to his wife. But he soon dispensed with Mrs. Parsons' aid altogether, and then, by way of checking the rise of Parsons, engaged an actor named Hartry to rival his impersonations and appear in the same class of characters. In a poem of the time, dealing with the theatres, the actors are coupled in the lines:—

Parsons and Hartry with strong power of face,
Give sportive humour oft successful chase, &c., &c.

Hartry's merits were not considerable, however. Meanwhile Parsons advanced, if but slowly in the first instance. Few parts of importance were allotted him during his earlier seasons in London. Yates and Shuter were in such full possession of the more prominent characters of comedy that he was even constrained to appear insignificantly in tragedy, now personating Gratiano in "Othello," now Lenox in "Macbeth," and now Douglas in the first part of "Henry IV." But it began to be perceived that he was a very original performer, and that his histrionic method, if less droll than Shuter's, or less forcible than Yates's, was yet remarkable for its fidelity to nature. It was admitted presently that in such characters as the antiquarian Perriwinkle, in "A Bold Stroke for a Wife," and the fond Alderman

Smuggler of "The Constant Couple," he could afford comparison with the best of contemporary players. Garrick became sensible that the new performer was a real acquisition to the theatre, and that he possessed the art of making much of very small parts. Thenceforward the manager, in arranging his farces for representation, was careful always to provide a character for Parsons. This was the less difficult, in that Parsons found pleasure in personating choleric fathers and testy guardians—characters indispensable to farce. "It was determined," writes a biographer, explaining the actor's choice of parts, "to make that respectable which had never been so considered before; and by studying the pettish peevishness and other passions of old men, and contemplating in real life what effect these had on the voice, the face, nay, the very gait, he gave so faithful a portraiture of nature, that though the subject was not handsome, it was universally admired for its extraordinary similitude." It was admitted that the parents and guardians of the stage are usually but the means of displaying the superior brilliancy of the other characters: "they introduce that humour which others utter; they are the three first lines of the epigram of which the fourth is the point."

Between Garrick and Parsons the most cordial relations were soon established; they became, indeed, the best and firmest of friends. For upwards of thirty years Parsons remained a member of the Drury Lane company, resisting the very liberal offers he received from Dublin, and remaining loyal to Garrick even when strongly tempted by his early playfellow, Powell, to desert with him to Colman at Covent Garden. During the summer he accepted engagements to appear at the Haymarket or at Liverpool and other places in company with his friend John Palmer, the Joseph Surface of "The School for Scandal;" but the return of winter surely found him again at Drury Lane. He was a prudent thrifty man, and had soon saved sufficient to purchase a share in the Bristol Theatre, in association with the actors Reddish and Clarke. But he grew weary of his responsibilities, and in three years withdrew from this enterprise; his natural mildness of disposition ill-fitted him, it was said, for the post of manager. He built himself a summer retreat in the neighbourhood of Mead's Row, St. George's Fields, bestowing upon his house the title of Frog Hall. In a publication called the *General Magazine and Impartial Review* appeared a drawing, after Woollett, of the actor's house. A century ago this portion of Lambeth boasted a picturesque and rural air. Frog Hall appears to have afforded much pleasure to Parsons and his friends. Woollett was wont to exercise himself in a small boat or punt upon the confined piece of

water fronting the house. Palmer described Parsons' summer retreat as possessing a nine-pin alley for a foreground and a pigsty in the middle distance, with a wash-hand basin for a fishpond. An open and very unsavoury ditch adjoining the Apollo Gardens seems, however, to have been a source of some discomfort to the tenant of Frog Hall.

Parsons was endowed with fair skill as a draughtsman, and lent material aid in illustrating the monthly numbers of the *General Magazine*. Michael Kelly mentions that in the little drawing-room of Frog Hall were several admirable landscapes by Parsons, and that he was generally accounted a very good artist. During his early struggles as an actor he had been able to increase his small salary by painting landscape studies, fruit and flower pieces, for the picture-dealers, displaying, we are informed, "very decent execution, much judgment, and no small portion of taste and fancy." It is related, indeed, that "a celebrated landscape painter of that time" availed himself of Parsons' abilities, and, "without any diminution to the respectability of his professional character," sold as his own works pictures executed, in truth, by the actor. Charles Dibdin says of Parsons' pictures that they were "very respectable productions," but that Parsons was more a critic than a painter, more elaborate than spirited; that he paid more attention to the adjustment of parts than to the general effect, "and thus, although he was a very good copier of a picture, he was by no means a first-rate copier of nature." Dibdin and Parsons worked together as painters, Sir Joshua Reynolds supplying them from his gallery with examples for imitation. A picture, the joint performance of the song-writer and the comedian, was publicly exhibited about 1772 at the large room at the Lyceum, erected by the Society of Incorporated Artists of Great Britain, the precursor and rival of the Royal Academy. Parsons is said to have also profited by dealing in the works of old masters, so-called—a very lucrative trade a century ago. His own paintings and drawings were, shortly after his decease, sold by public auction in Christie's Rooms, and realised considerable prices.

Geneste, in his "History of the Stage," furnishes a list of upwards of one hundred and fifty characters assumed by Parsons at Drury Lane and the Haymarket Theatres. Among his Shakespearean parts may be enumerated Shallow, Dogberry, Sir Hugh Evans, the First Gravedigger in "Hamlet," the First Witch in "Macbeth," the Clowns in "Measure for Measure" and "Twelfth Night," Bottom in a version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Gardiner in "Henry VIII.," Silence in "Henry IV.," Part II., Gobbo in the "Merchant

of Venice," and Elbow in "Measure for Measure." He was the original representative, the *creator*, as the modern term has it, not merely of Crabtree, of Sir Fretful Plagiary, and of Probe in "A Trip to Scarborough," but of many other characters very popular and famous in their day but scarcely known, even by name, to the modern stage, such as Sir Christopher Curry in "Inkle and Yarico," Lope Tocho in the "Mountaineers," Snarl in "The Village Lawyer," Diggery in "All the World's a Stage," Doyley in "Who's the Dupe?" Cranky in "The Son-in-Law," Dr. Bartholo in "The Spanish Barber," Whittle in "The Irish Widow," &c. He undertook the established low-comedy parts of Scrub, Jerry Sneak, Mawworm, Solomon in "The Quaker," the First Recruit in "The Recruiting Officer," David in "The Rivals," Davy in "Bon Ton;" and he played what are called the stock old men of the theatre, such as Justice Woodcock, Sir Solomon Sadlife, Colonel Oldboy, Sir Francis Wronghead, Sir Francis Gripe, Mr. Hardcastle, Justice Greedy, &c. He accounted as his best part Corbaccio in Ben Jonson's "Volpone," adding, "but all the merit I have in it I owe to Shuter. The public are pleased to think that I play the part well, but his acting was as far superior to mine as Mount Vesuvius is to a rushlight."

During the closing years of his life Parsons suffered more and more from asthma. "He told me that usquebaugh relieved him," writes Boaden; "but it quieted the irritation by slow destruction; he was almost a shadow when he died." In a poetic effusion, entitled "The London Theatres," published the year of his death, he is thus apostrophised:—

Parsons! Dame Nature's wonder and delight,
How hast thou, child of merriment and glee,
From Garrick's golden age to those we own,
With tender frame (for many a year assailed
By meagre Asthma's all-destroying power)
Come forward to thy friends, while equal warmth
Of friendly greeting passed on either side!
The while, too evident to all, appeared
The lurking illness struggling with the will. &c., &c.

To benefit his failing health he made some few summer excursions—matters less easy of accomplishment then than now. "Our first trip was to Margate," writes his biographer simply, "and never before had I scented salt water and experienced the elegant accommodation of a Margate hoy. . . . At eight in the morning we sailed from Billingsgate, but winds unfavourable to our course, at four in the afternoon, had wafted our bark no farther than Deptford, and *the captain*, to add to our *satisfaction*, informed us we must go

ashore, and there wait till seven in the evening for a forwarding gale.' Further incidents of travel are recorded : a storm of wind and rain, thunder and lightning, the alarming rolling of the vessel, and the distressing sickness of the passengers. "A stranger before to any expanse of water exceeding that at Chelsea Reach, I viewed the turbulent and rolling waste I now moved on, with awe and admiration." By nine on the following morning, however, the travellers were enabled to view "the white and rugged steeps of Margate" and to stand upon its pier. Other excursions to Southampton, Salisbury, the Isle of Wight, &c., are also related, with a gravity and particularity which now, owing to the changes wrought by Time in regard to travel, wear almost a burlesque air.

It was with despondent feelings Parsons watched the demolition, in 1792, of the theatre in which his best successes as an actor had been achieved and he had passed his happiest hours. But Sir Christopher Wren's Drury Lane, erected in 1674, having stood for nearly one hundred and twenty years, now gave place to Holland's theatre, opened for dramatic representations in April 1794, and totally destroyed by fire in February 1809. Parsons gloomily predicted that he should not long survive the old house; but as he noted the rising walls of the new building he expressed a hope that his health would permit him to reappear in Drury Lane Theatre. His shattered constitution, however, suffered gravely from the damp walls, the fresh paint, and the draughtiness of the new house. Still he played on through a bitterly cold winter, to add, as he said, a little more to the purse he had been long preparing for his wife and son, that they might be independent when he was at rest. His friend Baddeley, the original representative of Moses in "The School for Scandal," died suddenly in November 1794. Parsons took the sad event much to heart. "Poor Baddeley!" he said; "I thought he would have lasted longer. Well, well, it will be the same way and the same thing with poor Parsons one of these days. This cruel winter has done his business, and, depend upon it, it will do mine too." He was too ill to attend the funeral of the departed actor, but he stood at a window to watch the procession pass, reproaching himself because of his infirm state. "I ought to have followed the coffin," he said pathetically; "Baddeley would have followed mine had I been the first to die." Crabtree did not long survive Moses, however.

He took no formal leave of his public, but it had become clear to all that his career was approaching its close. Late in 1794 he appeared in his favourite characters of Crabtree and Foresight

His last new part was Elbow in Kemble's revival of "Measure for Measure." On the 2nd January, 1795, he was announced to play Old Doyley in "Who's the Dupe?" but he was unable to appear, and another play was substituted. He rallied, however, in a few days, and resumed his performances of Lope Tocho and Moneytrap. On the 19th he was seen for the last time upon the stage. He personated his original character of Sir Fretful Plagiary, one of his most famous efforts. We read, however, that "illness had now destroyed his powers; vain the attempt to rally them! They were gone for ever. It was truly affecting to behold the deep concern pictured on the countenances of the audience when their old favourite felt himself obliged to recline on a chair on the stage, amidst applause mingled with pity and regret on the part of the audience, and expressive signals of total decay on that of the performer." As he quitted the theatre he said sadly to his wife, "I come here no more." Then he mentioned that he had seen young Bannister watching his performance of Sir Fretful from the side wings. "Well, well, he'll play it next time." In April, Bannister duly undertook the part. Its succeeding representatives were Dowton and Mathews. Other of Parsons' most admired characters, including Crabtree among them, were allotted to Suett. A critic writes: "Suett was a good actor, but he did not appear to advantage in the characters which Parsons had played; few performers could have played them better, but Parsons was not to be forgotten."

Parsons survived until the 3rd February. A few days before his death he attended a sale of pictures at Greenwood's, and was complimented by many friends upon the excellence of his spirits and the improvement in his appearance. It soon became apparent, however, that his mind was disordered; one arm swung helplessly at his side; he had been attacked by paralysis. He was conveyed to his house in Lambeth. He suffered acutely, and continued for some hours in a state of delirium. During his wanderings a servant inadvertently entered the room carrying a picture which a friend, unconscious of his afflicted condition, had sent, desiring his opinion as to the value. Mrs. Parsons interposed, but the suffering man had caught a glimpse of the canvas, demanded that it should be brought to him, leaned forward eagerly and examined it keenly. A ruling passion asserted itself. His old picture-dealing habits had strong hold of him. "Take it away, take it away," he cried presently; "it's not worth one farthing."

The remains of Parsons were interred in the churchyard of Lee, Kent. Lines by Charles Dibdin were inscribed upon the tombstone.

Messrs. Colman, Aicken, and Caulfield attended the funeral as representatives of the theatrical profession.

Soon after the decease of his first wife, which occurred in 1787, Parsons had married Dorothy, one of the three daughters of the Hon. James Stewart, brother to the Earl of Galloway. It was said that the lady was a sort of heroine of romance; that she had escaped from a convent at Lisle, where, much against her will, she had been placed by her brother, and, coming to London, had accidentally encountered Parsons, and besought his protection. Adventures such as this do not usually befall asthmatic low comedians of fifty. Parsons, who was at this time possessed of considerable property, made Miss Stewart his wife. A son was born of this union, who survived his father some few years only. A report that Mrs. Parsons had found in the person of her son's tutor a second partner so immediately upon the demise of her first, that she had for some days a dead and a living husband in the house at the same time, was probably a calumny. It seems to be agreed, however, that the widow did not wait long before she married again.

A portrait painted by De Wilde in the last year of Parsons' life, exhibits the actor as of very slender proportions, with a grave, pallid, careworn face, and calm, thoughtful expression. The eyes are fine and piercing, the brows are strongly marked and quaintly arched, with the mobile look due to constant exercise in efforts of impersonation. But the face wears little of the aspect of the conventional low comedian. Another picture, painted by Vandergucht, in the possession of the Garrick Club, represents Parsons, with his playfellow Moody, as Obadiah and Teague in Sir Robert Howard's comedy of "The Committee."

Upon the opening of the Haymarket Theatre, in the summer of 1795, a curious tribute was paid to the memory of Parsons, while marked evidence was afforded of his exceeding popularity. Colman had provided an occasional prelude, entitled "New Hay at the Old Market," relating to his managerial hopes, prospects, and intentions. In the course of a dialogue between the Prompter and the Head Carpenter of the establishment, the following passages occurred:—

Carpenter. We want a new scaffold for the "Surrender of Calais."

Prompter. Ah! when shall we get such another hangman? Poor fellow! Poor Parsons! the old cause of our mirth, is now the cause of our melancholy; he who so often made us forget our cares may well claim a sigh to his memory.

Carpenter. He was one of the comicallest fellows I ever see.

Prompter. Ay, and one of the honestest, Master Carpenter. When an individual has combined private worth with public talent, he quits the bustling scene of life with twofold applause, and we doubly deplore his exit."

The "Surrender of Calais" was a play of Colman's, in which Parsons had won applause as one of the workmen charged with the erection of a scaffold for the execution of the citizens condemned to death by King Edward. The workmen conversed over their labours after the manner of the gravediggers in "Hamlet." Upon one occasion, when this play was presented by command of King George the Third, Parsons took upon himself to alter the text of one of his speeches. He was required to say: "So the king is coming; an the king like not my scaffold I am no true man." He substituted: "An the king were here and did not admire my scaffold, I would say 'D—n him, he has no taste.'" It is evidence of the licence permitted the old actors that this impudent alteration of the text was much enjoyed by the audience, the king, we are told, being moved to very hearty laughter. But Parsons was a privileged person; his great popularity placed him beyond the reach of criticism; his fame as a comic actor, his singular power of moving laughter, secured indulgence and favour for anything he might choose to say or do upon the scene. And, no doubt, a tendency to excess was a defect in his acting. Dibdin describes him as over-desirous of giving satisfaction to every part of his audience, and as inclined to strain his voice from his "perpetual anxiety to be unnecessarily audible." We may conclude that for the sake of pleasing the gallery he sometimes sacrificed his art and unduly condescended to caricature. An admiring critic admits, indeed, that occasionally "the warmth of his imagination carried him a little too far," but hastens to add that "the audience were oftener more in fault than himself." He was often required to appear in very eccentric and highly-seasoned farces, in which extravagance of aspect and manner was almost demanded of the performer. But while he could, as well as any buffoon or pantomimist of the time, outstep the modesty of nature, it was urged that he could also confine himself "within her rigid pale, and conform to the strictest demands of her immaculate government." His own sense of humour was very strong, and at times could hardly be restrained within bounds. "His whim was incessant, elicited in a thousand different ways and productive of mirth through a thousand different channels. With a fund of genuine English drollery he combined the Italian gesticulation and the

French locomotion. . . . The laugh he once provoked he could prolong by a variety of stratagems, apparently unforced, till the audience were absolutely convulsed and the actors in the same scene with him became incapable of conducting its progress." It was even said that he adapted to professional purposes the malady under which he so long laboured, "with as much good humour as ingenuity" converting his difficulty of breathing to "a source of innocent hilarity."

Michael Kelly notes that Parsons was much bent upon extorting laughter from the actors engaged with him in the duties of representation, and relates how, in the course of a performance of "The Doctor and Apothecary," his singing was rendered impossible by the extravagant pranks and antics of Parsons. Upon this occasion, however, Kelly, by a previous declaration that his absorption in the characters he assumed and his respect for his audience were always too great to be disturbed by the drollery of anyone appearing with him upon the scene, had really invited Parsons to an unusual display of comicality. As a rule the actor seems to have excited mirth by very little exertion on his own part. Davis inquires, "Who can be grave when Parsons either looks or speaks?" and describes him as "born to relax the muscles and set mankind a tittering." So, too, Boaden writes: "He was formed to excite laughter; and although he would sometimes sport with those about him, and enjoy his triumph over their muscles, he was yet a faithful delineator of character. He had a figure, a gait, a countenance, a voice that marked him out as the actor of old men in comedy. . . . His Foresight was a perfect thing, and his Corbaccio, in 'The Fox,' astonished and delighted his best judges. . . . Nor was his expression confined to his face, amply as the features did their office; but every passion circulated in him to the extremities, and spoke in the motion of his feet or in the more striking intelligence of his hands. . . . He was a master in his exhibition of vulgar importance. . . . But it was perhaps reserved for Sheridan to show to the utmost what Parsons could achieve in Sir Fretful Plagiary in 'The Critic.' I have frequently enjoyed this rich treat, and become sensible how painful laughter might be when such a man as Parsons chose to throw his whole force into a character. When he stood under the castigation of Sneer, affecting to enjoy criticism which made him writhe in agony; when the tears were in his eyes and he suddenly checked his unnatural laugh to enable him to stare aghast upon his tormentors; a picture was exhibited of mental anguish and frantic rage, of mortified vanity and affected contempt, which would almost deter an

author from the pen unless he could be sure of his firmness under every possible provocation." Surely this was a fine actor!

It was an accusation against Parsons that he kept "low company." There seems to have been little warrant for the charge. In the lives of men of the last century, the tavern often figures prominently; the tavern, however, was then very much what the club is now. For the sake of a fish dinner, served there daily at three o'clock, Parsons frequented the Black Jack, in Portsmouth Street, Clare Market; but the Black Jack was no ordinary public-house, nor was Clare Market the vulgar and unsavoury precinct it became in late years. The Black Jack—known for some while as *The Jump*, because of Jack Sheppard's having once leapt from a window on the first floor to escape the emissaries of Jonathan Wild—had enjoyed the continuous patronage of the famous Joe Miller. Mr. Cyrus Jay, solicitor, who published in 1868 a volume of *Recollections*, professional and otherwise, writes of a club of barristers and attorneys holding its meetings every Saturday evening at the Black Jack, in a very large room, with many pictures of old actors adorning the walls. "The dinner was plain and the wine good," he writes. "On one Saturday I had the honour of dining at the club with the late Mr. Curran, formerly Master of the Rolls, Dublin. Many of the members were very able speakers; one of the best was Mr. Charles Pearson, proctor. . . . A Mr. Quinn, a common councilman of the Ward of Farringdon Without, and a Mr. Ayrton, who, I fancy, was the father of the present member for the Tower Hamlets, were also sure to make speeches. . . . I lately visited the room and found it quite altered, the pictures gone, the tavern become a common public-house, and lines were hanging from one end of the room to the other, on which clothes were drying." Oftentimes Parsons was to be found in far humbler establishments than the Black Jack. But as Dibdin urges, he was thus enabled advantageously to study nature for histrionic purposes. "The quaintness, vulgarity, humour and whim, which he observed in a tap-room were as the ore from which he extracted his theatrical gold." At any rate we may rest satisfied that he suffered no material injury from his studies of low life; a biographer assures us that he was "warm and sincere in his friendship, affectionate and attentive in his domestic situation, upright and honest in all his dealings."

DUTTON COOK.

THE RESURRECTION OF ASHANTI.

IN returning from Bulgaria, some months ago, I found amongst my accumulated papers a roll of manuscript and a note, which explained that as I had been the cause of the writer's journey into West Africa, to me he sent the result of his experiences. In certain articles which I published in the *Field* just after the Gold Coast Expedition, I alluded to the enormous wealth of Ashanti in gold dust and nuggets. Various persons communicated with me on this subject, amongst them a Mr. Kean, whose signature I recognised in the note mentioned. I did my best to deter intending emigrants, knowing what risk they must encounter in those realms abandoned by heaven and abhorred of man. The correspondence dropped, and I forgot it. But Mr. Kean and his friends, as I now learn, had not lost courage. They set out towards the end of 1874, and the survivor returned last July. The manuscript forwarded to me is a diary, containing little of interest to the public until the writer lands us in Coomassie itself. Here Mr. Kean had the luck to behold events of the strangest sort, so dramatic and so thrilling that one would scarce believe the story were it quite unconfirmed. But I have reason to know that the private advices of the Colonial Office accord with this report, which is that of an eye-witness.

I will briefly summarise a very few notes from the record of the journey up;—there are many readers of the *Gentleman*, as I know, who will recognise the scenes alluded to. Mr. Kean was accompanied by two friends who had both “served,” as appears incidentally; their initials only are given. Cape Coast Castle he describes as a place where every naked rascal now sports gold all over his body and indulges the luxury of six wives at least. The Fantees have not yet digested that half-million sterling which we distributed among them. The adventurers were treated rather cavalierly at Government House, behaviour which Mr. Kean explains by a curious anecdote. He writes:—“Strangers are suspiciously regarded just now. When the war broke out, Colonel Harley confiscated all the gunpowder on the coast, disregarding the protest of the owners. He stored his plunder in a hulk, which unfortunately leaked, and when,

after peace was proclaimed, the merchants sent to recover it, they found nothing but paste. Compensation was demanded, and refused by the local government, though the Colonial Secretary backed up the traders. Upon receiving notice from home, a few weeks ago, that an official had been charged to investigate, the acting governor pitched every keg overboard, politely recommending the merchants to take their change out of the Atlantic. Every stranger who arrives at present is thought to be an avenging personage from England." I repeat the story as I find it.

The day after landing, these gentlemen went to Asseyboo, where our fortifications could be no longer recognised, so completely were they overgrown. Taking it in turns to visit the town, with much difficulty they engaged eight hammock-bearers, six carriers, and my ex-servant Yampon, as interpreter. Excepting the latter, these were all Ashanti prisoners, bought or rescued from the Fantee chiefs by Government. With this train they started for Dunjuah, and so, day by day, through Mansoo, Faissoo, Sutah, and Barraco, to the Prah. The Fantees have not re-occupied this region, which was utterly wasted and washed with blood by the invaders; but refugees from Adansi, who followed our retiring force, are gradually peopling it again. Their king dwelt at Prahsu, apparently most comfortable in the lines of the Houssa force which defended his new territory from an infuriated suzerain. It is noted that, some days before Mr. Kean arrived, an Ashanti was caught whilst tempting Houssa policemen to desert. An ex-sergeant of Rait's artillery pitched this emissary into the Prah, "before the officer had seen him." The officer, I presume, was Captain Baker.

Crossing the river, our adventurers plunged into the Ashanti jungle. This belt of territory, indeed, has been waste land since the Akims were exterminated, but there used to be a few tiny settlements, which we fortified in the march up. It is now, or was at the time referred to, absolutely desert. Our great camps and stockades, trenches, barracks, and hospital huts, were standing as we left them, for the most part. Some had been burnt, probably by our camp-followers. Lianas and wild cucumbers clothed the walls, papaws and plantains had burst through the roofs. Mr. Kean was peculiarly affected at sight of Essiaman. Here we built a stockade of unusual strength, planting huge logs in the ground, and defending the entrances with scientific fortification. A wide clearing was cut all round. Not a sound or a motion broke the deep stillness as these daring fellows came out from the jungle. Under big trees, left for the purpose, stood our chairs and tables of split bamboo, carved

with names that seemed homelike. An Alsopp's beer-bottle, stuffed with dead flies, remained erect upon one of them, and a belt, forgotten, hung mouldy on a branch above. The inscription, "J. Maclure, Old Black Watch," could still be traced. All the litter of a camp was strewn over the clearing, and I can well believe that the place seemed weird. Bandages lay curled and stiff in the hospital huts, mouldy cases for limbs far away.

Without meeting creature that lives, the party went on day by day, climbed the Adansi Hill, admired at Quisa the pretty palace of that sovereign whom they had left behind at Prahsu a fugitive, and reached the battlefield of Amoafu. Bones and skulls lay everywhere. In the bamboo sheds raised by Colonel Webber, after he had levelled all the village, some friends of the King of Bequoi keep watch over the road. Courteously enough they invited the travellers to wait the result of their application to his Majesty. That sovereign did not press the Englishmen to visit him, doubtless ashamed of his fallen state, but he intimated that there was gold enough in his dominions. Polite excuses were sent, and without more formality the three started next day. The Bequoi soldiers watched them depart with some dissatisfaction, but they did not interfere. Next afternoon the party reached Adahsu, where they were surprised to find a high caboceer of Ashanti, with a strong escort. With further astonishment they perceived that this dignitary was expecting them. His men fired several volleys in token of welcome, and attended them across the bridge.

A hut had been cleared on the other bank—it was full of dressing rags and mouldy litter, relics of the battle. The soldiers mounted guard outside, and the caboceer squatted in a corner. After awhile, he asked which of the three puissant seigneurs might be Captain Lees? This brought about an explanation, and the diggers learned that political changes of the last importance were pending at Coomassie, which to attend Captain Lees had been invited from Cape Coast. This gentleman was Administrator of Lagos at the time, and Acting Colonial Secretary; he is now Governor of the Coast Settlement. Upon finding his mistake, the caboceer hastily recrossed the river, assuring the Englishmen that they would be welcome at Coomassie all the same. He left an officer to attend them. The night was spent at Adahsu, and at dawn they started on the last march of this long journey, before Captain Lees' arrival. All along the route, here thickly peopled, the natives ran from their cassava fields to see them, but no ill-feeling was displayed. The officer passed them without inquiry through the customs barrier, and they entered

Coomassie at length, about sunset, in the midst of an enormous crowd.

A caboceer met them at the market-place, and with a manner of high breeding he offered the travellers welcome. His sandals were plated and adorned with little heavy figures in gold; strings of nuggets encircled his arms and throat; even the attendant slaves wore gold in abundance. The chief's umbrella was purple silk, heavily fringed with bullion, almost as large as a bell tent. He carried a staff headed with silver, and pointed like a lance, wherewith he "presented arms" in quaint burlesque of English custom. With ready wit the strangers, who had their guns in hand, returned the salute, and the caboceer was immensely gratified. His herald then came forth and proclaimed the might of Yina, king of Antoi, now present. The monarch then shook hands and laughed. Conducting the party across the market square, he apologised for the poor lodging to be offered them. The king had received short notice of their coming, an unusual number of caboceers were staying in the town. In such polite discourse the stately chamberlain led the way through streets yet marked with fire, and in some places ruinous. An army of thatchers, stucco-makers, painters were breaking up for the night. Many houses had escaped our burning with the mere loss of roof; on others the thick ornaments of stucco had cracked and dropped; others had split in all directions.

The Englishmen found shelter in a building hastily but substantially repaired. Its walls had a dressing of lustrous cement, venetian red in hue, as far as one could reach; stucco figures, and arabesques in high relief, covered the long, windowless façade, in the midst of which opened an alcove. This indispensable chamber of an Ashanti house resembles a large box in a theatre. It opens on to the street, whence visitors may enter it by a few broad steps, and a door at back communicates with the enclosed court-yard. Here is another such alcove, or perhaps two, cook-houses and sheds, whilst around a second court stand the huts of wives and female slaves belonging to the proprietor—empty, of course, when the Englishmen arrived.

These gentlemen possessed the turn of mind befitting people who plunge into adventure; they took things as they came and waited for explanations. The caboceer's slaves brought food of quaint but tasteful cooking, and they slept. In the morning, attended by Yampou and two "captains" appointed to their service, they strolled about the town. A noisy crowd followed, but it showed no ill-will. The scene was very bustling. The palace blown up could not be rebuilt, until—as one of the captains said, with an air of innocence—

“our king drinks the salt water again at Coromantin;”—from this Fantee town the Ashantis carried off the masons and hewn stone with which they built their palace. Everywhere else slaves were toiling, men and women. In a large clear space where two roads crossed, many hundreds were engaged on a large shed, walled with split bamboo and thatched with palm leaf, in imitation of our military huts. Chiefs, whose quality was shown by their silk robe and golden ornaments, passed in and out, giving directions. Some of them saluted the Englishmen in martial style, and shook hands cordially. Strolling further, they came upon a wattle-fence, surrounding many little huts. Here a cordon of guards abruptly turned them back, rating the captains for allowing this intrusion. The latter answered roughly, whilst Yampon whispered, “Him Koffee Kalkalli live there !”

Returning home, a sheep, a score of fowls, a jar of palm-oil, bunches of plantains, and three quills of gold dust were found awaiting them. The King of Antoi sent this “dash,” with a message warning the puzzled travellers to be ready for his visit before sunrise. All afternoon, and great part of night, the bang of firearms scarcely ceased. Yampon explained that chiefs kept arriving for a grand ceremony on the morrow. At dawn came Yina in all his glory. Fifty men of his body-guard opened the procession, bearing guns painted with vermilion, which they swung round their heads in time to a savage chant. Two heralds followed, with silver-topped sticks, small plates of gold upon their breasts, and the clappers of their office. Then a body of “captains,” or, as one might say, field officers, in graceful robes of silk or native cloth, bracelets and ornaments of gold; a gun-bearer after each of them. Followed the caboceers feudally dependent upon Antoi, riding in man-baskets borne by slaves, attended by umbrellas, stool-bearers, pipe-bearers, and servants. All this suite preceded the magnificence of Yina himself. He reclined in a basket covered with leopard skin and lined with scarlet cloth. Two huge slaves carried it shoulder high. After him marched a score of favourite “boys,” one displaying his “stool” of cotton wood, snow-white, gracefully carved, and bound with plates of silver, worked in *repoussé*; another bore his fly-flapper, a white horse’s tail, in a gold handle; a third his state umbrella of velvet, crowned with a large heraldic device in solid gold; a fourth his golden pipe, with filagree stem; a fifth his gun and leopard-skin pouch, whereto hung a set of silver-handled knives; a sixth his spittoon, a work of art in bronze; a seventh his flask of palm-wine in old *grès de Flandre*, and his calabash for drinking, bound with

gold: to be brief, all carried some object of savage pomp, and the procession ended with a tumultuous escort of soldiers.

By help of all his slaves, Yina climbed out of his basket, presented arms—with their assistance—and ponderously mounted to the alcove. Two boys held him under the armpits, and two supported his wrists. When he reached their presence the Englishmen perceived at once the reason of this awkwardness. Several pounds' weight of virgin gold hung on either arm. After exchanging courtesies, the party set forth, marching next before their patron. As the cavalcade reached the middle street, others of like splendour came winding from the crossways, and moved in a parallel line along the broad highway. All the population was in the street, or crowded upon the alcoves, so well fitted for beholding public ceremonies. Slower and slower grew the pace as train after train of chiefs fell into the line. The boisterous criticism and "chaff" which formerly distinguished a Coomassie mob were almost wanting, but now and again some shrewd comment would be uttered in the back ranks, making the people yell with delight. The Englishmen caused great excitement, of course.

The space before that large shed already mentioned was kept by a force of clubmen. As each caboceer approached his heralds went forward, and proclaimed their master's title and achievements. Precedence was not disputed at this solemn moment, though Ashantis are punctilious as any. The body-slaves, heralds, and such of the suite as claimed that privilege, passed into the building, whilst others sat upon the earth in rows, making a dense oval ring about it. The English party followed Yina, and seated themselves in the front row, Yampon attending with stools. Quickly and quietly the hall filled with chiefs, attired in the rich simplicity of their native costume—a silken *cummerbund*, or breechclout, fringed with gold, over it a single sheet of cloth, beautifully coloured, and draped in folds to delight a sculptor. They sat along three sides of the hall, leaving free the middle space and one end. About three hundred chiefs were present, and their slaves, who stood, were thrice as numerous. It was a grand council of the Ashanti nation.

A very old caboceer arose, when the hubbub had subsided. Mr. Kean thinks he was Essaman Quantah, whom we surprised at Borboriassi, where poor Nicol was killed. His slaves deftly loosed the enormous bracelets from his arm, and slipping his lean black shoulders from the spotless robe, he spoke with earnest eloquence. The old man's action was dignified, graceful, and subdued, adding force to vehement words. A low murmur of approval followed each

apostrophe, and some of the audience wept, some flung their arms so that the heavy bracelets clashed, some hid their faces. By times the orator raised his voice and paused for a reply, which was given in a deep, hoarse growl. One would like to have that speech in English, for Essaman Quantah—if he it was—told the history of our war, with details which we shall never hear. And he finished by arraigning Koffee Kalkalli, his king, as the destroyer of Ashanti.

When this old man had dropped again upon his stool, and folded his robe around him, one after another several chiefs addressed the council briefly. Then there was a general movement. The slaves pushed forward, each to his own master, and aided him to rise; not a few were actually helpless beneath their weight of gold. A word, evidently assent, passed all along the line, and they reseated themselves. Six court heralds, with long staves silver-mounted, bearing the sacred *plaque* of gold upon their breasts, solemnly passed down the middle and out. "They go fetch him, Koffee Kalkalli," whispered Yampon, whose eyes rolled with excitement. These proceedings, of course, were all a mystery to the Englishmen at that time, but they afterwards came to understand them.

A quarter of an hour passed in silence, until the heralds returned, and their spokesman delivered his report. Mr. Kean gives the substance of it from after knowledge. They had found the king in his palace of boughs and brush, seated upon the royal stool. His wives, children, and slaves lay about him, inside a ring of powder kegs connected with a train of gunpowder. So, prepared for any fate, he expected the resolution of his nobles with a calmness and a dignity beyond those of mythical Sardanapalus. To the heralds' message he replied that if the council would give him a safe-conduct, he was ready to attend; if not, he was ready to die. This rather dramatic announcement did not seem to affect the chiefs. It was apparently the sort of thing they looked for; but the safe-conduct was granted by acclamation, and without more words the heralds withdrew. "Koffee Kalkalli him come now," muttered Yampon awfully. And he came, preceded by the heralds only, in perfect trust upon the word of his caboceers—a man, as Mr. King describes him, of no heroic mould, yet every inch a king. Moderate of stature and heavily built, very black, deeply scored with smallpox, he needed all the strength of innate majesty to preserve a royal air in such a case. His dress was the plainest there, distinguished only by its pattern, sacred to the royal blood. Scarcely any ornaments hung about him, and no weapon. Gravely and calmly he walked up the hall, quietly swinging a fly-whisk. The caboceers, though they did not rise nor

prostrate themselves before a king denounced, slipped the robe from their shoulders in token of respect. The Englishmen could not but think of that scene in their history when a monarch was brought to trial; and they did honour to the chivalry of these negroes.

Koffee Kalkalli stood in the space where his golden stool should have been set, and spoke with simple dignity. We know what he said: that the fetish had abandoned him, that he had nothing to plead against his deposition. As a man, he might urge that advisers had deceived and betrayed him. Many persons present could bear witness how, in the first place, he disliked the war, and how, again, he had wished to defend the Adansi Hills rather than stake the empire at Amaoful. "That you all know," he said in effect, "and how I was overruled by Amanquattiah. But these excuses, which would avail a captain, are not to be used by the King of Ashanti. The fetish is against me, and that is enough. Your king must be a favourite with the gods. Therefore I acknowledge your charges just, and, since you spare my life, I again take the place from which my mother raised me. My stool is waiting. If this palaver is finished, I will seat myself amongst you." A murmur passed round, and one of the heralds ushered in a stool-bearer. Room was made amongst the small body of caboceers who wore a tartan robe like his own, and Koffee Kalkalli took his place. With eyes bent down he softly brushed patterns in the sand with his fly-whisk.

I may pass lightly over the ceremonies following, which seemed almost dull after this strange scene. The king being deposed, Ashanti royalty lapsed to his mother, who held it by right. Once more the heralds went forth in state, officially to apprise the queen of these events, and beg her to nominate another sovereign. They returned shortly, for all the affair was pre-arranged. Koffee's next brother was the queen's choice, and he rose straightway from his seat amongst the princes, whilst everyone fell upon his face except the English, who bowed, and received a stare. Then the royal "stool" came in, a high-backed chair, elaborately carved, and studded with gold nails. This was set at the end of the hall, and a crowd of officials took a place behind it. But something else was wanted—the regalia, and, above all, that old and sacred image of Ashanti royalty, the footstool of Denkera. For these things Koffee Kalkalli sent a token to the palace, some small object hanging at his wrist. The regalia had been sadly thinned by our exactions, but it made a fair show, and after it followed twelve brawny slaves, staggering beneath the famous nugget, largest probably in all the world. They bore it suspended on a male bamboo. By Mr. Kean's account, which agrees

with that of others who have seen it, the "footstool" of Ashanti is some 18 inches long, 12 wide, and 10 high, a mass of virgin gold, smoothed by generations of royal feet. The glory of it ruined Denkera, which was attacked and enslaved for the crime of possessing such a marvel. In ordinary times it stands by the king's bedside, and on it he puts his foot when rising. We nearly secured the spoil when Lord Gifford dashed for the palace at Coomassie; he missed it by only a few moments.

This grandest of trophies was set beneath the chair, and the new king seated himself. Every chief crouched on hands and knees, with forehead bent to the ground, waiting his turn to do homage. The first in order of precedence was Koffee Kalkalli, who prostrated himself before the throne, clasping his brother's feet. The king took his hand and spoke kindly; Koffee answered in clear tones, and a visible thrill passed through the audience. Again the king replied in two or three words, and his luckless brother spoke with passionate supplication. An angry clamour filled the hall, and many chiefs half rose; but the king looked round him savagely, and the murmurs stilled. He turned to an official near, and briefly gave some order; Koffee Kalkalli rose stooping, and dropped upon his knees beside the throne, whilst each caboceer did homage in turn.

The explanation of this episode is perhaps more strange than all we have had before. Whilst lying before his brother's feet, Koffee asked a grace, which was allowed without inquiry. Well might the chiefs exclaim, for what this outcast king requested was to command the armies of Ashanti. His prayer was granted on the spot, and an order given for the customary "dash," or present.

Yina's turn to do allegiance came immediately after that of the blood royal, for of all subordinate kings who had precedence of Antoi not one was left. Djabin and Bequoi and Adansi we shall account for presently; Mampon lay ill of his wound from an English bullet; Admutin and Inkoransa had simply ignored the summons to attend. Mr. Kean and his comrades were puzzled how to act, when, with a pleasant smile, Yina motioned them to follow him. But there was no time to hesitate. Whilst their friend fell upon his face, they bowed and frankly put out their hands. The king stared, frowned, smiled, and took them. After this ceremony the Englishmen retired.

Before pointing out, with the utmost brevity, a few of those impressions and considerations suggested to Mr. Kean by these events, I must observe that the story here narrated by an eye witness is known to be true. Official reports confirm this account of Koffee Kalkalli's deposition, and all that remains for me to tell. How can

we call a people barbarous who show such mutual trust, such confidence in the national patriotism, and such established order? The behaviour of these negroes is a cruel contrast with that of our own forefathers in a case somewhat similar, or with that of Frenchmen at a later date. There is not anything to dwell upon in the calm and dignified despair of a ruined monarch. Contempt of death is a virtue usual enough amongst savages, and special to kings sated and sick of pleasure. But the unhesitating reliance of Koffee Kalkalli upon the honour of his chiefs, transmitted in mere words by a herald, is significant of a state of things to which we have scarcely reached. The ease with which he dropped to an inferior position, and the confidence of all parties that he could be safely left therein, are facts yet more striking to show the stability of affairs in this negro realm. Fancy a sovereign of Europe, deposed for treason to the state—since the charge amounted to that—retiring to a private station without one word of distrust from any quarter! But here we have matters stranger still. Not only does the monarch thus withdraw, he ventures even to ask his successor for the chief command of all his armies, and receives it. Truly, the chiefs protested against this favour, but they did so, as afterwards appeared, not because they feared misuse of authority, but because they thought the man incompetent. It seems to me that the despised Ashantis teach a lesson here to make our "noble selves" feel shame. If a European people emulated their example, it would be thought mad, and justly. For, in truth, we have not yet reached, nor have ever enjoyed, that orderly system of government and social ethics which would enable us to even fancy a blessed era when such a council might be held in Europe, a fallen king might be so honourably treated, and such absolute trust might be reposed in the good faith of all parties. History has no period to describe wherein these things might have been, and the tendency of "civilisation" forbids us to hope that such a time may be in store.

The Englishmen had enough to talk about when they regained their dwelling. But a din of horns and songs and guns exploding almost silenced them. The grand rejoicings were held in the market square, and in that broad street opening from it, but stray merry-makers wandered over all the town, with torches and fantastic costumes. Not a few who passed their alcove bore red paint-marks on their forehead, which Yampon explained to signify that the wearer was drunk, or seriously meant to drown his reason forthwith. Here, again, was something to admire in the Ashanti rules of life. Drunkenness with this strange people is no excuse for crime; but if a man paint himself upon the forehead, so that all passers by may

see, it rests with the injured victim to show that he made every effort to avoid assault. Prejudice apart, this is a custom brimming with sense, and the great test of laws, the working, justifies it amply. Ashantis drink, as all men will whose life is uncertain and vitality strong ; but broils are rare, for they happen only when one drunkard meets another.

Towards nine o'clock, when the town grew quieter, the King of Antoi arrived. He brought with him a negro from Assinee, who spoke French currently, and a few slaves bearing cushions and mats. The visit was plainly *incognito*. After a few minutes' talk he led the Englishmen into their courtyard, which they found lit up with torches. Seats were placed in the back alcove, the slaves served coffee in the Arab manner, and withdrew ; the influence of Arabs at Coomassie is everywhere conspicuous, and all the population will embrace Islam if our missions do not bestir themselves. At the king's request Yampon also retired, and the interpreter blocked every door. Then Yina spoke, cautiously and slowly, waiting until his every word had been translated and understood. He said, in effect : " You English have come to seek gold in our mines. It will not be needful to dig for it. Drill our young men to fight in the English way, and we will give you more dust than you can carry."

This proposal did not quite astonish the Englishmen, but they asked further information. " Listen !" said the caboccer. " Ashanti is the highest tree of the forest, but many great trunks stood beside it. We had three allied kingdoms, Djabin, Bequoi, and Adansi. They have all fallen away. Adansi has crossed the Prah ; Bequoi robs our traders and insults our king ; Djabin is making friendship with Gammoo, our ancestral foe. Ashanti stands alone, without stores or arms or soldiers, amidst the pack of her hounds. She will pour out her gold for the white man's fetish."

In answer to questions, Yina continued : " We have 10,000 fighting men, guns for 3,000, but very little powder as yet. Bequoi has near 20,000 men, 6,000 guns, and powder enough. But we do not fear him if Djabin will rest quiet. We are getting powder and arms from Assinee, and they are coming in fast. My friend here"—he meant the interpreter—"brought us 300 kegs last night. As for men, we are recruiting in Houssaland, as the English did, and forty young braves have already arrived. In two months' time we shall have 200 Houssas, armed with the English guns which fire without loading ; we have the arms now, but no one amongst us knows the drill. Teach us that and we will cover you with gold."

" What is the force of Djabin ?" asked the Englishmen, curious to measure *the strength* of the late empire.

"I am a caboceer of Ashanti, and I do not lie!" answered Yina. "Djabin can place 50,000 men in the field, with thousands of guns. If Djabin moved now, he could eat up Ashanti and Bequoi together. But he will not move. We have sent him presents and messages. He sleeps, and he shall not wake till our umbrellas are planted before his walls. I have told you everything. Will you give us your fetish?"

The terms of the bargain are not stated. I hope that in accepting them our countrymen were influenced as much by admiration for a gallant race, hard pressed, as by the riches offered. And here the MS. ends abruptly, torn across the page. We know what has happened, but all lovers of adventure must pray that Mr. Kean will tell us in detail how the resurrection of Ashanti was effected. He must have beheld strange scenes, campaigning with Koffee Kalkali. The new king waited patiently, bearing affronts and injuries, till his preparations were complete; then, like a wild cat springing, he struck at Bequoi. His "Houssa regiment," armed with breechloaders and led by Europeans, cut through the enemy's line in an hour's fighting, and the rout was utter. The King of Bequoi fell on the field, and within a month his people were serving in the Ashanti armies. Koffee Kalkali was merciful, as negro mercy goes. Djabin took alarm, and stirred a little, but the Ashanti beauties sent into his harem for that very purpose, soothed their master's fears. Nevertheless, some preparations were made, and when, twelve months after, Koffee Kalkali opened his second campaign, Djabin was ready. Three days the battle lasted, for the odds were enormous against Ashanti, but arms and discipline prevailed. The rebel king disappeared; so did his capital. Not a mark remains to show where Djabin stood, saving a wide bare space in the forest. One after another all the kingdoms around have been "eaten up," and Ashanti rules supreme and unchecked over a larger space than ever owned her sway. The king is still dutiful and indeed obsequious in his dealings with Cape Coast Castle; but how long will it be ere he feel himself strong again for another struggle with the white man's fetish? He has, for the first time, a standing army, a disciplined force of Houssas excellently armed, and money unlimited. From the crushing blow we dealt her, and from the treacherous defection of her allies, this nation has recovered in four years, and at the present moment she is stronger and more ambitious than for two generations past. Let those of the late government who persuaded us to keep the Gold Coast now observe the situation there, and tell us what to do. For those who served in the war are puzzled.

BALZAC.

THE struggles, failures, successes of great writers must ever be subjects of intense interest to the reading public, more especially when the chronicle is written by their own hands, not with the deliberation of a literary production, in the fear of critics, enemies, and carpers of all kinds, but poured forth in the very moment of defeat or triumph, warm from the heart, in confidence to some dear friend. Of such a kind are the records of one of the greatest geniuses France has produced, given to the world by Madame de Surville in her "Correspondence of Honoré de Balzac." When compared with such novelists as Sue and Dumas, Balzac has few English readers. For the comparative neglect of one so infinitely superior there are several causes ; we think we are not mistaken in asserting that only three of his novels have been rendered into our language, while his French is peculiarly difficult to English readers on account of the complexity of his style and his use of neologisms and archaisms. Again, he is so terribly real, the nudity of his human nature startles English prudery. Thackeray, in his introduction to "Pendennis," complains that "no author since Fielding has been permitted among us to depict a man to his utmost power"; he must, to suit our taste, however awkward or unnatural they may appear in such garments, always drape his personages in the proprieties. As a last objection, Balzac's books are essentially men's books ; few women, at least English women, except those of masculine understanding, would accept or even tolerate them. He has little or no tenderness, and no romance ; he has neither pity nor love for the creations of his imagination ; he is an anatomist who lays his subject upon the dissecting table, and, be it beautiful or hideous, good or evil, proceeds with an unfaltering, though wondrous delicate hand, to lay bare every nerve and fibre of heart and brain, to pluck out their every mystery ; he will show you ulcerous disease concealed beneath the loveliest forms, stains upon what another would have shown to be immaculately pure. But this is done with no view to sensational effect ; he is an artist too great not to disdain such artifices, and it is the sheer truthfulness of these revelations that

shocks us. "I write for men, and not for young girls," he would answer to such strictures.

It is a question, however, whether he may not have occasionally thrust truth beyond the confines of art; he has certainly done so in that last most horrible scene of "*La Peau de Chagrin*," in which he has sullied the purity of the most beautiful of his creations, Pauline. Few will be inclined to withhold the same censure from his treatment of Madame de Mortsau in the wonderful "*Lys dans la Vallée*." But even such faults are the manifestations of supreme genius. The manner he, as it were, builds up a character, by a series of minute touches, the minuteness with which he describes places and objects until they are pictured to our eyes, is a marvel of intellectual power. Although the passion of love enters so largely into his compositions, he is never a poet; the analytical faculties of his genius ever dominate all others; he never carries us away with the wild, burning frenzy of Rousseau, that reason can no more grasp than it can the lightning; his flame is seen through a spectroscope that separates and displays its every element. A realism so perfect that no flaw could be discovered in it was the goal he proposed to himself in all his works. Even those Swedenborgian mysticisms, "*Louis Lambert*" and "*Seraphita*," are no exceptions to this dictum, for in those strange works he has exerted all his powers to render the supernatural natural. He carried his passion for realism even to names.

"He had a singular theory upon names," writes Madame de Surville; "he believed that invented names did not give life to imaginary beings, while those which have really been borne endowed them with reality. Thus he gathered the personages of the '*Comédie Humaine*' wherever he went. He would return from his walks very delighted whenever he had made some good conquest of this kind."

All his types of character were drawn from nature:—

Guided by the genius of observation, he haunted both the valleys and heights of society; studied, like Lavater, all the countenances, all the signs which passions and vices impress there; collected his types in the great human bazaar, and selected them as the antiquarian does his curiosities; summoned those types to the places where they were most useful to him; placed them in the first or second rank, according to their value; distributed to them light and shade with the magic of a great artist who knew the power of contrasts; finally impressed upon each one of his creations, names, features, ideas, a language, a character proper to them, and which gave them such an individuality, that, in that immense crowd, not one is confounded with another.

The composition of some of his novels cost him as much study and research as though they had been works of pure history. Before

writing "Seraphita," which is one of his shorter romances, he is said to have devoured all the writings of Saint-Martin, Swedenborg, Mademoiselle Bourignon, Madame Guyon, Jacob Boehm, making in all some hundred volumes, plunged into the study of somnambulism, magnetism, mysticism, and attended the *séances* of all the mystics of the time.

Sometimes he would transfer a living personage, with scarcely an alteration beyond the name, to his *dramatis personæ*, much to the alarm of his friends. "Are you simpletons?" he would reply. "Do we know ourselves? Are there any mirrors to reflect the moral being? If a Vandyke, such as myself, painted me, I should probably salute my portrait as a stranger." He was so confident in his knowledge of human nature that he would read the characters to the very people who had posed for them. But they never recognised their own images. "What true characters!" they would exclaim. "You know then Messieurs So-and-so? It is their portraits, their true portraits!" Another great student of humanity, Molière, achieved a like success when he read "George Dandin" to the man who had sat for the portrait, and who fell into raptures over his own gibbeting.

To enter into a critical examination of Balzac's works, however, would be to cover all the space at our disposal, and it is with the man, as he appears in the book before us, rather than with his productions, this paper has to do. Proceed we then in due form.

Honoré de Balzac was born at Tours, on the day of St. Honoré (hence his name), May 16, 1799. His sister, in her memoir, claims for him no precocious talents: "if," she says, "he evinced at an early age any of those qualities which were to render him illustrious, no one either remarked or remembered the circumstance." His father was an advocate, but under the Revolution was appointed to a post in the commissariat of the Army of the North. He appears to have been a man of eccentric ideas, and is described as a mixture of Rabelais, Montaigne, and Uncle Toby, with peculiar theories upon health, education, and the longevity of the human race. His mother was

beautiful and much younger than her husband; had a rare vivacity of mind and imagination, an indefatigable activity, a great firmness of decision, and a devotion without limit for those belonging to her. . . . The qualities of the author of "La Comédie Humaine" are certainly the logical consequence of those of his parents: he had originality, memory, the observation and judgment of his father; the imagination, the activity of his mother; of both, in fine, the energy and goodness.

He had one brother, and two sisters. Laura, afterwards Madame de Surville, who was two years younger than himself, was his

favourite; he was her protector, she was his confidant, and they loved one another with the most tender affection. At seven years of age he was sent to the College of Vendôme at Tours:—

“He remained seven years in this college,” says his biographer, “where there were never any holidays. The remembrance of this time inspired him with the first part of ‘Louis Lambert.’ In that first part he and Louis Lambert are one, it is Balzac in two personages. The college life, the little daily events that he suffered and thought, all is true, even the ‘*Traité de la Volonté*,’ which one of the professors he named burned without reading, in his anger at finding it instead of the lesson he required. My brother always regarded this writing as a monument of his intelligence at that age.”

But neither his parents nor his masters could see in him anything more than a very ordinary boy, who devoured in a desultory manner every book that came in his way, and who was not always ready with his Greek and Latin. If he made a sagacious remark, or hazarded a reflection in the course of conversation, he was usually snubbed by his mother with: “Thou certainly dost not understand what thou art saying.” It is quite clear that Honoré was not regarded as a phenomenon by his parents. When he was fourteen, he had a strange seizure, which gave great anxiety to his friends. It was a species of mental coma; he grew thin and miserable, walked about like one in a dream, scarcely understood a word addressed to him. He afterwards described this condition by the quaint phrase: “It was a congestion of ideas.” Whatever it might have been it was found necessary to bring him home. Just at this time (1814) his father was removed to Paris, and there the boy completed his education, still in no way distinguishing himself, but reading incessantly, and remembering all he read. The records of this experience will be found in the earlier pages of “*Le Lys dans la Vallée*.” He contrived, however, to take a degree at eighteen. Being destined for the law, he attended legal lectures at the Paris Institute, and entered a notary’s office, where he spent three years of his life in a drudgery he detested. Eugène Sue and Jules Janin are *said* to have been his fellow clerks, although Madame de Surville does not mention the circumstance. If it were so it was a strange coincidence. But not even an excellent opening could tempt him to adopt that profession. A notary of Paris, who was under obligations to the father, offered to take him into his office, and after a few years make over to him the whole of his flourishing business on very advantageous terms. But Honoré, who had long aspired to the glories of literature, objected to the arrangement, and boldly avowed his determination to follow no other pursuit than that of letters. M. le Père was astounded; but after a long discussion and much reluctance yielded so far as

to give him two years to prove his capabilities for authorship. M. Balzac seems to have had some belief in his son's talents, but Madame evidently had none, and thought a little privation would quickly bring him back to the law.

They had just bought a country house six leagues from Paris, so she installed M. Honoré in a garret near the library of the Arsenal, in which he proposed to work, furnished it with a bed, a table, and some chairs. "The sum she allowed him to live upon would certainly not have been sufficient for the most absolute necessities, if our mother had not left at Paris an old woman, attached for twenty years to the service of the family, whom she charged to watch over him." To pass suddenly from a comfortable home to the solitude of a garret and absolute privation was certainly a hard transition. He did not, however, altogether complain of this change, where he had liberty, and could hug hopes which his first literary deceptions could not extinguish.

This is the period (1819) at which his correspondence with his sister commences, and his very first letter is a description of his *ménage* :—

I have taken a domestic. A domestic! what are you thinking of, brother? Yes, a domestic, and his name is as droll as that of Doctor Nacquart's. His is called *Tranquille*, mine is called *Moi-même*. A bad bargain, truly! *Moi-même* is idle, blundering, improvident. His master is hungry, thirsty, sometimes he has neither bread nor water to offer him; he does not even know how to protect him against the wind, which blows through door and window as Tulou does into his flute, but less agreeably. As soon as I awake I ring for *Moi-même*, and he makes my bed. He then proceeds to sweep the room, but is not very skilful in that exercise. "Moi-même!" "Monsieur!" "Look at that spider's web from which the buzz of that big fly stuns me! those *moutons* that are crawling under the bed! the dust upon the windows that blinds me!" "But Monsieur, I do not see——" "Go away and be silent, arguer!" And he is silent. He brushes my clothes, sweeps singing, singing sweeps, laughs as he talks, talks as he laughs. . . . Wouldst thou believe I have been a whole week thinking, arranging, eating, walking, without doing any good. *Coquisigrue*¹ will draw out my forces by-and-by; but I must still ruminare over it, and wait before I write. I am studying to form my taste. I should sometimes believe I had lost my head if I had not the happiness to hold that respectable member between my hands.

His head was full of projects of romances, comedies, comic operas, and a grand tragedy upon the subject of Cromwell, of which one of the letters contains the plot and the plan of the scenes. But he did not get on very well with this last, which was to be a *chef-d'œuvre*. "Ideas overwhelm me," he writes, "but I am perpetually stopped by my little talent for versification." Already we find him

¹ A novel which never appeared.

turning to those studies of the *real*, which were thereafter to produce such wonderful results. "I find myself," he writes, "in my promenades in Père la Chaise, inspired with good and great reflections, and I make there studies of grief useful for 'Cromwell'; true grief is so difficult to paint, it requires so much simplicity." He is very happy in his garret:—

The time I have passed here will be to me a source of sweet memories. To live as I please, to work according to my taste and my fancy, to do nothing if I wish, to slumber upon the future, which I make so beautiful, to think of you knowing you to be happy, to have Rousseau's Julie for a mistress, La Fontaine and Molière for friends, Racine for master, and Père la Chaise for a promenade. Ah, if that could last for ever!

After fifteen months Honoré returns home with "Cromwell" in his pocket. There is a solemn meeting of friends and relations to hear it read. The opinion is unfavourable. Judgment is referred to a professor of the Ecole Polytechnique. The old man, after a conscientious perusal, declares the author to be fitted for anything rather than literature! "Tragedy is not my forte, that is all," answers Honoré. And he takes up the pen again as a romance writer. Thereafter he agreed with this judgment passed: "I can now perceive," he wrote, "that 'Cromwell' was not even an embryo." Fifteen months of garret life had so attenuated him that his mother would not permit his return; so for a time he remained beneath the paternal roof. Here he wrote his early fictions, and began that most desperate of all quests—the quest for a publisher.

"The poor *débutant*," says Madame de Surville, "is usually received and dismissed by the bookseller with this discouraging phrase: 'You are unknown, and you desire me to publish your books?' To be celebrated before you have written is the problem to be solved in this career, at least you should enter upon the literary field of battle in the manner of a cannon shot. . . . Save a college friend, since entered into the magistracy, and who helped him to compose his first romance, no one aided or encouraged him."

At length he found the desideratum—a publisher who would undertake his first work, but he belonged to the lower grades of the trade, and the publication brought him but little money and no repute. Now commenced a life of literary drudgery. During the five years from 1820, his biographer tells us, he wrote upwards of forty volumes, all published under different pseudonyms, for he was too proud to put his name to anything he did not consider worthy of the De Balzacs. The greater number of these novels and stories were never acknowledged; others, however, were re-written, titled anew, and published in the collected editions of his works. Of these are "Jean la Pâle," "Le Vicaire des Ardennes."

Golden dreams and hopes were beginning to fade before dark realities, and his letters grow sadder.

"I can neither think nor write," he says in a letter dated 1821; "I must write, however, write every day to conquer the independence which is denied me. To endeavour to become free by *coups des romans*, and what romans! Ah, Laura, what a fall of all my projects of glory! If I had an assured income of 1,500 francs I could work for fame, but time is necessary for such labours, and one must live. I have then only this ignoble means of making myself independent. Let then the press groan, bad author (and the word was never so true). . . . Still, if anyone would cast some charm of any kind upon my sad existence. I have no flowers of life, and yet I am in the season when they bloom. What will be the use of fortune and enjoyment when my youth is passed? What matters the actor's dress if one no longer plays a part? The old man is one who has dined and looks on while others eat; and I am young, my plate is empty, and I hunger. Laura, Laura, my two sole and great desires, to be famous and to be loved, will they ever be satisfied?"

Again he writes: "I send thee two new works; they are still very bad, and, above all, have very little literary merit." Another time he says: "The day on which my romances are worth 2,000 francs, I will take a prudent and faithful wife, if I can find her. I will shut myself up in a little house as new and as bright as a German toy." But the drudgery is terrible to him: "I begin at times to feel and recognise my powers. To feel what I am worth—and to sacrifice the flower of my ideas to such trash! It is torture. . . . Believe me, dear sister, for I have need of faith, I do not despair of being something one day."

But his letters even at this period are not all gloomy; an advance of two or three hundred francs upon a new romance puts him in high hopes and spirits. Yet still his earnings scarcely suffice for his necessities. All this time, however, he is laying by stores of knowledge and experience, and everything remarkable he sees or hears is consigned to a pocket-book which he calls his *garde-manger*.

In 1823 he entered into some speculations, the failure of which plunged him into debt that weighed most heavily upon him when success at last came. These were a printing establishment and a type-foundry. The latter, Madame de Surville says, might have proved a most remunerative investment had her brother possessed sufficient capital to have carried it on. And so, at the age of twenty-nine, Balzac found himself laden with liabilities, and only his pen to discharge them—a pen of which no one as yet recognised the value, for his friends still regarded him as little more than an incapable. "I must die," he said bitterly, "in order that they may discover what I am worth." But amidst poverty, debt, and contempt the power of his genius still supported him, and still alone, without encouragement

or support, he went on his way. After his commercial failures (1827) he again left the paternal roof, and went to live in a room in the Rue de Tourmon. "If one of my creditors," he writes to his sister, "wishes to put me into Sainte-Pélagie, I shall be more happy there; my living will cost me nothing, and I shall be no more a prisoner than my labour holds me captive at home. The postage of a letter, an omnibus, are expenses which I cannot allow myself, and I abstain from going out for fear of wearing out my clothes." In "*La Peau de Chagrin*" he has drawn the sufferings of this period with a terrible power, and he afterwards confessed to his sister that, like the hero of that marvellous book, he had been tempted to end his struggles and his life at the same moment. But after this long dreary night day was at length dawning. In this Rue de Tourmon he composed "*Les Chouans*." It was the first work to which the name of Balzac was appended, and it was the first in which the world began to recognise his genius. He was not, at this time, on good terms with his family, who were themselves in embarrassed circumstances, and, not unnaturally, exasperated at his repeated failures, and his obstinacy in refusing to turn to any other calling. "My '*Chouans*' finished," he writes to Laura, "I will send them to you; but I do not wish to hear anything that is said of them, be it good or bad; family, friends, are incapable of judging an author."

In 1829 he made his first great success—"La Physiologie du Mariage." It is said that everything comes to the man who waits; the greatness for which Honoré Balzac had waited and hungered in misery and poverty for years had come at last. Success overwhelmed all prudence, and he leaped at once from want to luxury. "In a garret," he said, "they will give me nothing for my works." Such was his excuse. His sister takes up the same line of defence, and says that this luxury was greatly exaggerated, and was the means of procuring him a better price for his books. Nevertheless, the sad consequences of his extravagance were perpetual debts and embarrassments, and a life of unceasing toil that ultimately killed him.

From 1827 to 1830 he lived on bills, the paying and renewing of which, with heavy interest, anticipated all his earnings, and thus compelled him as quickly as one was discharged to draw another. He used to compare his *deux démons*, as he called it, to a snow-ball, which always grows larger as it rolls. That debt so increased as it rolled over the months and years that at times he despaired of ever acquiring himself of it. During all this time his labours were enormous. From 1827 to 1848 he published ninety-seven works, making

ten thousand eight hundred and sixteen pages of an edition, which at least tripled the ordinary octavos of the booksellers, and all were written without a secretary, and every proof was corrected by his own hand. References to these almost superhuman labours are scattered throughout the letters. In one place he mentions that he goes to bed at six o'clock in the evening, rises at midnight, and works sixteen hours successively. "Believe nothing bad of me," he writes to a lady; "say he works day and night, and there is only one thing astonishes you—that you have not already heard of his death. I digest at the Opera or at the Italiens; those are my only recreations, because there I need not think or speak—it is sufficient to look and listen. Yet I do not always even go there." "I was so fatigued with work," he says in another place, "that I fell down at the Opera as I alighted from my conveyance. Since my return I have gone back to my writing, and I do not stir from my table. During all this week I am nailed with proofs. I have to do the article of the *Revue* for the two last Sundays of the month, a work for Mame, and the second dizaine of the 'Drôlatiques,' without counting two reimpresions. Is not that enough to occupy three or four men? I rise at six. I correct 'Les Chouans,' then I work at 'La Bataille' from eight to four in the morning, and during the day I correct what I have done in the night. That is my life; dost thou know of any more occupied?" "Good God, I work night and day to earn money and pay it!" he writes to his mother (1832).

There are men to whom fortune is implacable. They may wrest gifts from her by indomitable energy or patience, but upon every favour so extorted she lays a curse; the canting world cries the curse is in the man who uses the gifts badly. But man is what circumstances and surroundings make him. Had Balzac won a modest competence at first, had the iron never entered so deeply into his soul, his career might have been a more discreet one. But poverty too long endured invariably demoralises. Men who suddenly rise from penury to plenty either become misers or spendthrifts; sudden reactions fly to extremes, and but seldom lead to the golden mean. The whole life of this man is one sadness; there is not one gleam of real, bright, hot sunshine throughout it; every ray is robbed of half its brilliance by the dark clouds through which it passes. Years of soul-depressing misery, then fame and money beyond his largest hopes, but swept away even before possessed, body-killing labour, and its necessary sequel—an early death. "All these misfortunes may be traced to his own errors," replies the moralist. Ay, but when we come to trace the errors to their source, who or what is accountable

for them? Himself? Or is it fortune or fate, or whatever you choose to call the occult powers which rule our destinies?

Sometimes he would arrive at his sister's house overwhelmed by work, fatigue, and difficulties, scarcely able to drag himself along, his face yellow and haggard. "Do not console me," he would say, "it is useless, I am a dead man." Then in a dolorous tone he would begin the recital of some new embarrassment, or take out some proofs with a melancholy air, exclaiming, "I shall be dull, my sister!" "Bah! one is not dull with such works as you correct." Then he would raise his head, and little by little fire and animation would steal into his face. "Thou art right," he would exclaim, "these books will live, there is no blind hazard here—it can protect a Balzac as well as an imbecile. One of my millionaire friends—and I have some—or a banker not knowing what to do with his money, may come to me and say, "I know your immense talent and your difficulties; such as you should be free, accept without fear—you shall acquit yourself—your pen is worth millions." Then he would walk up and down the room gesticulating, and his face full of joyous excitement. "Why should I not be a peer; So-and-so became a peer. Why not a minister? Men who have made the tour of all ideas are best fitted to be governors of men." Then he would fancy himself the governor of France, reforming abuses; while the millionaire who should first help him to these honours would find his glory in being distinguished as the man who raised Balzac to the honours he merited. After this he would turn to his proofs, and read them enthusiastically aloud. "Adieu," he would cry at parting, "I shall run home and see if my banker is waiting for me; if he be not, I shall always find work, and that is my true fund-holder."

A strange character full of contradictions was his: here it is sketched by his own hand:—

I study myself as I would anyone else. I enclose within my five feet two inches all the incoherences, all the contrasts possible; and those who believe me vain, lavish, headstrong, light, without coherence of ideas, foolish, negligent, idle, without application, without reflection, without any constancy, a babbler, without tact, ill-informed, unpolished, whimsical, fickle, will be just as right as those who say I am economical, courageous, modest, tenacious, energetic, careful, a worker, constant, taciturn, full of finesse, polished, always gay; he who shall say I am a poltroon will be no more wrong than he who shall say I am extremely brave; in fine, learned or ignorant, full of talent or silly, nothing astonishes me more than myself. I finish by believing that I am only an instrument upon which circumstances play.

It was in 1833 the idea first occurred to him to classify his works under different heads, and divide them into series, as "Scènes de la Vie Privée"—"de la Vie de Province," &c.

"The day which was illumined by this idea was a memorable day for him," writes his sister. "He set out from his house in the Rue Cassini and ran to the Faubourg Poissonnière, where I then dwelt. 'Salute me,' he said joyously, 'for I am in train to become a genius.' He then unfolded to us his plan, which frightened him a little. Vast as his brain was, it required some time to arrange that plan." "He told us the news of the world of LA COMÉDIE HUMAINE as we talk of that of the veritable world. 'Do you know who Félix de Vandeness marries? A Demoiselle de Grandville. It is an excellent match; the Grandvilles are rich, in spite of what Mademoiselle de Bellefeuille has cost that family.' If we sometimes asked pardon for a young man who was on the road to ruin, for a poor unfortunate woman whose sad fate interested us: 'Do not trouble me with your sensibilities; truths before everything. These people are weak, incapable. What happens is what ought to happen, so much the worse for them.' One of the friends of Doctor Minoret excited our curiosity. My brother had said nothing about his life, but we were led to believe he had experienced some great misfortunes. We asked him for some information. 'I did not know M. de Jordy before he arrived at Nemours,' he replied. 'Since he interests you I will some day bring his history to light.' . . . He never described a town or village without first visiting it, no matter how distant or remote the place might be. In taking leave of his family before starting on his journey he would say, 'I am going to Alençon or Grenoble, where Mademoiselle this or Monsieur that lives.'"

From 1832 to 1835 we find him continually travelling, and letters written from all parts of France and Italy, but working as assiduously as ever, and with a brain full of plans for new additions to the "Comédie Humaine." Some of his finest novels were composed during these years, notably "Le Lys dans la Vallée," "La Recherche de l'Absolu," and the strange mystical "Louis Lambert." "It is a work," he says, "in which I have entered the lists with Goethe and Byron, with Faust and Manfred. It has cost me great labour, I was obliged to read so many books to write it." A few days later he writes to his mother: "I have absolute need of distraction; I have had so many sleepless nights, and drank coffee to such an excess, that I have had terrible pains and cramps. 'Louis Lambert' is perhaps a *chef d'œuvre*, but it has cost me dear: six weeks' continuous labour at Saché, and ten days at Angoulême." "La Peau de Chagrin" also belongs to this period.

Literary projects alone, vast as his were, did not suffice to fill this restless intelligence. One time he was all eagerness over the fancied discovery of a new substance for making paper: it turned out a failure. His friends thought he would be disconsolate—they found him radiant. He had hit upon a new idea: "You people have never reflected," he cried, "that the Romans, little skilled in exhausting mines, have left riches in their dross. Some *savants* of the Institute whom I have consulted are of the same opinion as myself, and I am going to set out for Sardinia. I shall travel the country on foot

a sack upon my back, clothed like a mendicant. I have calculated everything—600 francs will suffice me." He arrived at Bastia without a sou; but his books were known and he was fêted. The booksellers soon brought him back to Paris; he returned with some specimens from the mines, which he gave to the chemists to analyse. A year afterwards, his tasks being accomplished, he returned to Sardinia, but on the way he had told his secret to the Genoese captain with whom he had sailed.

"As to the principal object of my journey," he writes from Milan. "everything turned out as I supposed, but the delay in my arrival has been fatal; the Genoese has a contract with the court of Sardinia; there is a million of money in the dross; a house of Marseilles with which he has an understanding has tried it." So did all his hopes fall to the ground.

In the meantime he had purchased a small château in Touraine. He had an intense affection for his native province; how charmingly and lovingly he has described and dwelt upon its beauties in "*Le Lys dans la Vallée*." "There," he said, "sweet and tranquil thoughts root themselves in the soul as the vine in the earth." But the winter he spent in Paris in a splendidly furnished *salon*, where he received "all the celebrities who were born or were about to be born." His sister dwells as briefly as possible upon his extravagances, but we learn from other sources they were very great at this time; he had his box at the two operas, his chariots, horses, suites of servants; his dinners were among the most *recherchés* in Paris; his rooms were filled with the most costly nic-nacs; his very walking-cane blazed with precious stones, many of them presents. And still, to keep pace with such expenditure, the same terrible toil:—

"I go to bed at six with my dinner in my mouth. The animal digests until midnight. Auguste pushes me a cup of coffee, with which my mind goes on its way till mid-day. I run to the printer with my copy and get my proofs to give exercise to the animal who dreams all the way he goes."

It was at this time (June 1833) he was engaged in what is perhaps the noblest of all his fictions—"*Eugénie Grandet*." His powers were now in their highest perfection, and every production of his pen was a *chef-d'œuvre*. The labour he bestowed upon each was infinite. Writing of "*Le Médecin de Campagne*," he says:—"There is not a phrase, an idea, which has not been considered, re-considered, read, re-read, corrected—it is frightful!" Although no work was commenced without long preliminary meditation, the alterations it received during the progress of composition, and while

passing through the press were innumerable "interlinings, transpositions, expansions, abridgments; three or four, or even eleven or twelve, successive proofs would be so covered with corrections as to be almost illegible to the most practised eyes. There were not half a dozen printers in Paris who could decipher his copy, and even these would not enter the composing room without first stipulating that they should not have more than two hours of Balzac per day.

By-and-by, to add to his other embarrassments, we find him engaged in a lawsuit with the editor of the *Revue de Paris*, who had sold, as Balzac thought unjustly, the right of republishing "Le Lys dans la Vallée," then appearing in its pages, to a St. Petersburg house. He gained his lawsuit, and with it many enemies, the number of which was largely increased by the publication of the "Illusions Perdus," in which he attacks the whole body of feuilletonists. For some time afterwards both journals and reviews were closed against him. So he created new ones. The first was the *Chronique de Paris*, to start which he borrowed the money. Théophile Gautier, Charles de Bernard, and other celebrities wrote for him; but the thing failed for want of capital. Some time afterwards he started the *Revue Parisienne*, of which he wrote the whole of three numbers!

About this time we find him arrested by his creditors. Then again resuming the old life of toil. How pathetic are these passages from a letter to Madame Hanska, the Russian lady who, years afterwards, became his wife. The date is 1836:—

What a long and sad adieu I have made to those lost years: swallowed up without return. They have given me neither perfect happiness nor entire misery; they have made me live frozen upon one side, burned upon the other; and now I feel myself holding to life only by a sense of duty. I have gone into the garret where I now am with the conviction that I shall die there exhausted with work. I thought I should support it better than I do. For more than a month I rise at midnight and go to bed at six; I have dieted myself as low as it is possible to live that I may not give to the brain the fatigue of digestion; not only do I feel weaknesses I cannot describe, but so much life communicated to the brain that I experience singular inconveniences. I sometimes lose the sense of perpendicularity; even in bed it seems to me that my head falls to the left or the right, and when I rise I am as it were weighed down by an enormous weight that seems to be in my head. I can understand how the absolute continuance and immense labours of Pascal caused him to unceasingly see an abyss on each side of him, and not to be able to do without a chair on either side of his own. . . . "La Vieille Fille" was written in three nights; "Le Secret de Ruggieri" was written in a single night. . . . I must plunge into the Augean stables of my style and sweep away the faults. . . . From time to time I rise, I contemplate the ocean of houses that my window overlooks, from the Ecole Militaire to the Barrière du Trône, from the Panthéon to the Arc de l'Etoile, and after having breathed the air I go back to my work.

These days and weeks of toil were of course succeeded by intervals of relaxation, in which the money coined out of his very life blood was scattered wildly in luxuries and excesses. Year after year there is the same burden to his letters—after so many months he will be free of debt, he is labouring incessantly for that end. But the labours completed, the money won, the debts paid, the round begins again: new obligations, more toil, more promises. All this time he is deep in the debt of his publisher, Werdet, who is ultimately ruined by him. More than once while he is abroad we find him assuring Werdet that a MS. is completed, and will be sent off by the next mail, of which work not a line has been written, and in one or two instances the novel was never written at all. Some of his best works were indifferently paid. For “*Le Lys dans la Vallée*” he received only 8,000 francs, half of which was paid by the *Revue de Paris*, half by his publisher. In a letter dated 1832, we have the following account of earnings:—

From September to February, six months of the <i>Revue de Paris</i>	3,000 francs.
‘ <i>La Bataille</i> ’	2,000 „
A volume of the ‘ <i>Drôlatiques</i> ’	2,000 „
Four new volumes for Mame	5,000 „
	12,000 francs.

In 1845, however, we find him reckoning upon receiving, supposing it to be a success, 40,000 francs for “*Les Paysans*”—30,000 from the bookseller, and 10,000 from the journal in which it first appeared. To this he adds 15,000 francs for an impression of “*La Comédie Humaine*,” together with 10,000 francs for other works.

In 1838 he had a villa, *Les Jardies*, built near Sèvres, which he styles in one of his letters, “*Une vraie maison d’opéra-comique, where I desire to labour far from the world, and where those who love me will find me if they wish.*” A year later *Les Jardies* came to grief. “*I am in the depths of a frightful misery,*” he writes to his sister (March 1839). All the walls have fallen, the builder not having made any foundations; and all this, although his doing, falls upon me, for he is without a sou, and I have as yet given him only 6,000 francs on account.” But the letter contains even worse news than this. The *Renaissance* had offered him 6,000 francs down to write a piece in five acts. The agreement was made. “*And I was in great need of 6,000 francs. At the end of February I set to work; I pass sixteen days and sixteen nights in labour, sleeping only three hours out of the twenty-four; I employ twenty workmen to print it, &c. My directors have no money, or perhaps Dumas, who had broken his word with them, and with whom they were on ill terms, has gone back to them. They will not listen to my piece; they refuse it.*”

This play, "*L'Ecole des Ménages*," was his first dramatic venture. He was never successful as a writer for the stage, although he was ambitious to be so, and gave some attention to that species of composition during the last years of his life. But he was too minute, too analytical for a dramatist. His best play is "*Le Faiseur*," the original of Charles Mathew's "*Game of Speculation*."

In the year 1845 he was all excitement over a new residence he was building at Monceau, where he had speculated in some land, which, according to his calculations, was one day to bring him a fortune by being let for building. "But," he writes, "I regard it as a frightful misfortune to have to pay 20,000 francs to cancel debts which prevent me from becoming a landed proprietor." His letters are full of this project. The money for works, not a line of which is written, is all disposed of in advance. It is painful to read the letters of this period, so full are they of worry and excitement, debts to pay, speculations, books to write, labours to be accomplished, and at last complaints of failing health. His letters now become journals, and are nearly all directed to Madame Hanska, the Russian lady to whom he was engaged to be married, and are extremely interesting as a picture of his life at this period.

In 1847 he journeyed to Vierzschovnia, in Asiatic Russia, where the estate of the Countess Hanska was situated. Now recommenced his letters to his sister and mother, containing descriptions of Russian life. There he remained until after his marriage, in the spring of 1850. Repose and freedom from care seemed to be at length within his reach, for his wife was rich. But symptoms of heart and lung disease had long appeared, and were no doubt intensified by the Russian climate. He had a serious attack in the previous winter, and had been ordered by his physicians perfect rest. "If I return to Paris," he writes to a friend (1849), "it will be a great happiness, for this time, at least, it is necessary for my cure. I have sadly paid for the excesses of labour to which I have been delivered during the last ten years above all, but we will not speak of that." He returned to Paris two months afterwards—to die in his mother's arms. The last letter in this collection is to Théophile Gautier; it was written, under his dictation, by his wife, but is signed by his own hand, which also added underneath, "I am not able to read or write."

Fortune did indeed lay her ban upon Honoré de Balzac.

TABLE TALK.

SCIENCE deals with a wide range of subjects. She is as ready to investigate the formation of a tear as the rounding of a world, the analysis of a smile as the origin of a race. One of her latest subjects of research, though not quite a new one, is the buzzing of insects. Réaumur showed long ago that the movement of the wings alone will not explain the phenomenon, for a blowfly will buzz after his wings have been removed. Besides, the coleoptera, or beetles, though they often produce when flying a dull booming noise, are not able to buzz in the proper sense of the word, so that the active use of wings is not sufficient of itself to explain the buzzing of insects. True buzzing involves the production of two distinct sounds, a grave sound and a sound one octave higher. The former is due to the wings alone, for if the wings are removed it is never heard. The latter is never heard *alone* during the flight of insects. It is only observed apart from the great vibrations of the wings, when the insect alights, or is prevented from moving. This acuter sound is emitted only by the diptera, or two-winged insects like the fly, and the hymenoptera, or four-winged insects like the bee. Now although the wings are seen to tremble rapidly when the sharper sound is emitted alone, yet the sound continues when the wings are removed. M. Jousset de Belesme finds that the sound is caused by the rapid motion of the muscles which serve the insect for flight. These muscles are not inserted in the wing itself, but in the part of the thorax which supports the wing. With each movement of the wing the form of the thorax changes under the influence of the thoracic muscles. These muscles vibrate twice for each vibration of the wings. Thus there are two sounds, and the sharper, being due to vibrations twice as rapid as those which produce the acuter, is an octave higher.

NOW that Mr. Ruskin's earlier books and pamphlets have become so scarce, collectors and admirers of his writings, and the many fervent disciples whom he has gathered around him, will rejoice to hear of a little privately printed pamphlet of some fifty pages,

entitled : "The Bibliography of Ruskin, a Bibliographical List of the Published Writings in Prose and Verse of John Ruskin, M.A., from 1834 to the present time." This includes not only all the books and pamphlets, but the numerous letters that lie buried in old English and Scotch newspapers. The compilation is issued, I believe, with Mr. Ruskin's full sanction and approval, though without his assistance or co-operation, and may be had on application to the editor, Mr. Richard Herne Shepherd, 5 Hereford Square, S.W.

THE task of conciliating Ireland proceeds but slowly, if we may judge from the indecent and hysterical onslaughts of the so-called National press upon Judge Keogh. A man with some experience as a teacher of Irish Catholic children tells me that disloyalty is openly and constantly avowed by the youths under his control, and that Catholic schools in Ireland are mere hotbeds of sedition. It is true that nothing comes of this treason constantly expressed, and it is certain that measures of restriction or repression would be worse than fruitless. I have heard meanwhile two anecdotes curiously illustrative of the state of things in certain districts in Ireland concerning another purely Irish institution. Speaking of the agent of a certain noble lord whose name has been prominently before the public of late, an Irish farmer declared him the most unpopular man in Ireland. "How comes it, then, he is not shot like so many others?" demanded my informant. "Faith, I suppose," answered Paddy, "it's because what's everybody's business is nobody's business."

The second story, more characteristic still, was told me by a gallant general whose Irish estates border on those on which the incidents are supposed to have occurred. "Instructed by a certain lord to see if another turn of the screw could not be enforced, the agent called together the tenants and told them it was the intention of his lordship to raise their rents. 'You can afford it well enough,' continued the agent, 'only look what a price things have risen to.' Silence fell on the assemblage and was broken at last by an old farmer, who exclaimed, 'Things hez gone up in price, there's no denyin' ov it. It used to cost a pound to get an agent shot, and now, be jabers, it costs two.'" The hint was, I believe, sufficient, and the turn of the screw was not applied.

OF the vagaries of advertising, the latest development is a printed match, the manufacturer of which thus dilates upon its advantages: "There is no article that has a larger or more general

consumption than the Wooden Match; it penetrates into every household, from the palace to the cottage, etc.; and the care required in its manipulation, while flaming, ensures attention to the matter printed thereon." But would not that in time ensure one getting one's fingers burnt? It is no doubt very convenient (for Daffy) to get Daffy's Elixir, for example, engraven on the tablets of our memory by the lurid glare of a lucifer match; and if, through a divided attention, a blister is raised at the same time, one is still less likely to forget it. The notion is ingenious, but unless the advertiser is himself a match-maker, I don't see how I am to *sell* my matches, even after I have printed "Buy *Belgravia*," or "Read the *Gentleman's Magazine*," on all four sides of it.

FOR the first time since London was a city, the resident can walk from any one part to any other part by the most direct route without having to pay any species of impost. The bridges are now free, and the obnoxious toll-gates, so long an obstruction and an anachronism, are removed. It is wonderful that they have been allowed to remain so long. An immense benefit is conferred by their removal upon the poorest classes in London. Now that the toll is removed, is there not a chance that the southern bank of the Thames may be used for residential purposes? There are thousands of men who are compelled to live in London. Houses and chambers have doubled, and in some cases quadrupled, in rent during the last decade. A house in Adelphi Terrace cannot now be obtained under three or four hundred pounds a year. Is it not possible, I ask, to make available the opposite frontage? I believe that if a fine terrace were built on that portion of the southern bank between Waterloo and Westminster Bridges, a great addition would be made to the beauty of London, and a remunerative speculation would be accomplished. By way of the bridges now freed, the site is not so far from central London as those parts of the Grosvenor estate which are now among the most fashionable quarters in London.

WE are apt to imagine that in these times there is no reason to fear lest the works of our great writers should be impaired by verbal errors arising from misinterpretation of the original MS. It does not the author revise and re-revise the proofs, and perhaps in many editions? Yet everyone who is at all acquainted by experience with the work of proof-correction, must be aware that an author may pass again and again over a verbal error even of the most absurd kind, if only the mistake is not such as to mar the

sound of the sentence in which it occurs. For in correcting a proof the attention is almost exclusively directed to what the eye and the ear can detect—errors of spelling, collocation, grammar, and so forth—while the meaning of the words is not much noted. Hence it so frequently happens that the author who reads (as now and then an author will read) a book of his own, is horrified by seeing on the first page he looks at some utterly preposterous mistake which when correcting proofs he had allowed over and over again to escape his attention. I fancy Thackeray did not much read his own writings, except in correcting proofs, which is very different from ordinary reading. He certainly allowed some remarkable mistakes to be continued in edition after edition of his works. It might be worth while for Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. to have the original MSS., if still in existence, compared with the text during the issue of the new edition they are at present publishing; for some of the mistakes affect the artistic quality of the passages in which they occur. As an illustration of the errors in question, take the two following cases, occurring within a few pages of each other in the “Virginians.” In Chapter LXXI., after the fine sketch of the jealousy of Jack Lambert, George Warrington, “who has not been well pleased with brother Jack’s behaviour all day,” says to Mrs. Lambert, “Brother Jack has not a fine temper, Aunt Lambert. He informs you all that I am a coward, and remonstrates with me for being angry. He finds his mistress gone to the country, and he bawls and stamps and swears. Oh fie! Oh Aunt Lambert, beware of jealousy! Did the quarrel ever make you jealous?” The last words are so printed in all the editions, but they are nonsense. What Thackeray wrote was, out of all question, “Did the General ever make you jealous?”—the General being General Lambert, Aunt Lambert’s husband. Apart from the absence of all meaning in the passage as it stands, the rudeness of the question really asked by George Warrington accords with what is said directly after, in that his “soul was wroth within him,” and that “he was bent on quarrelling with somebody,” as also with Mrs. Lambert’s reply, “You will make me very angry if you speak to me in this way.” The other case still more strangely mars an effective description. In Chapter LXXVII. Jack Lambert, telling George how he had taken his part with General Lambert, says, “Upon this my lively little Het (who has much harshness) whispers to me, ‘Jack, mother and I will make you a dozen shirts, as sure as eggs is eggs’”—where we may be sure Thackeray wrote (or at any rate meant to write) “archness,” not “harshness.”

READERS of Hood may remember the manner in which, in his Ode to Rae Wilson, the humourist describes the method of conciliation which, on the recommendation of a bystander, a butcher adopted with a recalcitrant sheep.

Stringing his nerves like flint,
The sturdy butcher seized upon the hint,—
At least he seized upon the foremost wether,—
And hugg'd and lugg'd and tugg'd him, neck and crop,
Just *molens molens*, thro' the open shop—
If tails came off he didn't care a feather,—
Then walking to the door, and smiling grim,
He rubbed his forehead and his sleeve together—
There! I've *conciliated* him!

I FEAR this is the only kind of conciliation that our Indian tributary kings quite understand. The notion that we shall influence greatly men like Scindia or Oodeypoor by presents and decorations is childish. Oodeypoor is too polished and discreet to show openly his contempt for such honours as we may choose to award him. More impetuous potentates do not take much pains to disguise the estimation in which they hold gift and donor. The late King of Burmah is said to have subjected the portrait of Queen Victoria, with which he was presented, to indescribable indignities, and the late Nizam, I am told, when he received the Star of India, mistook apparently the place where it was intended to be worn, since he proceeded forthwith to sit upon it. As the complications likely to result from the war with Afghanistan will probably render necessary new attempts at conciliation, we had better make up our minds beforehand what species it is to be. Englishmen do not need to be endowed with any superfluous measure of loyalty to object to the portrait or gift of their Queen being dishonoured by an Asiatic, whatever his rank. It will be wise accordingly to be careful in the gifts we bestow and the manner of their bestowal. What, however, may be contemned by the potentate may be grateful to the minister. It is among subordinates alone that titles and ribands produce results. Those who have had in their power to bestow decorations are the last persons likely to over-estimate their value.

THE annexation of Galekaland, after the destruction of Krell's tribe, has been quickly followed by another step in the aggrandisement of the British dominion in South Africa. Between the Transkei territory and Natal there dwells a large tribe, which to the number of 200,000 occupies the country on each side of the

Umzimvoobo (St. John) river. The Pondos, whom Mr. Anthony Trollope, in his "South Africa," insists do not belong to the Kaffir race, are divided into two sections, the larger portion, of which Umquikela was the chief, being on the east side, and the smaller, under Umquiliso, on the west bank of the river. For years past the possession of the mouth of the Umzimvoobo has been coveted by the British colonists, on account of its forming a very good harbour, better, it is said, than that of Durban, and two years ago Sir Henry Barkly endeavoured to obtain permission from Umquikela to establish a customs officer there, but was unable to get the consent of the chief and his tribe. In July last a portion of the west bank was purchased from Umquiliso, and about the same time, a dispute having arisen with regard to the surrender of some fugitives from Griqualand East, a military force was despatched against Umquikela. The cession of the east bank of the river was demanded, and also permission to appoint a resident magistrate, and the chief was warned of the consequences of refusal. A meeting was arranged to take place between Colonel Wood and Umquikela, but the latter, taking fright at the armed array of the British and suspecting treachery, failed to put in an appearance. Without more ado, Sir Bartle Frere issued a proclamation deposing him, and directing the subordinate chiefs to regard the British Government as the sole paramount authority. The union jack was hoisted by General Sir F. A. Thesiger, and without any show of resistance the country was annexed, and Residents were appointed on both banks of the river. Fortunately the Pondo chief is said to have been opposed to war, doubtless aware of the uselessness of contending against the British. In this way the last of the independent tribes intervening between the Cape Colony and Natal has been brought under British rule, an event which may for long have been considered inevitable. Let us hope that the newly acquired power will be used for the benefit and protection of the tribe which has so peacefully been brought under the influence of civilised government.

AS a consequence of the influx of Englishmen into Paris to visit the great show at the Trocadero, the Parisian journals have been full of complaints of the absurd costumes and the extravagant behaviour of their guests. There is certainly some cause for grumbling. To make amends, it seems, for the inflexibility of social laws as regards costume at home, the Englishman, so soon as he finds himself in France, breaks out into the wildest eccentricities of attire. A brilliant writer in a daily journal, whom I may with no

breach of confidence assume to be Mr. Sala, tells how he saw recently an English lady and gentleman parading the streets of Paris with knapsacks and alpenstocks. It is difficult to imagine the state of mind of people who can don a knapsack for the purpose of exploring the Boulevard des Italiens, or grasp an alpenstock for that of scaling the hill of Montmartre. While admitting, however, all that is said concerning the bad taste of the travelling Englishman, and condemning vigorously the vandalism of the young Mobocks who deface public monuments or make night hideous in quiet French towns, I ask French writers who are eloquent in declamation against English visitors to remember the condition of affairs. Paris boasts herself the show-place of Europe, and does her best to attract within her walls the travellers from whose patronage no small proportion of her wealth is drawn. Englishmen are a nation of travellers. While it may be fairly inferred that a foreigner in England, if he be not engaged in commerce or have no special reason to avoid the importunities of the police of his native land, is a man of position and education, in France no such assumption is justifiable concerning Englishmen. Men of all classes travel. The men, then, in their extravagant coats and knickerbockers, and the women in "poke" bonnets and other marvels of headgear, are not necessarily or frequently, as the French journals assume, English gentlefolk. Not seldom they are small tradesmen. More frequently they are the *nouveaux riches* from manufacturing districts, people whose behaviour would be found as strange in London as it appears in Paris. The offence of irreverence in churches, moreover, of which complaint is justly made, is not confined to Englishmen. Still, it must be owned that in this respect they are the most frequent and most flagrant offenders. It is not, however, zeal for Protestantism, as Frenchmen sometimes assume, that makes the English traveller enter a Catholic church with a cigar between his lips and fill the edifice with unwonted incense. It is an offence which has a name in Catholic theology, and in palliation of which something is advanced. It is *crassa ignorantia*.

AT a moment when every veteran who has seen service in India, whether under John Company or under regal or imperial rule, is furbishing up his well-worn uniform and sharpening his rusty sword on the chance of a brush with the Afghans, anecdotes concerning these doughty warriors and their doings have a certain amount of interest. Once on a time, then, during a period of restoration and repair, the Athenæum Club had, after the fashion of less "august abodes," to be closed, and its members, like so many dispossessed gods on whom

the portals of Olympus had been shut, found themselves without a shelter. As nothing short of a social revolution would be involved in a parvenu club, like the Garrick for instance, making advances to the Athenæum, some institution not directly connected with literature had to come to the rescue. Such a service was rendered by the East India United Service Club in St. James's Square. Once admitted into their temporary home the members of the Athenæum found the curries inimitable—this was some years ago, it must be remembered—the general cuisine excellent, and the wines all that could be desired. One thing alone interfered with their comfort and inspired them with longing to return to the quiet of their usual haunts. Wherever they went they were followed by a low murmurous sound which seemed to pervade the entire establishment. The most curious and inquisitive of the visitors at length ascertained the meaning of this noise, which arose from the continuous growl of the older members of the club over the rapidity with which all branches of the service were going to the devil.

I AM pretty certain that some time ago I communicated to you the brands by which the sherries in a certain military mess were known to those who drank them. They called one *Nunquam dormio*, and the other, *Nemo me impune lacessit*. Thus the gallant officers not only stigmatised indifferent liquor as it deserved, but established for their regiment a reputation for wit that does not always accompany prowess in the field. And now the wine merchants of the corps have sent down a third wine, and it has been christened *Resurgam*.

IT is a great satisfaction to live in times when

Science stretches forth her arms
To reach from world to world, and charms
Her secret from the latest moon ;

but one feels at times she rather overdoes it. The possession of a lactometer, for example, makes one distrustful of human nature, because it shows us that genuine milk is not to be had.

We sleep upon an iron bed
And fancy it's a feather one,
We think our ceiling's made of oak :
Lor' bless you, it's a leather one.

And we don't thank the wise friend who undeceives us. Science in short as a detective is often very unpleasant, but never so much so as when

she goes back upon herself, and proves that her own teaching, which has governed our actions for ever so long, has been founded on a mistake. Dr. E. Lewy of Vienna has, it seems, demonstrated beyond a doubt that "all the bathing cures supposed to have been effected by the various mineral springs" are, to speak familiarly, "my eye and Betty Martin," since, "from a chemical point of view, the action of the most opposite waters must be one and the same." If you take them inside you—such as Epsom salts, for example—certain results undoubtedly take place; but whether you bathe in the waters at Schwalbach or Schlangenbad, the effect is precisely the same, and what seems to happen, so far as *they* are concerned, is only due to your imagination. This is bad news to those who have submitted themselves to discipline at Wiesbaden and elsewhere, and who have now to regret the mornings passed in an atmosphere of steam, and an aroma of rotten eggs, under the impression it was doing them good. Never shall I forget my first bath at the latter place: the horror with which I regarded the scum upon its surface, only to be seen in England in the common tank of a casual ward.

"But this is not *fresh*," I said to the attendant. "Here has been some Russian or Prussian." "Pardon me, Herr Englishman, if there *had* been, the water would have been comparatively clear."

I never quite believed him, and took out my twenty "tickets" to the very last in fear and trembling: and now to think that it was all in vain!

"Oh, Waley, Waley!" as the exquisite Scotch ballad puts it: "Oh, Lewy, Lewy!"

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,

DECEMBER 1878.

NUMBER FORTY-SEVEN.

BY JAMES PAYN.

WHAT becomes of waiters, when they don't wait, is a question that has long perplexed those who occupy themselves with the gigantic problems of human nature. In the winter, as we all know, many hotels at the seaside and other places of summer resort are closed; then the swallow, as has been ascertained, flies south; but whither does the man with the swallow-tail—the "John" or "George" whose vocation is over for the season at the Crown or the Vulture—fly? Their destination when aged (and they have saved money) has been of course discovered. They adopt the only business they are fit for (though it is true they might be platelayers): they keep an inn. It is in the mean time—which with them is the extreme winter—that their abode and calling are hidden from their fellow-creatures. One of them—one cannot say "ex uno disce omnes," because the occupation was such, a very exceptional one—used, years ago, to accompany Christmas visitors in their adventurous descents in the diving bell at the Polytechnic, while the ordinary attendant went for his holiday. I met him in the bell itself.

Even in my youth I was never courageous, and it had cost me sixpennyworth of cherry brandy in the refreshment room of that home of science to screw my courage to the sticking place. I was just then writing a story called "Under the Sea," about divers—(a few copies of which can still be obtained of the publisher's assignees)—and being exceedingly well principled (in fiction), I felt that I ought to experience what I was about to describe. And the Polytechnic was every way a more convenient, not to say a safer, place than the boundless ocean.

Even as it was, I was a prey to terror, on finding myself swinging over that gigantic basin, which, though it might not be Scylla, nor yet Charybdis, as to roughness, was quite deep enough to drown me, and (so far) "quench the gaiety of nations."

The seats, you must understand, have no rails in front of them, such as every child is accustomed to, and such as I venture to think they ought to have, and I thought it much more strongly on that occasion. Some scoffing holiday maker, who had not the pluck of a lamb, as I told him (amid plaudits), or he would have come down himself, had bidden me "hold on by my eyelids," but the advice, even if well meant—the vacant chaff well meant for grain—was of course valueless. I was in a blue funk, and felt very unsteady. There had been only one person besides myself who had been fool enough to try it; a serious man in a threadbare black coat, and with a white cravat, whom I perceived at once to be an official—probably the chaplain of the diving bell. I remember wondering, even in that moment of agony—so closely does the ridiculous tread on the heels of the sublime—whether he was instructed by the Polytechnic Company, if anything went wrong, to read the "Prayers to be used at Sea." It was a nice point, considering the amphibious nature of the duties of the man (a sort of clerical marine) and engaged my attention for nearly half a second. By that time the rim of the bell had touched the water.

Of course I had the assurance of Science, though we did keep sinking and sinking, that the water would never so much as touch the soles of my boots; but then one has very little confidence in the assurance of anyone—even though she be a lady—of whom one knows nothing at all. The only parallel that my memory furnished to my own situation was unhappily that of King Canute, and, as everybody knows, the water got the better of him in spite of the most flattering predictions. However, the bell did stop, as it seemed to me in the very nick of time—and continued to stop.

"Why on earth," cried I, (though we were unhappily not on earth), "do we not go up again?"

"There is a little something wrong, perhaps," he answered; "it does sometimes happen in the lifting gear."

"Good heavens!"

"There is nothing to be alarmed about. They will keep on pumping air in."

"Air?" exclaimed I indignantly.

"Ah, you are thinking of your dinner: we shall be out long before seven o'clock."

"How do you know I dine at seven?"

"Because I have waited on you many times, at the Hand and Glove at Brighton."

"To be sure, you are Bob the waiter. How ever came you to be waiting here?"

"Well, sir, it is only a temporary arrangement. The fact is, I am going to carry on the hotel myself."

"Indeed?" I wondered how this "shilling-seeking, napkin-carrying, up-and-down-stairs" attaché of so respectable an inn, could have scraped together the money for the rent. He was a shrewd fellow, and read this in my face.

"Well, sir, it's a curious story," he said; "and as you've got nothing to do, and we shall have some time on our hands, I'll tell it to you."

It's more than twenty years ago since I first went to the Hand and Glove as second waiter in the summer time, and I have taken the same situation ever since. I am not head waiter there even now, though I shall be the master of the place in a few months; so you may conclude (though you was a liberal gent yourself, so far as I remember) I might have waited long enough before I saved the money out of my wages and perquisites. But in the autumn of the year before last a curious thing happened at that hotel.

It was the race week at Brighton, when we are always full, and every room was engaged; most of them by old customers, but one or two, of course, by strangers. One of these last was a Mr. John Adamson; he was a chance comer—that is, he had not written beforehand to secure a room, as is usual at that time, and therefore he got a very bad one. It was No. 47, which in slack seasons was never occupied; it looked into the little courtyard in the middle of the house, and had nothing to recommend it but its great height—it was, in fact, two floors thrown into one; some nervous persons had a fancy for it, however, because a few steps down the passage was the trapdoor in the roof under which stood the ladder that formed the fire escape; but as a rule people who were shown to No. 47 objected to it. Mr. Adamson, however, made no objections; and, indeed, to look at him, you would have said that he had been used to worse rooms. It was not so much his clothes—though they didn't fit him, and yet looked as if he was wearing them for the first time—but a certain hang-dog cringing way he had with him, which showed he was a low fellow. He was a turfite, of course—a man who made his living, or tried to make it, by horse racing, and had come down to fill his

pockets at the expense of other people; but, so far as that went, so had all our other guests. There was the great Mr. Dodds, the bookmaker, for instance—only second in the extent of his operations to the Leviathan himself, who travelled with his secretary, and had our first floor front; there was Captain Leger, who went halves in winnings—whatever he did in losings—with the Marquis of Spavin; and there was Sir Toby Gray, who had three horses on the hill himself, and one of them first favourite for the Cup. But all these men, for the present at least, were men of substance, and looked like it. You might have said they were made of money, for everyone of them had a pocket-book bursting with bank-notes, which was certain to be either fuller or emptier before the week was out.

Now, Mr. Adamson did not look as though he owned a bank-note in the world, and if I had had to name his trade, I could have done it the first moment I clapped eyes on him; it was Welsher. However, it is not the business of an hotel-keeper to turn any man from his door who wants a bed and can afford to pay for it; and as for picking and stealing, our own plate was all Britannia metal, while Mr. Dodds and Captain Leger and Sir Toby knew very well how to take care of themselves and their money, having been on the turf for the last twenty years, and accustomed to all descriptions of villainy. As for me, I had enough to do at that busy time, without looking after the seedy tenant of No. 47, who went up the hill every day to the course on foot, and took six penn'orth of whisky with his dinner in the coffee-room, and nothing after it. Only of course it was suspicious; for the Hand and Glove was not an hotel meant for the likes of him, and he knew it. He was always apologising, as it were, for being there, and hoping he was not giving trouble when he asked for this and that—always something cheap—at the bar and in the public room. He also pretended to be ignorant as to who was who, and inquired of me on one occasion whether that was *the* Mr. Dodds whom he had just seen come out of No. 4, whereas it is my opinion that he knew them all, and who was the principal winner after each day's work.

There was a good deal of betting on the race for the Cup that year, in which were entered two public favourites, who were very heavily backed by the "gentlemen;" and as a rank outsider won, so also, of course, did the "bookmakers." It was rumoured in the coffee-room that evening that Mr. Dodds had cleared twenty thousand pounds out of the transaction, and by the way he and his friends and his secretary kept it up that night in the first floor front, you would have thought it might have been forty thousand. What I will say for the racing folks, whether gentry or otherwise, is, that they are

free-handed ; it is "light come, light go," with them, I suppose ; but when fortune sends them a stroke of luck, they let other people share it. It was open house in No. 5 that night (next to his bedroom, the room was, and then the secretary's, as I well remember) for all as knew him, and I dare say a good many as didn't know him (more than to say "Bravo, Dodds," when he was reported to have pulled off a stake), took their glass at his expense. But Dodds had his eyes about him for all that, and his secretary too, and woe would have been to the man who tried to take more than what was offered him—that is, aught beyond food and liquor. They would not have given him into custody, not they, but they have laws of their own, these gentlemen, which they put in force at once against such transgressors. I believe soldiers, when they catch a thief among them, do the like. Well, the evening went off without anything worse than shouting, but in the morning there was a terrible "to-do." Mr. Dodds had been robbed in the night of all his winnings. In reality, these were not quite so great as had been reported, but they amounted to eleven thousand pounds in bank-notes—and they were gone.

I verily believe the man was not so annoyed by the loss of the money as by the fact of his having been robbed—that is, of another man having outwitted him. He stormed and raved like a mad bull, so that my master hardly dared to listen to what he had to say about the matter—though, indeed, it was very little. These notes, which were all for large amounts, were in a pocket-book by themselves, and lay in a drawer in his room. He had seen all was right, he thought, before he retired to rest, his door being not only locked, but fastened with a bolt with a spring bell to it. Only, there was at that time nothing *in* the pocket-book but two copies of the *Sporting Times*, very neatly folded. The notes must have been taken out beforehand—while he was entertaining his friends—and the little substitution effected. When my master asked Mr. Dodds, "Have you got the numbers of the notes?" he burst out into a fury. "Because I have been robbed, sir, do you take me for a born idiot? Of course I have."

His secretary, indeed, had made a memorandum of them, but, unfortunately, had wrapped it up with the notes themselves, which was very handy and convenient for the thief.

Mr. Dodds was a stout man, and I thought would have had a fit of apoplexy when he discovered this. I don't remember ever hearing so much strong language from the same mouth in so short a time. We kept the secretary locked up in the bar till the storm had blown over a little, and in the mean time we did what we could. As

Mr. Adamson was the only stranger at the Hand and Glove, suspicion naturally fell upon him—and so did Mr. Dodds. In less time than it takes me to tell you, that unfortunate man was stripped to his skin, and his room searched with that completeness that not a pin's head could have escaped notice: but nothing was found; and except that he had gone up with the rest to drink a glass of champagne in the first floor front in honour of Mr. Dodds' success, not a tittle of proof existed against him. He had not left the house that day since he had returned from the races, and even now he showed no signs of departure. He said he had been infamously treated, but had too much respect for Mr. Dodds to take the law of him for the insult that had been inflicted on him. And he stayed for the next day's races, where he told me that he had been "welshed" out of fifteen shillings, or he should have been happy to have given me half-a-crown, though "attendance" was included in our bills. In justice to himself, my master sent for the police, but, of course, *they* were no good, and Mr. Dodds had to give them five pounds, in consideration of having expressed an opinion, in his usual terms, upon their incompetency. He offered one thousand pounds reward for the recovery of the notes, and started off with the secretary (with his tail between his legs) for the next race meeting.

Some people thought it was the secretary who had done the trick; but Mr. Dodds knew better: and so did I. I have heard of things being "borne in" upon folks—a first cousin of mine by the mother's side being a bit of a Calvin—but never was any man more convinced of what he hadn't seen than I was that Mr. John Adamson had taken that money. The hold it got on me was surprising, especially after the thousand pounds reward was offered, which did not make my brain less busy about the matter, you may be certain. At first I could talk of nothing else, so that I got to be quite a laughing-stock with my fellow-servants at the inn, when I grew sulky and dropped it, which was afterwards lucky for me. They, of course, talked about it too, for a robbery of that magnitude under one's own roof was enough to set any tongue wagging, but after a month or two the thing wore away from their minds: whereas with me it was as fresh as ever. Where could he have put that money when we searched him and his room so thoroughly? and Did he get clear away with it? were the two questions that worried me most. That he stole the notes from Mr. Dodds' drawer I took for granted.

Perhaps I should not so soon have got free of my fellow-servants' chaff—especially as it had begun to rile me—if something else had

not presently occurred to turn their attention from the subject altogether. This was a murder committed at Lewes, within a few miles of us. A murder is always more exciting than a robbery, and in this instance the victim was a Brighton cabdriver, known to many of us, which, of course, made the incident more attractive. Otherwise it was a common case enough ; the man had made a few pounds in a Derby lottery, and for those and the watch in his pocket, the other, who was a bookmaker on the turf, called Kyneton, had murdered him. The trial had nothing noteworthy in it from first to last ; but when the murderer had met his deserts, a certain paragraph appeared in a Lewes paper, which being copied into other journals attracted much attention, and set my ears tingling more than anybody's. After the murderer was found guilty, it said, he had made a voluntary statement to one of the prison warders that it was he who had stolen the notes from Mr. Dodds at the Hand and Glove Hotel at Brighton, during the race week in the previous autumn.

"Come, Bob," said my master, "that disposes of your friend Adamson's having had anything to do with it, which you thought such a 'moral.'"

"Well, sir, yes, I suppose it does," said I.

"Of course it does ; and I am very glad this has happened, since it removes all suspicion from anyone connected with the Hotel. You don't know anything of this fellow Kyneton being about the place on the Cup day, do you ?"

"No, sir," I said, "but there were a many folks coming and going, and especially, as you remember, to congratulate Mr. Dodds on his good fortune."

"Just so ; and this Kyneton was one of them, no doubt."

But, for my part, I still stuck to my own opinion. If Kyneton had stolen eleven thousand pounds in the autumn, what need had he to kill a man for twenty pounds and a silver watch a few months afterwards ? The man was not a gentleman, and would not have flung so much money away in as many years. And why did he tell a warder about it, instead of confessing his crime to the chaplain in the usual way ?

The next Sunday happened to be my Sunday out, and I took advantage of it to go to Lewes. I had an acquaintance there who was a sporting reporter upon the staff of the newspaper in which the paragraph first appeared, and I had a great fancy to put a few questions to him. He was a civil fellow enough, and had had information from me on certain occasions—one picks it up when horsey

gents are talking together, in spite of their whispering ways—which had been useful to him.

"Now, Jack," I said, "I want to see the prison warder as this here Kyneton told that story to about that robbery at our hotel."

"Well, to tell you the truth, Bob," he says, laughing, "you'll find that a little difficult. Between ourselves, it was all bogus. It has been very successful, and been quoted in all the London papers, but no such statement was ever made."

"Then, how did it get into the papers?"

"Oh, in the usual way; it was put in by a penny-a-liner; a mere effort of the imagination."

"Then, Jack, I must see that penny-a-liner."

"To tell you the whole truth, Ned," he answered, with another laugh (but I thought not quite so natural a one), "he stands before you; it was me as wrote it."

"Oh, you wrote it, did you? Now, look here; this will go no further," said I, "than you and me, but I must know more. You said you would tell me the whole truth: then tell me, who was it as paid you to write it?"

"Well, my proprietors, of course," he answered sulkily.

"I know that, but who paid you besides?"

"Well, if you must know, a man of the name of Loftus. I met him at the Harp here during the trial, and he said he would give something to see himself in print. It struck him, he said (and he was right), that to make Kyneton confess to the Dodds robbery would be an attractive sort of 'par' (that means paragraph), and between us we worked it up. It was more my composition than his, but I did not tell him so, and he promised me a guinea when he saw it in type: and he paid the guinea like a man; and what was the harm in it?"

"No sort of harm, Jack," says I, "and indeed rather the reverse. I do assure you, you shall never get into trouble about it; but just tell me what this man was like."

"Well, he was rather a down-looking cove."

"Hang-dog?" said I.

"Well, yes, to be frank, hang-dog—a washed-out whitey-brown sort of fellow."

"With a beard?" inquired I.

"No, with no beard."

"Did you notice any impediment in his speech?"

"No. By-the-by, now you mention it," said Jack, correcting himself, "I did. It was very slight, but he said pup—pup—paragraph."

"All right," said I, "I'm much obliged to you. It's not the man I thought it was."

"And who did you think it was?"

"It's no matter. I have come on a fool's errand, but I thank you all the same. If I can do anything for you next meeting—I meant, of course, the Brighton race meeting, for Jack was not a chapel-goer, far from it—command me."

Then I went home more confident in my old opinion than ever. It was Adamson himself (though he now wore no beard) who had put that statement into the *Lewes Express*. The question, of course, was, why had he done it? since nobody now accused him of being a thief. And why should he have adopted so clumsy and dangerous a method of getting his exculpation printed if he had had money at command to get it done in safer ways? As I read it, the man, though he had stolen the money, had by no means got it in his pocket. It was hidden somewhere under the roof of the Hand and Glove, and, now that his character was in the eyes of the world re-established, he would some day return to take possession.

I was not fool enough to communicate these ideas to anyone else; I had already experienced the inconveniences of talking, and I felt that, if I was right in my conjecture, the value of it depended on my keeping it to myself. Consequently I bore with much good humour the sly remarks of the other waiters, and even of the pretty chambermaid (whom I dare say you remember, sir), about the mare's nest I had sat upon as respected the guilt of Mr. Adamson, whom they proceeded to pity as an ill-used and innocent man. I confessed that I had made a mistake such as human nature is liable to, and after a few weeks there was an end of it. The robbery, having been explained, was forgotten, just as, I make no doubt, the man who had done it had calculated upon: only Bob Taylor (at your service) happened to be the exception as proved the rule.

It was in the autumn time, and about three weeks before the race meeting, that a Mr. Morton arrived at our hotel by the evening train, and asked for a bed-room. What he couldn't abide, as he told Eliza (which was the pretty housemaid's name, as you may remember), was the noise of the sea at night. He didn't care where he slept, but the room must be at the back of the house, and at the same time airy. Now, the only room which combined these advantages, as it happened, was No. 47. I did not take much notice of Mr. Morton at first, except as respected his portmanteau, which I thought a very shabby one for a gent as was so particular about his sleeping; but as it happened, it fell to me to wait upon him in the

coffee-room, and the way in which he ordered dry champagne and the best of everything the house afforded did strike me (in connection with that portmanteau) as peculiar.

He spoke very little, occupying himself chiefly in smoothing his black moustache, which was very fine and silky, and in reading a sporting newspaper. I noticed that one leg of his trousers was patched at the knee, and said I to myself, "There's bricks in that portmanteau." But that, of course, was no business of mine at that time, being only the waiter.

Before the house closed he went out for a walk, with one of our best cigars in his mouth, and on his return asked for hot whisky and water: only he called it wur-wur-whisky. You might have knocked me down with a feather, for when he said that it flashed upon me in an instant that here was my man. His beard was gone, it was true, but that I was prepared for, "from information received," as the police say; his moustache had changed its colour—indeed, it was a false one; but that unfortunate hesitation in his speech recalled Mr. Adamson to my recollection at once. When I handed him the spirits and water, my hand shook so that you would have thought I had taken any amount of the same prescription myself. To think that he had taken the very same room again—No. 47—though, of course, that was only what you may call the association of ideas—seemed to carry conviction with it. The room was, I think I have said, in the servants' quarter, and my own little dog-hole was close to it. I slept—no, I didn't sleep—I laid awake all that night with my door ajar, and listened, listened, listened, till there was a buzzing in my brain equal to a million of bees in swarming time. At two o'clock in the morning I heard his door open, and was out of bed in a twinkling with my eyes at the chink of my own door.

It was a moonlight night, and I saw him go down the passage in his nightgown as noiseless as a ghost. Then I heard something scrape against the floor; it was the foot of the ladder of the fire escape that led up through the trapdoor on to the roof. "He has hidden them there," said I to myself, and in my hurry to follow him I stumbled in the passage and fell. When I picked myself up, all was as quiet as death; and on turning the corner of the passage I see my gentleman coming towards me, walking quite slow and rigid. "Hullo," I said, "how come *you* here?" He didn't answer a word, but, with his eyes wide open and staring over my shoulder, tried to pass me. I took him by the arm, however, and again asked him what he was doing in the passage at that time of night. Then he drew a long sigh, passed his hand over his eyes, and says, "Where am I?"



'With eyes wide open and staring, he tried to pass me.'

"Well," says I, "you're where you've no business to be. Your room is No. 47, I believe."

"Thank you," he says, "so it is. I've been walking in my sleep. It's a habit I have. Good nun—nun—night."

And then he turned into his room and locked the door.

He was certainly one of the coolest hands I ever saw, but his little device did not impose upon me for an instant; what he wanted, I now felt positively certain, were those nun—nun—notes, which were lying, no doubt, stuffed under the tiles, or in some spout or other in the roof. The trapdoor was a long way up, and could not be reached except by the ladder; so this is what I did. I went down into the pantry, where I knew of a chain and padlock that had belonged to the kennel of a Newfoundland dog of ours as was dead, and I just fastened that ladder to a staple in the wall as had been put there for that very purpose, but never used. After that, though I heard my gentleman go out again about 3.30, I felt more comfortable in my mind. I rather fancied that he would soon come back again—which he did; a-cussing and a-swearing under his breath, without any sort of hesitation whatsoever.

The adventures of the night, however, were not over, for at 4 o'clock there was such a thundering noise in his room, that I thought the floor must have given way.

"Good heavens!" says I, knocking at his door, "what is the matter?"

"It's nothing," he says; "I've been walking in my sleep again, that's all."

"Well," says I, "I do hope you'll not do it again, or you'll rouse the house."

After which, he was as quiet as a mouse; quieter than me, I do assure you, for I lay in my bed shaking like an aspen leaf, and without a dry rag upon me, as the saying is. For, as I'm a living man, I knew from that moment where those £11,000 worth of notes were hid as well as he did.

In the morning he came down to breakfast, and then went out, saying he would not return before luncheon time, as he had some business to transact in the town. Eliza made his bed, and thought nothing had happened, for I was not going to be made a fool of a second time; and when the coast was clear, I just walked into No. 47 and locked myself in—with the ladder.

I have said that the room had been thoroughly searched, and so it had been, for even the very wainscot had been ripped up. Only, nobody had thought of the ceiling, which was twenty feet out of

everybody's reach, and had not even a chandelier; but where the chandelier ought to have been, as I have mentioned, there were a few roses and things made of plaster, by way of ornament. Mr. Adamson, as I was now convinced, had been trying to reach those pretty flowers by the help of his bedstead and dressing-table, only they had not come up to the mark, and had also given way under him. By putting the ladder against the bedstead I could, however, reach the ceiling easily enough (as my gentleman himself had done on a certain occasion), and under the rose (one may make a little joke when everything turns out so comfortable) I found the notes. The whole thing didn't take five minutes; and after telling my master of my discovery we sent at once for a policeman.

Before Mr. Adamson came back there arrived for him a largish package, which we took the liberty to open. It was an iron ladder that folded up very neatly, and was labelled "Mr. Morton, No. 47." If he had had the prudence to bring it with him in the first instance, things might have turned out more fortunately for him; but as it was, it came a little late. Of course he was given into custody, and a telegram sent to Mr. Dodds. That gentleman, sir, behaved *like* a gentleman, for on the day that Mr. Adamson was "copped"—he got twenty years—I not only received my thousand pounds, but "a hundred added," as Mr. Dodds called it, "for my perseverance, sagacity, and integrity," and it is with that money that I have become master of the Hand and Glove.

Just as Bob concluded his narrative, the interest of which had greatly conduced to still the feelings of alarm which our position had engendered within me, the bell began slowly to rise, its lifting gear having been put in order. "Bob," said I, "I don't know whether, since you have become a landlord on your own account, it may not be an insult to offer it to you, but here is a guinea for you."

I thought he would have been overwhelmed with gratitude at this generous behaviour; on the contrary, he flipped the coin up in the air (for we *were* in the air by that time), and caught it again as though it had been a copper. "I make no bones about taking this sov, because you see, sir, you're a literary gent, and I dare say will make more out of that 'ere story than ever I made out of you."

I must say I thought it rather an ungracious speech of Bob's; but we parted on the edge of the Polytechnic pond the best of friends.

"You'll come down and patronise us—that is, Eliza and me," he said, "at the Hand and Glove, won't you? then I'll show you No. 47."

THE AFGHANISTAN IMBROGLIO.

HOW shall we account for that inveterate belief in bugbears which affects the minds of so many of the intelligent people of this country? I do not mean the bugbears of our domestic policy, though they too are numerous enough. Other nations have their domestic bugbears; but England seems to be the only country which lives in chronic and irrational dread of invasion from one or other of its neighbours. Our traditional bugbears have been America, France, and Russia. The American bugbear was expelled from the domain of practical politics by the Washington treaty—an inestimable boon to this country, whatever we may think of the actual fairness of the Geneva award. So tenacious of life was the French bugbear, that it haunted the imagination of our older politicians and diplomatists for years after the Crimean war. Our Volunteer Force is its direct offspring, and Lord Palmerston died in full belief of its peril to England. In a letter written only three years before his death he says: “We have on the other side of the Channel a people who, say what they may, hate us as a nation from the bottom of their hearts, and would make any sacrifice to inflict a deep humiliation upon England.” And Lord Palmerston persistently opposed the making of the Suez Canal in the honest belief that it was a cunning scheme of French statecraft for the invasion of India. “It may safely be said,” he wrote, “that as a commercial undertaking it is a bubble scheme, which has been taken up on political grounds, and in antagonism to English interests and English policy. . . . The political objects of the enterprise are hostility to England in every possible modification of the scheme.”¹

Have we not here a conspicuous proof that eminent political capacity and rare experience in foreign affairs afford no protection against the crazy phantoms of popular superstition? The French bugbear has now gone the way of all vanities, and we may reasonably trust that the Foreign Office will know it no more. And yet it may be doubtful whether we have gained much, after all, by getting rid of the French and American bugbears; for the fear and animosity which

¹ Ashley's *Life of Lord Palmerston*, vol. ii. pp. 224, 326.

were formerly divided among the trio are now concentrated on Russia alone.

Up to a recent period our fears for India alternated between the probabilities of a French and a Russian invasion. Towards the end of last century and at the beginning of this, France was the chief bugbear. The present Afghanistan is the wreck of what was then known as the Dooranee Empire, which included Afghanistan, part of Khorassan, Cashmere, and the Derajat. It extended from Herat in the west to Cashmere in the east, and stretched northward to Balkh and southward to Shikarpoor. Some of its sovereigns merit the title of "great," as greatness is measured in the East. At the time of which I speak the throne of Cabul was occupied by Zemaun Shah, an ambitious but incapable and vacillating ruler. Incapable as he was, however, he succeeded in keeping the Indian Government in constant alarm. He made several feints at the invasion of our Indian dominions, and once penetrated even so far as Lahore. But rebellion at home forced him to retrace his steps precipitately. These Indian scares lasted, with varying degrees of intensity, till a new impetus was given to them by the ambition of Napoleon. His emissaries were intriguing against us in Persia, and Indian soldiers and statesmen were then as apprehensive of French domination in Central Asia as they are now of Russian. Captain (afterwards Sir John) Malcolm was accordingly sent as envoy to the Court of Persia to counteract the diplomacy of Napoleon. By a liberal use of British gold he was to cement an alliance between the Indian and Persian Governments, the first fruit of which should be the forcible annexation of Herat to Persia. The negotiations ended in a treaty, partly political and partly commercial; and, among other stipulations, the Persian monarch bound himself to lay waste Afghanistan in the event of the Dooranee ruler attempting on any future occasion to invade India. But the real animus of the treaty was revealed in its provisions against the French. "Should an army of the French nation," it said, "actuated by design and deceit, attempt to settle, with a view to establishing themselves on any of the islands or shores of Persia, a conjoint force shall be appointed by the two high contracting parties to act in co-operation, and to destroy and put an end to the foundation of their treason." In addition to this the firman which sanctioned the treaty, and of which the Indian Government shared the responsibility, denounced the French generally as people who were to be put to death indiscriminately by any persons who might find them on Persian territory. The words are: "Should ever any persons of the French nation attempt to pass your boundaries, or desire to establish them-

selves either on the shores or frontiers of the kingdom of Persia, you are at full liberty to disgrace and to slay them.”,

Fortunately the French gave no opportunity to the Anglo-Persian alliance to put this savage edict in practice. The fall of Napoleon put an end to the French bugbear in Central Asia. But unfortunately the Russian Bear took its place. Meanwhile the Dooranee Empire was, in Lord Beaconsfield's phrase, “consolidated” by the amputation of large slices of its most valuable territory, the principal amputators being Persia on one side and the Sikhs on the other. It lay also under the incubus of a dynasty which, like the Bourbons, had become superannuated, and which was also detested on account of the vices and cruelties which marked the lives of its later princes. The last of them, Shah Sujah, was driven from his kingdom by his subjects, and Dost Mohammed, of the brave clan of Barukzai, eventually took possession of the throne by right of the fittest and strongest. His early years had been marked by some excesses; but the responsibility of power brought out the nobler side of his nature; and it is but justice to him to say that his career afterwards is marked, not only by consummate ability both as soldier and statesman, but by a chivalry and good faith rare among Oriental princes.

What was the policy of the British Government in India on this occasion? Shah Sujah, the expelled sovereign of Afghanistan, received an asylum within the British frontier. This was in accordance with the traditional policy of England, which has always yielded hospitality to political exiles without committing itself to any opinion on the justice or injustice of their cause. But our neutrality in the affairs of Afghanistan soon passed into the region of active partisanship. In 1834 we encouraged Shah Sujah, one of the most cruel and dissolute princes who ever disgraced a throne, to raise an army under the protection of our flag for the purpose of recovering his lost dominion. That expedition failed, and Shah Sujah returned to British territory to hatch fresh plots. Meanwhile the Sikhs had by treachery wrested Peshawur from Afghanistan, and Ameer Dost Mohammed was burning to avenge the insult and recover the lost territory. He reached Peshawur at the head of a force so imposing that the brave, but wily, Runjeet Singh, feeling himself overmatched, resolved to vanquish by craft the man whom he was afraid to meet openly in the field. For this purpose he employed an American adventurer of the name of Harlan, who was resident at his Court, and sent him into the Ameer's camp, ostensibly to negotiate, really to sow dissensions among the Afghan chiefs and sap the

loyalty which they owed to their sovereign. Here is Harlan's account of his own rascality:—

On the occasion of Dost Mohammed's visit to Peshawur, which occurred during the period of my service with Runjeet Singh, I was despatched by the prince as ambassador to the Ameer. I divided his brothers against him, exciting their jealousy of his growing power, and exasperating their family feuds, with which, from my previous acquaintance, I was familiar; and stirred up the feudal lords of the Durbar with the prospects of pecuniary advantages. I induced his brother, Sultan Mohammed Khan, the lately deposed chief of Peshawur, with 10,000 retainers, to withdraw suddenly from his camp about nightfall. The chief accompanied me towards the Sikh camp, while his followers fled to their mountain fastnesses. So large a body retiring from the Ameer's control, in opposition to his will and without previous intimation, threw the general camp into inextricable confusion, which terminated in the clandestine rout of his forces without beat of drum, or sound of bugle, or the trumpet's blast, in the quiet stillness of midnight. At daybreak no vestige of the Afghan camp was seen where six hours before 50,000 men and 10,000 horses, with all the busy host of attendants, were rife with the tumult of wild emotion.

"The Ameer," says Kaye, "with the *débris* of his force, preserving his guns but sacrificing much of his camp equipage, fell back upon Cabul, reseated himself quietly in the Balla Hissar, and, in bitterness of spirit declaiming against the emptiness of military renown, plunged deeply into the study of the Koran." From these reveries he was aroused by the intelligence of a contemplated invasion of Afghanistan by a Sikh force through the Khyber Pass. Anticipating his enemy, the Ameer despatched an expedition into the Punjab. The Afghan force, which was under the command of two sons of the Ameer, laid siege to Jumrood. Hurree Singh, one of the ablest and most trusted officers of Runjeet Singh, hurried from Peshawur with an army to the rescue. A battle ensued in which the Afghans were victorious; but the appearance of a new Sikh army forced them to retire. Dost Mohammed, however, did not give up the hope of recovering his lost possessions, and he courted, more than once, an alliance with the English Government. These advances were systematically repelled. The danger of a Russo-Persian-Afghan alliance troubled the minds of the Governor-General (Lord Auckland) and his military advisers, and they resolved at last to restore Shah Sujah to his throne by force of arms. The justification offered for this violent intervention may be found in Lord Auckland's proclamation which was dated from Simla on October 1, 1838. "The welfare of our possessions in the East," says that proclamation, "requires that we should have on our western frontier an ally who is interested in resisting aggression and establishing tranquillity, in the place of chiefs ranging themselves in subservience to a hostile Power, and seeking to promote schemes of conquest and aggrandisement." A

tripartite treaty was accordingly signed by the Governor-General, Shah Sujah, and the Maharajah Runjeet Singh, "for the restoration of the Shah to the throne of his ancestors. The friends and enemies of any one of the contracting parties have been declared to be the friends and enemies of all." Part of the price exacted by Runjeet in return for his co-operation was the formal surrender of Peshawur by Shah Sujah. A clumsy attempt was made in the proclamation to disguise the cynical immorality of the whole proceeding by the assertion that Shah Sujah's "popularity throughout Afghanistan had been proved to his Lordship by the strong and unanimous testimony of the best authorities." Imagine the popularity of the Man of Sedan throughout France, had he been forced upon that nation, after signing away two provinces, by the aid of a German army! Yet that would have been an innocent undertaking compared with our invasion of Afghanistan. And as regards "the unanimous testimony of the best authorities," it need only be said that it is a commodity which ambitious rulers can always command when they have occasion to use it. Only, it must be added that what appears "best" to the ruler is not seldom proved to be worst by the logic of events. The rout and disaster of a British army, and the ignominious end of the puppet sovereign of British policy, are a sufficient commentary on the wisdom and knowledge of "the best authorities" on whose judgment Lord Auckland relied.

How did the Governor-General's proclamation affect opinion in India? Kaye shall tell us.

In India there is in reality no Public. But if such a name can be given to the handful of English gentlemen who discuss with little reserve the affairs of the Government under which they live, the public looked askance at it—doubting and questioning its truth. The Press [not "the entire Press," he adds] seized upon it and tore it to pieces. There was not a sentence in it that was not dissected with an unsparing hand. If it were not pronounced to be a collection of absolute falsehoods, it was described as a most disingenuous distortion of the truth. In India every war is more or less popular. The constitution of Anglo-Indian society renders it almost impossible that it should be otherwise. But many wished that they were about to draw their swords in a better cause; and openly criticised the Governor-General's declaration, whilst they inwardly rejoiced that it had been issued.¹

The general facts of this utterly unjustifiable and most iniquitous invasion are too well known to require recapitulation. Suffice it to say that British bayonets succeeded in forcing a detested rule on an independent nation with whom England had no just cause of quarrel. Some battles were fought; but European science prevailed over undisciplined bravery, commanded though that bravery was by a born

¹ Kaye's *War in Afghanistan*, vol. i. p. 375.

general. And with the fickleness of barbarians, stimulated by the Mussulman's profound belief in Fate, the Ameer's troops melted gradually away from him after each defeat. He determined to fight his last battle on the Cabul river, but his followers had lost all heart; and the gold of the Franks, moreover, had tainted not a few of them with perfidy. Seeing how matters stood, Dost Mohammed resolved to lead one last charge against his enemies, and die sword in hand. The incident is thus related by Kaye¹:—

Never had the nobility of his nature shone forth more truly and lustroly. In the hour of adversity, when all were false, he was true to his own manhood. Into the midst of his own perfidious troops he rode with the Koran in his hand; and then called upon his followers, in the names of God and the Prophet, not to forget that they were true Mohammedans—not to disgrace their names and to dishonour their religion by rushing into the arms of those who had filled the country with infidels and blasphemers. He besought them to make one stand, like brave men and true believers; to rally round the standard of the Commander of the Faithful [i.e. Dost Mohammed himself]; to beat back the invading Feringhees, or die in the glorious attempt. He then reminded them of his own claims on their fidelity. "You have eaten my salt," he said, "these thirteen years. If, as is too plain, you are resolved to seek a new master, grant me but one favour in requital for that one long period of maintenance and kindness—enable me to die with honour. Stand by the brother of Futteh Khan while he executes one last charge against the cavalry of these Feringhee dogs; in that onset he will fall; then go and make your terms with Shah Sujah."

But the appeal was made in vain. And then the ill-fated Ameer, "recovering his serenity of demeanour," dismissed all who wished to go, "and with a handful of followers, leaving his guns still in position, turned his horse's head towards the regions of the Hindoo-Koosh." When his flight became known in the English camp on the following day, five hundred mounted men, under the command of Captain Outram and ten British officers, were sent in pursuit. The fugitive escaped; but not for long. He threw himself on the hospitality of the Khan of Bokhara. That ferocious chief rewarded his confidence by throwing him into prison, and the Ameer escaped murder by bribing his guard to connive at the escape of himself and his companions. Fate seemed again to be veering round to his side: and this, together with the fascination of his genius and the romance of his career, began to attract followers to his standard. The English resolved to raise a national Afghan army to help in maintaining the foreign occupation of the country. The first regiment of this potential army was sent with other troops into the neighbourhood of the Hindoo-Koosh to oppose the advance of Dost Mohammed, who was now at the head of a respectable force. This regiment, headed by its

¹ Kaye's *War in Afghanistan*, vol. i. pp. 470-1.

commander, deserted to the enemy. Dost Mohammed again gave battle, and again his motley crowd of undisciplined and ill-armed followers were dispersed by British artillery. And yet again deserters flocked to him, and once more he turned to meet his foes. Feeling that the rude bravery of his followers was no match for the scientific tactics and the artillery of his enemies, he began to retreat. The British cavalry were thereupon moved forward to intercept him. "Dost Mohammed," says Kaye, "saw our cavalry advancing, and from that moment cast behind him all thought of retreat. At the head of a small band of horsemen, strong, sturdy Afghans, but badly mounted, he prepared to meet his assailants. Beside him rode the bearer of the blue standard, which marked his place in the battle." After a stirring appeal to his followers, he cried aloud, "Follow me, or I am a lost man!" and off he dashed at the British cavalry. The English officers of course faced their assailants; but their troopers fled, and were hotly pursued and cut down by the Afghan horsemen almost up to the muzzles of the English cannon. "In front of our columns, flaunting the National Standard, the Afghans stood for some time masters of the field, and then quietly withdrew from the scene of battle," no one daring to molest them. But the Ameer knew too well that it was hopeless to carry on the struggle in the field against the resources of the British empire; and his was not a nature for which the crooked paths of intrigue had any attraction. Having vindicated his honour and military reputation, he dismissed his followers, and, attended by a single horseman, he galloped towards Cabul, where he arrived after a ride of twenty-four hours. He met Sir William Macnaghten, the English envoy, returning from his evening ride, and surrendered his sword, which was at once restored to him. He was sent across the frontier into British territory, and there remained an honourable exile, and greatly esteemed by those who came in contact with him, till the disastrous collapse of the insane and wicked policy which drove him from his country opened a way for his restoration with the full recognition and good wishes of the British Government and Indian authorities.

And now that the redoubtable Ameer was in safe custody across the Indus, how fared it with the British occupation of Afghanistan? The question may be answered in a few words. There was a British garrison in Candahar and another in Ghuznee, and a British army was in possession of Cabul. Our puppet king was there too, protected by British bayonets from subjects who refused to be intimidated into greeting him even with "a common salaam"—those subjects of whose loyalty to Shah Sujah the Viceroy had been assured by "the

unanimous testimony of the best authorities." The deep resentment of the whole Afghan nation was gathering strength and consistency; and the king himself began to chafe at the kind of "independence" to which British arms had restored him, and began to intrigue against his patrons. And there were other causes brewing an Afghan revenge to which—now that we have declared another unrighteous war against Afghanistan—it is right to invite attention. "It was plain," says Kaye, "that the English were making themselves at home in the chief city of the Afghans. There was no sign of an intended departure. They were building and furnishing houses for themselves, laying out gardens, surrounding themselves with the comforts and luxuries of European life. Some had sent for their wives and children." "They had transplanted their habits, and, I fear it must be added, their vices, to the Dooranee Empire." And then the historian proceeds:—

There are truths which must be spoken. The temptations which are most difficult to withstand were not withstood by our English officers. The attractions of the women of Cabul they did not know how to resist. The Afghans are very jealous of the honour of their women; and there were things done in Cabul which covered them with shame and roused them to revenge. The inmate of the Mohammedan Zenana was not unwilling to visit the quarters of the Christian stranger. For two long years now had this shame been burning itself into the hearts of the Cabulees; and there were some men of note and influence among them who knew themselves to be thus wronged. Complaints were made; but they were made in vain. The scandal was open, undisguised, notorious. Redress was not to be obtained. The evil was not in course of suppression. It went on till it became intolerable; and the injured then began to see that the only remedy was in their own hands. It is enough to state broadly this painful fact. There are many who can fill in with vivid personality all the melancholy details of this chapter of human weakness, and supply a catalogue of the wrongs which were soon to be so fearfully redressed.¹

But the British envoy, Sir W. Macnaghten, refused to take warning. He shut his eyes to the plainest facts. He reported that the noses of the Afghan chiefs had "been brought to the grindstone;" that the prospect was "brightening in every direction," and that everything was "*coulcur de rose*." The justice of bringing the noses of the Afghan khans "to the grindstone" never occurred to him. Justice he thought then, as some appear to think now, was out of place when British interests were in question, and England could enforce her will. He felt, indeed, that his own honour was concerned in the generous treatment of Dost Mohammed, as it was to himself that the latter had surrendered. And so he could plead as follows:—

I trust that the Dost will be treated with liberality. His case has been compared to that of Shah Sujah; and I have seen it argued that he should not be

¹ *War in Afghanistan*, vol. ii. pp. 142-4.

treated more handsomely than his Majesty was. But surely the cases are not parallel. The Shah had no claim upon us. We had no hand in depriving him of his kingdom; whereas we ejected the Dost, who never offended us, in support of our policy, of which he was the victim.¹

Was there ever a more cynical confession of political immorality? By means of a most cruel war we eject from his kingdom and his home a sovereign "who never offended us;" and the sole justification which one of the chief instigators of this iniquity offers is that it was done "in support of our policy!" And we are the people, forsooth, who are entitled to take other nations to task for the immorality of wars of aggression! But the British envoy at Cabul was not satisfied with the amount of injustice already perpetrated. He urged the forcible annexation of Herat and of Peshawur and the districts to the west of the Indus. True, there was the tripartite treaty, already referred to, by which the British Government was bound to protect the territories of its co-signatories. But "we are clearly not bound by the tripartite treaty," declared Sir W. Macnaghten; and the justification again is policy. And yet—such is the inconsistency of human nature—who could more virtuously denounce the crime of breaking treaties than Sir W. Macnaghten when the transgression chanced to cross his "policy?" The Tories, under Sir Robert Peel, did not approve of the policy pursued towards Afghanistan; and the Tories, it was believed, would obtain a majority in the next election. This thought disturbs the equanimity of Sir W. Macnaghten, and he writes:—

Rumours are rife as to the intentions of the Tories towards this country [i.e. Afghanistan], when they get into power. If they deprive the Shah [Sujah] altogether of our support, I have no hesitation in saying that they will commit an unparalleled political atrocity. The consequences would be frightful. The act would not only involve a positive breach of treaty, but it would be a cheat of the first magnitude.

Yet this "positive breach of treaty" ceased to be "an unparalleled political atrocity," and became a political virtue, the moment it was supposed to subserve the policy of giving us "a scientific frontier." Verily "there is nothing new under the sun." Has Lord Beaconsfield been lately studying the despatches of Sir W. Macnaghten? The Tory Government, which Sir W. Macnaghten dreaded, was stigmatised by Mr. Disraeli as "an organised hypocrisy," and accused of running away with the clothes of the Whigs while the latter were bathing. History is repeating itself, and it is Lord Beaconsfield who is now running away with the clothes of the Whigs—only it is their cast-off clothes.

The optimism of Sir W. Macnaghten was rudely shattered, and

¹ *The War in Afghanistan*, vol. ii. p. 98.

he paid the forfeit of his calamitous policy with his life—a brave life certainly, and as honest as it was brave so far as the man was personally concerned. But the mischief is that a man may be the soul of honour in private life, and yet be, politically, capable of conduct which is grossly immoral. The terrible retribution, which overtook our unjustifiable invasion of Afghanistan a generation ago, lives by tradition in the memories even of many who have never read of it. But very few know anything of the still more terrible vengeance which the armies of Christian England exacted for that not unprovoked disaster. If the particulars of that vengeance were better known among us, as well as the circumstances attending our original invasion, we should no longer be surprised that the Afghans object to the presence of British officers among them. Let me note just a few of our doings among a people whom we had deeply wronged, and most of whom were quite innocent of any share in the retribution which our misdeeds had provoked.

Before leaving Cabul, General Pollock despatched a body of troops into Kohistan, under the command of General M'Gaskill. On September 29, 1842, that General made himself master of the town of Istalif. It contained a peaceful and industrious population of about 15,000; and at the time mentioned there were a great many additional women and children in it, refugees from Cabul and other places, as the town was considered almost impregnable from its position, and not likely to be attacked. "Our troops rapidly carried everything before them in the most gallant style," says the matter-of-fact narrative in the "Annual Register," "and in a short time the town was in their possession." Observe, there was no provocation to excess. The town, being at the time inhabited chiefly by women and children, was taken with great ease, and apparently with small loss of life to the British troops. And how did these celebrate their cheap victory? "General M'Gaskill ordered the town to be set on fire in several places, and we are sorry to be obliged to add that a work of plunder and savage slaughter now commenced in the highest degree disgraceful to the British arms. The accounts state that for two days the place was given up to fire and sword; and all the bitterness of hatred was shown by the soldiery, both European and native. Not a man was spared, nor a prisoner taken. They were (in the language of an officer who was present) hunted down like vermin; and whenever the dead body of an Afghan was found, the Hindoo Sepoys set fire to the clothes, that the curse of a burnt father might attach to his children." Many of those children are now living under that terrible curse, as it seems to them—a curse

which dooms the disembodied parents to eternal restless misery, and which makes it a sacred duty for the children to avenge them. In the unholy war which was declared a few days ago many an Afghan arm will derive additional strength for the combat from the bitter remembrance of "the curse of a burnt father."

Cabul, too, with the exception of the Bala Hissar and the Persian quarter, was laid in ruins. Its bazaar was blown up by gunpowder. It was built in the reign of Arungzebe, and was remarkable for its architectural solidity and beauty, as well as for the fact of its being the grand emporium of that part of Central Asia. The fortress of Jellalabad "was levelled with the dust," says one of the officers of the expedition, "and rendered 'fit only for a habitation of jackals.' Along the whole line of march every kind of devastation was committed by our troops." Another writes, with gleeful exultation: "Our path is marked by fire and sword; nothing escapes us; friends and foes—at least, *soi-disant* friends—share the same fate. Long will the British name be execrated in Afghanistan."

Now let it be remembered that these horrors were committed on the return home of a victorious army through a population which lay crushed, and for the most part helpless, around it.

The Governor-General who welcomed back the expedition from Afghanistan was Lord Ellenborough. He issued two proclamations on the occasion. The first was the famous bombastic rhapsody on the Gates of Somnauth, which filled all India with wonder and merriment, and which provoked one of Macaulay's most brilliant speeches in the House of Commons. The other was a very different proclamation. It was the result of mature deliberation between the Governor-General and his responsible advisers. The following passage in it might be pondered with advantage at the present time by the party whose nominee Lord Ellenborough was:—

Content with the limits which nature appears to have assigned to its Empire, the Government of India will devote all its efforts to the establishment and maintenance of general peace, to the protection of the sovereigns and chiefs its allies, and to the prosperity and happiness of its faithful subjects. The rivers of the Punjab and the Indus, and the mountain passes and the barbarous tribes of Afghanistan, will be placed between the British army and an enemy approaching from the west, if indeed such an enemy there can be, and no longer between the army and its supplies. The enormous expenditure required for the support of a large force, in a false position, at a distance from its own frontier, will no longer arrest any measure for the improvement of the country and of the people. The combined army of England and of India, superior in equipment, in discipline, in valour, and in the officers by whom it is commanded, to any force which can be opposed to it in Asia, will stand in unassailable strength upon its own soil, and for ever, under the blessing of Providence, preserve the glorious Empire it has won, in security and in honour.

The Indian Government then graciously allowed Dost Mohammed, whom it had so deeply wronged, though he "never offended us," to go back to a ruined country and a disorganised nation. At all events, we had received a lesson as to the danger of meddling with the Afghans, and we proclaimed our intention to profit by it. All authorities, civil and military, and without distinction of party, recognised the wisdom of the policy enunciated in the passage quoted from Lord Ellenborough's proclamation. This policy prevailed alike under Tory and Liberal administrations until the appointment of Lord Lytton as successor to the Earl of Northbrook. Its key-note was rigid non-intervention in the affairs of Afghanistan, qualified by such a friendly attitude towards its *de facto* ruler as was consistent with such demeanour. Down to Dost Mohammed's death in the summer of 1863, and from the accession of his son, Shere Ali, to the *régime* of Lord Lytton, we had steadfastly resisted every temptation and every solicitation to take an active part in the politics of Afghanistan. Not less resolutely did we abstain from rectifying a frontier which an overwhelming preponderance of what was admitted to be the best military opinion declared to be, however "haphazard," the best frontier we can have. The result was that, though Shere Ali might now and then think that we had shown him less friendship than he had a right to expect, his disappointment always wore away, and he invariably turned towards England as towards his best friend. If he had little to hope from us, at least he felt sure that he had nothing to fear. And his confidence in our good faith and good will towards himself and his country was ripening into a settled habit, when the aggressive policy, of which Lord Lytton is the agent, revived the evil traditions of the days of Shah Sujah and Sir W. Macnaghten. It may be well to fortify this view of the subject by an authority which will command general respect. I have before me a *brochure* of the date of April 30, 1872, entitled, "The Administration of the Earl of Mayo as Viceroy and Governor-General of India. A Minute by the Honourable John Strachey, Member of Council and late Acting-Governor-General." In that Minute Sir John Strachey gives a brief sketch of the policy which Lord Mayo inherited from his predecessor and bequeathed to his successor. Of the former he says:—

Lord Lawrence was not only a great Governor in great emergencies, but he was an administrator who cared most vigilantly for every part of the business of the State. Never had that business been more thoroughly controlled than during the administration of Lord Lawrence, who made over to his successor the great machine of the Government of India in a condition of admirable efficiency, with

no arrears of current work, and no questions pending of which it had been possible to dispose.

The following extracts will give a tolerably clear idea of Lord Mayo's foreign policy, especially as regards Afghanistan :—

Lord Mayo desired to establish with all our frontier States intimate relations of friendship ; to make them feel that, though we are all-powerful, we have no desire to encroach on their authority; but, on the contrary, that our earnest desire is to support their power and maintain their nationality. He believed that we could thus create in these States outworks of the Empire ; and, assuring them that the days of annexation are past, make them practically feel that they have everything to gain, and nothing to lose, by endeavouring to deserve our favour and support.

After describing the turbulence prevailing in native States and tribes bordering on our dominion on the one hand, and on the Russian frontier on the other, Sir John Strachey says :—

It was this state of things which forced on the extension of the British Empire to the mountains beyond the Indus. It is this state of things, more than lust of conquest, that has extended, in spite of herself, the dominion of Russia in Asia. . . . Lord Mayo taught our neighbours that they have nothing to fear from us. . . . By endeavouring, through frank and amicable discussion with the Russian Government, to secure the adoption on their part of a similar policy in the countries on the Russian frontier in Asia which are subject to their influence, it was his hope that he would be instrumental in securing some degree of peace and prosperity to the exhausted countries of Central Asia, and in removing the causes of disquietude as to the designs of England and Russia which have been so prominent in the public mind of both countries.

It has been alleged in more than one quarter that Shere Ali keenly resented the tardy recognition by the Indian Government of his succession to the throne on the death of his father ; and also Lord Lawrence's acknowledgment of the *de facto* position occupied for some time by the Ameer's rebellious half-brothers. But this opinion seems to be inconsistent with the following authoritative statement in Sir John Strachey's Minute :—

Within the first few days of his restoration to power, Ameer Shere Ali had expressed his desire, as soon as the dangers most immediately imminent were dispelled, to visit the Viceroy, and thereby publish to all the world the stability of his friendship for the British Government.

This visit was at last paid at Umballa in March 1869, after repeated requests from the Ameer, who attached great importance to the meeting. ' What the Ameer wanted in particular Sir John Strachey states as follows :—

A fixed annual subsidy—assistance to be given, not when the British Government might think fit to grant, but when he might think it needful to solicit it ; a treaty laying the British Government under obligation to support the Afghan Government in any emergency ; and not only the Afghan Government generally,

but that Government as vested in himself and his direct descendants, and in no others. These hopes he was obliged to abandon; yet he went back to his dominions a contented man.

The Umballa meeting "brought home to the Ameer's mind the conviction that the British Government had no desire to extend its dominions." When he returned home, his prudent and pacific policy "excited the admiration of the Russian Government," which had at first been somewhat disquieted by the Umballa meeting, but was reassured by Lord Mayo's explanations. This was followed by "a friendly interchange of assurances that both nations intended to devote all their influence to introduce peace into the troubled regions of Central Asia; . . . and the fruits of this understanding have been frequently manifested." Sir J. Strachey gives several instances of the honourable way in which the Russian Government and General Kauffman acted up to the spirit as well as the letter of this understanding. Kauffman sternly prohibited any interference with Afghanistan, on the part of Bokhara or of pretenders to Shere Ali's throne; and this on the explicit ground that Russia had no fault to find with Shere Ali, and would not permit any acts hostile to English policy to be undertaken in regions subject to her sway. Russia as well as Shere Ali felt safe, because Lord Mayo, with that transparent honesty which carried conviction to all who came in contact with him, took pains to impress on others what he felt so deeply himself, namely, "that we never can arrive at a common understanding with Russia unless we ourselves abstain" from an aggressive policy. And "there was nothing he detested more than meddlesomeness and arbitrary or spasmodic interference" with his neighbours.

The position of Sir J. Strachey, both as a member of Council and as an intimate personal friend of Lord Mayo, imparts to these extracts an authoritative value. And what they show is that the pacific and non-aggressive policy, which Lord Mayo inherited and developed, bore fruit in a cordial understanding between England, Russia, and Afghanistan. Lord Northbrook has assured the public that he too was faithful to that policy during his tenure of office, and no insinuations to the contrary can invalidate that emphatic declaration. If, as has been alleged, Shere Ali solicited a treaty of alliance against Russia, and Lord Northbrook avoided the snare, then all that need be said is, that he had the wise example of his immediate predecessor to ratify his own judgment. Is it not strange that persons who find fault with Lord Northbrook for declining to perpetrate a flagrant breach of faith with Russia, should, at the same time, use such very strong language when they suspect Russia of playing fast

and loose with her engagements? Has the English Government a vested right in broken promises?

Let us now glance at the excuses made for the new policy. Putting aside the now admitted and flagitious fiction of the Ameer's "insult," these excuses come to this: 1. "We must have 'a scientific frontier.' 2. A scientific frontier is necessary because Russia has broken her engagement to exclude Afghanistan from the sphere of her political influence." Let us take the second objection first.

The engagement in question was made in the spring of 1869, and may be found in the Parliamentary Papers on Central Asia, No. 2 (1873), page 3. The following extract from Prince Gortchakoff's despatch will show the character of this Russian engagement:—

We have done full justice to the profound wisdom of the arguments brought forward by Sir J. Lawrence in favour of a policy of abstention with regard to Afghanistan. For our part, we feel no apprehension as to the ambitious projects of England in Central Asia, and we have a right to expect the same confidence to be shown in our good sense. But mutual distrust may have power to cloud the judgment. It is in this alone that lies the danger of any future collision; and accordingly we cannot but congratulate Lord Clarendon on his idea of avoiding the danger by the exchange of friendly explanations. You may . . . repeat to her Britannic Majesty's Principal Secretary of State the positive assurance that his Imperial Majesty looks upon Afghanistan as completely outside the sphere within which Russia may be called upon to exercise her influence. No intervention or interference whatever, *opposed to the independence of that State*, enters into his intentions. *If the Cabinet of St. James' is, as we hope, animated by the same convictions*, the wishes of Lord Clarendon would be realised, our respective possessions in Asia would be separated by an independent zone, which would preserve them from any immediate contact, and the two countries could, in all security, devote themselves to the accomplishment of their mission of civilisation, each in her natural sphere, even lending, it may be, one to the other that assistance which is the natural consequence in our days of the universal diffusion of intelligence and progress.

Clearly the engagement was not unilateral. It was a promise of abstention from any "interference whatever opposed to the independence of" Afghanistan, and was made explicitly conditional on a like abstention on our part. The Viceroy under whose auspices this mutual understanding was brought about was Lord Mayo, and Lord Mayo's interpretation of it may be gathered from the passages quoted above from Sir J. Strachey's minute. Afghanistan was to be considered a "neutral zone," in which Russia was not to intervene on the one hand, nor England on the other. We have Sir J. Strachey's authoritative affirmation that Russia fulfilled her part of the agreement most scrupulously, in the spirit not less than in the letter, down to the tragic close of Lord Mayo's rule. Lord Northbrook vouches for the continuance of this conduct on the part of Russia &c

own resignation of office. Russia's alleged breach of faith must, therefore, have been committed during the Viceroyalty of Lord Lytton. And, indeed, the apologists of the new policy admit as much. The *flagrans delictum* in which they have caught Russia is the mission to Cabul. But the question arises, Was that mission unprovoked? or was it a counter-check to a previous move on our part? Let us see.

It has been stated that the Russian mission started for Cabul after the signing of the Treaty of Berlin—that is, after the 13th of last July. But this cannot be true, for the following reasons. The starting-point of the mission was Samarkand; and there is no controversy as to the fact of its arrival in Cabul on the 22nd of July. When did it leave Samarkand? That can be ascertained to within a day or two; supposing, that is, that the mission travelled by the direct route, and was not delayed on the way. The two recognised—I may say official—authorities are Sir A. Burnes and Lieutenant Wood. By their reckoning the distance from Samarkand to Karshi in Bokhara is about 60 miles, or four marches; and from Karshi to Cabul 532 miles, or 35 marches. That makes 39 days. It follows that the Russian mission must have left Samarkand not later than the 13th of June (a month before the Berlin Treaty was signed). But this is supposing that the mission went straight on, without any interruption. Did it? In the *Times* of the 25th of last October there is a telegram from its well-informed Berlin correspondent, stating that the mission was stopped “on the left bank of the Oxus for a whole month.” This telegram receives remarkable independent confirmation from an article in the *Pioneer* of India of the 12th of October. “As early as the 18th of July,” says the article, “the Viceroy and the Home Government were in active communication about the affair”—namely, the Russian mission—“and every incident in it, including the ineffectual attempt of the Ameer's officials to stop it at the Oxus.” The *Pioneer* is an inspired semi-official organ of the Viceroy's Government, and therefore its information may be considered authentic. It follows that the Russian mission must have left Samarkand not later than the 13th of May—that is, a month before the meeting of the Congress of Berlin, when the relations between England and Russia were such that war was possible at any moment.

But what was the object of the Russian mission? Let the following facts answer. In a letter to the *Times* of the 5th of last October, Colonel Brackenbury says that “the Russian Government had information” that “a column of 10,000 men had been organised” by the Indian Government “to raise Central Asia against” the Russians. With this agrees in substance the following extract from

a letter, dated August 28, from the inspired Simla correspondent of the semi-official *Pioneer* :—

I believe it is no longer a secret that had war broken out we should not have remained on the defensive in India. A force of 30,000 men, having purchased its way through Afghanistan, thrown rapidly into Samarkand and Bokhara, would have had little difficulty in beating the scattered Russian troops back to the Caspian ; for coming thus as deliverers the whole population must have risen in our favour. In the feasibility of such a programme the Russians fully believed.

The object of the Russian mission, therefore, was to ascertain on the spot whether Shere Ali intended to allow a British force to pass through his territories for the purpose of raising Central Asia against Russia. The Indian Government, according to the *Pioneer*, had early information that the Russian mission was intended to “clear up in one way or other the relations of Russia with Afghanistan—that is, make it assume a friendly or hostile aspect.”

With these data before him, the reader may decide for himself which was the first to break the engagement about Central Asia agreed upon, with such happy results, between Mr. Gladstone's Government and Lord Mayo on the one hand, and the Russian Government and General von Kauffman on the other. The result is that, having driven Shere Ali, much against his will, to choose between the alternative of a Russian mission or Russian hostility, we have now begun to wage a cruel and ruinous war against him and his innocent people for the crime of having preferred what naturally appeared to him the less of two evils.

This would be bad enough if it stood alone. But worse remains to be told. In plain truth, the Russian mission to Cabul was the pretext, not the cause, of Lord Lytton's mission. This is not my accusation ; it is the frank confession of the *Pioneer* of August 21. The following is from its first leading article :—

The Cabul mission about to set forth from India is the complement of the Cyprus occupation. It is a measure for which the way has been carefully paved by the policy of the Indian Government during the last two or three years, and it should begin the establishment of our relations with the most important State on our northern frontier on a satisfactory basis. Everything that Lord Lytton has done in connection with the north-west frontier hitherto has been directed towards undoing the blunders of the past. That work has been one of time, because the way had to be picked rather carefully. There has been a powerful though wrong-headed opposition at home to circumvent. Old-fashioned theories of masterly inactivity have still maintained their tyranny over many minds. . . . Nor can we hope that the new theory of our relations with Central Asia has yet been finally grasped by the rank and file of writers on the subject. . . . There are politicians of the parochial school in India as well as in England, and we cannot hope to see a spirited progressive policy accepted with unanimous approval in reference to Indian any more than to Turkish affairs.

The article ridicules the notion of any actual danger to India from the advance of Russia in Central Asia. The object to be aimed at is not security, but glory. All Asia must see how superior we are to Russia.

There has never been a moment at which the dread of Russian advance as something that might overwhelm the British régime in this country has been otherwise than absurd. . . . But Government may sometimes be put in a position in which they are called upon to take notice of a menace which they are very far from fearing. It is eminently desirable, for the maintenance of a proper feeling among the people of India, that the Government of the country should not merely be, but show itself, in a position to warn Russia off from any impertinent familiarities with the minor States on our frontier. A Central Asian policy may not be a matter of vital necessity to the welfare of India even now. Afghanistan itself might become a second Khiva, and still the British flag would be perfectly secure at Peshawur. But the people of India, instead of being proud of their Government, would be justly ashamed of it under such conditions. And if they were not proud of us the whole position would be ignominious. . . . *The policy which now makes the Cabul mission possible is not a growth of the present season. But having been patiently matured for the last three years, it now happens that a sensational step forward may be taken at a moment when the action of Russia, arising from the incidents of the late war, renders this step peculiarly appropriate.* The negotiations at the Peshawur Conference prepared the way for the present mission by giving the Government a clear field of operations.

At the Peshawur Conference, the article goes on to say, "A sponge had been passed over the mistakes previously made,"—the "mistakes" in question being simply the previous policy of England. In short, "the present mission is the complement of Lord Beaconsfield's great *coup*," the occupation of Cyprus.

The particulars of Sir Lewis Pelly's conference with Shere Ali's Minister at Peshawur have been kept studiously secret; but Sir Lewis stated on his return that if the Ameer had accepted them, the inevitable result would have been a rebellion in Afghanistan which would have driven him from his throne. This is not surprising if the terms proposed by Sir Lewis Pelly are substantially the same as those of which Sir Neville Chamberlain was to have been the bearer. These have been revealed to us by the gentleman who acts avowedly, once a week, the part of telephone between Lord Lytton and the *Times* newspaper. In the communication which appeared from him on the 13th of last September we have a tolerably frank apocalypse of the policy which Lord Lytton was sent to India to develop, and for the consummation of which the exhaustion of Russia is supposed to offer a tempting opportunity. The following extract will suffice:—

It is indispensable that we should possess commanding influence over the triangle of territory formed on the map by Cabul, Ghuznee, and Jellalabad, together with power over the Hindoo-Koosh. . . . This triangle we may hope to command with Afghan concurrence if the Ameer is friendly. The strongest frontier

line which could be adopted would be along the Hindoo-Koosh, from Pamir to Bamian, thence to the south by the Helmund, Girish, and Candahar to the Arabian Sea. . . . The chief object of the mission will be to make the Ameer understand that we have only one motive, and that is to protect ourselves *by preserving for him his absolute independence.* We must be prepared to subsidise him and at the same time grant territorial and dynastic guarantees. But these would of course be subject to specific reservations. The several points upon which it would be necessary to lay the greatest stress will be permission to establish agents at Balkh, Herat, and other frontier towns; an understanding by the Ameer not to enter into diplomatic relations with any other Power without the consent of the Indian Government, and unrestricted access for the British mission to Cabul when deemed necessary; and, finally, the dismissal of the Russian mission and the exclusion of Russian agents in future.

A very original method truly for "preserving for him his absolute independence!" We should have more respect for the originators and advocates of this brutal policy if they had the manly honesty to put it into brutal language instead of veiling it in transparent terms of sickening hypocrisy.

The policy thus plainly revealed in the *Times* and the *Pioneer* was more guardedly shadowed forth in a despatch from Lord Lytton to the Indian Secretary, dated the 23rd of March, 1877. In consequence of a consultation with the Home Government, before leaving England, on the subject of our frontier relations, Lord Lytton had been "strongly impressed by the importance of endeavouring to deal with them simultaneously, as indivisible parts of a single Imperial question, mainly dependent for its solution on the foreign policy of Her Majesty's Government, which is the ultimate guardian of the whole British Empire, rather than as isolated local matters." "The highest and most general interests of the Empire are no longer local, but Imperial."

The last link in the chain of evidence is the Prime Minister's speech at Guildhall on the 9th of November. "Her Majesty's Government," said Lord Beaconsfield on that occasion, "is not apprehensive of any invasion of India by our north-western frontier. The base of operations of any possible foe is so remote, the communications are so difficult, the aspect of the country is so forbidding, that we do not believe, under these circumstances, any invasion of our north-western frontier is practicable. But our north-western frontier is a haphazard and not a scientific frontier." This is an exposition in miniature of what is set forth with more frankness and fulness in the passage which I have quoted from the *Pioneer*. Our present frontier is perfectly safe, but it is not "scientific." And by a "scientific frontier" is meant, as the *Pioneer* has obligingly explained to us, a frontier which, or the acquisition of which, will strike the imaginations of our Eastern subjects; a frontier of which they shall "be proud;" a frontier.

one word, which shall be "sensational." The mask is dropt at last. The Russian mission to Cabul has had nothing to do with the new policy. We have been authoritatively assured that it has been in process of gestation for the last three years, and the exhaustion of Russia is supposed to offer a fit opportunity for its safe parturition.

This is no speculative opinion, no inference drawn from premisses of which the application may be disputed. I have but stated in epitome the frank explanations of the organs of the Government. Shere Ali has taken great pains to publish to the world the cause of his hostility. That hostility manifested itself after Sir Lewis Pelly's mission;¹ and the occupation of Quetta justified the Ameer's worst anticipations. "If an armed man places himself at the back door of your house, what can be the motive, unless he wants to find his way in when you are asleep?" Such was Shere Ali's explanation to the Sultan's envoy last year for declining to regard England as his friend; and it shatters to pieces the special pleading of those who ransack the archives of previous Administrations for a key to what puzzles them in the Ameer's present conduct.

And this, forsooth, is the way to check Russian aggression in Central Asia! Will the Afghans be less ready to welcome a Russian alliance when we have desolated their country, vanquished their sovereign, and humiliated the whole nation? But we do not dwell on that aspect of the question; nor yet on the probability, vouched for by eminent military authority, that the "scientific frontier" which the Government seems to aim at will require 40,000 additional troops in India, chiefly European, and at a cost of £10,000,000 annually, in addition to the expense of the preliminary war. What I wish to press on the attention and conscience of the English reader is the shocking immorality rather than the portentous folly of this unprovoked war. "Tell it out by your vote, in terms neither vague nor indistinct, to the people of India, that the war we wage is the war of nations, and not the war of freebooters." So spoke the present Lord Chancellor twenty years ago in the speech which made his reputation in the House of Commons. He is now one of a Cabinet whose chosen advocates cast scorn upon the law of nations in our dealing with the populations of Asia, and claim the right, in the name of Christian England, to wage "the war of freebooters" against a prince and people who have done us no wrong. England is indeed fallen from her high estate if she condones this last development of Imperialism.

MALCOLM MACCOLL.

¹ This is admitted in Lord Cranbrook's despatch (par. 16): "The language and conduct of Shere Ali, which had so long been dubious, became openly inimical."

THE FAIRY-LORE OF SAVAGES.

A COMPARISON of some of the fancies of the rudest known tribes of the earth concerning the nature of the sun, the moon, and the stars, proves abundantly not only that the demand for a reason for things is a principle operative in every stage of human development, but that the primitive explanation of things is sought in the occurrences of daily experience and given in terms and figures originally applied to terrestrial objects. From a philosophy of nature of so rude a type and so humble an origin spring many of those marvellous traditions which in after times rank as the mythology, or perhaps serve as the religion, of semi-civilised populations.

To begin with some of the astro-mythological ideas of the Australians. Mr. Stanbridge mentions the astonishment with which, as he sat by his camp fire, he listened for the first time to the remarks of two Australian natives as they pointed to the beautiful constellations of Castor and Pollux, of the Pleiades and Orion. These men belonged to a race who had "the reputation of being lowest in the scale of mankind," who were "cannibals of the lowest description," and "who had no name for numerals above two ;" yet they could explain the wanderings of the moon by the story that, being once discovered trying to persuade the wife of a certain star in Canis Major to elope with him, he was beaten and put to flight by the angry husband. As so frequently elsewhere, most of the stars were bound by the ties of human relationship, being wives, brothers, sisters, or mothers to one another. The stars in the belt of Orion were believed to be a group of young men dancing, whilst the Pleiades were girls who played to them as they danced. Two large stars in the fore legs of Centaurus were two brave brothers who speared Tchingal to death, and the east stars of Crux were the points of the spears that pierced his body.¹

Few tribes of known savages appear to be without conceptions of a similar nature. The Tasmanians, according to Bonwick, were no exception to the connection of theology with astronomy. To them Capella was a kangaroo pursued by Castor and Pollux, whose

¹ *Transactions of Ethnological Society*, i. 301-3.

smoke as it was roasted might be seen till the autumn. The Pleiades were maidens who courted the kangaroo-hunters of Orion and dug up roots for their suppers. Two other stars were two blackmen who of old appeared suddenly on a hill and threw fire down to earth for the use of its inhabitants; whilst two other luminaries were two women whom a sting-ray had killed as they dived for cray-fish, but whom these same fire-bringers restored to life by placing stinging ants on their breasts and then escorted to heaven, after having killed the sting-ray.¹

Bushman star-lore is framed in exactly the same way, the planets of distant solar systems sinking into the insignificance of daily African surroundings. What is the moon but a man who, having incurred the wrath of the sun, is pierced by his knife till he is nearly destroyed, and who, having implored mercy, grows from the small piece left him till he is again large enough for the stabbing process to recommence? What is the milky way but some wood ashes long ago thrown up into the sky by a girl, that her people might be able to see their way home at night? Other stars are reduced to mortal origin, or identified with certain lions, tortoises, or clouds, that have place in their traditions; nor does it lie beyond their limits of belief that the sun should once have been seen sitting by the wayside as he travelled on earth, and that the jackal's back is black to this day because he carried that burning substance on his back.² This sun they believe was once a mortal on earth who radiated light from his body, but only for a short space round his house; till some children were sent to throw him as he slept into the sky, whence he has ever since shone over the earth.³ These children belonged to an earlier race of bushmen; and it is an odd coincidence that in Victoria as in South Africa the belief about the sun is associated with the tradition of a race that preceded both Bushmen and Australians in their present homes. In the Australian creed, the earth lay in darkness till one of the former race threw an emu's egg into space, where it became the sun. That former race was translated in various forms to the heavens, where they made all the celestial bodies and continue to cause all the good and evil that happens on earth. Such traditions may point to a fact; for both Australians and Bushmen may be

¹ Bonwick, *Daily Life of the Tasmanians*, 188, 206. The author suggestively calls attention to the similarity of this legend with the Hindu legend of Indra, who delivers the lovely Apas from the monster Vira in the dark cavern of Abi, a legend which has been taken to mean the fire-god who destroys the dark storm cloud that chases and maltreats the fleecy maidens of the sky.

² Bleek, *Hottentot Fables*, 67.

³ Bleek, *Bushman Folklore*.

degenerate from a better social type than they now present ; but the fact that, even if degenerate, they preserve such tales and fictions, makes it not inconceivable that such tales should arise, as spontaneous products of the mind, among tribes that seem neither to have lapsed from a higher condition, nor to have emerged from a state of primitive barbarism.

Of the Esquimaux, Egede observes that " their notion about the stars is that some of them have been men and others different sorts of animals or fishes." ¹ Here two stars are two persons at a singing combat, or two rival women taking each other by the hair ; those other three are certain Greenlanders who, when once out seal-catching, failed to find their way home again and were taken to heaven. It is true such fancies, taken primarily from Cranz, must be received with the reservation that he makes, namely, that they were only harboured by the weaker heads of Greenland, and that the natives had art enough to play off on the Europeans as marvellous stories as they received from them. ² But the possible reality of such belief is vouched for by other testimony from all parts of the globe, of which two instances, taken from the Hervey Islanders and the Thlinket Indians, will suffice to illustrate the general character. According to the former, a twin boy and girl were badly treated by their mother ; so they left their home and leapt into the sky, whither they were also followed by their parents, where all four may still be seen shining " brother and dearly-loved sister, still linked together, pursue their never-ceasing flight, resolved never again to meet their justly-enraged parents." ³ The Thlinket Indians ascribe to a being called Yehl the liberation of the world from primæval darkness ; for, amid the many conflicting stories told of him, it is agreed that he it was who obtained light for men at a time when " sun, moon, and stars were kept by a rich chief in separate boxes which he allowed no one to touch." Yehl, having become grandson to this chief, cried one day so much for these boxes that his grandfather let him have one. " He opened it, and lo ! there were stars in the sky." The grandparent was next cheated out of the moon in the same way ; but to get the sun-box Yehl had to refuse food and become really ill, and then its owner only parted with it on condition that it should not be opened. The prohibition, however, was unheeded. Yehl turned into a raven, flew off with the box, and blessed mankind with the light of the sun. ⁴

From these samples of the fairy tales of savages, it is clear that, in addition to the myths which arise from forgotten etymologies, there

¹ Egede, 209. ² Cranz, i. 213. ³ Gill, 40-2. ⁴ Dall, *Alaska*.

are others which are not formed at all by this process of gradual forgetfulness, but spring directly from the use of the intellect and the imagination in obedience to the impulse to find a reason for everything. To observe peculiarities in nature is the beginning of science; to account for them in any way is science itself, true or false. The science of savages is not limited to the skies, but is directed to everything that calls for notice on earth; nor in the stories invented by them to answer the various problems of existence, are they a whit behind the traditions of European folk-lore on similar subjects, their explanations of natural peculiarities disclosing quite as vivid imaginative powers as the stories of the white race concerning birds or beasts.

Let us take, for instance, as a parallel to the German reason for the owl flying in solitude by night (namely, that when set to watch the wren imprisoned in a mousehole he fell asleep, and was so ashamed at letting him thus escape that he has never since dared show himself by day), the story of the rude Ahts, made to account for the melancholy note of the loon as it is heard flying about the wild lakes of Vancouver's Island; and as a good instance of the resemblance in construction of plot often found in very distant regions, let us place side by side with it a story of the Basutos in the south of Africa:—

THE AHT STORY.

Two fishermen went one day in two canoes to catch halibut. But while one of them caught many, the other caught none. So the latter, angered by the taunts of his more fortunate but physically weaker companion, bethought himself how he might take all his fish from him by force, and cause him to return home fishless and ashamed. Then, whilst his friend was pulling up a fish, he knocked him on the head with the wooden club he used for killing halibut, and, to prevent the tale ever being told, cut out his companion's tongue, and took the fish home to his own wife. When the tongueless man arrived at the village, and his friends came to enquire of his sport, he could only answer by a noise resembling the note of the loon. "The great spirit, Quawteht, was so angry at all this, that he changed the injured Indian into a loon, and

THE BASUTO STORY.

Two brothers, having gone in different directions to make their fortunes, met again, after sundry adventures, the elder enriched by a pack of dogs, the younger by a large number of cows. The younger offered his brother as many of these cows as he pleased, with the exception of a certain white one. This he would not part with; so as they went home, and the younger brother was drinking from a pool, Macilo, the elder, seized his brother's head and held it under the water till he was dead. Then he buried the body, and covered it with a stone, and proceeded to drive back the whole flock as his own. He had not, however, gone far, before a small bird perched itself on the horn of the white cow and exclaimed: "Macilo has killed Maciloniane for the sake of the white cow he coveted." Twice did he kill the bird with a stone, but each time it reappeared and uttered the

the other into a crow; and the loon's plaintive cry now is the voice of the fisherman trying to make himself understood."¹

same words. So the third time he killed it, he burnt it, and threw its ashes to the winds. Then proudly he entered his village, and when they all inquired for his brother, he said that they had taken different roads, and that he was ignorant where he was. The white cow was greatly admired, but suddenly a small bird perched itself on its horns and exclaimed: "Macilo has killed Maciloniane for the sake of the white cow he coveted." Thus, through a bird into which the heart of the murdered man had been transformed, did the truth become known, and every one depart with horror from the presence of the murderer.²

European folk-lore accounts for the redness of the robin's breast, either by the theory that he extracted a thorn from the thorn-crown of Christ, or by the theory that he daily bears a drop of water to quench the flames of hell. For either reason he might be justly called the friend of man; but for the bird's friendliness the Chipewewa Indians give a more poetical explanation than either of the above. There was once, they say, a hunter so ambitious that his only son should signalise himself by endurance, when he came to the time of life to undergo the fast for the purpose of choosing his guardian spirit, that after the lad had fasted for eight days, his father still pressed him to persevere. But next day, when the father entered the hut, his son had paid the penalty of violated nature, and in the form of a robin had just flown to the top of the lodge. There, before he flew away to the woods, he entreated his father not to mourn his transformation. "I shall be happier," he said, "in my present state than I could have been as a man. I shall always be the friend of men and keep near their dwellings; I could not gratify your pride as a warrior, but I will cheer you by my songs. . . . I am now free from cares and pains, my food is furnished by the fields and mountains, and my path is in the bright air."³

Not less poetical is the Hervey Islanders' account of the origin of some peculiarities among fishes, and notably of the well-known conformation of the head of the common sole. They relate how Ina, leaving the house of her rich parents because she had been beaten and

¹ Sproat, 182.

² Casalis, *Les Basutos*. With this story Grimm compares a German one *Kinder und Hausmärchen*, i. 172.

³ Schoolcraft, *Indian Tribes*, ii. 229-30.

scolded for suffering the arch-thief, Nyana, to steal the treasures left in her charge, resolved to make her way to the sea beach, and from thence to the Sacred Isle that lay across the sea at the place where the sun set. Arrived at the shore, she first asked the small fish, the *avini*, to bear her across the sea; but the *avini*, unable to support her weight, soon let her fall into the water, for which Ina in her anger struck it repeatedly with her foot, thereby causing those beautiful stripes on its sides which are called to this day "Ina's tattooing." Trying next the *paoro*, and meeting with the same mischance, she caused it in the same way to bear ever after those blue marks which are now its glory; and it is said to be historically true that tattooing on that island "was simply an imitation of the stripes on the *avini* and the *paoro*." Then the *api*, a white fish, incurring the same displeasure, became at once and for ever of an intensely black hue. The sole, indeed, carried Ina farther than the others, but no farther than the breakers by the reef; and Ina, now wild with rage, stamped with such fury on its head that its underneath eye was removed to the upper side, and thus it was condemned ever afterwards to swim flat-wise, unlike other fish, because one side of its face had no eye. How Ina then caused a protuberance on the forehead of all sharks, known to this day as Ina's bump, by cracking a cocoa-nut she wished to drink out of on the forehead of a shark that bore her, how the shark thereupon left her, and how she finally reached the Sacred Isle on the back of the king of sharks, and became the wife of Timirau, the king of all fish, may be read in further detail in Mr. Gill's interesting collection of Myths and Songs from the South Pacific.¹

The necessity for a reason for everything, exemplified in these traditions, exercises its influence on mythology itself, reasons being invented for inexplicable customs or beliefs just as they are for strange phenomena in nature. The custom, for instance, of hunting a wren to death once a year, which has been observed in Ireland, the Isle of Man, and the south of France, has for its general explanation a belief that the wren is a fairy who, after having decoyed many men to meet their deaths in the sea, took the form of a wren to escape the plot laid for her by a certain knight-errant. But the Irish have found quite another reason for the custom, inventing a story that on the eve of the battle of the Boyne the Irish had stolen up to King William's sleeping camp and were on the point of putting an end to the heretics, when a wren hopped upon the drum of a Protestant drummer, and by thus waking him caused their defeat; a defeat

¹ Gill, 88-98.

which they avenge on every anniversary of the day by the persecution of that unhappy bird.¹

The story of the wren is well known; how, when the birds were competing for the kingship by the test of the greatest height attained in flying, the wren hid in the eagle's wings, and, when the eagle had flown far beyond the other birds, darted himself yet a little higher. It is said that the first appearance of this story is in a collection of beast-fables, composed by a rabbi in the 13th century.² But the resemblance between the wren-story as it is told in Germany or Ireland, and a story of a linnet as told by the Odjibwas of North America, is so striking a testimony of the way in which closely similar tales are framed independently, that the two stories are worth comparing.

THE ODJIBWA STORY.

"The birds met together one day to try which could fly the highest. Some flew up very swift, but soon got tired, and were passed by others of stronger wing. But the eagle went up beyond them all, and was ready to claim the victory, when the grey linnet, a very small bird, flew from the eagle's back, where it had perched unperceived, and being fresh and unexhausted, succeeded in going the highest. When the birds came down and met in council to award the prize, it was given to the eagle, because that bird had not only gone up nearer to the sun than any of the larger birds, but it had carried the linnet on its back."

For this reason the eagle's feathers became the most honourable marks of distinction a warrior could bear.³

THE IRISH STORY.

"The birds all met together one day, and settled among themselves that whichever of them could fly highest was to be the king of all. Well, just as they were on the hinges of being off, what does the little rogue of a wren do, but hop up and perch himself unbeknown on the eagle's tail. So they flew and flew ever so high, till the eagle was miles above all the rest, and could not fly another stroke, he was so tired. 'Then,' says he, 'I'm king of the birds. . . . ' You lie,' says the wren, darting up a perch and a half above the big fellow. Well, the eagle was so mad to think how he was done, that when the wren was coming down, he gave him a stroke of his wing, and from that day to this the wren was never able to fly further than a hawthorn bush."⁴

It is impossible to assign limits either to the vitality or to the range of a story. If the commerce which has ever prevailed between the different tribes of the world, as it prevails to this day, either by conquest or by barter, has caused so wide a dispersion of races and of the earth's products, the wonder would rather be if the products of men's thoughts and fancies had not travelled so widely, had not

¹ Mrs. Cookson, *Legends of the Monks*, 27-30.

² Wolf, *Zeitschrift für deutsche Mythologie*, i. 2.

³ *Algic Researches*, ii. 216.

⁴ Kelly, *Indo-European Traditions*, 78. See the German version of the tale in Grimm's *Hausmärchen*, ii. 394.

taken so deep root in man's memory, seeing that they cost nothing either to carry or to keep. For many stories therefore of wide range, agreeing in such minute particulars as to render difficult the theory of their independent origin, the mystery of their resemblance is amply solved by the theory of their gradual dispersion, without their proving anything as to the common origin of those who tell them. The story, for instance, of Faithful John, the central idea of which is, that a friend can only apprise some one of a danger he will incur on his wedding night, by himself incurring suspicion and being turned into stone, is told with little variation in Bohemia, Greece, Italy, and Spain; and the discovery of the leading thought in a story in India makes it possible that it was there originated.¹ In Polynesia, again, the story of stopping the motion of the sun is widely spread; in New Zealand, Maui makes ropes of flax, goes with his brothers to the point where the sun rises, hides from it by day, and when it rises next day succeeds in his purpose before letting it go further. In Tahiti, Maui is a priest, or chief of olden time, who builds a marae which must be finished by the evening, and who therefore seizes the sun by its rays and binds him to a tree till his work is finished. In Hawaii Maui stops the sun till the evening, because his wife has to finish a certain dress by twilight. In Samoa, Maui appears as Itu, a man who is anxious to build a house of great stones, but is unable to do so because the sun goes too fast: he therefore takes a boat and lays nets in the sun's path, but as these are broken through, he makes a noose, catches the sun, and only lets it free when his house is finished.² Obviously, these stories are all related, but it is impossible to say whether they spread from any one place to the others, or whether they are remnants, retained in altered form, from the primitive mythology of a common Polynesian home. It is, however, worthy of notice that in Wallachian fairy lore also a cow pushes back the sun to the hour of mid-day, to enable a youth who had fallen asleep to accomplish a task,³ and that the idea of catching the sun is not unknown to the mythology of America.

There is, however, a large class of stories which arise independently, and owe their remarkable family likeness neither to a common descent nor to importation, but to the natural promptings of the imagination. Thus, the idea of a tree so high that it reaches the heavens, and consequently of the heavens as thereby attainable, naturally produces such a story as Jack and the Beanstalk, a story

¹ Kohler, *Winnariache Beiträge zur Literatur*, Jan. 1865.

² Schirren, *Wanderungen der Neuseeländer*, 31, 37-39.

³ Grimm, *Hausmärchen*, i. Pref. 53.

which is said to be found all over the world, but the versions of which agree in no other single point than in the admission to the sky by dint of climbing.¹ In the same way many of the ideas common to the Indo-European nations, and so often explained as originally derived from the fanciful meteorology of the primitive Aryans, find startling analogues outside the Aryan family, where there is no reason to suppose them anything more than the direct offspring of the dreamer or the story-teller. If the constancy of Penelope to Ulysses, tormented by her suitors, is simply that of the evening light, assailed by the powers of darkness, till the return of her husband the sun in the morning,² shall we apply the same interpretation to the story of the wife of the Red Swan, of the Odjibwas, who, when he returns from the recovery of his magic arrows from the abode of the departed spirits, finds that his two brothers have been quarrelling for the possession of his wife, but been quarrelling in vain?³ If the legend of Cadmus recovering Europa, after she has been carried away by the white bull, the spotless cloud, means that "the sun must journey westward until he sees again the beautiful tints which greeted his eyes in the morning,"⁴ it is curious to find a story current in North America, to the effect that a man once had a beautiful daughter whom he forbade to leave the lodge lest she should be carried off by the king of the buffaloes; and that as she sat, notwithstanding, outside the house combing her hair, "all of a sudden the king of the buffaloes came dashing on, with his herd of followers, and taking her between his horns, away he cantered over plains, plunged into a river which bounded his land, and carried her safely to his lodge on the other side," whence she was finally recovered by her father.⁵

Again, in Hindu mythology, Urvasi came down from heaven and became the wife of the son of Budha, only on condition that two pet rams should never be taken from her bedside and that she should never behold her lord undressed. The immortals, however, wishing Urvasi back in heaven, contrived to steal the rams; and as the king pursued the robbers with his sword in the dark, the lightning revealed his person, the compact was broken, and Urvasi disappeared.⁶ This same story is found in different forms among many people of Aryan and Turanian descent, the central idea being that of a man marrying someone of aerial or aquatic origin, and living hap-

¹ See the different versions in Mr. Tylor's *Early History of Mankind*, 344.

² Cox, *Aryan Mythology*, ii. 173.

³ *Algie Researches*, ii. 1-33.

⁴ *Aryan Mythology*, ii. 85.

⁵ *Algie Researches*, ii. 34.

⁶ Wilson, *Vishnu Purana*, 394-5.

pily with her till he breaks the condition on which her residence with him depends. But stories exactly parallel to that of Raymond of Toulouse, who chances in the hunt upon the beautiful Melusina at a fountain, and lives with her happily till he discovers her fish-nature and she vanishes, come no less from Borneo, the Celebes, or North America than from Ireland or Germany; for which reason it seems sufficient to receive them simply as they stand, as fairy tales natural to every tribe of mankind that has a fixed belief in supernatural beings, rather than to explain these wonderful wives as the "bright fleecy clouds of early morning, which vanish as the splendour of the sun is unveiled."¹ Let us compare the story as it is told in American and Borneese tradition.

THE BORNEESE STORY.

A certain Borneese, when far from home, once climbed a tree to rest, and whilst there "was attracted by the most ravishing music, which ever and anon came nearer and nearer, until it seemingly approached the very roots of the tree, when a pure well of water burst out, at the bottom of which were seven beautiful virgins. Ravished at the sight, and determined to make one of them his son's wife, he made a lasso of his rattan, and drew her up." One day, however, her husband hit her in anger, and she was taken up to the sky.²

THE AMERICAN STORY.

Wampee, a great hunter, once came to a strange prairie, where he heard faint sounds of music, and looking up saw a speck in the sky, which proved itself to be a basket containing twelve most beautiful maidens, who, on reaching the earth, forthwith set themselves to dance. He tried to catch the youngest, but in vain; ultimately he succeeded by assuming the disguise of a mouse. He was very attentive to his new wife, who was really a daughter of one of the stars, but she wished to return home, so she made a wicker basket secretly, and by help of a charm she remembered, ascended to her father.³

It has been imagined that all the fairy tales of the world may be reduced to certain fundamental story roots; but these story roots we should look for not in the clouds, but upon the earth, not in the various aspects of nature, but in the daily occurrences and surroundings of savage life. The uniformity which appears in the myths or fairy tales of the world would thus simply arise from a uniformity of the experiences of existence. The evidence concerning savage astro-mythology is conclusive, that nothing is conceived of the heavenly bodies that has not its prototype on earth; that the skies do but mirror the events or objects of earth, where the memorable events of the chase or the battle are told of the stars; so that it is not strange if in a few years such tales should have so gained in the telling, that it is often impossible to separate

¹ Fiske, *Myths and Myth Makers*, 96, and *Con. Aryan Mythology*, ii. 282.

² *Transactions of Ethnological Society*, v. 27. ³ *Alps Kinowaka*, i. 37.

the fact from the fiction, or to distinguish a crude supposition from the creation of a fanciful myth.

For although it is difficult to lay down the boundaries between the language of metaphor and the language of fact, inasmuch as what is faith to one man is but fancy to another, there is reason to believe that savages really do very often confuse celestial with terrestrial phenomena, that, for instance, the Zulus, when they speak of the stars as the children of the sky and of the sun as their father, are expressing rather a real belief than a poetical fancy, and that the conception of the sun and moon as physically related is an actual belief quite as much as a merely figurative explanation. If this be true, a large part of mythology must be regarded not as a poetical explanation of things, suggested by the grammatical form of words or by roots that lend similar names to the most diverse conceptions, but as the direct effect of primitive thought in its application to the phenomena of nature. It is more likely that the early thoughts of men should have framed their language than that the form of their language should have preceded their form of thought. And if it be shown (by those who hold that the personification of impersonal things is consequent on the grammatical structure of a language) that the Kafirs and other tribes of South Africa, whose language does not denote sex, are almost destitute of myths and fables, whilst tribes who employ a sex-denoting language have many,¹ it is noticeable that such personification has been shown to exist among the natives of Australia, between the different dialects of whose language it is said to have been one of the points of resemblance, that they recognised no distinctions of gender.²

A story of the Ottawa Indians (by internal evidence posterior in date to their acquaintance with guns and ships) may be taken as a sample of a class of savage traditions, which prove that the convertibility of mankind with sun, moon, or stars, is as natural a belief to a savage, as that his next-door neighbour may turn at pleasure into a wolf or a snake. Six young men finding themselves on a hill-top in close proximity to the sun, resolved to travel to it. Two of them finally reached a beautiful plain, lighted by the moon, which, as they advanced, appeared as an aged woman with a white face, who spoke to them and promised to conduct them to her brother, then absent on his daily course through the sky. This woman "they knew from her first appearance" to be the moon. When she introduced them

¹ Bleek, *Hottentot Fables*, Pref. xxv.

² Bonwick, *Daily Life of the Tasmanians*, 148.

to her brother, "the sun motioned them with his hand to follow him," and they accompanied him with some difficulty till they were restored safe and sound to the earth.¹ So Sir G. Grey, collecting native legends concerning a cave in Australia, found that the only point of agreement was "that originally *the moon who was a man* had lived there."²

But, except on the assumption that savages are idiots, it is impossible that such legends should not only obtain currency, but the vitality of traditions, unless they conform to certain canons of belief, unless they contain nothing inherently incredible. A fairy tale pleases a child, not because it is known to be impossible, but because it carries the mind further afield than actual experience does into the realms of the possible; and a tale understood to be impossible would be as insipid to a savage as it would be to a child. Schoolcraft, in reference to Indian popular tales, speaks of the "belief of the narrators and listeners in every wild and improbable thing told;" and says, "Nothing is too capacious for Indian belief."³ If, as their stories abundantly show, there is no difficulty in conceiving the instantaneous transformation of men not merely into something living, but into stones or stumps, the fact ceases to be strange, that in Indian faith "many of the planets are transformed adventurers."⁴ What, then, more natural than that all over the world the deeds of great tribesmen should be transferred to the skies, and, under the action of uniform laws of fancy, should in time become so overgrown with fiction as to pass into the domain of the purest mythology, till at last they appear as mere figurative expressions of the daily life of nature, of the struggle between the day and the night, of the dispersion of the clouds by the sun?

The condition of things which makes such conceptions of the heavens the natural outcome of primitive speculation may perhaps, to a certain extent, be recovered by observation of the laws conditioning the actually existent thoughts of the savage world.

The first entrance into Wonderland lies through Dreamland. Schoolcraft's testimony that "a dream or a fact is alike potent in the Indian mind" accords with much other evidence to the effect that, with savages, the sensations of the sleeping or waking life are equally real or but vaguely distinguished. A native of Zululand will leave his work and travel to his home, perhaps a hundred miles away, to test the truth of a dream,⁵ and so great is the importance the Zulus

¹ *Grey's Discoveries*, ii. 40.

² *Tales in Australia*, i. 261.

³ *Schoolcraft's Grey's Discoveries*, i. 41.

⁴ Schoolcraft, *Indian Tribes*, v. 409.

⁵ Dr. Leslie, *Journal of the Zulus*, 168.

attach to such monitions, that "he who dreams is the great man of the village," and the gift to them of "*sight by night in dreams*" is ascribed to their first ancestor, the great Unkulunkulu.¹ But how far surpassing even the normal experiences of sleep must be the dreams of men in the hunting or nomad state, the law of whose lives is either a want or an excess of food! What richer fund for story-material can be imagined than the dreams of a savage, or what more likely to introduce him to the mysteries of romance than recollections of those sudden transformations or those weird images, which have haunted the repose of his slumbering hours? And into what strange lands of beauty and plenty, into what secrets of the skies, would not the flights of his sleep give him an insight! In all fairy tales and all mythology a remarkable conformity to the deranged ideas of sleep does thus occur; and especially do the stories of the lower races, as for instance those of Schoolcraft's "*Algic Researches*," read far more like the recollections of bad dreams than like the worn ideas of a once pure religion, or of a poetical interpretation of nature. The most beautiful of the Indian legends, that of the origin of Indian corn, was in native tradition actually referred to a dream, and to a dream purposely resorted to, to gain a clearer insight into the mysteries of nature.² And as dreams do but deal with the incidents of the waking life, exaggerating them and contorting them, but never passing beyond them, may not the somewhat uniform incidents of savage life, whether of hunting, fishing, fighting, or travelling, offer some explanation of that general similarity which is so conspicuous an element in the comparative mythology or fairy-lore of the world?

Then the fact that the dead reappear in dreams at that season of the night in which also the stars are seen, would tend to confirm the idea of some community of nature between the dead and the stars, such community as is indeed not unfrequently found, as where the Aurora Borealis or the Milky Way are identified with the souls of the departed. So, too, a Californian tribe is mentioned as having believed that chiefs and medicine men became heavenly bodies after their death,³ and even Tasmanians would point to the stars they would go to at death.⁴

But there is another reason which would still further create a mental confusion between the deeds of a mortal on earth and the motions of some luminary in heaven, and that is the language of adulation, which, from ascribing the possession of the sky to a chief,

¹ Callaway, *Religious System of the Amazulu*, Part i. 5.

² *Algic Researches*, i. 122-8.

³ Bancroft, *Native Races*, iii. 526.

⁴ Bonwick, *Daily Life of the Tasmanians*, 182.

in order to gratify him, becomes imperceptibly the language of belief. It is common for the Zulus to say of a chief, "That man is the owner of heaven and everything is his," and a native once expressed his gratitude to a missionary by pointing to the heaven and saying, "Sir, the sun is yours." "It does not suffice them to honour a great man unless they place the heaven on his shoulders; they do not believe what they say, they merely wish to ascribe all greatness to him." If when a chief goes to war the sky becomes overcast, they say, "The heaven of the chief feels that the chief is suffering." Nor was any chief known to deprecate the use of such language; he "expected to have it said always that the heaven was his."¹

Obviously, however, there is no fast line between the language of flattery and the language of fact. From the Tahitians, who would speak of their kings' houses as the clouds of heaven, or the Kafirs of Ethiopia, who called their kings lords of the sun and moon, it is easy to trace the progress of thought which actually led the latter people to pray to their kings for rain, fine weather, or the cessation of storms.² The Zulus, like many other savages, think of the sky as at no great distance from the earth, and so as the roof of their king's palace as the earth is his floor. "Utshaka claimed to be king of heaven as well as earth, and ordered the rain-doctors to be killed, because in assuming power to control the weather they were interfering with his royal prerogative."³ But if such confusion between royalty and divinity can exist in the savage mind whilst the king is on earth, how natural is it that a man, associated for so long in his lifetime with power over the elements, should, after his removal from earth and from sight, become still more mixed up with elemental forces, or perhaps even localised in some point of space! The word Zulu actually means the Heavens, and in Zululand King of the Zulus means king of the heavens,⁴ so that when the king is drawn in his waggon to the centre of the kraal, it is not surprising that, among the other acclamations, such as "Lion, King of the World," with which his creeping subjects salute him, they should actually salute him as Zulu, Heaven.⁵ It can only be from the use of such language that among the Zulus "rain, storms, sunshine, earthquakes, and all else which we ascribe to natural causes are brought about or retarded by *various people* to whom this power is ascribed. Every rain that comes is spoken of as belonging to somebody, and in a drought they say that the owners of rain are at variance among themselves."⁶

¹ Callaway, *Religious System of the Amasulu*, Part i, 122-3.

² Pinkerton, xvi, 689.

³ Callaway, *Zulu Nursery Tales*, i, 152.

⁴ Leslie, 81, 98.

⁵ *Ibid.*, 79.

⁶ *Ibid.*, 169.

That in aftertime the attributes of a Zulu chief might become those of a heaven-supporter, such as Atlas, or of a cloud-gatherer, such as Zeus, or that, according as his body was consigned to the earth or the sea, such a chief might become the earth-shaker or the ocean-ruler, is not only what might be expected *à priori*, but what is to some extent justified by facts. In South Africa the word which the missionaries have adopted for both Hottentots and Kafirs as the name for the Deity, from its being the nearest approach to the Christian conception, is believed to be derived from two words signifying Wounded Knee, a term applied generations back to a Hottentot sorcerer of great fame and skill, who happened to have had some injury to his knees. "Having been held in high repute for extraordinary powers during life, he continued to be invoked even after death as one who could still relieve and protect; and hence in process of time he became nearest in time to their first conceptions of God."¹ And the legend of Mannan Mac Lear, mythical first inhabitant and first legislator of the Isle of Man, discloses a germ of similar origin underlying the myth of a culture-hero, as his story preserved in the following lines will show:

"This merchant Manxman of the solemn smile,
First legislator of our rock-throned isle,
Dwelt in a fort (withdrawn from vulgar sight),
Cloud-capped Baroole, upon thy lofty height.
From New Year tide round to the Ides of Yule,
Nature submitted to his wizard rule.
Her secret force he could with charms compel
To brew a storm or raging tempests quell;
Make one man seem like twenty in a fray,
And drive the stranger (*i.e.* Scotch invaders) over seas away."²

In other words, he was a great sorcerer and a great warrior, whose deeds lived after him in story, and whose name lent itself as a nucleus, like that of Charlemagne or of Alfred, for every adventure that was strange, for every imagination that was wonderful.

There seems indeed no reason to seek for any higher genesis than this for any of the culture heroes of any mythology, notwithstanding that they have with so much unanimity been forced into identification with the sun. Zeus himself is but the same word as Zulu, so that it is only natural that nothing that could be told of the sky "was not in some form or another ascribed to Zeus,"³ just as we see that modern Zulus ascribe to their chiefs all atmospheric pheno-

¹ Appleyard, *Kafir Grammar*, 13.

² Mrs. Cookson, *Legends of Manxland*, 23.

³ Prof. Max Müller, *Science of Language*, ii. 444.

mena, and actually confer on them the appellation of Zulu (or Zeus). There is indeed nothing in which Zeus differs essentially from Manabozho of North American mythology, from Krishna of the Hindus, from Maui of the Polynesians, from Quawteah of the rude Ahts, or from Kutka of the still ruder Kamschadals. The stories told of one may be more refined than those told of another, but in no case are they more than names, serving as convenient centres for the grouping of memorable feats or fictions. Such names serve also, when once men have begun to reflect on the arts or customs of their lives, as sufficient explanations of their origin; and just as we find the institution of marriage attributed in China, or Greece, or India to some mythical hero, so we find the discovery of fire and light, or the invention of remarkable arts, duly ascribed to some hypothetical originator. In Polynesian mythology, Maui, in Thlinket Indian mythology, Yehl, played the part of Prometheus in procuring fire for the use of men. From seeing a spider make its web, Manabozho invented the art of making fishing nets; and Kutka (who, like Manabozho, is also in some sense the maker of all things) taught the Kamschadals how to build huts, how to catch birds, and beasts, and fish.¹

American mythology abounds in culture-heroes, mythical personages who taught men useful arts and laws, and left, in the reverence attached to their memory, a quasi-religious system for their posterity.² These too have been resolved into observation of the phenomena of the sun or the dawn. Manabozho or Michabo, the ancestor of the Algonquins, whose name literally means the Great Hare, and conferred peculiar respect on the clan who bore it as their totem, means in reality (according to this theory) the Great Light, the Spirit of Dawn, or under another aspect the North-west Wind; the confusion between the hare and dawn being supposed to have arisen from a root *wab*, which gave two words, one meaning *white* and the other *hare*, so that what was originally told of the White Light came to be told of a Hare, and what was at first but a personification of natural phenomena became a tissue of inconsistent absurdities.³ Possible, however, as such a solution may be, it is easier to believe that the stories of the Great Hare have grown round a man, called, in complete accordance with American custom, after the hare, and once a famous sorcerer or warrior like Mannan Mac Lear; for in all the more recent traditions of him, there is much more of the magician or shaman than of the wind or the dawn. He

¹ Steller, 253-4.

² Bancroft, v. 23.

³ Brinton, *Myths of the New World*.

turns at will into a wolf or an oak stump, he converses with all creation, he outwits serpents by his cunning, he has a lodge from which he utters oracles; nor as brother of the winds, by reason of his swiftness, is there any incongruity in the idea that since his death he is the director of storms, and resides in the region of his brother, the North wind. It is curious that he is swallowed by the king of the fish, in this resembling in Aryan mythology Pradyumna, the son of Vishnu, who after being swallowed by a fish is ultimately restored to life,¹ or in Polynesian mythology Maui, who is rescued by the sky from the embrace of the jelly fish. Maui, like Tell, Sigurd, Hercules, and others, has recently been discovered to be the sun, the fish which swallows him signifying really the earth; for does not the earth swallow the sun every night, and is not the sun only freed by the eastern sky in the morning?² For those whom such an explanation may please Manabozho may therefore also mean the sun, and be added to the list of solar divinities.

Samé, the great name of Brazilian legend, came across the ocean from the rising sun; he had power over the elements and tempests; the trees of the forests would recede to make room for him, the animals used to crouch before him; lakes and rivers became solid for him; and he taught the use of agriculture and magic. Like him, Bochica, the great lawgiver of the Muyscas and son of the sun, he who invented for them the calendar and regulated their festivals, had a white beard, a detail in which all the American culture heroes agree.³ It is not, however, on this particular feature, so much as on their *whiteness* in general that stress has been laid to identify them all with the great White Light of Dawn. Of Quetzalcoatl, of Mexico, Dr. Brinton says, "Like all the dawn heroes he, too, was represented of white complexion, clothed in long white robes." The white is the emphatic thing about them. So the name Viracocha of the Peruvians, translated by Oviedo, "the foam of the sea," is, we are to believe, a metaphor: "the dawn rises above the horizon as the snowy foam on the surface of the lake."⁴ But Peruvian tradition was confused as to whether Viracocha was the highest god and creator of the world, or only the first Inca, and such confusion between humanity and divinity, which is everywhere the normal result of the deification of the dead, is at least a more natural account of the origin of his worship than a fancied resemblance between the

¹ Vishnu Purana, 575.

² Schirren, 144. Maui wird im Meere geformt, von einem Fisch verschluckt, mit diesem ans Land geworfen und herausgeschnitten. *Der Fisch ist die Erde welche die Sonne zur Nacht verschlingt; der Himmel im Osten befreit die Sonne aus der Erde.*

³ Baneroft, v. 23.

⁴ Brinton, 180.

sea-foam and the dawn.¹ Heitsi Eibip, whom the Namaqua Hottentots call their Great Father and on whose graves they throw stones for luck, so far resembles a solar hero that he is believed to have come like Samé from the East; yet, though much that is wonderful already attaches to his memory, he has not yet thrown off his human personality, but is known to have been merely a sorcerer of great fame;² so that in his deification we have almost living evidence of the process here assumed to have operated widely in the formation of the world's mythology.

An elemental explanation has been applied with such uniform effect, first to Aryan and then to Polynesian and American mythology, that in the rejection of it there may be danger of carrying opposing theories too far. There are, however, certain obvious limits, nor, if we doubt whether man in a primitive state really had the poetical views of nature so generally claimed for him, need we deny to the direct exercise of his imagination *all* share in the construction of mythology. Take, for instance, this typical Aryan passage, "By the early Aryan mind the howling wind was conceived as a great dog or wolf. As a fearful beast was heard speeding by the windows or over the house-top, the inmates trembled, for none knew but his own soul might forthwith be required of him. Hence to this day, among ignorant people, the howling of a dog is supposed to portend a death in the family."³ When we find that a dog's howling portends the death of its master among the Nubians,⁴ and is regarded as a dreaded omen by the Kamschadals,⁵ we may safely reject the Aryan pedigree of the superstition, nor go any further for its explanation than the nature of the sound itself. But though Aryan mythology may be taken to have grown, like any other, round human personalities, and though popular superstitions are in many instances the primary products of the laws of psychology, ranking rather among the sources than the *débris* of mythology, there is proof from the fairylore of savages that some have so far advanced in thought as to be not incapable of personifying abstract ideas. Dr. Rink alludes to the tendency of the Esquimaux to give figurative explanations of things, to personify, for instance, human qualities, just as they are personified in the "Pilgrim's Progress."⁶ The Chippewa Indians personified sleep as Weeng, once seen in a tree in a wood as a giant insect, making a murmuring sound with its wings, and generally conceived as causing sleep by employing a number of little fairies to

¹ Waitz (*Anthropologie*, iv. 394, 448, 455) adopts the view of the human origin of Viracocha.

² Bleek, *Hottentot Fables*, 75.

³ Fiske, 35, 76. ⁴ Schweinfurth, *Heart of Africa*, ii. 326. ⁵ Sturber, 279.

⁶ Rink, *Tales &c. of the Esquimaux*, 90.

beat drowsy foreheads with their tiny clubs.¹ And the Odjibwas, with a fancy which has been so poetically preserved by Longfellow, identified Winter with an old hoary-headed man called Peboan, Spring with a young man of quick step and rosy face called Segwun.²

The testimony, therefore, afforded by the observation of modern savage races as to the growth of mythology discloses several ways in which, as it is being formed now, we may infer that it was formed thousands of years ago. The evidence of Steller that the Kam-schadals explained everything to themselves according to the liveliness of their fancy, letting nothing escape their examination,³ accords with evidence of other races to the effect that some intellectual curiosity enters as a constituent into the lowest human intelligence, giving birth to explanations which are as absurd to us as they are natural to their original framers. A ready capacity for invention is no rare trait of the savage character. Sir G. Grey found that the capability of Australian natives to invent marvels and wonders was proportioned to the quantity of food he offered to them ;⁴ and in the fondness of the Koranna Hottentots, as they sit round their evening fires, of relating fictitious adventures, lies a source of legendary lore which is not likely to be limited to South Africa, and is probably aided there and elsewhere by the knowledge, common to so many savage tribes, of the preparation of intoxicating drinks.⁵ To these sources of mythology may be added the help supplied by dreams to the elaboration of fiction, the misconceptions effected in traditions by the language of flattery, or perhaps by the language of affection,⁶ and, lastly, the tendency, probably consequent on such confusion, to personify things or even abstract ideas ; and the wonder will no longer be that the mythology of the different races of the world displays so much uniformity, but that uniformity within limited ranges should ever have been taken as a proof of a common ethnological origin.

J. A. FARRER.

¹ *Algie Researches*, ii. 226.

² *Hiawatha*, *Canto xxi.*

³ Steller, 267. "Die Italmanes geben nach ihrer ungemein lebhaften Phantasie von allen Dingen Raison, und lassen nicht das geringste ohne Critic vorbei." Yet they had neither reverence nor names for the stars, calling only the Great Bear the moving star, 281.

⁴ *Travels in Australia*, i. 261.

⁵ Thompson, *South Africa*, ii. 34.

⁶ Schiefner, *Kalewala*, 129. An old man says to a bride :

"*Seinen Mond nannst dich der Vater,
Sonnenschein nannst dich die Mutter,
Wasserschimmer dich der Bruder.*"

If other people besides the Finns thus call their daughters Moon, Sunshine, or Water-glimmer, it is easy to see how the departure of Sunshine as a bride might be explained afterwards as a myth of the dawn, and similarly anything else that happened to her.

*UNPUBLISHED EPISODES IN THE
LIFE OF DR. JOHNSON.*

“ON Monday, March 27 [1775], I breakfasted with him [Dr. Johnson] at Mr. Strahan's,” says Boswell; and then soon after continues: “Mr. Strahan had taken a poor boy from the country as an apprentice, upon Johnson's recommendation. Johnson, having inquired after him, said, ‘Mr. Strahan, let me have five guineas on account, and I'll give this boy one. Nay, if a man recommends a boy, and does nothing for him, it's sad work. Call him down.’

“I followed him into the court-yard, behind Mr. Strahan's house; and there I had a proof of what I had heard him profess, that he talked alike to all. ‘Some people tell you that they let themselves down to the capacity of their hearers. I never do that. I speak, uniformly, in as intelligible a manner as I can.’

“‘Well, my boy, how do you go on?’ ‘Pretty well, Sir; but they are afraid I a'nt strong enough for some parts of the business.’ JOHNSON: ‘Why, I shall be sorry for it; for when you consider with how little mental power and corporeal labour a printer can get a guinea a week, it is a very desirable occupation for you. Do you hear?—Take all the pains you can; and if this does not do, we must think of some other way of life for you. There's a guinea.’

“Here was one of the many, many instances of his active benevolence. At the same time, the slow and sonorous solemnity with which, while he bent himself down, he addressed a little, thick, short-legged boy, contrasted with the boy's awkwardness and awe, could not but excite some ludicrous emotions.”

The “little, thick, short-legged boy” who looked up with “awkwardness and awe” to the uncouth and slovenly mass of mortality looming above him, and listened to the words which with “slow and sonorous solemnity” were addressed to him, was one William Davenport, the orphan son of a clergyman of the Church of England, the Rev. J. Davenport, of Norton. The William Strahan with whom he was apprenticed was one of the most eminent pri

of the time, a man of considerable literary ability and a Member of Parliament.

The father of the boy, the Rev. J. Davenport, was the intimate friend of the Rev. William Langley, head master of Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School at Ashbourne, of whom a pleasant glimpse is obtained in Boswell's "Johnson," under the date of Monday, September 15, 1777:—"After breakfast Johnson carried me to see the garden belonging to the school of Ashbourne, which is very prettily formed upon a bank, rising gradually behind the house. The Reverend Mr. Langley, the head master, accompanied us. While we sat basking in the sun upon a seat here, I introduced a common subject of complaint, the very small salaries which many curates have, and I maintained that no man should be invested with the character of a clergyman unless he has a security for such an income as will enable him to appear respectable; that, therefore, a clergyman should not be allowed to have a curate unless he gives him a hundred pounds a year; if he cannot do that, let him perform the duty himself," and so on. In 1753 the elder Davenport wrote:—

Dear Langley,—Is there any such thing as fatality? Is there an unavoidable necessity to which our actions are subject? If there be, you must call this necessity to account for my late neglect. Not that I am entirely without defence. I acknowledge one letter only from Birmingham unanswered. When I was at Sutton (at the time you mentioned) I was informed you was removed to Ashbourne. Your 2 letters from Ashbourne would have been acknowledged sooner had I not deceived myself by an intention to answer them in *person*. Nor have I by any means dropt that design. It is only deferred, and but for a short time. But I shall expect to hear from you before my visit. Perhaps you may be so much out of temper with me as not to receive me: nay, perhaps so angry as to make it proper for me to keep out of your reach. These things, therefore, must be settled before I undertake the expedition. At the same time please to add a description of Ashbourne, its inhabitants, your own school, and, above all, *your own family*. As to the wonders of your neighbourhood, they shall furnish us with conversation when we meet, and perhaps with employment.

"Concio mihi in arcâ est nova quam tibi mittere vehementer cupio: dic mihi quomodo ad te tuto pervenire possit: ipse incertus sum."

I beg my compliments to Mrs. Langley, and am (with great sincerity, notwithstanding my long silence) your sincere friend and humble servant,

Norton, May 25th, 1753.

J. DAVENPORT.

On the death of Mr. Davenport the boy was taken by Mr. Langley and his wife, and brought up by them, evidently, from their letters, the originals of which are in my own possession, with all the care and love they could have shown to their own child. The grammar school at Ashbourne was almost immediately opposite the house of Dr. Taylor, the schoolfellow and intimate friend of Johnson, with whom [also Mr. Langley was intimately acquainted; and

natural circumstance that the doctor should be appealed to, to help in getting the boy out into the world. Here is Langley's letter to Dr. Johnson, reminding him of his promise to recommend the lad to employment :—

Sir,—You have been so kind as to promise your assistance in procuring a place in some eminent printing office for Wm. Davenport, the poor orphan, who is in my house. I therefore take the liberty (which I hope you will excuse) of applying to you in this manner, and asking the favour of a line to know whether you yet have succeeded, or may be likely soon to succeed, in obtaining a place for him? He has now nearly completed his fifteenth year, and must be sent to some employ by which he may in future support himself. I will not interrupt your time with encomiums on the boy, but whomsoever you shall recommend him to I hope he will fully answer every expectation that may be entertain'd of him. My wife joins in most respectful compliments to you, with, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

W. L.

Ashbourne, March 21, 1774.

Dr. Johnson, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, London.

This was in March 1774, and exactly a year afterwards, in March 1775, the boy was, as has been seen by the extract on the preceding page from Boswell, duly placed in the "eminent printing office" of Mr. Strahan. Here is an earlier letter of Langley's:—

Sir,—Mr. Paul Taylor has promised me to deliver the papers which accompany this letter safe into your hands. I would have sent them sooner if I had received the translation of the two first cantos of Lord Lyttleton's "Progress of Love." I have been hitherto disappointed, and now apprehend I shall not be able to obtain it till I go into Warwickshire, which will be about two months hence. I was, however, unwilling to miss the present opportunity of sending a copy of what papers are in my hands, which I have transcribed almost verbatim. There are many alterations needful, as you will easily observe; but I chose to leave them to your correction, if you shall think them deserving of that trouble. The translations of Perseus were attempted when my late friend was very young. You know, Sir, the motives from which they are proposed to be offered to the publick, and if you shall think they are unworthy of publication, I must beg the favour of you to return them to Mr. Paul Taylor, or to Dr. Taylor, when he shall be in London, who will bring them again to me. If they shall meet with your approbation, you will please to mention in the proposals which you kindly promised to draw up "that no money will be required till the bonds are delivered." If it will not be too much trouble to favour me with a line of your opinion of what I now send, you will very much oblige, Sir, your most obedient servant,

Ashbourne, Novbr. 16th, 1770.

W. L.

To Dr. Johnson, in London.

During the time of the apprenticeship of Johnson's and Langley's *protégé*, the latter, at all events, with his wife, took a constant warm and affectionate interest in him and in his welfare. Indeed, the youth received no money from his master until long after he passed to man's estate, but was supplied with it, as well as with clothes and frequent hampers of eatables, by the Langleys. Mince pies were a

common medium of sending money—a guinea being carefully placed in the crust of the bottom of one of each lot sent. “The mince pies,” he used to write, “were excellent, especially the one with the golden bottom;” “the pies were very good indeed, and the one with the guinea in its midst was most acceptable, and will be very useful to me.” Here are two of his letters in full. The first is addressed to Mrs. Langley:—

Dear Madam,—Nothing but a reliance on that good nature with which you have hitherto endured my failings enables me to entertain hopes of your forgiveness for so long, so ungrateful a silence, in return for your late favours. But before I proceed an inch further, give me leave, late as it is, to thank you kindly for the mince pies and other presents which you had the goodness to send me, and which (with the money for Miss Toplis’s and Mr. Astle’s books) exactly accorded with Mr. Langley’s letter. The mince pies were of their usual excellence, without the least injury from the carriage.

When I was honoured with Mr. Langley’s last letter we were busied day and night in getting ready Acts and other publications for the East Indies before the sailing of the Convoy, and in printing appeals to the House of Lords from the owners of captured ships, which pour upon us in such numbers since our hostilities with the Dutch that, whilst the Lords sit to hear these appeals, we work like the Israelites under Egyptian taskmasters. Thus circumstanced, I looked forward to some day of rest that would allow me to write to you with that leisure and attention which becomes me. But, alas! no such day arrived; and, like the way-worne traveller on the Alps, no sooner had I surmounted one difficulty than a greater arose in its place. Even Friday, the great Sabbath of the nation, shone not so to me. I had determined, indeed, to steal ten minutes, for the purpose of writing, on Saturday; but on Friday night I met Mrs. Maskall, who desired me to defer it till to-morrow, when she should have a letter to inclose. I am now sitting upon my bedside, at midnight, to give you these few lines, which to-morrow I should attempt in vain.

Strange burlesque! that within those very walls whence issued the Royal mandate for a solemn fast throughout the nation; whence issued the peculiar prayers commanded to be used thereon—strange, I say, that the *manufacturers* of those very prayers and mandates should themselves neither rest, nor fast, nor pray!

I was about half an hour with Dr. Johnson on Sunday. The Doctor sends his compliments to you and Mr. Langley. He says he has found the poems Mr. Langley sent him; and, *if he should happen to be upstairs when I next call upon him*, he will let me have them. I mentioned to the Doctor the hardship of remaining almost eight years in servitude; and he *promised* to try to get me an allowance of some months. “But” (to use his own phrase) “the promises of authors are like the vows of lovers!”

It is high time to ask you if Mr. L. is returned from Warwickshire, and how he does. I hope he is well, and has done all his business abroad to his satisfaction. I hope, too, that he will not forget his promise, *viz.*, to write to me at his return. So long a silence, indeed, on my part does not deserve such a requital; but, if you and Mr. L. treat all my failings as they deserve, woe betide me!

I can give you no late account of our Friends in Smithfield, as I have not

been able to see them this age. When I saw them last they were tolerably well. Mrs. T., junior, had, indeed, scarcely recovered from the bad effects of a fall down stairs, which hurt her back considerably and obliged her to keep her bed for some time.

Sleep, with his leaden sceptre, almost overpowers me. I have just looked at my candle, and it has a winding sheet that would make the stoutest heart tremble, especially in one who had been tortured with the hip-gout for two months, and a sore throat for a fortnight. I have been bled, and blistered, and plaistered, and all to no purpose; and, what is more, I have been obliged to pay for it. Our apothecary (Mr. Strahan's son-in-law) has been discarded, and no other is put in his place, which materially affects us understrapping invalids. We have physicians enow, indeed, to give us advice, but our money must find us medicines.

I have been nodding again, so I must give it up.

May you and Mr. Langley long enjoy health and happiness, which will contribute not a little to that of, dear Madam, your most grateful and affectionate servant,

P.S. Kind compts. to Miss Allen.
London, Feb. 11, 1782.

W. DAVENPORT.

And here is another written in the same year, with some more very interesting allusions to Dr. Johnson:—

London: August 1st, 1782.

Honoured Sir,—The hurry and confusion which I complained of in my last have a little abated for the present, and I have employed the opportunity of some leisure hours in patching up a few sentences into a letter for *Quidam*. Such as it is I enclose it; but I am afraid it will gain me no laurels. The more I examine it, the more it appears like false metaphor, puny wit, and broken irony; nor should I think it worth offering even to Q. but for the epitaph at the end, which acts like a sugar-plum after a dose of physic. If you see anything too absurd for sufferance, pray inform me by return of post; I shall wait in expectation of this till Monday night, when, if I hear nothing from you, I shall send it off to his Holiness *in statu quo*.

I have to thank Mrs. Langley and you for a very handsome waistcoat, which was brought here on Friday, while I was absent, by an unknown hand. I have the pleasure to inform you that it fits me to a T. If I knew who brought it, which I do not at present, I could perhaps make use of their services to carry down the pamphlet I received from Dr. Johnson. What a fool have I been in this matter! Although Mrs. Langton did me the favour to call upon me twice, and purposely to know if I had any commands, it never once occurred to me that I had this very pamphlet to send you.

I can hear from another quarter, if not from you, that you have all been attacked by the late prevalent influenza. I hope it has disappeared before now, and left no disagreeable relics behind it.

Dr. Johnson, contrary to my expectation, seems to have quite recovered his health and spirits. He talks of seeing Derbyshire this summer, but doubts whether old Satyrion will come here to fetch him; as he supposes him not a little galled by the sudden secession of his protector from the Cabinet, which has frustrated his Derbyshire address and all his rising hopes.

Sic transit gloria mundi!

The bellman is waiting at the door for this letter. Pray give my dutiful and

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affectionate respects to Mrs. Langley, and tell her I hope to write to her soon ; and believe that I remain, whilst life remains, hon. Sir, your most dutiful and grateful servant,

W. DAVENPORT.

The Reverend Mr. Langley.

The Mrs. Langton referred to was the wife of Johnson's intimate friend, Bennet Langton, brother to another of his friends, Peregrine Langton, of Partney, and to the ill-fated Reverend Dean Langton (Dean of Clogher), who lost his life at Dovedale, near Ashbourne, as recounted in the following interesting letter from Wenman Coke, dated "Ashbourne, Thursday, July the 30th, 1761; night, 11 o'clock:"—

Dear Sir,— Poor Dean Langton, Mrs. Coke, and Miss Laroche went on Tuesday last to dine and see Dovedale in the Peake of Derbyshire, and on their return the Dean walked, with his horse in his hand, in a footpath (which is made sloping), till Miss Laroche complained of being tired, when the Dean proposed taking her on the horse before him on his horse. They had got within a few yards of the top when the horse by some accident slip'd, and they both fell from the summit of the rocks to the bottom, near 300 yards. The Dean was found in half an hour after the fall on the declivity of a rock (stop'd by a shrub), with his head downwards, and was with great difficulty and labour in three hours got down. He was taken up with very little appearance of life ; but, by the assistance of a physician, who was by accident at the place—and who immediately bled him—he was a little relieved. His head was found to be beat to a mummy, one of his eyes out, and the other very much hurt ; his nose and face in a jelly of blood, and not one part of his body free from the most violent bruises—a more horrid figure it is impossible to conceive. In this manner he was brought to Ashbourne, when surgeons and an eminent physician from Lichfield (Dr. Darwin) was immediately sent for, but all to no purpose ; for he continued insensible to everything but great pain, and died half-an-hour since ; a more affecting scene I think is impossible to have happened. . . . I can't in these circumstances think of acquainting my aunt with it, but have wrote to Mr. Langton, of Langton, to break it to her. . . . Miss Laroche, who fell fifty yards lower than the Dean, received much less hurt, but has several bad wounds on her head, face, and body. The physicians don't apprehend any immediate danger. . . .

Your most affectionate friend,

Mr. Langton, General Post Office, London.

WENMAN COKE.

In 1783, Davenport, being then twenty-four years old, although still continuing at Mr. Strahan's printing office, being "out of his time," had to seek for lodgings instead of remaining longer in his master's house. Having consulted his patron, Dr. Johnson, as to the future of his life, he received the highly characteristic, decided, and laconic advice detailed in the following letter to Mr. Langley:—

London, February 4th, 1783.

Honoured Sir,—Mrs. Strahan desires me, in her name, and with her compliments, to thank you (as I do also most respectfully *in my own*) for two brace of very fine partridges, which were received safe a day or two before I had the pleasure of hearing from you. A brace had been eaten ere I could acquaint Mrs.

Strahan from whence they came. The remaining brace Mrs. S. insisted upon my carrying to Dr. Johnson, in my own name; which I did, and received the Doctor's thanks.

All this I should have informed you of a post or two ago, did not necessarily require me to employ every moment's leisure from Mr. Strahan's business in looking for a lodging and making other preparations for my approaching change in life. In managing these small concerns, more difficulty occurs than may perhaps be imagined. I have travelled over the whole town, and cannot find a decent room to sleep in the rent of which I shall be able to pay. In hiring a lodging, a young person, who is apparently unaccustomed to the business, is very apt to be imposed upon; but I have nobody here to do it for me. My situation, at present, feels not the most agreeable. I must quit Mr. Strahan's house on Saturday, at the farthest; and here I sit, without any immediate prospect of a hole to put my head in; with only a very few shillings in my pocket (not sufficient for the customary treat expected on such occasions) to pay for my food and lodging, till my labour brings me more: and it seems but a bad beginning to eat first and work afterwards to pay for it. Our earnings are only paid us by the week, but the belly in the mean time can give no credit. I know your goodness, and blame myself for not telling you this my situation before; I don't think it prudent to ask Mr. Maskall for any money, on this occasion, without your approbation; and your approbation I shall hardly have time to receive before I shall want a dinner. May I entreat you to write to me by the return of the post, so that I may receive your letter on Saturday? for on Saturday I must remove into some lodging, good or bad, and begin to undergo the punishment which was denounced against all Adam's posterity!

Mrs. Taylor begs me to express her hearty thanks to Mrs. Langley for her Christmas presents, with which she is highly delighted. She begs Mrs. L.'s pardon for not having written herself; but pleads, in excuse, her rheumatism, her household cares, her Christmas visits, her company, &c., &c., &c.

Midas has not yet received his address. An accident prevented my sending it on the day I mentioned to you; but it would have gone by the return of that post which brought me your letter had I not foolishly misunderstood a sentence therein: "With respect to the poetical address, let that remain, at present, where it is." This, upon the first reading, I took to signify that I should keep it close entirely. I did not perceive my error till I thought it was too late; as you told me, Midas would be in town the week after. But I imagine it will do as well if he gets it on his return to the country.

According to your desire, I consulted Dr. Johnson about my future employment in life, and he very laconically told me "to work hard at my trade, as others had done before me." I told him my size and want of strength prevented me from getting so much money as other men: "Then," replied he, "you must get as much as you can!"

That Heaven may preserve the health of you and Mrs. Langley, and continue to pour down upon you those blessings which you are so willing to impart to others, is the constant prayer of, hon. Sir, your most dutiful and faithful servant,

W. DAVENPORT.

At this same time, February 1783, Dr. Johnson was, as he had for some months done, interesting himself, with Mr. Langley, in the affairs of some Derbyshire ladies, the Misses Collier, and in that

month propounded a series of questions to them which led to the following letter to the Doctor :—

Sir,—I have delayed to acknowledge the receipt of a letter from you last week, longer than may be thought necessary, but I was willing to obtain from the Miss Colliers the most explicit answers to the questions proposed by you respecting them. I have seen Miss Collier twice, who has told me that she apprehended you had been informed by her letters of every material circumstance which relates to her and her sister's present situation. As this answer was vague, and the particulars in her letters perhaps not remembered by you, I have, this eve, desired both of them to give me plain replies to these your questions.

“What do you expect?—With the utmost deference and submission to Dr. Johnson's direction and determination, we hope that we shall not be thought unreasonable or extravagant in our wishes to have a certain sum of money given or secured to us, the interest of which may procure for us a moderate but decent subsistence. We have been educated in no employment or line of business by which we can obtain a maintenance, and hope that, as our parents possessed and left a considerable estate, we shall not be abandoned to indigence and distress.

“To what do you think yourselves entitled?—At the time of our mother's marriage with Mr. Flint the estate at Bishton was reserved in her power, and intended for our support. This estate was afterwards sold, but we have been informed from one of the trustees of the marriage settlement that there was an engagement given by Mr. Flint that a specified sum of money should be paid to each of us in lieu of this estate, though this engagement, it is said, is not now to be found. Mr. Flint some time ago offered us seventy pounds a year, which we would willingly have accepted if it would have been secured to us and our heirs. We have been since told that he would give us five hundred pounds each, but when I (Mary Collier) was sent for by Dr. Taylor about this last mentioned circumstance, the Dr. told me that he would not advise Mr. Flint to pay us that sum but on condition that we entirely excluded ourselves and our heirs from any future claim or right to any part of our late parents' possessions, though by a clause in the marriage settlement of our late mother it is provided that in case of the death of whatever children she might have by Mr. Flint, and their heirs, the estates which were then in the possession of her and Mr. Flint should revert to us and our heirs. And in default of such our heirs then to remain with Mr. Flint and his heirs for ever. Will Dr. Johnson please to consider if it will be proper or advisable for us to sign such an exclusion, and deprive ourselves or our heirs of the chance of succeeding to the estates by contingent events?

“Upon what do you ground your claims or your hopes?—Our claim is grounded only on what we have answered to the second question. We have no hopes but in the interposition of Dr. Johnson to procure this matter, and what else may regard Mr. Flint and us, to be settled in an amicable, and we are certain, if Dr. Johnson shall please to interfere, it will be in an equitable manner.”

These were the replies which they gave to me, and very nearly in their own words. They both desire their most dutiful respects to Dr. Johnson.

The Miss Colliers wish to have this affair settled as soon as possible, as in case of Mr. Flint's alteration of his present state or his death, before it shall be concluded, their situation may be unhappy in a very high degree.

Mrs. L.— joins in most respectful compliments to you with, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

W. L.

Ashbourne, Feby. 14th, 1783.

I have heard very little of Miss Colliers since I rec'd your letter of the 24th of June last, in which you say 'that Dr. Taylor has engaged in their affair, and therefore it will be fit to let him act alone.' It certainly might have been settled some months past with equal facility as it is likely to be now or at any time hereafter.

Dr. Johnson, Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.

Ten days afterwards (February 24th), another note of particulars was sent to Dr. Johnson by Mr. Langley; it ran as follows:—

Mr. Riddlesden, apothecary and surgeon, who attended Mrs. Flint in her illness, now dictates to me that a few days before the death of Mrs. Flint she declared to him, pressing his hand with earnestness, that there was a writing drawn and signed in which was specified a sum of money to be given to her two daughters which she had by her former husband (the sum was not mentioned to Mr. Riddlesden), and that Mr. Flint, her then husband, by many persuasions and importunities had prevailed upon her to deliver up that writing to him. That from the time of her delivering it to him she had been very uneasy in her mind for complying with his repeated solicitations. That she desired the writing to be then produced for Mr. Riddlesden's inspection. That Mr. Flint objected to the producing it, assuring her with strong asseverations that he should consider the Miss Colliers as his own children.

Miss Collier wishes me to inform you that the last time she waited on Dr. Taylor, he told her that Mr. Flint had offered to leave the determination of this matter entirely to him, and that if he thought five hundred pounds each was not sufficient, he would add what more the Dr. should recommend. That he replied, "No, Flint, the whole is a generous offer of your own and you shall have the entire merit of what is given to them." From this declaration the Miss Colliers were in hopes that this matter would have been amicably settled some time ago.

Whether Dr. Johnson succeeded in bringing the matter to a successful issue for the two ladies, or whether he allowed the whole thing to drop either from apathy or otherwise, the letters do not show, but whether he did carry out his promise or not it is certain that his friend Langley did his utmost to help those who were evidently, as is the way of the world, being done out of their pecuniary rights. In his letter addressed "To Dr. Johnson, Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London," from "Ashbourne, February 24, 1783," he speaks of having been to a Mr. Dean (evidently a lawyer), as to certain papers and agreements belonging to Miss Collier, but which he denied having. That he got himself "into hot water" about the affair is abundantly evidenced by a letter to Dr. Johnson dated in the following May ("Ashbourne, May 19, 1783"), which runs as follows:—

Sir,—The kind manner in which you are pleased to address me in your last letter demands my sincerest thanks, and ye approbation you express of my conduct respecting the Miss Colliers far more than compensates for the incivilities I have met with and for the base insinuations which have been covertly given to the honest and amicable intentions of my heart to both parties. I wish the affair concerning those girls was adjusted, who at present seem very unhappy.

The favour which you have sent to W. Davenport for me, of which he has

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informed me by this day's post, I shall receive with peculiar pleasure. They will be a distinguished ornament in my small collection of books and confer credit upon me from every person who shall be told that they are a present from Dr. Johnson to his most obdt. and obliged humble servt. W. L.

Mrs. L. unites with me in fervent wishes for your health.

To Dr. Johnson, Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.

A parcel of books as "a present from Dr. Johnson" would indeed be a treasure to the plain-living Mr. Langley in the Peak village of Ashbourne, and doubtless would, as he so naively expresses it, be a distinguished ornament to his small collection of books and confer credit upon him from every person—and that would be everyone in the district—who should be told that he was the recipient of such a treasure.

To return to Johnson and his *protégé*, Davenport, the next letter to which it is necessary to refer is dated January 21, 1783.

In that month Davenport was about "out of his time" as an apprentice to Mr. Strahan, the printer, and he thus writes on that coming time to Mr. Langley:—

I still continue to be (in the vulgar phrase) "buried alive"; with this additional distinction from the prisoner of the King of Terrors, that my cell instead of being somewhat below the surface of the earth is four stories above it. But all this, in my present circumstances, is of very little consequence. I am now fast approaching to that critical era of my life in which, more perhaps than at any other, I shall need your helping council and support. Continually am I wishing to see you and to ask you a thousand questions which are much fitter for friendly conversation than the cold conveyance of ink and paper. I must begin to-morrow to look for some decent garret to put my head in as soon as my time shall be expired. It is disagreeable for a single man in London to seek lodgings; as, if he has no friends and is little acquainted with household affairs, he is very liable to be imposed upon. But this I must obviate as well as I can . . . I heartily thank Mrs. Langley for the mince pies, which beyond measure are the best I have eaten in London since the last she sent me. The cockneys who have tasted them wonder how Derbyshire can produce such dainties.

In the same letter Davenport alludes to the celebrated Dr. Vyse, chaplain or secretary to Archbishop Cornwallis, at Lambeth Palace; and to "Midas," whom all the world knows.

As was quite natural, the son of a clergyman, brought up and fostered with the utmost care by another clergyman and his wife, his father's friends; thoroughly well educated at the grammar school of which that clergyman was head-master; known to and connected with many well-to do people; and, while at Ashbourne, accustomed to all the comforts of a comfortable home—William Davenport, who had been led to expect better things as the *protégé* of Dr. Johnson, felt that the trade of compositor to which he had been put was in no wise suited to him, either bodily or mentally, and his letter, written

in July 1783, tells unmistakably the state of his feelings and the hardships he had to endure. Short in stature, weak in bodily health, with a refined and highly cultivated mind and moral principles of the highest order, he was totally unfit for the wearisome drudgery of a compositor's life, and longed ardently for something more congenial to his tastes and feelings. What a contrast this letter, as follows, presents to that of the condition of compositors at the present day, both in number of hours for labour, and in remuneration for that work!

Honoured Sir,—Though your correspondence with me may have formerly suffered a longer intermission than the present, I never before so earnestly wished for its renewal. Next to the pleasure afforded us by the presence of a friend is that of maintaining an intercourse with him by letters; but how enhanced is the pleasure if he is an *only* friend! Bred and supported so long under your immediate care, I view you indeed not only as a friend, but as a father; and though now in some degree let loose upon the world, I still consider myself under your guardianship and protection. Not that I have the smallest *title* to your goodness, but that its early influence has implanted in my breast all the confidence and affection of one who might have had the happiness to have been your son.

To you, then, and to your house, I address myself as to my home. If in doing this I presume too far, forgive me, for throughout the wide world I have no home besides.

When I consider with what generous and unwearied pains you endeavoured to furnish me with more than a decent education, my gratitude is not less ardent than if that education had contributed to my happiness and ease in life, for with such good views you gave it to me. But (with these advantages) will you blame me for feeling equal regret and disappointment in being doomed to a low mechanical profession, for which nature has allowed me neither size nor strength, and for which my education was bestowed in vain? Associated with a vulgar herd, whose ideas reach no farther than the garret they are employed in, of what advantage are superior notions, but to make my situation more irksome and disgusting? To be for ever mixed with such companions would dim the brightest powers, and instead of encouraging a man to laudable and ingenious pursuits, must degrade him in his own eyes, as well as in those of others.

These may seem the troubles of fancy, and if, contrary to my perception, they should prove so in part, let me not be deemed inexcusable, for with our health our spirits fail us, and to a disordered frame every object is gloomy. But I labour under other difficulties more evident and more pressing. It may, perhaps, be necessary to inform you that I am obliged, in order barely to subsist, to stand at my business more than twelve hours a day, besides often exerting my poor strength to the utmost, and paying occasionally for the help of others. Standing is a position which my weak but heavy frame of body cannot so long endure without great fatigue; yet fatigue should not have urged me to complain could my constitution have supported me under it. But the task overcomes me. It has occasioned a constant pain and weakness in my loins, for which I can hear of no remedy in my present situation. Ease and gentle exercise in a better air are recommended by Dr. Buchan as more useful than all the medicines I can take. But how can I compass these? Every hour's relaxation must be atoned for by some self-denial, for with all my assiduity, my fare, if honestly eaten, must be poor. Not that all compositors are straightened thus; most of them can earn

more in two days than nature has enabled me to do in three. How, then, in the soundest health, can I make provision for disease, or allow myself even those salutary refreshments which keep life, as it were, awake, and help us through our duty with spirit and alacrity?

Thus to toil in the drudgery of life, without hope of advantage or of ease; to be deprived of all opportunities of amusing or improving my mind by reading; to struggle occasionally with disease and hunger, and so far to impair my constitution as to be sensible each day of its decline, are the advantages I have acquired from the recommendation and interest of the great Dr. Johnson. The situation of a journeyman printer (which in London is not better than that of a journeyman taylor) may be got without interest or money; a parish boy may have it if he can read his Bible.

These are not the cravings of discontent, for I have that frugality which can be satisfied with little; they are not the wailings of indolence, for I want not to be idle. But how many employments are there which depend more upon the mind than the body, and by which many less qualified than I subsist with comfort and decency. But, alas! it is my unhappy lot to tug the labouring oar against the stream of life which, while I preserve my present tract, can never turn in my favour, like the boatman described by Virgil, who

Si brachia forte remisit

Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni.

The intense heat of the weather is peculiarly oppressive and unwholesome, where so many are confined in one apartment, and that exposed to the noonday sun. It disorders some of the stoutest among us, and it brought upon me a feverish complaint, with intervals of shivering, attended with fiery eruption over my whole body and face, and a weakness in my eyes, and a swelling in my legs. It so dispirited and weakened me for a few days that I was not able to work, or even walk. I am now something better, but not able to apply to business with sufficient constancy to pay for my illness and loss of time. The confined air of the little court to which I was obliged to remove for cheapness sake, I fear does me no good. In this situation, far from friends or support, I hope you will excuse my complaints. While health smiles upon me, I can be content with a morsel of bread; when disease overcomes me, I must submit to the will of Him who sends it, and content myself with a humble confidence that the asylum which sheltered me so long will not in my adversity shut its doors against me.

You will have learnt from the papers that Dr. Johnson has been ill. He still continues so. When I saw him last he inquired if I had sent you the books. The length of time since I received them made me ashamed to say no, and I evaded a direct answer to the question. You have not yet told me how I shall send them.

Mrs. Taylor has likewise been very ill, and is, I find, gone to Islington for the sake of the fresh air. She desired me some time ago to make an apology for her backwardness in writing.

I believe I told you before that my residence is at No. 2 Moore's Yard, Old Fish Street, Drs. Commons. May I hope to hear from you or Mrs. Langley? You once indulged me with that pleasure oftener than of late.

May health and happiness ever attend you and Mrs. Langley, and may Heaven plentifully reward that generous kindness which you have so long heaped upon your grateful and dutiful servant,

London, July 14, 1783.

W. DAVENPORT.

Rev. Mr. Langley, Ashbourne, Derbyshire.

It would appear that soon after this time, either with or without Dr. Johnson's help—probably the latter—Davenport obtained a miserable post in the Excise which it was hoped would serve as a stepping-stone to something better. In July 1784, the Rev. Mr. Langley wrote to him the following letter. It shows how the kind-hearted Derbyshire clergyman and his admirable motherly wife continued to interest themselves in the grown-up man whom they had so befriended from boyhood :—

Dear Will,—Tho' I unwillingly take a pen to write a letter which is of trivial or of little consequence, yet I as readily communicate what I would wish a person to know, for whose advantage I am anxious, even tho' the completion of the hint may perhaps be at some considerable distance. I do not know then for the former of these reasons I ought to have delayed to acquaint you that I met Mr. Harris at my return home. He expressed his inclination to serve you in terms which claimed particular acknowledgments from me, and in which I am persuaded your heart will not be deficient. He mentioned, too, Mr. Payne's readiness to promote your interest, and from the character he gave of that gentl. I will believe that he did not impose on him with mere words. Mr. Wilberforce was also introduced. Mr. Harris is persuaded of the benevolence of his heart and a dependence on his assistance. Among other things I mentioned the little squib you had shown me in his defence from some trifling attack in a newspaper. I apprehend that Mr. Wilberforce is entirely unacquainted with it. Mr. Harris wished to see it. I told him that I would desire you to send him a copy of it. This I hope you will not fail to do, accompanied with what apology you may think proper. Mr. Harris's address is at Bailie, near Winborne, Dorset. If you cannot procure a frank easily send without one. With respect to what I think is full as material to you, Mr. Geo. Fletcher, of Cubley, has just now left me. After very friendly inquiries concerning you, he asked if you were not employed in the post or some other office, and wished to know your situation in it. After explaining to him what your engagements had been in the Excise Office, he, with great feelings for your welfare, desired me to direct you to inquire what place in any office might be likely to be vacant soon, as he would willingly exert his influence to serve you. This must be transacted through Lord Vernon, of whose good offices he expressed himself assured, with his father-in-law, Earl Gower, whose influence and interest is at this time very great and almost infallible. I told him a place of £60 or £80 a year would be accepted, and gave him some reasons why that was requested. He thought it was a trifle to be asked for, and was sanguine that perhaps somewhat more may be attained. I shall be glad to inform you, or hear of, your advancement in some advantageous line. Mrs. L., who is at my elbow, wants me to say something about not forgetting a coat, etc., for you. I have not time; the post is near setting out, and therefore with Mrs. L.'s best wishes for you, united with me, believe me to be, dear Will, your real friend,

W. L.

Ashbourne, July 17 84.

I suppose you have heard that Mrs. Rhudde's cause has been re-heard before the Chancellor. It was scouted with the greatest indignation, and most severe animadversions on the plaintiff. Proper respects to all friends.

To Mr. Davenport, No. 137 Fetter Lane, London.

Following this in date is a remarkable letter from Davenport to

Langley, which contains some curious and very telling allusions to Dr. Johnson and to his bucolic friend the Rev. Dr. Taylor, of Ashbourne, whom he described "as said in the Apocrypha, 'his talk was of bullocks'":—

Honoured Sir,—Accept my sincere and most heartfelt thanks for your very kind letter. While I cannot help entertaining a very grateful sense of Mr. Harris's generous and disinterested endeavours in my favour, how much more esteem have I to be grateful to you, from whom not only Mr. Harris's assistance but every other happiness of my life proceeds.

Your willingness to inform me of anything likely to contribute to my welfare gives me far greater pleasure than the prospect it communicates. It gives me additional proof of your friendship, which I ought to esteem at a much higher rate than that of the many others who have *promised* to assist me—

" — Multi numerantur amici?
Raro inter multos verus amicus adest!"

I am afraid the acquisition of fresh professions and promises is no more, as Cowley observes, than stuffing base counters into a purse, which add much to the bulk but little to the value.

By this I do not mean to insinuate a doubt of Mr. Fletcher's kindness and good intentions; on the contrary, I am extremely obliged to him for his voluntary and unsolicited concern in my welfare. But while I am thankful for his inclination, I much doubt his ability to serve me. His intimacy with Lord Vernon may be great, but probably his lordship is "all things to all men." Like the character described by Pope:—

" Rough at a foxchase, civil at a ball,
Friendly at *Ashbourne*, faithless at Whitehall."

I have consulted Mr. Astle upon the subject, and he gives me very little hope. In the first place, he agrees with me in doubting the validity of Mr. Fletcher's influence with Lord Vernon. Secondly, Lord Vernon votes against the Ministry; and Mr. A. is by no means of opinion that his interest, even with his father-in-law, is very considerable. Thirdly, Lord Gower has the two boroughs of Lichfield and Newcastle to keep in good humour, from which he, doubtless, receives more petitions and applications than he is able to satisfy. Mr. Astle laughs at the idea of inquiring what place is likely to be vacant, because, ere that likelihood could possibly be known by me, it would be too late to apply for it. He says the most direct and effectual way Mr. Fletcher can take to serve me will be to exert his influence with Lord Vernon, that his lordship would be pleased, through the interest of Earl Gower, or in such other manner as he may think proper, to procure a place for me in any office or department of between £60 and £100 a year. This, with my best thanks for his generous offer, you will be pleased to communicate to Mr. Fletcher.

I have sent a copy of the little squib to Mr. Harris; but you will excuse me for adding that whilst I hesitated not a moment to obey your desire, I could not thoroughly persuade myself of the propriety of the measure. I was not so much concerned that Mr. Harris should see it, as that the communication of it should come from myself. I was afraid he would think it a very paltry trifle obtruded on his notice, and that I was rather exhibiting my nakedness than my wit, and, what is worse, would suspect me of courting Mr. Wilberforce's favour by mean and officious adulation. In my apology I expressed as strongly as I could my sense.^c

its futility, and most earnestly requested Mr. H. never to give the least intimation of it to Mr. Wilberforce.

Be pleased to give my best thanks to Mrs. Langley for her benevolent intentions, which you had not time to express more fully in your last. I am too well assured both of her goodness and yours to suppose that you will ever forget to be kind to me. On my part I hope never to forget that heartfelt gratitude with which I now subscribe myself, most honoured Sir, your ever dutiful and obedient servant,
London, August 2nd, 1784. W. DAVENPORT.

Mr. Astle tells me (what you probably know already) that Dr. Taylor means to carry his cause before the Lords, and will probably plague Mrs. Rhudde as long as he lives; and that a principal reason why Dr. Johnson so warmly espouses his cause is Dr. Taylor having made a will, wherein the estate is left to Dr. Johnson after Mrs. Rhudde's death and his own: *Auri sacra fames!*

I have not lately been to Mr. Maskall's. The captain, I hear, is come home. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor send best respects.

Rev. Mr. Langley, Ashbourne, Derbyshire.

In Boswell's "Johnson" we read much the same reason assigned for that worthy's self-interest in his attachment to Dr. Taylor. Thus he says: "Johnson and Taylor were so different from each other that I wondered at their preserving an intimacy. Their having been at school and college together might in some degree account for this; but Sir Joshua Reynolds has furnished us with a stronger reason, for Johnson mentioned to him that he had been told by Dr. Taylor he was to be his heir. I shall not take upon me to animadvert upon this, but certain it is that Johnson paid great attention to Taylor." It is curious to see this opinion given to Boswell after Johnson's death so clearly alluded to in Davenport's letter during the lifetime of both. A week or two later (October 2, 1784) Davenport, writing to Mrs. Langley, wrote that he was still "starving at 16s. a week in a darksome printing office," having "heard no more from the Commissioners of Excise or Mr. Wilberforce," and adds: "Mr. Pitt's additional window tax has fallen very heavy upon me, though I have not a pane of glass in the world, but in consequence of it my landlord gave me notice that my apartment must be raised to £10 a year. Sooner than submit to what I deemed an extortion, I removed; but my trouble was all my reward, for I could not find a cheaper apartment that was clean and in a honest house. My lodging is No. 92 Dorset Street, Salisbury Square. I learn," he goes on to say, "from the papers that Dr. Johnson has been introduced to the Duke of Devonshire and politely received.¹ Mrs. Strahan lately

¹ "Do you know the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire?" Johnson himself wrote on the 9th September. "And have you ever seen Chatsworth? I was at Chatsworth on Monday: I had seen it before, but never when its owners were at home. I was very kindly received, and honestly pressed to stay; but I told them that a sick man is not a fit inmate of a great house. But I hope to go again some time."

told me that the Doctor has considerably recovered his health, but that his host, poor worthy gentleman (as he styled him!) has been very" and then follows some fragmentary allusion to the "air balloons" about which Dr. Johnson was interested, and was able (as he wrote on September 29) "to impart to his friend in the country an idea of this species of amusement."

The next letter which it is interesting to add to these notes is one from the Rev. Mr. Langley to W. Davenport, dated from Ashbourne, December 18, 1784, in which allusion is made to the death of the great lexicographer, who, it will be remembered, had died on the 13th of that month, and was, at the moment of its being written, lying unburied, awaiting interment two days later in Westminster Abbey:—

Dear Will,—I have two letters of yours now before me; the former of a distant date, which, if I remember rightly, was in every material circumstance answered in a letter from Mrs. L. However it concerns nothing which is necessary now to be reviewed. The latter, dated November 23, I received last week, and in that the chief circumstance which claims a moment's thought is the alteration of Mr. Wilberforce's behaviour to you. Do not be hasty to form suggestions about it. Various circumstances may occasion a person in his situation to appear less willing to serve an almost unknown candidate for his favour, which time may unravel to that candidate's satisfaction. Endeavour to obtain an explanation of it if you can. Whatever may be the event, let it teach you not to put too much faith in man. If any emissaries apply to you again upon the subject, which *Cap* did, tell them to engage the person for whom they solicit your correspondence, to refund the money, between £40 and £50, which I was told was taken from your father's pockets, which was *your* property, and to which base action a *certain* person, I am convinced, was privy. Little friendship can be expected from those who rob the dead and desert and materially injure a destitute and almost friendless orphan. But I have other things to speak to you about.

The loss of Dr. Johnson is much to be regretted. It is a national loss. But *omnes eodem cogimur*. I must desire of you to apply to his servant Frank, and inquire into whose hands the management of his affairs are fallen. A great part of the last evening which the Doctor passed in this town was with me. In talking about old and legendary books I happened to mention that Simeon, a monk of Durham, had left an account of the Church of Durham and the Life of St. Cuthbert, in Latin, 8vo. The Doctor asked to see it, and then requested me to lend it to him, as a companion in the postchaise, with unusually repeated assurances that it should be returned to me safe. It is bound in vellum and titled on the back with ink, and the editor's name, T. BEDFORD, added. On the first blank leaf I wrote with a blacklead pencil "W. L." just before I put it into the Doctor's hand. I wish you to procure it for me and take a convenient opportunity of sending it by means of Mr. Maskall or Mr. Taylor, or keep it till I can ask some friend to call for it. The stone tankard I believe must remain where it is unless the price I offered will be taken. You will apply to Mr. Maskall for money to pay for ye Chronicle, and tell the person who sends them that three at least have not reached here within ye last quarter, and that on Monday last a duplicate was sent; I wish them to be sent regularly.

In a box, which will be sent to Mr. Taylor's by Bass's¹ waggon this evening, will be ten mince pies for you. At ye bottom of one of them is put a grüna, which will pay for a few warm glasses of something in the approaching holidays; and a tongue which you may ask the favour of Mrs. Taylor to let her servant boil for you. It will supply you with two or three suppers. I suppose Mrs. L. will write a line to Mrs. Taylor and inclose it in the box. If she shall be prevented by business you will give our best and affectionate regards and wishes and compliments to them, and desire that the jointed ring may be sent to us by the first opportunity which offers. Business has called Mrs. L. away twice while she was writing. I must therefore desire you to inform Mrs. Taylor that there are in the box two dozen of pies and a tongue, and a ham on the outside, which Mrs. L. hopes will prove good, but desires it may not be kept long. A great number of apologies and compliments are added to them, and hopes that they will all be well accepted. The time for the post to set off is drawing near; I shall therefore only add that your nominal master, Mr. John Watson, died about two weeks ago; Mrs. Hodgson on Sunday last; Mrs. Goodwin is not expected to survive many days; and one or two more whom you knew here are dangerously ill. Mrs. L. wishes you may live happily many years, and so does your friend, &c.,

Ashbourne, December 18th, '84.

W. L.

It is uncertain if the box can be sent to-night upon account of the bad weather. You are desired to take Mrs. Maskall's letter, which will be in the box, into Milk Street. At ye hook of the ham is cut a T.

Dr. Johnson in his last visit here mentioned to me some observations which he had been long collecting, for explaining many passages in the Scriptures. I wish that I could possibly be indulged with a sight of them. Enquire if such a favour can be obtained. I doubt not but that I should have seen them had he lived, as he had engaged me to have transcribed some papers which I have in that line, and some others of a different nature which he told me he would introduce to the Royal Society. Dan. Astle has been ordained a deacon by the Bishop of Hereford *prob Doleucus*.

To Mr. W. Davenport, No. 92 Dorset Street,
Salisbury Square, London.

To the query as to the writings on passages of Scripture, Davenport in April 1785 replied:—

Sir John Hawkins appeared to be convinced that Dr. Johnson's extracts, &c., for elucidating the Scriptures were lost or destroyed. He said *all* the loose papers had been inspected and none of that tendency had come to hand; and it was known that the Dr. had burnt several loose writings a little before his death. He did not intimate either a promise or objection to your seeing them provided they were found; nor did it occur to me, after what he said, to ask him. . . . What you heard of Midas² was true: he had a good shaking; but I lately met one of his servants by whom (*horribile dictu!*) I was told he had recovered. The murmurs about him have subsided, and he has returned to his former insignificance. His conduct at Dr. Johnson's funeral made him a temporary butt for the news-writers, under the title of "*the Prebendary WHO ATTEMPTED TO READ the funeral service;*" but when the funeral was forgot he was also forgot with it. The town

¹ An ancestor of M. T. Bass, M.P., the well-known brewer, whose family is from Ashbourne.

² The Rev. Dr. Taylor, of Ashbourne, Johnson's friend, already alluded to.

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is too full of the great for a prebendary to be conspicuous; and too full of wickedness for even monsters like him to be singular.

No saucy remorse
Intrudes on his course
Nor impertinent notice of evil;
But at brothels in store
He in peace has his whore,
And in peace he jogs on to the Devil.

“That wretch Midas is still living,” wrote Langley in his reply, “and lately has basely attempted to do me a material injury. His character acted as an antidote to his poison, but he deserves a severe flagellation for it. *Dictum sat.*”

Again, another allusion to Johnson is made by Davenport in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Langley of January 17, 1785:—

. . . . I wished to defer writing till I had an opportunity of sending your book, which I have at length got away from Dr. Johnson's. I say *at length*, for I found it almost as difficult to obtain the ear of Frank¹ as of the Prime Minister; and when I was admitted to that honour he knew nothing either of the book or of the papers you mention. I left a note for the executors by means of which I obtained an interview with Sir John Hawkins. Sir John returned me the book, but told me that no papers upon Scriptural subjects had reached the hands of the executors. Dr. Johnson, upon his last relapse, burnt several loose papers, and he supposes those in question were destroyed among the rest. The burial of the Dr. has made much noise in town. The paltry conduct of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster on this occasion has been reprobated in every newspaper, and I have contributed something to the public murmurs. My complaints were chiefly directed against the awkward, unfeeling manner in which the burial service was performed; which you will not suppose were altogether groundless when you know that it was attempted by Midas.

In this same letter Davenport, Dr. Johnson's quondam *protégé*, announces to Mr. Langley that his friend Mr. Maskall has, in a friendly manner, “proposed to invest £150 in the share of an evening paper in his own name or mine, if by so doing he can promise me the editorship and printing of it; and he has had the further generosity to hint that if such a thing can be brought about, money shall not be wanting to procure a house and materials. There is no probability of Mr. Maskall's good intentions availing me anything, but I am greatly indebted to him for the confidence he professes to place in me.” At this time, and for a couple of years, he had been assistant to the corrector [Reader] at the printing office of Mr. Hughes, at 16s. a week. He continues (July 29th, 1785): “You will have learnt from the papers that my old master, Mr. Strahan, is dead; and I am sorry to hear that he died with the same disregard to his

¹ Francis Barber, the lexicographer's manservant, to whom the bulk of his money, &c., was willed.

Creator as he lived. Not many days before his death he had been ridiculing Dr. Johnson's fervent devotion and contrite behaviour in his last illness ; and observed, that the sceptical Hume did not so *slobber his pillow*. Is Midas almost ready to set out? It is a pity that this *par nobile fratrum* had not been introduced to each other upon earth, as it might have shortened the troublesome parade of etiquette when they meet elsewhere." . . . "A tradesman for whom I have been scribbling a few puffing advertisements had promised to requite me by defraying my expenses in a fortnight's excursion with him to Margate ; but, having received the above intelligence from Mr. Hughes, I think it will be prudent to decline this jaunt, and employ the time in looking out for a new maintenance here.

Next in point of datal order is a remarkable little note from Mr. Langley to Davenport, asking him to write, and get inserted in the *General Evening Post*, a "skit" upon Dr. Taylor (Midas) relating to the sermons written for that clerical worthy by Dr. Johnson. It is as follows:—

In the *General Evening Post*, from Thursday, April 20, to Saturday, April 22, 1786, page 3, col. 2, is an article relative to some sermons written by Dr. Johnson which have not yet been *deterré*. Cannot you fabricate an observation on this subject and (clear from discovery) insert in the newspaper a probable method for the *découverte* of the said sermons by beginning the chase in the cloisters of Westminster, where, if not found, to pursue the scent to a market town near which King Richard 3rd met his fate, from whence if they have been bagged and stolen (or conveyed) away, it is more than probable that by proper search they will be found not many miles south of Reynard's Hall, in Dove Dale, in Derbyshire, where it is certain they for some years lay concealed except when a few of them have been occasionally exhibited by their present keeper, to the astonishment of some who have heard them and the disgrace of the botcher [butcher] who has cruelly and barbarously mangled them and said, "Have I not performed surprisingly and learnedly to-day?"

And again in November of the same year :—

Midas is much upon the decline. He is an object beneath contempt or would send something respecting him. If he shall survive till I write to you again I may perhaps send a something concerning him. . . . Mr. Maskall has sent me a most elegant copy of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary.

Through the help of his staunch friends Langley and Maskall, William Davenport, in the latter half of 1787, appears to have entered into partnership with some one, and to have commenced the printing business on their joint account, in Crane Court, Fleet Street, having introductions to Longman, Gough, and others.

London, Jan. 14, 1787.

Hon. Sir,—Understanding that the old conveyance by means of Miss Buckstone's frank is re-established, I take the opportunity of most kindly thanking you and Mrs. Langley for eight most excellent mince pies, to the bottom of one

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whereof you had the goodness to enclose a guinea. In the barrenness of my lodging, where the rats and mice pine and die, I found your kind communication of Christmas cheer a most seasonable relief.

I write this at Mr. Maskall's, where I have just been eating a most excellent dinner. As Mrs. Maskall means to write to Miss Maskall on Tuesday I don't ask for any commands. I received Mr. Astle's letter and have answered it. 'Twas about giving some papers concerning Dr. Johnson to Mr. Boswell, who is writing the Dr.'s Life.

Pray give my most dutiful and grateful respects to Mrs. Langley, and believe me to be, hon. Sir, your ever obedient servant,

W. DAVENPORT.

The Rev. Mr. Langley, Ashbourne, Derbyshire.

In 1790, William Davenport, through the interest of the Archbishop of Canterbury and others, obtained for him through the energetic and never-tiring solicitations of his life-long friend, the estimable Langley, was elected by the Court of Assistants of the Stationers Company; and thus, having, I fancy, not found his business satisfactory, was placed in a somewhat better position. The letters respecting Langley's interviews with the Archbishop and others are extremely interesting, but, as they do not of course touch upon Johnsonian matters, are not needful to be here given. The help came not a whit too soon for poor Davenport, who, "with a shattered constitution and spirits exhausted," much needed it. Here is his pathetic letter written to his good friends at Ashbourne:—

London, October 9th, 1790.

Honoured Sir,—Had not Mr. Maskall promised to inform you of my success on the day that I obtained it, I should not have withheld so long the account of it from my own pen. I have been fully employed for these four days in paying my acknowledgments to the numerous friends whose interests I had engaged on my behalf.

To prevent the necessity of a long detail of particulars upon paper, I have (without waiting for an invitation) taken a place in a Manchester coach, which arrives at Derby about twelve o'clock at night, and of course reaches Ashbourne about half-past two. This is a late hour to come and disturb your house, but I hope you will be glad to see me, and say "Better late than never." I had nearly forgot to tell you that I have taken my place for Tuesday morning next, and *Deo volente* shall arrive at Ashbourne a little after two on the Wednesday morning following.

I shall bring with me a shattered constitution and spirits exhausted with agitations of various kinds. A long-standing diarrhoea and cold night sweats have weakened me much; but I hope to be restored by a few weeks inhaling of your salubrious atmosphere, and the comfort and quiet that I shall enjoy under your roof.

I have taken to myself some credit for activity and generalship in putting to the rout the formidable interest that was raised against me. Nor have I met with one member of the Court of Assistants who is not surprised at my success.

My dutiful and affectionate respects attend Mrs. Langley; and that I may find you both in possession of health and happiness is the fervent wish of, honoured Sir, your grateful and obedient servant,

W. DAVENPORT.

The Rev. Mr. Langley, Ashbourne, Derbyshire.

Thus Davenport and his patron, "fierce, polemic Langley," the one the *protégé*, the other the staunch friend of Johnson, passed out of memory, while the fame of the lexicographer remained undiminished by death or time. Davenport, who for a length of time had to some extent "subsisted by his pen," and who gave Boswell much information on points connected with Johnson, had little to thank the latter for either living or dead, and by the former was not even alluded to by name. It is pleasant, therefore, now to have culled from some of his letters a scrap or two of Johnsonian lore that may add to one's knowledge of the egotist who, while he "roared down" some of his disputatious contemporaries with his "No, Sir; you're a fool!" yet toadied to others, and became, with all his faults and coarseness, the "grave and even awful" lion of his day.

Of Johnson's connection with Derbyshire one word may be said in conclusion. His father and family were from the neighbourhood of Ashbourne—Langley's residence; Taylor, the "Midas" of the extracts, his college friend, lived there; many of his early associations were connected with the place; he visited that Peak town and neighbourhood many times in the course of his busy life; and he married his first wife (as I, fortunately, some time ago was the first to show) in *St. Werburgh's Church*, at Derby, some thirteen miles away from Ashbourne. All this adds a little to the interest, and the winding together, of the scraps of information contained in these brief notes.

LLEWELLYNN JEWITT.

MORAL & RELIGIOUS ESTIMATE OF VIVISECTION.

BEFORE coming to the proper subject of this paper, we are confronted by a preliminary objection too important to be passed over in silence, though a very brief consideration will suffice to prove that it has no real weight. Vivisection is confessedly an unpleasant subject; so unpleasant, indeed, that it is almost as impossible, and for somewhat similar reasons, to enter minutely into descriptive details, in works intended for general circulation, as in the case of Turkish atrocities. And both classes of culprits have accordingly profited by their own wrong, on the well-known principle, "*Scelera ostendi, flagitia celari debent.*" It may be taken as some indication of an analogy between the two, that journals like the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which are never tired of sneering at the "humanitarian" principles of Mr. Gladstone and his followers, betray a hardly less cynical impatience of our plea for the protection of dumb animals from the cruelty of experts. And, while I heartily respond to every word of Mr. Gladstone's eloquent denunciations of "the one anti-human specimen of humanity," I am disposed to think, for reasons which will appear presently, that in this unenviable gradation of eminence, the Vivisector may fairly claim the nearest approximation to the Turk. To the vivisectors themselves, who "do good by stealth, and blush (not without reason) to find it fame," I owe no apology for reopening the question. But even the most benevolent persons are apt to grow weary of having records of inhuman outrage continually forced on their attention. And it may at once be allowed that an urgent practical motive can alone justify our persistent iteration of the loathsome tale. This brings me at once to the point of the preliminary objection I am anxious to dispose of before going further.

In consequence of the Report of a Royal Commission, on which the friends of Vivisection were more than adequately represented, a bill for restraining the practice was introduced into the House of Lords by Lord Carnarvon, on behalf of the Government, in 1876.

and eventually became law, after undergoing serious modifications, or rather mutilations, in its progress. Its original draft was far from satisfactory, but might perhaps have been accepted as a temporary compromise, till a fuller measure of relief could be obtained. But in its passage through Committee it was so materially altered, chiefly in deference to the vehement opposition of a large section of the medical profession, as to become at last very much what Mr. Hutton, in his letter to Lord Granville, had expressed his fear that it would become, "a Bill far better adapted to protect unscrupulous physiologists than to protect the creatures on which they operate."¹ So far from affording any excuse for desisting from further agitation in the matter, this unfortunate Act makes it only the more imperative, for it goes far to establish the practical impossibility of placing any effectual "restraint" on vivisection, short of its total prohibition.² And hence, while an "International Association for the Total Suppression of Vivisection" had already been formed, the previously existing "Society for the Protection of Animals Liable to Vivisection" has remodelled its programme, since the passing of the Act, in accordance with the generally expressed desire of its members, with a view to procuring "the Total Prohibition of Painful Experiments on Animals."³ The reasons for dissatisfaction with the present state of the law are not far to seek, and may be briefly summarised.

In the first place, to those who object to cruel experiments on animals altogether it must of course appear a grave evil that the *principle* of Vivisection, however carefully guarded, should now for the first time receive the explicit sanction of the Legislature. It was at least arguable before, that these practices were forbidden by the general law against cruelty to animals. For it is not easy to understand why a carter or groom who kicks or flogs his horse to death in a fit of passion, or a thoughtless boy who stones a cat in sport, should be more liable to punishment than a learned professor or medical student who deliberately tortures cats and dogs and horses for hours or days together in the alleged interests of science. Morally the guilt of the latter, as being more highly educated, would

¹ *The University of London and Vivisection* (Daldy, Isbister, & Co.).

² Yet, when some months ago I had occasion to speak on this subject at a meeting in a provincial town, the leading medical man of the place indignantly charged me with entire ignorance of the facts, in proof of which he insisted that the Act of 1876 (*a*) forbids all painful experiments on animals without anaesthetics, and (*b*) exempts cats and dogs altogether. It is true that both conditions were inserted in the Bill, but he ought to have known that, through the urgent remonstrances of members of his own profession, both were eliminated before it became law.

³ See *Third Report of the Society*, Aug. 1878, p. 7.

seem to be considerably the greatest. Torture, it may be added, whether for civil or ecclesiastical offences, even in ages when it was unhappily universal, or all but universal, throughout the rest of Europe, was always illegal in England. It was practised, no doubt, under some of our sovereigns, as, *e.g.*, Elizabeth and James II. ; but that was not because it was legal, but because absolute rulers were powerful enough to override the law. *It is now for the first time in history expressly legalised in this country*—not, indeed, as regards man, but as against creatures which, being dumb and defenceless, have a special claim on his protection. This is our first objection to the Act. And the fact that any partial measure stops the way, and renders more difficult the attainment of a satisfactory solution, is a second. Still it might have been provisionally condoned, on the obvious plea, so often inevitably admitted in practical politics, that “half a loaf is better than no bread,” till a more complete security could be obtained. And if Lord Carnarvon’s Bill had passed in its original form, with the clause afterwards introduced for the entire exemption of cats, dogs, and horses from vivisection, it would pretty certainly have been accepted, not as a final settlement of the question—no half measure could be so regarded—but as a step in the right direction, securing to the victims of torture a real and not inconsiderable measure of immediate relief. But there is nothing in the Act, in the shape it eventually assumed under medical manipulation, to justify—far less to demand—even this provisional acceptance. And the tone adopted by distinguished medical men like Sir William Gull, who insist that “knowledge is *always* humane,” and denounce “in the language of deep contempt and even passion”—to cite Mr. Hutton’s words—all who attempt to procure any restriction of Vivisection, as “drawing an indictment against Providence,” and supporting a movement “founded in gross superstition, like the mediæval movement against witchcraft,”¹ affords additional evidence of the hopelessness of any practical compromise. Henceforth it is war to the knife ; Humanity against Science falsely so called, and Science against Humanity.

And now to come to details. It might be enough to refer to the original sin of the Act, which may be summed up in the words of a paragraph from a local paper, brought under my notice by a friend in order to prove its adequacy, but which, to my mind, conclusively proves the opposite. The writer, who is evidently a vivisectionist, complains that the Act is being “so worked as almost to put a stop to physiological research in this country ;” but he at once explains

¹ Hutton’s *Letter to Lord Granville*, p. 8.

that "this is due not so much to the provisions of the Act as to the way in which they are applied" by the present Home Secretary; and then he significantly adds, that there is so strong a feeling about the matter among leading physiologists that "some steps will no doubt be taken before long to represent the folly and mischief of the course which has hitherto been adopted by the Home Office." We know only too well that the first part of the statement is exaggerated; but if it proves, *valeat quantum*—what I have no wish to dispute—that Mr. Cross is doing his best to carry out the Act in a loyal and humane spirit, it also proves how entirely it depends for its efficiency on the personal will and judgment of the Home Secretary for the time being, and how easily pressure may be brought to bear upon him, which might become morally irresistible, to reduce it to a dead letter. There might seem, perhaps, to be no immediate danger of this while the memory of the passing of the Act is fresh, and its operation is jealously watched by hostile critics; but in course of time, at all events, when their vigilance begins to flag, and the working of the Act falls into other hands, the danger will prove a serious one.¹ Suppose, e.g., Mr. Lowe, or any one like-minded with him in this matter, held the office! With the Home Secretary for the time being it rests to decide, on his own sole responsibility, to whom and to how many applicants licenses for vivisection shall be granted. He is under no obligation to reveal—and has hitherto, in fact, steadily refused to reveal, as we shall see—either the names of successful or the number of unsuccessful applicants. He alone decides whether anæsthetics are or are not to be dispensed with. And lastly—mark this!—it is provided by Clause 21 of the Act, "that a prosecution against a licensed person shall not be instituted except with the assent in writing of the Secretary of State." This last provision ominously recalls the similar clause introduced into the now defunct Ecclesiastical Titles Act, for the express and almost avowed purpose of reducing it—as, in fact, it did reduce it for the twenty years it encumbered the statute book—to a dead letter, and which accordingly won for its author the appropriate sobriquet of "the boy who chalked up 'No Popery' and ran away." Nor is it any answer to say that the Act prescribes the use of anæsthetics. In the first place, the effect of anæsthetics on the lower animals, when applicable at all—and in many cases they cannot be applied, because to deaden sensation would be to destroy life—is so doubtful at best that Dr. Hoggan

¹ There is a ghastly significance in a remark made lately in the *Saturday Review*: "We are not quite accustomed to vivisection yet, that is the fact; soon we shall be absolutely indifferent."

considers them "far more efficacious in lulling public feeling towards the vivisectors than pain in the vivisected," and does not hesitate to say that they have proved "the greatest curse to vivisectible animals." And his testimony is confirmed by that of Sir W. Fergusson, who says that an experiment performed under anæsthetics "*is not of the smallest value*" (1877), as well as that of many other medical witnesses examined before the Royal Commission. In the next place the Act provides that anæsthetics may be dispensed with, "if insensibility cannot be produced without frustrating the object of such experiment" (as would generally be the case); and so, again, an animal need not be put out of its agony after undergoing the operation "until the object of the experiment is attained." Here is a loophole for any amount of unrelieved and undisguised torture, subject only to the precarious safeguard of a Home Secretary's license.

And if we turn from the letter of the Act to the evidence of its practical operation so far, under circumstances which must be considered exceptionally favourable, the prospect is still less reassuring. The Act, I repeat, is never likely to be worked in a *more* humane spirit than at present and by the present Home Secretary, as Mr. Holt observed in moving the second reading of his Bill for its amendment last year.¹ Yet what is the result? The first point to strike one is that the system of licensing established by the Act is shown to be a system of *secret* licensing. When Mr. Mundella moved last year for a Return of the licenses asked for and granted, *full returns were refused*, and have again been refused this year. We were then told the *number* of persons licensed up to the date of the Return, and most of the *places* registered for Vivisection, but the number of *applicants* and the *names* of the persons licensed were resolutely withheld. It is easy to understand the reluctance of these gentlemen to have their names revealed, nor can there be any doubt that Mr. Cross was acting quite within his legal rights in refusing to reveal them; but this, to begin with, is a very suspicious circumstance indeed. Still, something may be learnt, and more may be inferred, from the limited information that has been vouchsafed to us, and that something is the reverse of satisfactory. It appeared in the Session of 1877 that twenty-three licenses had been granted up to that time;² a small number, perhaps, but nearly double the number at which Dr.

¹ Speech of J. Maden Holt, Esq., M.P., May 2, 1877 (25 Cockspur Street).

² The number had risen to 46 by the Return moved for in the last Session, i.e. it was just *doubled*. There were 7 licenses for dispensing with anæsthetics, 6 for operating on cats and dogs, and 15 dispensing with the obligation to kill the animal before recovery; also the use of *curare* has been sanctioned.

Burdon Sanderson, when examined before the Royal Commission, estimated the entire body of persons in England and Scotland engaged in physiological investigation. It is, therefore, not surprising to learn, in the next place, that of those twenty-three licenses, thirteen—that is, considerably over half—were not given for the professed purpose of scientific discovery—which is the usual and only plausible pretext for permitting Vivisection at all—but for experiments in illustration of lectures, some of which are even attended by young ladies! And that, as Mr. Holt observed, is just what the public justly dreads as likely to have a demoralising effect.

Nor is this all. While the names of the twenty-three licensed Vivisectors were refused, the places registered for the use of nineteen of them were specified, and hence the names of some of the operators may be inferred with tolerable confidence. One of these places is the "Cambridge University Physiological Laboratory New Museum," where four persons are licensed, *two of them for experiments in illustration of lectures*, which are attended by undergraduates studying for the Natural Science Tripos, and by the young ladies at Girton and Newnham Hall. It may be presumed that one of these four licensed vivisectors is Dr. Michael Foster, Prælector of Physiology at Trinity College, and one of the authors of the too famous "Handbook of the Physiological Laboratory," on which Dr. Rolleston pronounced a severe censure before the Royal Commission (*Report*, 1287, 1351).¹ Dr. Foster himself very naturally objected to any legislation on the subject as unnecessary and useless (2395-6, 2348). Another registered place is the "Edinburgh University Physiological Department," for which two licenses are given, and where the ordinary operators are known to be Dr. Stirling and Professor Rutherford. The latter, it may be remembered, is the gentleman who placed thirty-six dogs for eight hours under *curare* (which paralyses voluntary motion, *while it heightens sensation*), in order to test the effect of certain drugs on the flow of bile, but who himself assured the Royal Commission that these experiments would certainly *not* afford any evidence of what the effect would be on human beings, or, in other words, were useless, and therefore—as Sir W. Thompson has since publicly declared—

¹ Professor Rolleston, of Oxford, remarked:—"Kingsley speaks of 'the sleeping devil that is in the heart of every man,' but you may say it is the lower nature which we possess in common with the Carnivora. It is just this, that the sight of a living, bleeding, and quivering organism most undoubtedly does act in a particular way upon what Dr. Carpenter calls the emotionomotor nature in us. I know that many men are superior to it; but I beg to say that, if we are talking of legislation, we are not to legislate for the good, but for the mass who, I submit, are not always good."

unjustifiable on any theory. Another place is the Glasgow University Physiological Laboratory, for which Dr. M'Kendrick is probably licensed, who expressed to the Royal Commission his decided objection to requiring a license for special places or special investigations, and to prohibiting experiments conducted in private (3957, 3958, 3963). And lastly, no fewer than five persons are licensed for London University, among whom are probably to be found Dr. Burdon Sanderson, editor of the "Handbook" already mentioned, who considers any system of inspection practically impossible (2352), and does not think baking animals to death likely to be productive of much pain (2778); Mr. Schafer, who talks airily about "hundreds (a-year) of animals of all kinds, without counting frogs," being tortured in one laboratory (3853); and the notorious Dr. Klein, who was engaged five years ago as assistant in the Brown Institute, founded by the bequest of the late Mr. Brown for "the reception of animals and cure of their ailments," with an express provision for their kind treatment, but which has been prostituted, in defiance of equity, if not of law, and in the teeth of the recorded intentions of its humane founder, into a torture den.¹ It was Dr. Klein who over and over again emphatically asserted before the Commission, with an engaging frankness which leaves nothing to be desired, that in his opinion the *sole* reason for using anæsthetics in any case is the convenience of the operator, and that "no regard at all ought to be paid to the feelings of the animals operated upon."² Yet another witness, Mr. Simon, said he did not know any kinder persons than Dr. Burdon Sanderson and Dr. Klein, which proves all the more clearly, in proportion to the weight of his testimony, how little experts can be trusted to take the law into their own hands. If the principle of *Cuique in sua arte credendum* be admitted in questions

¹ It appears from the last Return that the Brown Institute has this year (1878) again been licensed for Vivisection by Mr. Cross. The decision of the University Senate, by a large majority, to perpetuate this gross abuse, was the ground of Mr. Hutton's retirement from that body, as explained in the Letter to Lord Granville, the Chancellor, to which reference has been already made.

² One brief and typical extract may be subjoined from this amazing evidence:— "When you say that you only use anæsthetics for convenience sake, do you mean that you have no regard at all to the sufferings of the animals?" "*No regard at all.*" "Then for your own purposes you disregard entirely the question of the suffering of the animal in performing a painful experiment?" "*I do.*" . . . "But in regard to your proceedings as an investigator, you are prepared to acknowledge that you hold as entirely indifferent the sufferings of the animal which is subjected to your investigation?" "*Yes.*" Being asked if he thought there was any different feeling from his own on the subject among physiologists, whether foreign or English, he replied, "*I do not think there is*" (3539-3553).

falling exclusively under professional cognisance, we may with equal confidence assert the opposite principle, *Nemini in sua arte credendum* of those mixed questions where professional interest, or feeling, or *esprit de corps* is brought into contact, and perhaps into conflict, with the interests of the outside world. A theologian may be the best judge of religious, or a physiologist of scientific, truth; but neither theologians nor physiologists can safely be trusted to act on their own unfettered discretion as to the best methods of advancing and propagating their respective creeds. The one with the best intentions may establish the Spanish Inquisition, the other the torture-trough of the scientific laboratory.¹

And thus we are brought to the main subject of this paper. On the scientific results of Vivisection I am not competent to pronounce an opinion of my own, nor is the force of the moral argument substantially affected by such considerations. But it may be as well to observe in passing that there is, to say the least, so great a conflict of medical evidence on this point, that if the alleged value of these cruel experiments on living animals for medical science has not been disproved, "not proven" is the utmost that can be urged against the opposite contention, while there can be no doubt at all of the utter and admitted uselessness of far the greater part of them for the discovery of new truths.

Let me cite a few only out of many unimpeachable witnesses. Sir W. Fergusson considered that no man has ever had more experience of the human subject than Mr. Syme; and Mr. Syme's ultimate judgment was pronounced very decidedly against these operations, which he regarded as "altogether unnecessary and useless," and viewed "with abhorrence." Sir W. Fergusson himself believes a great deal of

¹ See, e.g., the ghastly details, elaborated with the cold precision of a *connoisseur*, in Dr. H. Beaunis's *Nouveaux Eléments de Physiologie Humaine*, a volume of 1,100 pages, partly occupied in describing the proper construction of these laboratories or torture-dens, chiefly in descriptions of experiments involving prolonged agony to the wretched victims, but without a syllable anywhere to indicate the smallest feeling of regret for the horrible sufferings thus deliberately inflicted. One extract must suffice here:—"It is unnecessary to detail here the special rules for vivisections, except to say that as the object of the physiologist differs entirely from that of the surgeon, the method of procedure is somewhat different. *The surgeon operates quickly* in order to arrive with the utmost possible speed at the conclusion of the operation. *Despatch is of much less consequence to the physiologist; on the contrary, it has even its disadvantages*, for he has to seize in passing all the manifestations of the vital activity which occur under his eyes during the course of the experiment, since all the circumstances which for the surgeon are but accessories, serve to advance the physiologist on the path of exploration and sometimes of new discovery. It is indispensable therefore that, without losing sight of the express object of the operation, he keep his eye on all that passes in the animal and organs which are bared to his gaze."

reckless mutilation is going on among students even in private houses, "and does not think such experiments have any direct bearing on surgical practice or have led to any increase of knowledge on the subject." Dr. Haughton thinks "a large proportion of the experiments now performed upon animals in England, Scotland, and Ireland are unnecessary and clumsy repetitions of well-known results." Sir Charles Bell designated torturing animals "in most cases a useless act of cruelty, less certain in result than was commonly supposed, and less profitable than an attentive study of pathological phenomena." Mr. G. H. Lewes complained that, after an experiment had once been performed, "they will repeat it, and repeat it, and repeat it, all over Europe." Mr. J. B. Mills said the experiments, chiefly on cats and dogs, had no other motive than idle curiosity and reckless love of experimentation. Sir James Paget thinks more highly of the advantages of clinical inquiry. Dr. Acland does not consider these experiments the most important for advancing medical knowledge. Dr. Lane, Dr. Brunton, Dr. Macilwaine, and Dr. Bridges emphatically deny that Harvey was in any way indebted to experiments on living animals for the discovery of the circulation of the blood, as is constantly affirmed by vivisectionists. Longet declares that "no vivisections can be beneficial to man *except they are made on men*," as no doubt they will be sooner or later, if once the practice is allowed to take root among us. Nor is this all. Not only is there abundant testimony to the uselessness, but to the positively injurious results of this method of investigation. Dr. Brown Séquard, one of the highest living authorities on the subject, has shown that the theories derived from this source on the functions of the brain are "a tissue of errors, which have had to be rectified by clinical operations during life and careful examination of diseased structures after death." Sir Charles Bell has left on record his conviction that these experiments "*have never been the means of discovery; and a survey of what has been attempted of late years in physiology will prove that the opening of living animals has done more to perpetuate error than to confirm the just views derived from the study of anatomy and natural motions.*" Sir Charles Lyell spoke of the practice "with a shudder of disgust."

Similar extracts could easily be multiplied, but these may suffice to show how untenable is the assumption that there is even any well-grounded scientific pretext for experimentalising on living animals in the interests of man.

If, indeed, the medical value of the practice were as certain as it is at best slender and ambiguous, that would in no wise prove its lawfulness; but while cruelty can be excused by no selfish advantage,

cruelty which is almost or altogether unprofitable becomes more exceeding cruel. And the passages already quoted help to indicate, *inter alia*, what will be more fully brought out by and by, the reckless and fiendish spirit which this practice at once engenders and exemplifies. As the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment, humanity is something better and nobler than any physical benefits which knowledge can confer on the human race. Bodily health is not the only or the highest end of man. He has a moral and religious as well as a material nature; and if the interests of the two should clash, or seem to clash, the higher must prevail. Knowledge may come while "wisdom lingers."

Let her know her place;
She is the second, not the first,
A higher hand must make her mild.

My main contention then is that, even supposing their utility for medical science were demonstrated, which is very far from being the fact, these cruel experiments on living animals would be wholly incompatible with the elementary principles of natural morality, to say nothing of that loftier moral standard which Christianity introduced into the world. And I begin by observing that here the morality even of Paganism puts us to shame. There is, indeed, a darker side to that picture of the Greek or Roman world, on which we have been wont from boyhood to gaze with admiration in the splendour of its glorious noon, and whose literature is still cherished as the "everlasting consolation" of mankind; so dark a side that, "if the inner life of that period had been revealed to us, we should have turned away from the sight with loathing and disgust."¹ Yet the literature and poetry of a period when the rights of the weak were little regarded, when women, and children, and slaves could be treated as mere chattels, the catspaws and playthings of their master or of the State—the age of the *crypteia*, the *ergastula*, the *paedagogia*—is full of touching legends about animals and the affection entertained towards them. Lucretius, Virgil, Ovid, Catullus, Martial, Juvenal, all in different ways bear witness to the prevalence of this sentiment. Animals were protected by special legislation both in Greece and Rome, and there are instances recorded by Cælian and Quintilian of cruelty to them being punished with death.² It has sometimes been argued that this merciful temper was rather discountenanced than promoted by Christianity, which brought out into bolder relief the higher nature and destiny of man. Such a deduction from Christian teaching

¹ Jowett's *Epistles of St. Paul*, vol. ii. p. 71.

² Professor Newman says, in *Fraser's Magazine*, that this tenderness towards animals is still more conspicuous among Brahminists and Buddhists.

would, however, be worse than a paralogism. As Professor F. Newman remarks, "to cut up a living horse day after day in order to practise students in dissection [or, let me add, to crucify an animal for several days merely that the spectators may see the progress of its suffering],¹ is a crime and abomination hardly less monstrous from his not having an immortal soul."² Many theologians, indeed, consider that animals have a future life; and the high authority of Bishop Butler may of course be cited for that view, which is certainly my own. But it must always remain matter of opinion only, and there is no need, for the purposes of the argument, to insist upon it here. That we should be surrounded by a world of living creatures of which we know so little, though we are in constant intercourse with it, is anyhow marvellous enough.³ And whatever be the secret of their present condition and future destiny, their very inferiority and dependence on us, not to speak at this moment of other considerations, gives them that claim upon our kindness which the weak have upon the strong, and which it has been a special function and glory of Christianity to enforce. If "it is excellent to have a giant's strength," it is no less "tyrannous to use it like a giant;" and if, again, that divine "quality of mercy" which "is not strained" drops on us, who deserve it so little, "like the gentle rain from heaven," how much more are we bound to exhibit it towards a race of beings inferior indeed to ourselves, but creatures and ministers of the same Almighty Power!

And in fact, just in proportion as the true spirit of Christianity has been realised, this result has actually followed. The Lives of the Saints in all ages are full of touching stories about their sympathy with animals. Every one is familiar with the legends of St. Anthony preaching to the fishes, and St. Francis of Assisi to the birds. No

¹ This incident is recorded by Sir W. Fergusson.

² In *Fraser's Magazine* for April, 1876.

³ No apology can be needed for reminding my readers of the following remarkable passage in one of Dr. Newman's Oxford sermons on the "Invisible World" (*Paroch. Sermons*, vol. iv. pp. 233, 234):—"Can anything be more marvellous or startling, unless we were used to it, than that we should have about us a race of beings whom we do but see, and as little know their state or can describe their interests, or their destiny, as we can tell of the inhabitants of the sun and moon? It is, indeed, a very overpowering thought, when we get to fix our minds on it, that we familiarly use, I may say hold intercourse with, creatures who are as much strangers to us, as mysterious, as if they were the fabulous unearthly beings, more powerful than man, yet his slaves, which Eastern superstitions have invented. They have, apparently, passions, habits, and a certain accountableness, but all is mystery about them. We do not know whether they can sin or not, whether they are under punishment, *whether they are to live after this life.*"

reader of Montalembert's *Moines d'Occident* will need to be reminded of the beautiful chapter on "*les moines et les bêtes fauves*" where many of these stories are collected as illustrating the words of the Patriarch of old, "the beasts of the earth shall be at peace with thee!"¹ The author adds that all contemporary writers speak of the supernatural dominion ascribed to pious monks and hermits over the animal world as recalling the primeval innocence of our first parents in Paradise. And whatever may be thought of the literal accuracy of some of these tales, or of their miraculous incidents, they afford equally conclusive evidence of contemporary Christian feeling on the relations of man to the lower animals; nor can there be any doubt of their containing at least a considerable substratum of fact. To Francis of Assisi, *e.g.*, the Saint whom the Catholic and Protestant world have agreed to honour, birds, beasts, and fishes were alike dear; the ox and ass were memorials of Bethlehem, the lamb was an emblem of the true Paschal Sacrifice; "he cherished the wild doves in his breast, he tamed the hungry wolf, he called the robins and bulfinches to him, and bade them sing merrily the praises of God." It could not well be otherwise, for the spirit of Christianity is a spirit of gentleness and mercy after His example who was meek and lowly of heart.

And even under the sterner dispensation of the Old Law there are unequivocal indications, as in the passage quoted just now from the Book of Job, of this compassionate kindness for animals. We have "the little ewe lamb" in Nathan's parable; the favourite dog of Tobias, which followed him through his journey and heralded his return; the exhortation to "open our mouth for the dumb;" the prohibition to muzzle the ox treading out the corn; and, above all, the memorable passage where the "much cattle" as well as the sixscore thousand children are included in the plea of Divine compassion for sparing Nineveh,² not to speak of the familiar prophecies—literally

¹ Job v. 23.

² Jonah iv. 11, "*Jumenta multa*," Vulg. I am assured, on good authority, that the Hebrew word rendered cattle (*bêhêmah*) means, originally, the dumb or irrational creatures generically, in which sense it is contrasted with man in Ex. xi. 7; xii. 12; Ezek. xiv. 13, 17, 19, 21. It is also used for quadrupeds, as in Ex. ix. 25; Prov. xxx. 30; and in contradistinction from birds or reptiles, as in Gen. vi. 7; Deut. xxviii. 26; Is. xviii. 6. It is used, lastly, in a more restricted sense for tame, as opposed to wild, animals, as in Gen. vii. 14; xxxiv. 23; xxxvi. 6; xlvii. 17. The antithesis in Jonah iv. 11 suggests the first and most comprehensive use of the word, as opposed to man; but, inasmuch as there would not probably be many wild animals in Nineveh, this meaning virtually coincides with the last, of tame or domestic animals. And thus the passage bears immediately on that very class of animals which supplies the ordinary victims of vivisection.

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fulfilled in countless tales of the hagiology—of a day when the wolf and lamb shall feed together, and the leopard lie down with the kid, and the calf with the young lion, and a little child shall lead them ; all of which, whatever be their precise meaning, point in the same direction. It is, indeed, obvious from St. Paul's language, if we will take it as it stands and not as it may be obscured by some conventional gloss of our own, that "the whole creation," rational and irrational, has benefited or will benefit in some way by the Incarnation, though we may not as yet know how.¹ Clearly, then, the lesson of sympathy for the animal world is written in characters too plain to be ignored, alike in the text of Scripture and in the example of those who have most closely walked with God.

But perhaps it will be argued that, as this does not disprove our right to kill animals for food, so neither does it disprove our right to torture them for the benefit of our health by the advancement of medical science. The alleged benefit, as has been already pointed out, is at best a very problematical one ; but let that pass. It is thought by some that men will become less carnivorous as civilisation advances, and, of course, if so, our relations with the animal world would become still more friendly ; but on this point I express no opinion. To kill is one thing ; to torture is quite another. Both Scripture and Reason sanction capital punishment for sufficient cause, as the same authorities sanction killing animals for our own sustenance or in self-defence ; but the conscience of Christendom has long since condemned the torture of our fellow-men on any pretext whatever, nor would the legal sanction of such a practice be tolerated for a day in any civilised country. But the torture of our fellow-creatures, though lower in the scale of being, is hardly, if at all, less abhorrent to the law of justice, to say nothing of the law of love. It is not necessary to raise the question in its abstract form whether animals have rights ; what is certain is that men have duties towards them. "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."² And there is something revolting to

¹ Rom. viii. 19, *et seq.* See Alford *in loc.*

² It is clear from the language of Scripture that the "dominion" over animals bestowed on man by the Creator does not include the right to torture them. It did not originally even include the right to kill them for food, which was first granted to Noah after the flood, in the words, "Every living thing that moveth shall be meat for you ; even as the green herb have I given you all things." (Gen. ix. 3.) By the original grant, "every green herb" only was assigned "for meat" to man and beast alike. (Gen. i. 29, 30.) It need hardly be said that "dominion" over the animals, like all rights of government, implies from the nature of the case a correlative duty of protection, and that torture is a gross violation, or rather reversal, of that duty. The "covenant" of God was established not only with man, but also with "every living thing that is

the mind in subjecting innocent creatures dependent on our kindness—often the most affectionate and trustful of the whole animal race—to tortures which in this day no one but a Turk would dare to inflict on the most criminal and degraded of mankind. It makes one's blood boil to hear cats and dogs described on high scientific authority, cited by Lord Coleridge in his speech on the Act of 1876, as "carnivorous animals of great value for the purpose of research!" Is it not utterly revolting to treat as the *corpus vile* for scientific investigation—or, still worse, for the illustration of a popular lecture—the dog, the trusted companion, champion, friend of man, his only true friend according to Byron—and though we must condemn the cynical misanthropy of the epitaph, no one who knows dogs will think the poet's praise of his favourite's "honest heart" one whit too strong—the dog, whose faithful devotion to his master never wanes, whose intelligence is so keen that we almost marvel, as we gaze into his great brown eyes, to find he cannot speak—is it not a hideous crime to place this wise, loving, trustful friend under the dissecting knife or on the cross for long hours or days of agony, even if some remedy for human ailments could thereby be discovered, of which there is no shadow of proof? Yet no less than 14,000 of these noble creatures were tortured to death in one year only in Dr. Schiff's laboratory at Florence, before he was driven by the outraged humanity even of Italian public opinion—not apt to be over-sensitive in such matters—from the post he had so grievously abused, only, alas! to re-open his nineteenth-century inquisition at Geneva.¹

you of all flesh, of the fowls, of the cattle, and of every beast of the earth." (Gen. ix. 10, 15.) The Scriptural argument is worked out with much force and accuracy of detail in *Vivisection Viewed under the Light of Divine Revelation*, by M. A. Cambridge. (London, Ridgway.)

¹ Take the following account of an experiment he performed on a dog, given by M. Brachet, a French vivisector, in a paper read before the French Institute, and which obtained a prize:—"I inspired a dog with a great aversion for me by plaguing or inflicting some pain or other upon it as often as I saw it. When this feeling was carried to its height, so that the animal became furious every time it saw and heard me, I put out its eyes. I could then appear before it without its manifesting any aversion. I spoke, and immediately its barkings and furious movements proved the passion which animated it. I destroyed the drums of its ears, and disorganised the internal ear as much as I could. When an intense inflammation had rendered him deaf, I filled up his ears with wax. He could no longer hear at all. Then I went to his side, spoke aloud, and even caressed it without its falling into a rage—it seemed even sensible of my caresses."

This happened, it is true, some fifty years ago; but the horrors of Vivisection have not diminished, but greatly increased and spread over a much wider area since then. Dr. Schiff's assistant defended the abominations of the Florence laboratory in a pamphlet, the tone of which may be sufficiently gathered from the

But I have more to say about the scientific plea, which, even if it were true as far as results are concerned, could only be maintained on the detestably immoral and anti-Christian principle, popularly but mistakenly attributed to the Jesuit Order, that the end justifies the means, and might is the measure of right. The only colourable pretext for the torture of animals, inadequate as it is, rests on the hope of thereby discovering new truths in medical science for the benefit of man. Not only, however, has this pretext, *valcat quantum*, never been made good; to a great extent it is not even an honest one. Some evidence has been given already—and it might be indefinitely enlarged from the Blue Book of the Royal Commission—of the wanton recklessness with which these barbarous experiments on living animals are multiplied out of mere curiosity or *insouciance*, and the sort of effect produced on the minds of operators and spectators, who are only too likely, as Dr. Haughton expresses it, to be educated into “a set of devils.”¹ The point I wish particularly to insist cynical effrontery of the title, *Gli Animali Martiri*. The following is from Mr. James Cowie’s account of a visit last year to Alfort. I regret to be obliged to add that his representations to the French Government, backed by a memorial signed—greatly to their honour—by 500 English veterinary surgeons, have led only to a very partial reduction of these atrocities. It was previously usual to perform *no fewer than sixty or seventy operations* upon a horse! the new regulation limits the number to five or six “severe” and ten “minor” experiments. The horses are expected to be thankful for very small mercies!

“On the occasion of a visit I made last year to Paris, I took an opportunity of going to the Veterinary College at Alfort. I there saw two cases of vivisection on two horses, which shocked me very much. One of the animals had just died under the torture of the knife; its tormentors had commenced cutting into its larynx, continuing down the œsophagus, trachea, to the thorax and abdomen, exposing the blood-vessels and nerves. It appeared that the whole internal organs had been deliberately dissected and examined, which must have occupied several hours, during which the wretched creature had suffered a painful, lingering death, for no anæsthetics were—and, as I was informed, seldom or ever are—used.

“The other unfortunate animal had for some time been under the torture, and was still alive, and occasionally moaning most piteously. The hoofs and soles had been cut into and wrenched off with pineers, which left the feet one shapeless mass of gore. Two of the pupils were sitting on the animal, and each was in the act of applying a red-hot iron to the various parts—in fact, all within their reach—of the body, making deep fantastic-shaped corrosions. By this time the poor creature was so much exhausted that, although unbound, it was unable to make any show of resistance. A shiver came occasionally over its body, and it would every now and again raise its head and look back wofully and wistfully to its tormentors, as if pleading for mercy.” For further and yet more hideous illustrations of these devilries, and of their reflex effect on the human fiends who practise them, see Miss Cobbe’s recent address at Southampton, *Report of Meeting*, October 16, 1878. (Nichols & Sons.)

¹ “I would shrink with horror from accustoming large classes of young men to the sight of animals under vivisection. I believe that many of

upon here is one very distinctly emphasised in Dr. Acland's evidence before the Commission, viz., that the number of persons in this and other countries who are becoming biologists, *without being medical men*, is very much increasing. "There are," he adds, "a number of persons now who are engaged in the pursuit of these subjects for the purpose of acquiring abstract knowledge. That is quite a different thing. I am not at all sure that the mere acquisition of knowledge is not a thing having some dangerous and mischievous tendencies in it. Now it has become *a profession to discover, and to discover at any cost.*" And accordingly Dr. Carpenter expressly denies that *any* limit should be placed on the suffering inflicted on animals, whether the application of the anticipated knowledge to the relief of human suffering be apparent or not. Dr. Moxon stated in the Hunterian Oration for last year that under our modern system there is growing up "a generation of physicians who are so imbued with the scientific spirit as absolutely to forget, in the highest of issues, that their profession *has any practical aim.*" It is not difficult to foresee what must be the reflex action on their own minds of the cultivation of this kind of "scientific spirit." And Professor Rolleston tells us that the besetting sin of all absorbing studies makes itself felt here as elsewhere by "lifting men so entirely above the ordinary sphere of duty, as to betray them into selfishness and unscrupulous neglect of duty;" and he quotes a very significant statement of Mr. Skey's, that "a man who has the reputation of a splendid operator is ever a just object of suspicion." And if the ardour of scientific research, which may become just as vehement and ungovernable a passion as the passions of the bodily nature, produces these effects on the higher minds, we cannot be surprised at Dr. Hoggan's testimony to his own experience of its effects on the lower. "The idea of the good of humanity," he tells us, "was simply out of the question, and would have been laughed at, the great aim being to keep with, or get ahead of, one's contemporaries in science." And he elsewhere describes how he has heard the professor sneeringly reprimand "economy" in the use of victims, while the students mimicked the cries of the dogs lying on the torture trough! Shocking as it is, that is only what might be expected from the well-known brutalising—I recall the word, for it is a libel not on the vivisectors but their victims—the hardening effect on the moral nature of an habitual contemplation of suffering without any effort to relieve it, to which Butler calls attention, not to dwell on the "morbid

become cruel and hardened, and would go away and repeat those experiments recklessly. Science would gain nothing, and the world would have let loose upon it *a set of you-...-...*" (1888).

curiosity" stimulated by these ghastly exhibitions, referred to in Dr. Antony's evidence. Yet Professor Huxley, in his "Lessons on Elementary Physiology," described in the preface as "a handbook for teachers and learners in boys' and girls' schools," advises the performance of these experiments either by or in presence of the children, on account of the great superiority of knowledge "*sought in the living animal* to knowledge gained from books."¹ He even contributed to the last February number of the *Fortnightly Review* an elaborate and almost passionate jeremiade over the degenerate "moral sense" of "this present enlightened and softly-nurtured, not to say sentimental age," when men are less ready than were the "favoured friends" of that model Sovereign, James I., "to inflict pain and death in a good cause" (*i.e.* the cause of Vivisection), and are slow to understand that "he who will not save human life when he could do so by sacrificing a hecatomb of animals, is an accomplice in murder."² How far the plea of saving human life is to the purpose we have already had some opportunity of judging.

There is another point of view, however, from which the attitude of modern science towards the subject may be regarded. Science is the master passion of the present, as religion was of a former, age, and it is reproducing with a terrible fidelity, but with far less excuse, the worst excesses which it censured so severely in its rival. To cite once more the weighty testimony of Professor Francis Newman, who will hardly be accused of dogmatic or ecclesiastical prepossessions: "Science was going to set Religion right. She held up her torch to illuminate the deformities of Superstition, and display the wickedness of Religion; yet now *Science has become a rival of the tortures of the Inquisition* [in a country, let me add, which the Inquisition was never suffered to invade], and by increase of knowledge has learnt to torment still more ingeniously."³ There is, indeed, an amusing incongruity, if the subject were not too serious for amusement, in the quarter from which emanate the most zealous Torquemadas of this new evangel of tears and blood.

It might naturally have been anticipated that those who are never weary of assuring us that, instead of being, as we had fondly imagined, a little lower than the angels, we are at best only a little higher than the apes, would be the last to ignore the claims of

¹ In a later work (*American Addresses*) Professor Huxley says "he has long advocated the study of biology being made a part of ordinary school training," but does not mention Vivisection. Miss Cobbe justly observes, in her address at Southampton, that "Vivisectors mean to go on torturing more 'hecatombs,' and more and more, *ad infinitum*, till there is a hell of animals in every town."

² *Fortnightly Review*, February, 1878, pp. 185, 189.

³ *Fraser's Magazine* for April, 1876.

their poorer but not very distant relations. Yet Professor Huxley, as we have seen, is one of the most uncompromising apologists of the worst horrors of vivisection; and Professor Tyndall has announced the notable discovery that the "Unknown and Unknowable"—whatever else we do or do not know about Him—"is to be *propitiated*"—the phrase is his own—by the torture of His (or Its?) sentient creatures on the Moloch altar of "physiological investigation;" and furthermore, that any attempt to restrict this peculiar form of propitiatory "worship, chiefly of the silent sort," is "a hideous cruelty." The true explanation of this seeming inconsistency is not indeed far to seek. The characteristic temper of modern science—not, of course, of all scientific men—is essentially materialistic, and therefore cruel, since it recognises no right but the right of the strongest, the "law of natural selection." "The simultaneous loss," it has been observed, "from the morals of our 'advanced' scientific men of all reverent sentiment towards beings *above* them, as towards beings *below*, is a curious and instructive phenomenon."¹ It is the extreme antithesis of that temper which led St. Francis to call the wolf his brother, and the larks and starlings his sisters. Why, indeed, should those whose only deity is a negation, or an "Unknown," or a "stream of tendency," recognise duties towards those beneath, when they can acknowledge no obligation to One above, them? Science left to itself, at its best estate, "is earthly of the mind," till it is quickened by the breath of that better wisdom which comes from Heaven.

Meanwhile, the lofty pretensions of science would alone supply a conclusive answer to the stock argument from the cruelty of field sports, so pertinaciously urged by the scientific apologists of Vivisection. There is no doubt a simpler and very sufficient reply. When I hear the cruelties of hunters and anglers alleged in deprecation of taking any steps to restrain the far worse cruelties inflicted in the name of science on a far wider and more highly organised and sensitive class of animals, I am irresistibly reminded of the threadbare argument of our Turkophile apologists for the wholesale outrage and massacre of Eastern Christians, derived from Russian atrocities in Poland in a former day, which, however, at the time they never breathed a syllable or lifted a finger to repress. It would be quite enough to reply in either case that one wrong cannot justify another, and that we must attend to one thing at a time. Schemes of universal philanthropy usually end—like the "Lay of the Needy

¹ There is a striking and eloquent passage on this subject in Miss Cobbe's address, delivered at the Westminster Palace Hotel, *The Master of the Dog and the Master of the Man.* (Nichols & Sons.)

Knifegrinder." And so in the present matter, if all that is urged against field sports be admitted, that would be no reason for condoning the introduction of a new and far deadlier form of torture. But, in fact, there is no more necessity here, than in dealing with the Eastern question, to fall back on this very sufficient answer to a transparently sophistical objection. The alleged analogy between field sports and vivisection breaks down at every point. I am not prepared to deny that hunting and fishing may be fairly open to criticism on this score, or that the gradual advance of that more tender and merciful spirit which is the outgrowth of Christian civilisation may eventually put them down—and still more horse-racing, which is far crueller, and in every way more indefensible, than hunting—as it has already suppressed cock-fighting, bull-baiting (except in Spain), and other barbarous pastimes once popular among us; the common saying that "the fox rather enjoys it" seems at least to require confirmation. But I do say that to compare hunting with Vivisection, and seek to excuse the latter by the former, is simply to raise a false issue; it is either a shuffle or a mare's nest. The nature of the action, the temper it fosters and postulates in the agent, the number and quality of the victims, and all the surrounding circumstances, differ *toto cælo*. Thus the sufferings of a hunted hare or a fox despatched as soon as it is captured, however great—and I am not defending the practice—cannot be compared for a moment with the slow agony of a dog, one of the most highly sensitive creatures,—not to say of hundreds of dogs, which would be the true proportion,—gradually mangled to death through long hours or days of intermittent and excruciating torture. Still less is there any analogy between the mental attitude of the vivisector and the fox-hunter towards their respective victims. Hunting is in itself a healthy and invigorating, though it may incidentally be a cruel, sport; but no part of the enjoyment is derived from the sufferings of the victim, which there is indeed every disposition to curtail as much as possible. On the other hand, the whole interest and excitement of a physiological experiment on a living animal, both to operators and spectators, is necessarily dependent on closely watching its contortions on the rack, which their scientific training enables and binds them to appreciate minutely. I am of course quite aware of the intellectual and philanthropic motive pleaded in defence of such performances, with how much reason we have already seen. I am also aware of the too abundant confirmation producible from various quarters of Dr. Hoggan's testimony as to the true motive being usually a very different one, and of Dr. Haughton's deliberately avowed of

that "science would gain nothing, and the world would have let loose upon it a set of young devils." It is to be feared that Dr. Scott's experience, who "never knew an operation (however excruciating) cause the least abhorrence to a medical student," is very far from being exceptional.

And this brings me to the main point of my answer to the field-sport fallacy. The more highly the pretensions of Science are exalted, the more absolutely is the plea of the scientific tormentor refuted out of his own mouth. Science—that is, physical science—in this day does, and Sport does not, claim to dominate the world. No one would choose a fox-hunter or a fowler, as such, for his "guide, philosopher, and friend" in all the deeper concerns and interests of life. But the leaders of science do claim, as such, like the "philosophers" of Plato's—or even of Comte's—Republic, a right to rule the world; and the claim is more or less widely acknowledged. And hence, while it would be very deplorable if the next generation of our sportsmen were to grow up, as nobody professes to expect they will, into "a set of devils," the universal detestation they would rouse would effectually counteract any permanent injury their example or influence might otherwise entail. But it becomes a much graver matter if this diabolical taint is to infect the priesthood of Science, as they are sometimes called, who aspire to succeed to all, and more than all, the dominion wielded by the mediæval hierarchy over the intellect and conscience of mankind. That would be "poisoning the wells" with a vengeance. It is precisely because the victims of our new Inquisition are to be solemnly sacrificed on the altar of "the inscrutable Power," which Professor Tyndall bids us "propitiate" by this scientific cult, that the duty becomes doubly imperative of protesting in the name of conscience, of religion, nay, of the higher intellectual as well as the higher moral nature of man, against the behests of a creed as godless as it is inhuman. The old difficulty of Plato's Republic recurs, *Quis custodiet custodes?* If our masters and teachers, who are supposed to be the lights of the world, are themselves to be foremost in recalling an age when "the earth was full of darkness and cruel habitations," then out of their own mouths they must be judged; the salt has lost its savour, and is only fit to be trodden under foot of men. From the casual recklessness or barbarity of a rough sportsman we might afford to turn away with a shudder of disgust, though we cannot excuse it; "cruelty in the garb and pretensions of science," as Professor Newman puts it, is a new horror, and one that cannot with impunity be ignored.

There is a further consideration, which I almost shrink from

mentioning, because it may seem to have a ring of selfishness about it, yet it must not be altogether passed over. We are not pleading only the cause of the lower animals, or of the moral nature of man. We are also maintaining, though to our medical Vivisectionists it may sound like a paradox to say so, the material interests of man. "The experiment," said Dr. Rutherford, after the slow torture of his thirty-six dogs was consummated, "must also be tried upon men before a conclusion can be drawn." Just so. And how long will that second experiment be delayed? Until our scientific experts have educated or hoodwinked the nation up to the point of tolerating it, and not a day longer. Indeed, I am not at all sure that the day is not already dawning on us.¹ Both Lord Coleridge and Lord Shaftesbury called attention to this point in the House of Lords, and "Lewis Carroll" has discussed it in detail with his wonted vigour in the *Fortnightly Review*. And why not? If the weak have no rights wherever the advance of knowledge, real or supposed,—beneficent knowledge we will call it, for argument's sake,—is in question, which is the underlying principle of every defence of Vivisection, then it is to-day for thee, to-morrow for me. The law which applies to the lower animals must extend by parity of reasoning to the weaklings of the human race, and the dog will inevitably be called to share his torture-trough with criminals, idiots, lunatics, paupers, foundlings, and generally "him that hath no helper." As Professor Newman says, "an inevitable logic would in a couple of generations [if not sooner] unteach all tenderness towards human suffering, if such horrors are endured, and carry us back into greater heartlessness than that of the worst barbarians." Nor should we have any right to complain. Logic is an inexorable taskmaster, and in accepting the premisses of Vivisection we have virtually committed ourselves to this unwelcome but most legitimate conclusion. It is but reversing the familiar lesson of the "Ancient Mariner:"

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

¹ Lord Coleridge, in the debate in the Lords on the Act of 1876, referred to some frightful statements in a letter of Mr. Maitland's to the *Examiner*, now lying before me, as to the treatment of paupers in our hospitals "for purposes of research." Mr. Holt quoted from the *Lancet*, in his speech last year in the House of Commons, a report of similar occurrences in the Royal Infirmary at Glasgow, the details of which are supplied in the appendix. It is notorious how strong an antipathy to hospitals is already prevalent among the poorer classes.

When once we have got rid of a personal Creator, and disclaimed all bonds of kindly fellowship with "bird and beast"—albeit our kindred by "evolution"—it is no long step to unlearn all sympathy for human pain. The high priest of Science, to whose well-trained eye the dog—whose loving fidelity has inspired the artist's pencil and the poet's song, and won the hearts of men, from Homer's day to our own—is degraded into a "carnivorous animal, highly valuable for purposes of research," will not long be restrained by any maudlin sentiment of pity from plunging his scalpel into the quivering flesh of a lunatic or an infant, when his Moloch demands the sacrifice.¹

If, then, the question of Vivisection was to be decided on grounds of self-interest only, we might well set against the interested hope of some possible but very problematical acquisition to medical knowledge in the future, for the relief of man, the certain and imminent danger of the human frame itself—which is of course far the most "valuable for purposes of research"—being treated as the *corpus vile* for fresh experimentation. And as an *argumentum ad hominem* the reply would be conclusive. But I do not care to stake the issue on this lower ground. It is no question for me of striking a balance between material profit and loss; it is the higher nature of man that is imperilled, wherein consists his true dignity, and which is formed after the image and similitude of Him who made it. Even if the material advantage to ourselves were altogether and demonstrably on the side of the tormentors, and without taking into account the claims of the animals, the principle would equally hold good, "He that will save his life [by such means] shall lose it." No progress in medical skill, though it were ten times as great as the most sanguine votaries of the modern School of Torture venture to predict, could compensate for the deep and damning degradation of all that is noblest and most Godlike in the nature of man himself. It would be a hideous backwater in the

and even among domestic servants, who would often prefer running any risk of health or life to entering them, because they are afraid, as they say, of being experimented upon. It will be difficult after recent revelations to meet these objections satisfactorily.

¹ This is no mere logical deduction. Towards the end of the last century a system of infusing the blood of one living animal into the veins of another, for experimental purposes, was devised by a Dr. Brown. It was soon found that human blood was the most effectual instrument for the purpose, and two ruffians, Burke and Hare by name, made a lucrative trade of kidnapping boys in the dark "wynds" of Edinburgh, and selling them, while their blood was yet warm, to medical practitioners, who wanted them for the purpose for which vivisectors want their victims now. The law was at length happily brought to bear on this beneficent variety of "propitiatory sacrifice." Burke and Hare were hanged, and some of the authors of the "Brownian system" were transported.

advancing tide of Christian civilisation, which has ever moved in the direction of a tenderer consideration for the feelings and the very prejudices of others, a more scrupulous recognition of the rights of the weak against the strong, and has thus by degrees elevated the condition of women, children, slaves, prisoners, subjects, to something very different from what it was in the ancient world. If we are told that the science of morals is progressive, I reply that such progress as would include the Vivisection programme is, like Turkish reform, "advancing backwards." It is not to take a forward step in the path of mercy, but to forge the chains of a fresh and intolerable oppression.

A further remark will be in place here. Whatever account moralists may prefer to give of the origin and true nature of the vice of cruelty, whether it be regarded as instinctive or acquired, as an ultimate passion, or the indirect gratification of some more subtle feeling—questions too wide for parenthetical discussion here—one thing at least all experience conspires to prove: it never stands alone. It is the foster-mother and inseparable companion of the vilest passions to which fallen flesh is heir. No one who is but moderately acquainted with the condition of the old Greek and Roman world, as their own literature reveals it to us—as the literature of the Pagan revival, just now rising into ominous popularity among us, only too faithfully recalls it—can question this. A passing reference will suffice to the society of the Roman Empire, dancing, to use the poet's simile, over the treacherous ashes of the volcano charged with its avenging doom, in the foul delirium of a revelry of lust and blood. Nor will I dwell here on the ghastly illustration of the same phenomenon exhibited in such individual examples as Nero or the Marshal de Retz—the original of our fabulous "Bluebeard." If the wisdom that cometh from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle and full of mercy, the converse equally holds good; the unmerciful are also the impure. There seems, indeed, some reason for believing that cruelty is the master vice from which all others spring, or into which they may ultimately be resolved, as the author of evil was himself "a murderer from the beginning." And it has justly been observed¹ that, if deliberate cruelty is the worst and most unpardonable of vices, the prime source of moral excellence must be sought in the opposite pole. It is at all events certain that cruelty, like falsehood—and the two are closely related as may be seen, *e.g.*, in George Eliot's masterly sketch of "Tito"²—has a more than

¹ By Goldwin Smith.

² Cf. Freeman's remark on "the three abiding Ottoman vices of cruelty, lust, and faithlessness,"

ordinary tendency not only to grow rapidly by indulgence, but when indulged to demoralise the whole character.

Nor will that process be arrested for a single hour because the cruelty is practised in the name of science. The secret of moral perfection is not to be learnt in the laboratory, and will never be revealed to minds which are trained in scientific methods alone. There was a period when theology encroached on the domain of physical science; science has its innings now, and shows every disposition to use, not to say abuse, the opportunity to the uttermost, and, having confessedly achieved much, to usurp dominion over all. Every special study has from the nature of the case an inherent tendency to warp and contract the mind, and it is therefore no charge against scientific investigation, nor any disparagement of its value within its own sphere, to say that it does in fact necessarily tend—as Sir William Hamilton insisted in regard to mathematical study—to fix the mind in a particular groove, and thus to form an intellectual temper which is not favourable to the cultivation of the gentler emotions any more than to the habit of religious faith. Physical science deals with objects of sight and touch, patent to the senses, and which therefore produce a more vivid impression on the mind than moral and religious ideas, whose evidence is no less sure, but not equally obtrusive. This, I repeat, is a fact, not a fault. It cannot be helped any more than the tendency of intellectual labour to enfeeble the body, or of violent bodily exercise to deaden the intellectual faculties. But it points to a serious practical danger, requiring to be taken into account and guarded against; and the first step towards guarding against it is frankly to acknowledge its reality.

H. N. OXENHAM.

L'ASSOMMOIR.

“ Ah, la crevaison des pauvres, les entrailles vides qui crient la faim, le besoin des bêtes claquant des dents et s'empiffrant de choses immondes, dans ce grand Paris si doré et si flambant ! ”

IN visiting any foreign capital it is always interesting to turn from those sights and sounds which lie directly in our ordinary track, and to study, so far as possible, the life of the people. One wants to see and to understand something of the body, form, and pressure of the national life. It is not enough to see the things that lie upon the surface, or to study those features in a capital which approach the cosmopolitan. Every thinking man desires to penetrate deeper, and to attempt, at least, to pluck out the heart of the mystery of the distinctive national life of a strange people.

Paris excites this desire in a very unusual degree. In no other city is one more strongly impelled to some study of the people. The Boulevards do not satisfy ; the Bois de Boulogne does not content our longings : this people has made such terrible revolutions, that one longs to look upon the descendants—those descendants being still very capable of repeating all that their fathers did—of the men who dictated his sentences to Fouquier Tinville and who shrieked applause to Marat and Robespierre ; who danced the Carmagnole around the red pools below the guillotine ; who yelled hoarsely at the passage of the tumbrils on their road to the scaffold. One can still see many of those who composed the Commune, and who added the anarchy of civil war to their country's agony in her struggle with the foreign foeman. There lurk beneath the outside shows of this people such terrible elements of fierceness and ferocity, that one regards with a sort of wistful morbid curiosity the crowds of men who swarm about the workmen's quarters of the great, gay city. One thinks of the deeds that such men have done, that such men yet could do. The storming of the Bastille, the massacre of the Abbaye, the noyades and fusillades of Carrier—all these things, and more, are still latent amid this population of ouvriers ; and, as one walks the streets of particular quarters, one speculates upon the change that would come over

these men in that fierce rage for blood, destruction, death which can be so easily excited by the red fool fury of the Seine. Meanwhile, what are the daily lives and toils; the ties of family; the loves and hates, the struggles, temptations, joys and sorrows of these ouvriers of Paris?

Let us stroll along and round about the Faubourg Poissonnière. Let us turn down this next street, which seems to be fairly typical, and look about us: the street is called the Rue Neuve de la Goutte d'Or. It is not a very clean or a very cheerful street.

You notice, as you stroll down it, the public-houses of the Veau à deux têtes, of the Petit Bonhomme qui tousse; you see a grocery, a shop for lingerie et bonneterie; you see the watchmaker, and the umbrella dealer, the fruitière, the tripière, the charcutier; you notice the marchand de pommes de terre frites, and a maréchalerie; blue blouses depend from poles outside one shop—in short, it is clearly a street inhabited by the people. You glance with heightened curiosity at a huge, gloomy barrack of a house, six stories high. Entering timidly, you get into conversation with the concierge, who tells you, with some pride, that the house contains more than three hundred locataires. You obtain permission to look round you, and, looking up, you notice six stories rising above the guttery courtyard. Washing hangs out to dry. The Caserne swarms, squalidly, with too densely packed life—life huddled together so closely that it reeks and stews. You find even, on the sixth story, a little hole, or den, fit for a coal-cellar, without air or light, hollowed out under the staircase, and you hear that that, too, is a human habitation. You read a few of the names on the doors on the lower stories, you mark the crowds of shrill children in the courtyard. Everything indicates a vast house inhabited by the people. If we had a fitting interpreter, we could learn here something of the actual life and living of the ouvrier. But where to find such a guide?

Perhaps in M. Zola's "l'Assommoir" we shall find the guide we seek. Let us try. Let us see if he, like a new Asmodeus, can make transparent for us the roof of the great barrack in the street of the Goutte d'Or; if he can show us the beings that inhabit, the lives that are being lived, in one street, and in this, for the time, our house. What we have seen, in a hurried visit, has excited, but has not satisfied, our curiosity. We will begin with M. Zola by ascertaining what objects he proposes to himself in writing; and we will then examine, as best we may, his work, his story, perhaps his revelation. Forgetting unfriendly reviews, we will try to judge for ourselves.

M. Zola explains in a preface, that "j'ai voulu peindre la déchéance fatale d'une famille ouvrière, dans le milieu empesté de nos faubourgs. Au bout de l'ivrognerie et de la fainéantise il y a le relâchement des liens de la famille, les ordures de la promiscuité, l'oubli progressif des sentiments honnêtes, puis comme dénouement la honte et la mort. C'est de la morale en action, simplement." He adds, with a sort of proud reserve, as of one well knowing his own purposes, but knowing also that they may be misjudged by ignorance or by enmity, "J'ai un but auquel je vais." His pretence for writing seems good. We will see if he have somewhat to teach us. Let us begin with a short résumé of his story itself.

The scene opens in the Hôtel Boncœur, tenu par Marsoullier, and we are introduced at once to Gervaise and to Lantier, who are living together with their two children, Claude and Etienne, respectively of eight and of four years of age. Gervaise is twenty-two years old. She is slightly tall, and delicately made, with fine features and a look of sunny kindliness. She is a blonde, with bright, fair hair, and a baby's crease round the neck. "Nous ne sommes pas mariés," admits Gervaise. She adds, in explanation of her seduction at fourteen: "Je n'étais pas heureuse chez nous. Le père Macquart pour un oui, pour un non, m'allongeait des coups de pied dans les reins. Alors, ma foi, on songe à s'amuser dehors." She had been driven by a brutal father, and an unhappy home (in Plassans), to an evil life, though she had scarcely yet eaten enough from the tree of knowledge to know that it was evil.

Lantier had had a small legacy, and the lovers came to Paris, ostensibly to settle there, to live together, and to find work. But Lantier would not work, the money was soon spent, and we find the ménage in distress, and the couple already living by pawning their things. The villain Lantier suddenly deserts poor Gervaise, leaves her to provide for herself and for the children, and goes off with a certain Adèle. Gervaise sets bravely to work; gets employment as assistant to one Madame Fauconnier, a laundress, and manages to support herself and the children, and even to give them some schooling.

At this stage of her life, she attracts the attention of one Coupeau, an *ouvrier singulier*, who falls in love with her. Gervaise will not listen to him; and even when Coupeau proposes marriage, she refuses to bring to a husband her dowry of two illegitimate children.

Coupeau has *la face d'un chien*; he is *joyeux et bon enfant*, twenty-six years of age; he is a sober and steady workman, of good character

and prospects ; but there is a certain animal strain of grossness and sensuality in his nature.

After great pressure, Gervaise yields, and they get married : the description of *la noce* is a masterpiece. Both husband and wife are honest, hard-working, and fond of each other. Gervaise states naïvely her ambition in life : " Mon idéal, ce serait de travailler tranquille, de manger toujours du pain, d'avoir un trou un peu propre pour dormir. Ah ! je voudrais aussi élever mes enfants. Il y a encore un idéal, ce serait de ne pas être battue. On peut à la fin avoir le désir de mourir dans son lit."

Gervaise does not forget that childhood, in which " le père Macquart m'envoyait toujours des gifles sans crier gare."

All goes well. They are a model couple. They earn some nine francs a day, acquire furniture and save thirty francs a month. The progressing events of their happy, honest lives keep step with the march of time, as the book grows and marks time's slow flight. When we know the end, it is touching to re-read this portion of the book. A little daughter, Nana, is born to them. Gervaise begins to indulge a dream of ambition. She desires, with their savings, to take a shop in the rue de la Goutte d'Or, and to establish herself as a *blanchisseuse de fin*. When her dream is on the point of being realised, a sad accident interrupts the smooth current of their prosperity. Coupeau falls off the roof of a three-storied house, and is seriously injured. Gervaise will not hear of his being sent to a hospital. She brings him home, and nurses and tends her husband with passionate devotion. " Ta femme est le bon Dieu," says a friend to Coupeau. He recovers slowly, but during his long convalescence their savings are eaten up, and the dream of the shop has, apparently, to be abandoned. The effect of this accident upon the mind and character of Coupeau is remarkable. " Il revenait toujours à des accusations violentes contre le sort. Ça n'était pas juste, son accident ; ça n'aurait pas dû lui arriver, à lui bon ouvrier, pas fainéant, pas souldard. A d'autres peut-être il aurait compris. Vous ne trouvez pas ça trop fort ? S'il y a un bon Dieu, il arrange drôlement les choses. Jamais je n'avalerais ça." He conceived a hatred for work. For a long time after his recovery he continued to *faire un peu la vache*.

Poor Gervaise steadily toiled on, and *elle seule nourrissait tout ce monde*. The charitable creature even adds the blind and paralysed mother of Coupeau to the household that her labour supports ; and this although the selfish sisters of her husband were well able to keep their old mother.

But, after all, the project of the shop had not to be given up,

Their savings have melted away, but help comes from a friend. Of all the male portraits in the book, the most charming is that of Goujet, called Gueule d'Or, on account of his yellow beard. The young smith is a bashful Hercules, living 'an altogether pure and noble life. He is capable of lofty love and chivalrous loyalty. He lives a life of devotion to his widowed mother, and knows nothing of the dissipations or the vices of the ordinary *ouvrier*. Lifted by his nature above his surroundings, Goujet is a model workman, is even an ideal man. He entertains a tender sentiment, *une idée*, for Gervaise; but does not seek to injure the woman that he loves. He worships from afar off, without a thought that could wrong his idol. With a woman's quick sentience, Gervaise responds to Goujet's sentiment, a sentiment which never suggests a wrong thought to either. He is one of those rare men who are capable of love—of a love which, though hopeless, is constant as it is pure.

Seeing the great sorrow of poor Gervaise at the destruction of her dream, Goujet offers to lend her his savings. She refuses strongly; but, at last, thinking that she could repay, she accepts the service of a true friend, and the shop is taken. Gervaise becomes a *patronne*, with three female assistants in her laundry. She works hard, and prospers greatly. Coupeau, meanwhile, begins to go to the bad. No longer the *Cadet Cassis* of his earlier time, he takes to wine and *eau-de-vie*.

Gervaise, at this time, was *douce comme un mouton, bonne comme du pain*. She always found excuses for her selfish and sinking husband. She was the good genius of all her little world.

Her eldest boy gets a good situation at Plassans, and disappears wholly from the book. The second, Etienne, is taken by Goujet into the forge. Coupeau takes to drinking and to utter idleness.

Still the household is fairly prosperous, though Coupeau contributes little or nothing to its support. The Coupeaus give a dinner on the anniversary of their wedding-day, and kindly Gervaise invites poor old *père Bru*, the inhabitant of the hole under the staircase. This wedding dinner is again quite a masterpiece of description.

During the dinner Lantier reappears. Gervaise is seized with consternation at the apparition of the lover who had so basely deserted her. Drunken Coupeau goes out to assault Lantier; but, when the women fear that murder will be done, the maudlin husband swears an eternal friendship with his rival, and insists on bringing Lantier in to join the guests.

This fatal anniversary dinner marks the turning-point in the fortunes of the Coupeau family. Stupid Coupeau contracts a great

friendship for rascally Lantier, and the embruted and degraded husband insists upon taking Lantier into the house as a lodger, who is to board with them. The repugnance of poor Gervaise is extreme. She detests and distrusts Lantier, and yet feels a certain strange shudder at the proximity of a man who was her first lover, and the father of her children.

Tragedy begins to close round the life of Gervaise. Coupeau gets worse and worse. He is always at *l'Assommoir du père Colombe*. They go to an expense of some hundreds of francs to fit up and furnish the rooms for Lantier, who pays nothing for either board or lodging, and who soon begins to borrow money when he sees that Gervaise has any. Lantier leads Coupeau deeper into drink and laziness. The toil of Gervaise has to support another person in addition to those who had so long lived upon her labour. This sorely tried and overweighted woman has to bear a burden too heavy for her strength. Coupeau develops naturally into debasement and debauchery. The coarse side of his character, which was indicated at the beginning of the book, works up to the surface under the degradation of constant drunkenness. "A quoi servait-il, ce souldard? à la faire pleurer, à lui manger tout, à la pousser au mal." Poor Gervaise learns, slowly and sadly, "Mon Dieu! que le temps des amours semblait loin aujourd'hui!" Love seems a far-off memory, indeed, as happiness departs and despair begins to enfeeble her. All things, all persons, combine to drag down and ruin this most wretched woman; and her misery always increases as Coupeau declines more deeply into drink. She, too, begins to deprave. "Mon Dieu! l'habitude use l'honnêteté comme autre chose."

At last a sad and fatal night comes, in which, outraged and enraged beyond the endurance of patient womanhood, just anger and indescribable disgust plunge Gervaise into delirium, and impel her into active evil.

She returns to find Coupeau hopelessly, disgustingly drunk. I cannot here reproduce the sickening details of his condition, though, after the first sensation of nausea, we are compelled to admit that the loathsome picture is true. *J'ai un but*, says M. Zola, and, in striding towards his purpose, he never steps aside to avoid treading in filth. Finding her room uninhabitable, Gervaise, in a sort of hopeless madness, listens to the voice of the tempter, succumbs to the devilish arts of her evil genius, and becomes, for the second time, the victim of the villain Lantier. Her crime loses her the respect and tenderness of Goujet. The long, tender sentiment between Gervaise and Goujet—a sentiment which did not lead to evil, which had made both

better and happier—is lost to her for ever. In losing the respect of a good man Gervaise loses self-respect. She is on the steep decline of the facile descent. Lantier, who never worked, preaches sententiously the doctrine that *le travail ennoblit l'homme*; but his teachings induce his chief disciple, Coupeau, to give up all work; and the two men simply live, eat, and drink upon the earnings of their victim, Gervaise. Debts accumulate, and the business declines. Gervaise becomes defiant, desperate—hopeless. Ruin closes round her. At length, she has to give up her shop, to cease to be *patronne*, and to sink back into the position of assistant laundress to Madame Fauconnier. Virginie, now Madame Poisson, who has entered into a *liaison* with Lantier, is induced by him to take the shop which Gervaise had held so long: and Madame Poisson opens it as a grocery. The depth of degradation seems reached when Gervaise, as charwoman, washes out her former premises, and sees Lantier kiss the new proprietress. But there are even deeper depths yet in store for the fast falling woman.

Nana, the only child of the Coupeaus, becomes a *fleuriste*, and works with other girls in the large shop *chez* Titreville, rue du Caire. The girl inherits her father's sensual, coarse temperament, and has a nature which is a preparation for vice. The example that she sees at her wretched home, the gross conversation and ideas of her degraded father, all tend to push her into sin. With the other Parisian girls at the workshop, "on était là les unes sur les autres, on se pourrissait ensemble; juste l'histoire des paniers des pommes, quand il y a des pommes gâtées." At home the girl meets with blows, quarrellings, cold, hunger, drunkenness, misery. Outside there is skilled and active temptation. She is pushed over the edge of the fenceless precipice. One night she leaves home. From a very suspicious source of information—that is, from Lantier—her parents learn that she is living, in some splendour, with her seducer. Next they hear of her, and even see her, at the Grand Salon de la Folie, in which Nana dances the *can-can* so wildly that people stand on tables to see her. She, too, adds to the "gaiety," and to the "life," of merry, dissolute Paris. The last thing heard of Nana is, that she is living, in great luxury, with a vicomte. Nothing so strongly marks the loss of womanhood in sunken Gervaise as her exclamation when, on one night of utter misery and destitution, she cries, on hearing of her daughter's good fortune, "Elle est joliment heureuse, celle-là, par exemple. Ah, Dieu de Dieu! je donnerais gros pour être à sa place." How lost must be our Gervaise before even the bitterness of utter wretchedness could wring from her such a cry! The brutal

Coupeau, who has lost all conscience, all sense of right or wrong, approves the sentiment through a drunkard's hiccup. Gervaise, who was paid 40 sous a day by Madame Fauconnier, begins to lose even that. She sinks into a kind of lethargy, and her old cunning in her craft deserts her. Nay, last and lowest, Gervaise is led, gradually, to try to appease hunger by drink. She, too, becomes a drunkard.

They sold Nana's bed for six francs, and drank the proceeds out at *Saint Ouen*. They sold everything. One night, after days of hunger, Gervaise goes out into the streets to beg. Our hearts ache as she addresses to hurrying passers by her fruitless but piteous "Monsieur, écoutez donc!" The night is dark and cold; a fine snow falls upon the emptying streets of Paris, as the wretched woman, gnawed with hunger, faint, footsore, weary, heartbroken, limps along the Boulevard on her useless errand. Among the fancies which flit round her unhinged brain is a flash of momentary anger, at the thought that her daughter, while she is starving, may be eating oysters. At last one person that she addresses stops to listen to her. The light of a street lamp falls upon his face, and Gervaise, despite her miseries, starts back in shame and agony as she sees—Goujet. He does all that kindness can then do for the fallen, utterly miserable creature, and her son, Étienne, renders her temporarily rich by a remittance from Lille of 10 francs. During a space of three years, Coupeau is seven times an inmate, as a patient for *delirium tremens*, of the hospital of Saint Anne. Seven times he is discharged, partially cured; but he goes in an eighth time—and then he is discharged, dead. Gervaise is present at his death. The death of a drunkard has been minutely studied by M. Zola, and he spares his readers no one of the horrible details. Gervaise goes home, a widow. She is now too lost to work. She is turned out of the old quarters *au sixième*, and is allowed, out of contemptuous charity, to occupy the old kennel, left empty by the death of Père Bru, under the staircase. For months she died a little every day from cold, hunger, misery. She becomes an idiot. One morning there is a strange smell about the staircase. The unneighbourly neighbours recollect that they have not seen her for some days, and on examining the hole, Gervaise is found dead from starvation and illness within it. The most miserable woman has gone *faire dodo* in that last, long sleep in which the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

"Quand on est mort, c'est pour longtemps," says M. Zola's grimly loathsome *père* Bazouge. Such, briefly summarised, is an outline of M. Zola's intensely dramatic picture of the "*déchéance fatale d'une famille ouvrière*," the family of the Coupeaus. "J'ai un but," he very

positively asserts. Let us endeavour to understand what this purpose is, and to analyse the means by which he seeks to attain his ends.

M. Zola possesses emphatically that art which conceals the appearance of art; and it is only great art that can attain to this result. He always seems to narrate, never to invent. He gives evidence; he does not seem to create. No great novel is dependent upon plot; such a work of art, like life itself, has a plan, but no plot. M. Zola cares nothing for plot; his characters develop, his events progress, as they do in the procession of human life itself. M. Zola's talent as a *littérateur* is—apparently—rendered subservient to his purpose as a philanthropist. Criticism has to look beneath this illusion of realism to find out how subtle and how powerful his art really is.

Although he does not indulge in much real *cochonnerie pure*, M. Zola very frequently revolts us by his unvarnished allusions to things which lie outside the pale of modest decency. There is, however, it must be remembered, in justice to him, a vast difference in their treatment of man as an animal between French and English writers. English authors will not leave a celestial bed to prey on garbage. French writers do not sometimes shun even ordure. French literature knows but little reticence in the mention of such things. English writers avoid, with the reticence of fine shame, all allusion to the ignobler needs and functions of the body. It is not, I think, solely because I am English that I prefer our nobler chastity of imagination, our purer delicacy of thought. M. Zola has but little of the modesty, the measure, the moderation of art; but he has all the energy of his purpose. *J'ai un but.*

There is something in M. Zola's intense realism which obscures the shows of art. He is as one constrained to observe, and compelled to report. He records everything that he sees or hears. He seems quite impartial; he has no leanings, no theories; his function is simply that of intelligent witness. To read *l'Assommoir* is not like reading an ordinary book. We seem to be actually living among actual, living people. M. Zola studies carefully, sees clearly, and depicts graphically. He resembles rather a realistic painter, a Defoe of the canvas, than a writer. He is a singular instance of the almost complete absorption of an author into his theme. In the book there is no humour for its own sake, or for the sake of abstract drollery. Zola merely reports. He sinks his personality as an author; he avoids abstract reflections; he cares only for an intense and vivid pic-

ture. To read him is like standing amongst a crowd of the common people; we see much that we would gladly shun seeing, we hear much to which we would gladly shut our ears; but we see and hear clearly, and we learn actual facts. We feel in living contact with humanity and with the working class. We learn to realise their infirmities, temptations, sorrows, sins, struggles. M. Zola scarcely ever allows himself a touch of sarcasm; he never shows indignation. He paints all things with a ruthless rectitude. In the fulfilment of his purpose he is remorseless, relentless. He seems to feel neither pity, love, or fear; and yet he is—perhaps—only cruel to be merciful. His work is a dramatic *morale en action*. He makes no humanitarian professions; and yet, perhaps, behind his fierce restraint beats a heart beating with profoundest sympathy for the people that he paints. He seems to us to remain calm, unmoved, untouched. He hides all evidence of art, aim, or effort; he suppresses all show of his warm humanity. He writes with lips sternly compressed, with a powerful effort at self-repression. He restrains his natural indignation, and paints with a fierce, forced calm. He gives no criticism of life, he simply paints. He will not betray emotion, or suffering—or even sympathy—but yet this strong man feels them all. He poses as a mere spectator; he studies intently and narrates gloomily. His style is vivid with life, vigorous with keen reality, energetic with virile force. Some must watch while others sleep: and it is good for society that it can find such a watchman as M. Zola to tell it how goes the night. A man with all the strength of self-command, he seems unimpassioned while he feels the most.

Modern English writers, influenced by Shakespeare, attempt to describe by brief, pregnant, intense touches, which summarise an objective truth with a picture. Recent French writers, influenced by Balzac, describe by means of minute details, given at remorseless length; M. Zola is French in his method of description.

When we read that unspeakably horrible episode of poor little Lalie—an episode which I could not even transcribe—we fairly hate M. Zola. Our hearts accuse him, with a passionate cry of indignation, of cold-blooded insensibility and inhuman hardness. We should be repelled by the man who could look on calmly at the long agonies of the tortured Damiens, and who could, afterwards, coolly reproduce the terrible details in all their amplitude, without evincing a shudder of horror, a sensation of disgust. We read the frightful story of this most wretched child with tears of rage; then with a pity far too deep for tears; and we feel, at the first impulse, that the author who can coldly describe such tortures as those of Lalie, must be a demon;

but, on second thought, we may recognise the gigantic effort of the zealot at self-repression—*J'ai mon but*. We wonder at the white heat of steadfast earnestness which gains a forced calm from the vital energy of its stern purpose. Slowly and reluctantly, we half forgive M. Zola, because we force ourselves to think upon his object as his excuse. He is, at least, no sentimentalist. Indeed, it would sometimes seem that you might as well try to irritate a statue by means of a blister as move M. Zola to feeling; but this natural judgment is, as I persuade myself, unjust to the stern painter with an earnest purpose, a purpose which lifts him above his own natural feeling. M. Zola something resembles an athlete, great and strong, who yet, like the Japanese wrestlers, has a tendency to a physical grossness which conflicts with the athletic ideal. The service that he renders stands in front of the delight that he gives. His book is a revelation rather than a poem. He compels our admiration even where he fails to win our sympathy. The great success of M. Zola—*L'Assommoir* has reached, I believe, to a forty-eighth edition—may tend to found a school of imitative writers. If the members of this school, without Zola's genuine enthusiasm, desire only to emulate his success, the school will be a noxious and a hateful one.

Art rules over a very wide domain, and serves many interests. It is not merely decorative, it is not restricted to pleasing *dilettante* idleness or sensuous frivolity. A picture, painful as forcible, like that of Mr. Fildes of "Casuals" waiting in the sad gloom of winter afternoon for refuge in a workhouse, belongs strictly to art, in one of art's many phases. M. Zola tears aside a veil and reveals a hidden picture. His object is to serve humanity, and humanity may well be served through art. Indeed, when M. Zola seems most inhuman—and at times he does seem to be inhuman in remorselessly discharging his serious task—he is possibly superhuman in his devotion and in his self-command. A surgeon can bear to look upon suffering which he may hope to relieve. M. Zola works as much from a feeling of duty as from any desire to produce harrowing effects. His is essentially a class picture. He depicts in this book the working class, and no other.

One note of M. Zola's literary excellence is, that all his characters really live. His secondary figures, even—as *Bec Salé dit Boit-sans-Soif*, *Bibi la Grillade*, the hateful Lorilleux, and the rest—are all deeply and sharply cut as is a well graven *intaglio*. It is fine art, too, to refrain from awarding poetical or other justice to the supreme scoundrel, Lantier. This character is built up by many fine touches. Sometimes M. Zola almost loses his impartiality, and it is possible to detect a rare trait of sarcastic meaning in his treatment

of Lantier. After ruining Gervaise and her successor Virginie, Lantier is busy, when the book closes, in establishing in the old shop a *tripière* and her husband, *car ce roublard de chapelier adorait les tripes*, and he proposes to continue his idle and vicious existence by living upon the wife.

Gervaise is one of the most living women in fiction. She is alive for us. We see her, hear her, know her, love her. Always she remains womanly. She sins deeply, but she is more sinned against than sinning: and we follow her decline and fall with a sad heart-ache, and with deep sympathy. Her lot is so hard; her trials are so tremendous; such forces are arrayed against her, that, while we detest her sin, we yet sympathise with the sinner. Oh, the pity of it! the pity of it! A woman so good, tender, kindly, helpful, devoted, to be slowly dragged down to such vice and such misery; and to miss all her simple ideal of life, her sorrowful latter years closing in a lonely and loveless death of hunger and of idiotcy in the kennel under the staircase! We never wholly lose our love and liking for her. Great as her sins are, her sorrows are yet greater; and she was exposed to temptation too strong for her mere humanity to resist. We remember gladly the doctrine that *Alles rücht sich hier auf Erden*: that all sins are expiated here below. At last a moral mist surrounds her mind and benumbs her faculties. M. Zola's power of drawing character sinking step by step, always lower, through vice to misery, is marvellous. The time covered by *l'Assommoir* is some twenty years, and these pass by in slow procession, bearing with them the fatal wreck and ruin of this fated *famille ouvrière*. We seem to know the very looks, as well as to hear the very voices, of M. Zola's characters. Indeed, we never seem to read, but always to hear, his dialogue. We are actually present at the Coupeau *noce*, at the anniversary wedding-dinner. We hear the talk and the songs. We are startled when Coupeau reels in with Lantier; and we feel for the embarrassment and consternation of poor Gervaise. The book throbs with energy and latent power. Its pictures are vivid and are vital; are clear, yet dark; and very, very intense. His strong points are not nobleness or tenderness, but power and pathos. Lady Anne Barnard, when she was writing "Auld Robin Gray," asked help from her sister in the shape of suggestion for additional misfortunes to be heaped upon the heroine of the sad ballad; but M. Zola needs no assistance of this sort. It would be difficult to assist him by suggesting more sorrows than befall his characters; and many a Coupeau family is, perchance, sinking now.

It is possible to feel that a portrait is true, though you may not

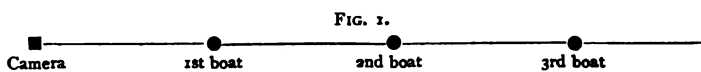
know the original, and we English must believe that M. Zola knows Paris, and the people that he has studied so profoundly and depicted so forcibly. One or two things in his picture strike strongly upon an English mind: there would seem, for instance, to be no Poor Law, no 43rd of Elizabeth, in force in Paris. Gervaise dies unfed and untended, and seems to have no claim upon legal support. Again, *crede* M. Zola, there is no neighbourly feeling, or humanity, among the *ouvrière* class. Alike sunk in vice, they have lost their human sympathy. The death of Gervaise is disgraceful to all the inhabitants of the huge mansion. M. Zola paints a dark night above a troubled sea: there is no hint or glimpse of moon or stars. No lights shine in a darkly clouded heaven. Never does he allude to a thought of another world, to a ray of hope or comfort coming from religion. Their church does not touch the people, nor do they ever seek their church. When a legal ceremony—as a marriage—has of necessity to be performed in a church, a workman goes round, and, by astute bargaining, cheapens a mass to five francs. That is their sole connection with the divine. No “Liberal,” advanced even to the modern Pagan pitch, could desire a more godless state of life than M. Zola’s French workmen lead; no such “Liberal” could conceive a greater disregard of the “effete and enslaving superstition of marriage.” Indeed, liberal politicians, those who adopt the formula of sea-green Robespierre, and flatter the “virtuous people” in order to obtain popularity—and votes—will vehemently resent M. Zola’s picture, and yet that picture is of the highest value to French politicians. Will the French read it aright?

The book will live and work. It is unique. It is a portent in literature. It is powerful and terrible. It holds the mind and detains the memory. It has the influence which art has when she becomes the handmaid of humanity. It is a book for the statesman, for the philanthropist, for the social reformer, for the humanitarian, for the critic, for the thinker. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear, as he listens to M. Zola, while this powerful writer speaks so meaningly, so movingly, so memorably, through *l'Assommoir*.

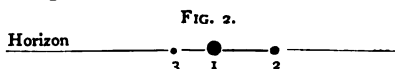
H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

TABLE TALK.

MR. HAMPDEN, the believer in a flat earth, expresses from time to time his astonishment that no astronomers will accept his challenge, or meet what he calls his arguments. I certainly do not share his astonishment, if his usual way of inviting a scientific discussion is that which he has adopted towards myself. If astronomy were my own special subject, I do not think I should care greatly to discuss astronomical questions with one who told me, as Mr. Hampden tells me, that I must be a "sneaking coward not to face the subject, and put all further doubt out of the question;" and that my allusion to his loss of £500 I "know to be as grossly false and unjustifiable as any lie that was ever uttered." Sylvanus Urban, *Gentleman*, could not possibly answer such remarks in kind. Were it not for one consideration, which I shall leave Mr. Hampden to guess, I should take no notice of the three sheets of objurgation which he has sent me. But now, passing over his angry words, I venture to call his attention to a plan by which he can "put all further doubt out of the question," without inviting me or any one else, in his soft and pleasant way, to discuss the subject with him, or offering to wager money which he would be quite sure to lose. Let him pass some fine week in company with a photographer in the neighbourhood of Bedford Level, the scene of former exploits of earth-flatteners, where Parallax says the surface is perfectly straight for six miles. Let him first, for subsequent comparison and verification, take photographs of three suitable boats of about the same size and build. Let him have these then rowed out on a fine still day to the distance of two miles, four miles, and six miles, respectively, from the photographic camera, placed at any convenient spot, not more than two or three feet above the surface of the water, the boats being as nearly as possible in a line with it and with each other. Then let a photograph be taken of the three boats. The result will prove unmistakably whether Parallax or the astronomer gives the truer account of the Bedford Level, and of the earth's figure. According to Parallax and Mr. Hampden, the arrangement of the camera and boats will be such as this:

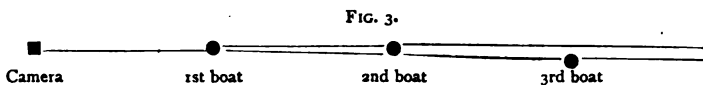


and consequently the photographic picture will show the three boats close together arranged somewhat in this way:

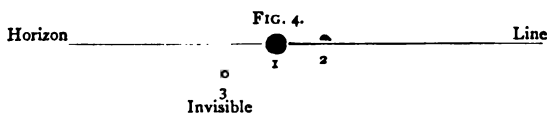


They may be in any order as regards right and left, but they will all be nearly on the same horizontal line.

But the astronomer, poor ignorant man (for really we must not call him a "rascally swindler and a dastardly liar," remembering how prone men are to be deceived), says that the true position of the camera and boats is such as this :



the straight line joining the camera, and the first boat passing above the other two boats ; so that, supposing this straight line just to touch the curved surface of the water, the photographic view would show the two nearest boats arranged somewhat in this way (we sup-



pose their deviation as respects right and left the same as in the other case). The third would be out of sight, but we show where it would be, beyond and below the horizon line.

Such a view as fig. 2 would convince every honest astronomer. But perhaps Mr. Hampden considers there are no honest astronomers. Yet he would convince those whom the dishonest astronomers now mislead, and surely it would be worth his while to do that. In fact, it is to that purpose he seems to have devoted himself. Here is a clear and easy way of effecting it.

ALADY of fashion with a pugdog and a husband entered the train at Paddington the other day. There were in the carriage but two persons, a well-known Professor and his wife ; yet the lady of fashion coveted, not indeed his chair, but his seat. "I wish to sit by the window, sir," she said imperiously, and he had to move accordingly. "No, sir, that won't do," she said, as he meekly took the next place. "I can't have a stranger sitting close to me. My husband must sit where you are."

Again the Professor moved ; but his wife fired up and protested.

"That lady is too exacting," she said aloud ; "you should not have humoured her."

"What *does* it matter, my dear," he replied, "for such a very little way? she *must* be getting out at *the next station*." Now, the next station was Hanwell.

THERE is no capital in the world like London in respect to natural beauty. Let any one who doubts my words saunter on a fine afternoon or evening to the bridge spanning the Serpentine, and regard the view both ways—to Hyde Park Corner on the one hand, and up Kensington Gardens on the other. Under the influences of favourable weather it has an absolutely magical beauty, recalling the most enchanted dreams of Turner. The scene, moreover, is in the very heart of London, and the tide of busy life hems it in and laps it round with ever-murmuring surges of turmoil. For many years past spring has been a delusion, a period of cold frosts and nipping winds. I have, not long ago, gone to the Derby in a snow-storm. The effect of cold has been to spoil those flowering shrubs, lilac, guelder rose, and laburnum, which are the chief glory of our parks and suburban gardens. Year after year I have seen the lilacs, which, keeping in their blood memories of the burning spring of the Oriental clime whence they came, are ready on the first suggestion of sunshine to burst into bloom, blackened by frost before their full and ineffable luxuriance was disclosed, or deprived by the same chilling influences of that background of leaves which is to the lilac what the rich lush grass is to the blue-bell, to use the common name of the wild hyacinth. This year leaf and bloom have been alike perfect, and the swaying of the trees in the "tempestuous rains" has been a sight worth a journey to see. Let us, if we like, avoid the charge of *chauvinisme* ; but do not let us forget that no country in the world has a climate in which a man may live constantly at the cost of so little danger, disturbance, and annoyance, and no country has a capital which, in respect of natural beauty, can compare with our own. Architectural beauty may come in time ; the long, low, ugly lines of that southern bank we contemplate from our new embankment may be covered with stately edifices, and our wider streets may be converted into boulevards. Before these desirable objects are attained, however, we have enough of which to boast in the shape of the beauty which

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

THERE was about the private life of Mr. Phelps, whose death should not pass unchronicled in the pages of this magazine, less stamp of the conventional actor than is found in that of almost any of his compeers. Though nothing less than a Puritan or a precisian, Mr. Phelps had few social or, apart from his profession, artistic instincts or leanings. No such stories of his sayings or doings as are buzzed about concerning his fellows are heard concerning him. Thoroughly domesticated, he spent most of his evenings at home; and it was only in answer to the remonstrances of younger men, who told him he did himself injustice in not mixing with men of his own stamp in other professions, that he consented to join the Garrick Club and appear occasionally in its smoking-room. Once under similar influences he visited Paris, and spent some months in what used to be called the Grand Tour. As an actor he inherited and transmitted, through Macready, the traditions of the great school. His merit as a delineator of such comic characters as Sir Pertinax Mac-Sycophant, Justice Shallow, and Bailie Nicol Jarvie are acknowledged. He had, however, with his hardness, a certain dignity of style in parts like Lord Ogleby and Sir Peter Teazle, and he succeeded in making a mark in two or three romantic parts like Romont in the altered version of Massinger's "Fatal Dowry," Melantius in the "Bridal," an adaptation of "The Maid's Tragedy" of Beaumont and Fletcher, and in Cardinal Wolsey. In these parts his recollections of Macready were of inestimable service. His fame is a distinct portion of our possessions, and his place is not likely to be soon filled.

THAT gas, so far as our streets and public institutions are concerned, is doomed, is obvious to all who have visited Paris and seen the effect of the new system of lighting about the Opera. Those even who find most objectionable the fierce and almost blinding rays thrown, at all sorts of inconvenient angles, from the electric lights in front of the Gaiety Theatre, or from the more recently adopted lights in Regent Street, feel that we can never, with a means of illumination like this at command, submit to put up with the dim, jaundiced glare of ordinary gas. If the invention of Mr. Edison does half what is promised, the one difficulty that has hitherto been experienced, that of distributing the light, will be surmounted, and we shall be able to turn on in our rooms a cold clear light, brilliant almost as day, and wholly free from the contaminating influences of gas upon human life and upon manufactured goods. To take one instance alone, every owner of books knows that the bindings of volumes placed on the up-

shelves of a library in which gas is used, crack, and that the labels, thoroughly desiccated by the heat, drop off. Here is an evil that will shortly be remedied. Meanwhile I should like to offer a word of advice that I know, beforehand, will fall on unheeding ears. In our new Law Courts the workmen are putting up lamps wherever the building approaches completion. It is perfectly certain that the electric light will be used there, and there is no use in erecting lamps that will have to be removed forthwith. Has no one the power to check this idle extravagance?

I AM certain much more might be done in the second-hand line than is dreamt of by the Jew clothiers and furniture warehousemen. People are much more tired of what they possess than is generally supposed; not only of their husbands and wives, but of things they *can* part with, and only lack the opportunity for an exchange. How far better it would be if householders in Town who want to go into the country, or to the seaside, could find out householders at the seaside, and in the country, who want to come to London (and they are just as numerous), and change residences for a few months, instead of being imprisoned in lodgings, or ruined at hotels! In *The Exchange and Mart* and similar publications I see no offers of this kind. But, heavens! what exchanges *are* offered! I cull this lovely one from the paper in question:

“Three oz. of quinine, two and a half pints of iron wine, and four and a half pints of castor oil, for cash or jewellery.”

I don't care much about jewellery, but the idea of taking in exchange for a scarf-pin or a mourning-ring two quarts and a half pint of castor oil!

This, again, is rather funny: “Wanted a good Kerry cow with calf at side. Offer in exchange a lady's dressing-case.” Unless it is an exceptionally handsome one, one can easily imagine such an advertiser's desire to meet with a calf.

After all, the genius of these publications most asserts itself in the Answers to Correspondents. “Loved and Lost.—It was inflammation in the bowels that carried off your mule. Egg was the worst possible thing he could have had, and undoubtedly hastened his end. If you had put a little saltpetre in his drinking-water he would have been living now.” It is fair to add that the mule was a linnet mule.

What alarms me in these so-called “exchanges” is that almost everybody means selling for cash. Viewed in this light, it seems rather hard on Paterfamilias, who has to buy things for his young people that they may realise on them at a loss. The young person,

for example, who had so much castor oil to dispose of must have been an invalid, who got a good deal more medicine for herself than she meant to take, and who was not so near death's door but that she could think of jewelry.

IN the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May last, my friend Mr. Proctor described, as certainly a mere optical illusion, a bright spot seen in many cases on the disc of Mercury in transit. On May 7th, in a letter to the *Times*, he said that he had himself noticed this illusory spot. Soon after, an American scientific magazine tried to amuse its readers by asserting that he believed in the existence of a hole through Mercury. Next the *New York Times* became painfully facetious over the hoax. And now Mr. Proctor receives from time to time letters expostulatory, congratulatory, and otherwise (most certainly not wise), relating to this rather feeble jest. It seems necessary to explain to the American public that the bright spot often seen on the disc of Mercury in transit is not an objective reality. No astronomer needs to be told this; but some, who are not astronomers, may be misled by erroneous statements.

SOME American writers seem singularly unconscious of the circumstance that an injustice may be done to students of science by attributing to them, even in jest, preposterous notions. I have seen the most absurd theories attributed to English men of science, either in fun or in earnest, by American journalists. American editors, again, are not so careful as they should be to avoid the injustice of so presenting foolish theories in company with reasonable views, as to convey to their readers the false impression that both sets of theories have come from the same source. I may mention an illustrative case, which may render American readers cautious in accepting unquestioningly certain statements about the views of English students of science. A year or two before Mr. Proctor wrote the article "Astronomy" for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, he was invited to revise, and where necessary re-write, the astronomical articles for the American Cyclopædia. After the article on the "Moon" had been returned corrected for press, he received a proof in which was incorporated a most amazing statement about certain pools of water in the moon! It was idle to correct this, the matter being stereotyped, so he simply asked that the objectionable passage should be enclosed in brackets. But even for this he was too late. The matter was already printed when his letter arrived. For his comfort, an illustrated journal was sent him, with the original theory about pools of water, strengthened by

the exquisite reasoning that lunar water cannot evaporate where there is no air! He received several letters about this absurd theory, which was supposed to have come under his revision—including one from the well-known astronomer, Professor Newcomb, of Washington. When he lectured on the moon, in America, Mr. Proctor was repeatedly asked to reconcile his statements with his faith in lunar pools of water. At last he wrote to a newspaper, explaining the matter. On this he received a letter from the publishers of the Cyclopædia (Messrs. Appleton & Co.), calling on him, with petrifying coolness, not to say audacity, to withdraw that explanation as injurious to them, and untrue, because he had seen a proof of the passage and had returned it uncorrected. Yet he still possesses the letter in which they told him that the passage was already printed before his urgent appeal for square brackets, to keep him clear of those lunar pools, had reached them. I have no doubt that many in America believe that this most foolish theory is one which Mr. Proctor has either advanced or sanctioned. And so of many other absurdities affecting him and several other English students of science.

IN reading the recently published *Life of Shelley*, by Mr. John Addington Symonds,—a work which, in spite of an occasional outburst of something almost like intolerance, is an excellent and most interesting biography,—I am struck by the fact that Shelley, in his later years, in spite of his vegetarian diet and his abstinence from wine, was subject to perpetual attacks of spasm and pain in his side. "The cause of this persistent malady," says Mr. Symonds, "does not seem to have been ascertained. At Naples he was under treatment for disease of the liver. Afterwards his symptoms were ascribed to nephritis." From my own observations I feel sure that the cause of this state of affairs was laudanum, in which at one time Shelley avowedly indulged. Again and again he speaks of having turned to laudanum as a relief from pain or trouble, and there is no mention of his ever having abandoned the habit. That the use of laudanum produces pains of the kind from which Shelley suffered, I know. It is probable that some of the perplexing visions which appear at times to have been almost more real to him than the known events of his life, may be traced to the action of a drug concerning which medical science knows too little.

IT may interest those concerned in Eastern affairs to know the correct pronounciation of two words now frequent in men's mouths, and to understand the reason why they are so spoken. *Tan*

signifying town or place, Afghánistán is the place of the Afghans, and Belóochistán is the place of the Beloochees. By putting an accent on both the second and fourth syllables, and pronouncing the *a* as it would be pronounced by a Frenchman, and the *ch* as in church, the right sound is obtained.

I HOPE Mr. Dixon's idea of ornamental fringing above the pedestal of the obelisk, to hide the broken part of the base, will not be carried out. There should be nothing above the pedestal to mar any one of the sixteen straight edges, otherwise the characteristic features of the obelisk will be entirely changed. Already injury has been done, as with nearly all the obelisks erected in European capitals, by setting the monolith on a pedestal. For the essential idea of an obelisk is innate height, so to speak; and to perch it on a pedestal is to present it as an object which requires to be set on the top of something else to make it high enough. But to mar the straight edges which constitute the characteristic features of the obelisk would be ruinous in the artistic sense. The broken part ought to be concealed by a moulding of extreme simplicity, meeting the four faces just above the broken part with a perfectly straight edge. If "fringing is to be added and ornaments at the corners high enough to hide the broken part," the sculptors might as well make the whole thing complete by adding carved garlands in coloured stone, setting pretty fretwork down the four upright edges, attaching heraldic medallions wherever there is room, and, *pour comble de ridicule*, surmounting the whole with an imperial crown in tinsel and imitation jewellery.

WENDELL HOLMES says he has noticed "that persons with what the phrenologists call 'good heads' are more prone than others towards plenary belief in the doctrine" that such heads promise high intellectual development. He says of his own head, "Tape round the head 22 inches," adding, "Come on, old 'Twenty-three inches,' if you think you are the better man," which we may remark would probably prove a mistake on the part of old or young "twenty-three inches," at least in Holmes's own line, where he is in my opinion unapproached. I was going to say "unapproachable;" but heads are getting larger, and the convolutions of the brain are becoming more numerous and more complex, so that ten thousand years hence even the Autocrat of the Breakfast-table may be surpassed in his own department. It seems clear that there is some connection, at any rate, between size of brain and intellectual power, though Holmes and smaller-headed men reject the doctrine. At the recent *Anthro-*

pological Congress in Paris, Dr. Lebon gave the results of his measurements of many skulls. He finds that the best endowed races have larger skulls on the average, and the most intelligent individuals the largest individual skulls. The same result is obtained whether skulls of inferior races are compared with those of contemporary inferior races or with skulls belonging to the same race before it had advanced to its present position. Thus the Parisian skulls of the 12th century were smaller than those of the modern Parisians. Height does not seem to be related to the size of the skull or to the weight of the brain. The circumference of the skull seems sufficient in general to determine the volume and weight of the brain, though the usual impression is that some races, and certain individuals of the same race, have thicker skulls than others. A head having a circumference of 22.44 inches when measured outside, contains a cranium having a circumference of 20.47 inches, and a volume of 94.6 cubic inches, and a weight of very nearly 3lbs. (more exactly, 2.97lbs). It must be noted, however, that the measurement of the skull on the outside may afford altogether untrustworthy evidence. The celebrated Neanderthal skull measured 23 inches; it may fairly represent Holmes's "old 'Twenty-three inches.'" The average English skull is not more than $21\frac{1}{2}$ inches in circumference. Maudsley, by the way, mentions the case of a theroid (or animal-like) idiot "of the lowest order," with "a mischievous brute-like intelligence in his eye," whose head measured $20\frac{1}{2}$ inches, but in shape exhibited strongly the ape-form of abnormality.

THE following is Dr. Lebon's arrangement of modern Frenchmen in order of cranial development :—1, savants and learned men ; 2, the Parisian *bourgeoisie* ; 3, the old nobility ; 4, Parisian domestic servants ; 5, peasants.

Dr. Lebon notices that among savage races the skulls of different persons differ less from the average than in superior races. The skulls of women differ more from those of men in civilised races than among savages. From a study of seventeen male and seventeen female brains, Lebon found a difference of nearly two-fifths of a pound in weight. He considers that the inferiority of women's brains (on the average, of course) is due to the insignificant part taken by women in the work of modern society ; and Dr. Broca, commenting on Lebon's statements, said, that if among the less civilised races the difference between the volume of the crania of men and women is relatively small, while it is great among civilised races, this does not prove the intellectual inferiority of women, but results from the circumstance

that savage women had to take an active part in the struggle for existence, under the same conditions as the men.

AT one time there was nothing in London so briskly advertised as Bank and Fireproof Safes. Nowadays it is not so much the dangers of fire that the banks have to fear as the roguery of Managers and Directors; and perhaps also the securities are not so much worth preserving as they used to be. In the United States, however, the rivalry of the safe-makers still continues. The other day two Agents met and began to puff the wares of their respective employers. "Wall, one man," said A, "had one of our safes, and there was a fire, and a rooster of his got into the safe, and though it had flame all around it for days, that rooster took no harm."

"Nay," said B, "that was just what happened in the case of a customer of ours. He had a rooster, which got into *our* safe, and there was a fire, and he was taken out dead."

"Just what I should have expected," said the other; "the fire killed him."

"Not at all, sir; that rooster was frozen to death."

THOUGH the strongest of weapons, ridicule is powerless to slay popular follies, and hyper-æstheticism flourishes in spite of jeer and scoff. In certain quarters of Northern London a visitor who presents himself in the ordinary apparel of British festival or solemnity will be held to insult the surroundings into which he is admitted, and will find others more reverend than he arrayed in a last-century costume, to do honour to furniture and decorations of a like period. The Universities are affected with kindred manias. In a University sermon by Professor Ince, to which I listened lately at Oxford, the two lures (the word is Shakespearian and not slang as is frequently asserted) of modern Oxford, ritualism and hyper-æstheticism, were happily derided. Of the former and far more vulgar and ignorant folly the Professor spoke in terms almost of condemnation, declaring that the Gallios of religion "have many opportunities for laughing at the feeble romanticism which tries to revive an obsolete mediævalism in ecclesiastical dress, ceremonial, or phraseology." The enthusiasts in art he derided, declaring that he had been told that "young men talk, not in polished banter but in solid earnestness, of *living up to the level of their blue china.*"

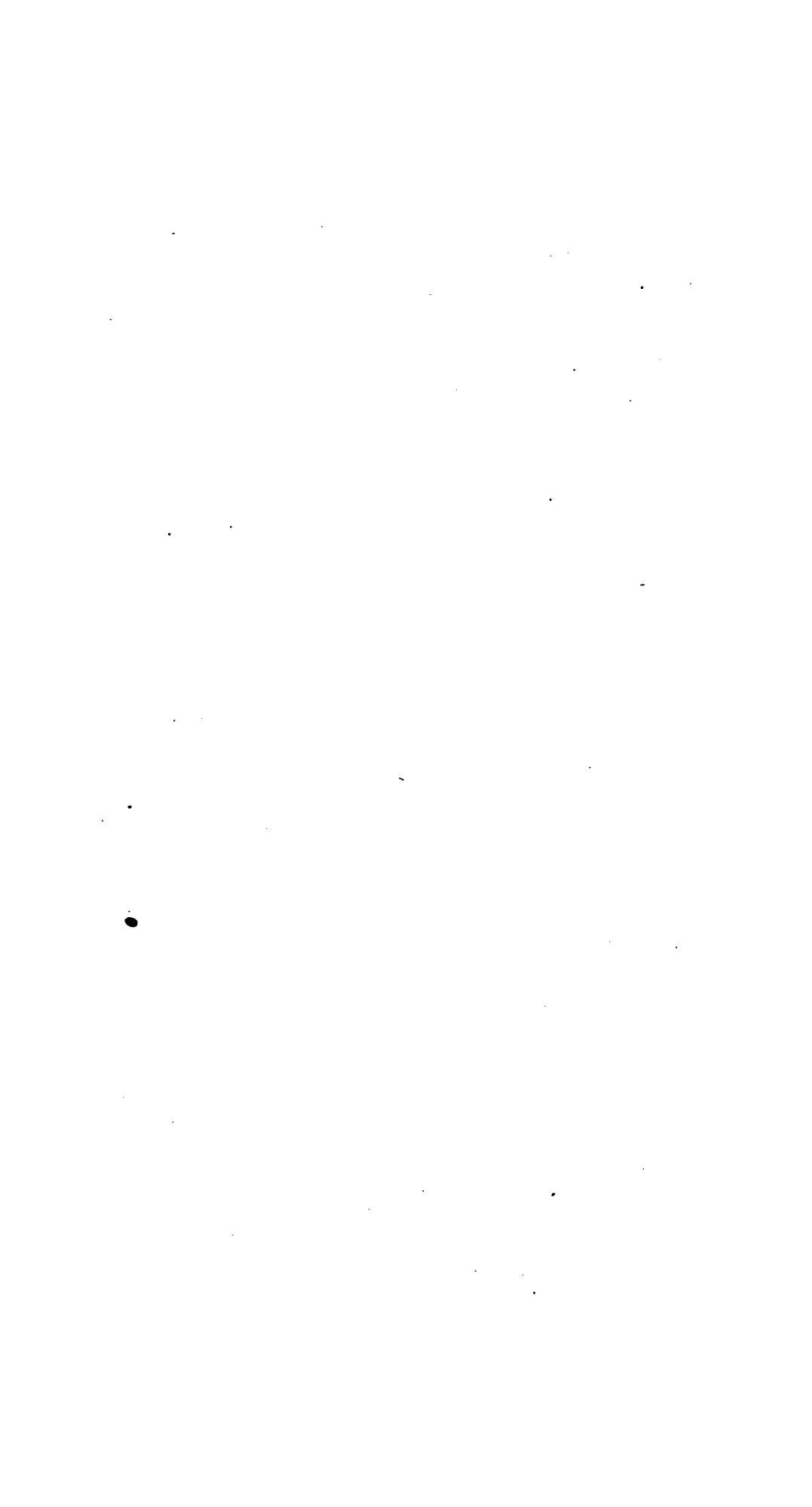
THE only other thing I learned in a week's stay in Oxford was that a good deal more toleration is now exercised in academic haunts than was formerly known. A striking proof of this is afforded

in the fact that in the centre of a city devoted wholly to study, a steam whistle is allowed to summon the workpeople to the railway between five and six every morning. This instrument of torture, which is thoroughly illegal, aroused me from slumbers every day during my stay. A report to which I hesitate to give credence states that, after it had been stopped as a nuisance, it was started again in answer to a petition of the Dons.

WHY do people call an inhabitant of the Celestial Empire a Chinaman? No one speaks of an Englandman, a France-man, an Americaman. What the people of a country are called in the aggregate that the individuals are always called, with or without the word man. We say the English, an Englishman; the Russians, a Russian. The expression Chinaman never sounds natural; it invariably suggests the idea that the speaker is in doubt as to the right word to use. It sets the Chinese in a comical light and provokes a smile, while when we hear or read of "the Chinese" we are not necessarily disposed to mirth. When speaking of the Chinese individually we should undoubtedly say a Chinese or a Chinese-man.

IF Government can spare time from political defeat abroad to win a peaceful victory at home, the question of private lunatic asylums demands instant attention. Without being bound to accept the statements that find their way into print, some of which would prove such institutions to be places of atrocious torment, sound, sober, and trustworthy evidence shows them to be subject to terrible misuse. As madness, according to statistics, appears to be on the increase, it is expedient to take speedy action. I am strongly of opinion that no private asylum should be permitted except on the condition of being subject to constant supervision. I trust that, if only in the interest of its own future, Government will do something during the next session to set public anxiety at rest as to the treatment of lunatics.

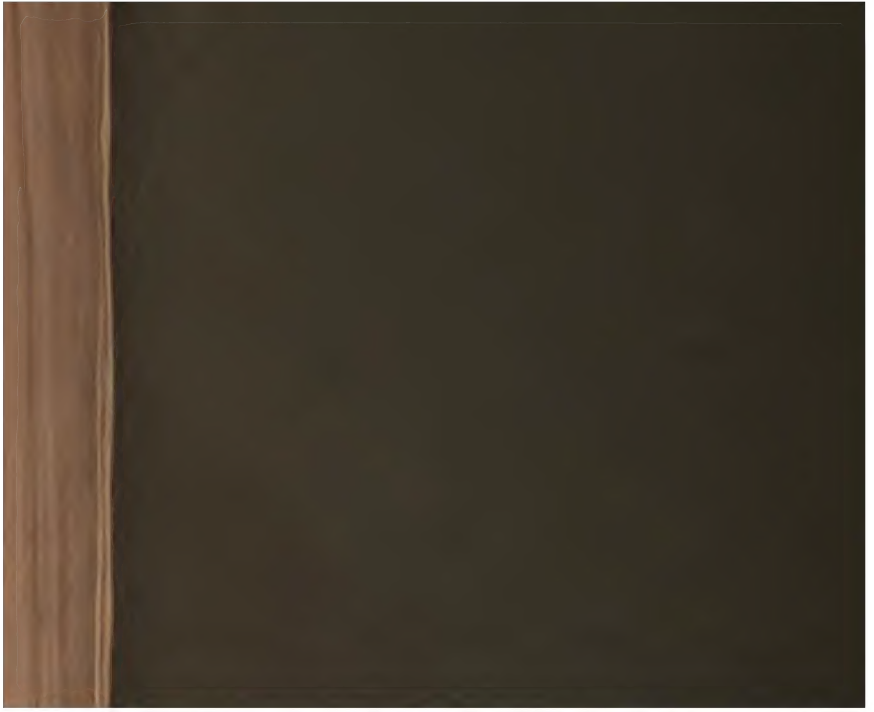
SYLVANUS URBAN.



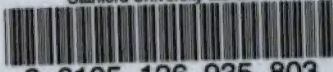


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